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BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

By JOHN OXENHAM,

Author of John of Gerisau, God's Prisoner, Rising Fortunes, A Princess of Vascovy, Our Lady of Deliverance, &c.

CHAPTER I.-BARBE.



RAND BAYOU Light was once the scene of a very terrible tragedy; and the horror of it was heightened by the fact that it occurred on Christmas Eve.

Pierre Carcassone, master-mariner, of Morlaix in Brittany, returning from a voyage to Newfoundland, which had been unduly prolonged by reason of shipwreck, found his home broken up and his wife gone off with a man whom he had called friend, taking with her their two-year-old daughter.

Carcassone was a quiet, self-contained man. He made no parade of heart-break, but, having learned all that was to be learned, set off after the fugitives and his missing honour.

He had not far to go. They had believed him dead. Possibly inclination had persuaded them all too easily thereto. Paul Kervec had obtained the appointment of keeper of the Light on Grand Bayou. He was a widower with one son, a boy of about the same age as La Carcassone's daughter. At Grand Bayou, Carcassone found them. He reached Plenevec after dark on Christmas Eve, borrowed a boat, and pulled straight out to the tall white pillar with the beneficent halo round its head. He climbed the iron ladder and entered the dark doorway. Exactly what passed is not for any man's telling, since, of the principals in the affair, Carcassone alone remained alive, and the spectators were too young to testify. Up above, the light shone bright and constant as usual-Pierre saw to that -and down below in the dark the boat from Plenevec ground limpets and barnacles to pulp, and wrestled all night long with its bonds as though desirous of escape.

In the morning the tall white shaft stood calm No. 262.—Vol. VI. [All Rights

and serene in the Christmas sunshine, and told no tales to Plenevec; but presently Pierre Carcassone descended the iron ladder carrying two little bundles very carefully under one arm. He laid them between his feet in the bottom of the boat, and pulled steadily back to the shore, and the children prattled at the white clouds sailing in the blue sky.

The owner of the boat came down to meet him, and grumbled at the scoring it had got. Pierre threw him a five-franc piece, on which he got drunk that night and attempted to beat his wife, and thereby reaped much sorrow, since she was the better man of the two.

Carcassone picked up the children, and with one on each arm walked up to the village and sought out Monsieur Gaudriol the gendarme, to whom he said, 'I have killed Paul Kervec, keeper of the Light out there, because he took away my wife; and I have killed her also. This is my child; this is his. I am at your service, monsieur.' Sergeant Gaudriol, thinking it a fine joke, smote him mightily on the back and told him he was either too fast or too slow, since this was certainly not the 1st of April. At which Carcassone knitted his face and said again, 'I have killed Kervec because he took away my wife, and I have killed her because she permitted it. You had better see to it. Also, find some one to tend the light. I did it last night. It must not be allowed to go out or some one may get hurt.'

Sergeant Gaudriol, looking into his eyes, saw that the man was not jesting, but really meant what he said; and he turned and led him to his house, Carcassone still carrying a child on each arm.

In the result, after all due formalities had been tood calm faithfully observed, the jury at Plouarnec, before [All Rights Reserved.]

DEC. 6, 1902.

whom Pierre was tried, found circumstances of great extenuation in his case, as might have been expected. Still, the law had been seriously broken, and two people had been killed. No doubt they had deserved punishment; but punishment is the prerogative of the law. As a warning to others who might be tempted in like manner to take matters into their own hands, Pierre was sent to the hulks for five years.

Life had lost its savour for him, and on the whole he would have preferred the guillotine, except, indeed, for the fact that, if there were a future life—as M. le Curé said—the chances were that he would tumble across Kervec and his wife there; and he had no wish to meet them again any sooner than was necessary.

His baby-girl was taken charge of by the Sisters of the Sacred Heart at St Pol de Léon. Kervec's boy was taken away by an aunt who had married into Strawberry Land, just across the water from Brest.

Carcassone bore the hulks—as he would have suffered the sharp kiss of the slant-edged knife—with sombre composure. When his time was up he returned to his own country, and was received by his own people without any sign of opprobrium, rather as a man who by the hardest of labour had paid a just debt. He had no wish to return to the sea. He had no desire to live on the land. He had no great desire, in fact, to live at all. He asked nothing but to be left alone: a sombre man without a hope or a wish.

The post of light-keeper at Grand Bayou happened to fall vacant, and for the first time in five years he found himself with a longing. The authorities were at first doubtful; but there was a kind of bizarre fitness in the appointment. They remembered how, even on the night of his outbreak, he had scrupulously tended the light, 'lest any one should get hurt.' They gave him the post on trial, and never was Grand Bayou light better tended

He went over to St Pol de Léon and demanded his daughter Barbe from the Sisters. They had grown to love the child, and would have kept her. But his mind was made up and he would take no denial; and, finally, with tears and prayers, and many doubts for her future, they let her go. They were good women, if narrow, and the little white seeds they had planted in the child's heart had fallen on good ground. The teaching she got in the convent was all the teaching Barbe Carcassone ever had, save such as came to her in wider ways; but it sufficed.

The tall white shaft on Grand Bayou became her world, and she craved no larger one. Life there, in its seclusion and exclusion, was akin to that of the convent, with heaven already added—the wide wonder of the skies above, where the snow-piled mountains floated and hung and bore her thoughts away; the nearer glory of the everchanging sea below; and she, midway between

the two, belonged to both, and found in both her heaven.

In such a rare expansive atmosphere Barbe grew and blossomed superbly in mind, body, and spirit. At nineteen she was a glorious creature: tall and strong and supple; a mighty swimmer in deep waters; learned in the simple lore of sea and skies, whose depths and beauties her great calm eyes seemed, through much contemplation, to have assimilated into themselves. The sun and moon were her very dear friends; and she had a vast acquaintance among the stars-though, as they had never been properly introduced to her, she had had to give them names of her own which would have astonished the astronomers. The gorgeous Atlantic sunsets and the chaster glories of the dawn were her pictures. For music she had the distant, sweet chanties of the fishermen as the heavy boats crept over windless seas in and out of Plenevec, and the sweet, shrill whistle of the wind, and the wild rush of the great western waves as they leaped up the Light, and roared and hissed as they fought in midair behind it, and then gathered themselves together and humped their foam-laced backs for the final rush on black Cap Réhel. And of these things she never tired.

These were her higher branches of study. In the rock-pools at the foot of her tower were cool watergardens, where strange and wonderful plants waved tremulous fronds and filaments; and delicately tinted anemones-amber and crimson, rose and white, and rich purple-maroon-studded the dark rocks and gleamed in the broken lights like living gems; and in every pool there dwelt a sweet-faced maiden with eyes like her own, but of a still darker shade, and floating hair like hers, but of a somewhat lighter tint, who started up at her approach, and eyed her with ever-fresh surprise, and then smiled a grave, glad welcome to her. Sometimes, when she was still but a little girl, Barbe talked with the poolmaidens; but as she grew older she only sat and watched them, while her black cat, Minette, frisked about the rocks all abristle with excitement and with recollections of the time when she clawed at a moving thing in a pool and the moving thing shook hands with her in a way she never forgot. Through much observation, too, Barbe knew every kind of fish that flashed, like a quiver of startled nerves, round the rock; but they were cold-blooded creatures and impossible friends, and she knew by their eyes that they always looked upon her advances as only the first step towards the frying-With the birds she fared little better, though they could not, indeed, get away from her as did the fishes. Very sore was her heart each morning when she gathered them up inside the lantern railing, and smoothed their ruffled plumes, and tried in vain to adjust their broken necks, and lavished on them kisses sweet enough, one would have thought, to charm back life even into soft, warm bundles of feathers, and then dropped them sorrowfully one by one into the tide as it ebbed.

Far away across the Creuset rose frowning Cap Réhel, and there the sea-birds swung and circled in myriads, till it seemed as though a cloud of mist hung always on the Head. When the wind blew off the land she could sometimes hear their screaming, and many years' close observation of their movements had taught her when a western gale was brewing.

Her constant and only companions were the black cat Minette and a crippled sea-gull which she found inside the railing after one stormy night, with both wings and one leg broken and one eye gone. She nursed him back to life and christened him Pippo; and Pippo, in return for the food he could no longer seek, did his best to cultivate a spark of gratitude, and flopped after her wherever two broken wings and one leg could carry him, and regaled her with piercing cries under the belief that he was singing, and waged ceaseless warfare with Minette. But sea-gulls are soulless creatures at best, with little to choose between them and the fishes; and even a black cat is not heart-filling, though there is a certain comfort in the soft, warm feel of it; and at nineteen Barbe Carcassone was unconsciously ripe for deeper experiences.

She was fully content with her life as it was. There was no craving in her for a larger one. Her heart had known no hunger, because its fare had always been so simple and its satisfaction so easy of accomplishment. For the rest, her father was a silent, self-contained man, whose stores of seafaring lore she tapped at times by sheer pertinacity, but always with difficulty. He read much, and she read after him, anything and everything that came her way.

She rarely set foot on the mainland. She had no friends there, for she had had no opportunity of making any. So far she had never felt the lack of them, since her kingdom had yielded her all that she desired. Twice a week, when the weather was good, her father pulled round to Plenevec for supplies in the rusty coble that hung from the beams in front of the entrance-door. When the weather was too boisterous he did not go, and they fell back on the tinned provisions of which the store-room always held a month's supply.

Neither Barbe nor her father had ever had a day's illness since she and he went to Grand Bayou. They lived inside in a concentrated atmosphere of Scotch paraffin from the huge tanks below and the dripping lights above, and outside in a counteractive atmosphere of sweet salt air and sunshine, of spindrift and the scent of the sea-weed; and the mixture seemed to suit them. Shoes and stockings were unknown to them except in mid-winter; and Barbe's shapely feet and ankles projecting from her short blue woollen skirts were a sight to make a man's blood spin the quicker.

The one time in the year when Barbe Carcassone was distinctly and absolutely unhappy was on

Christmas Eve, for on that anniversary her father behaved as he did at no other time, and in a way that terrified her. He always charged and trimmed the lamps that night with more than usual care. He laboured at the winch till the great weights that kept the light revolving were at their very highest point. Then he ordered Barbe up into the lantern, and himself took possession of the little parlour down below and held grim festival there. He set out glasses and bottles: three glasses and three bottles-one of rum for Paul Kervec, one of cognac for himself as became a master-mariner, and one of thin wine of Chablis for his wife, because she had shown a mild liking for it during their short married life. There, all night long, he sat solemnly toasting the dead who had died by his hand, filling the glasses each with its own special liquor, and draining them one after the other till he sank into stupor, or, by some odd twist of the muddled brain, rose in a fury -as happened more than once—and smashed bottles and glasses and furniture as he chased imaginary victims round the room. The while Barbe sat shuddering stolidly, with Minette quivering in her arms, on the trap-door of the room above, whither she had been drawn like a moth to the flame. She heard her father, with whom speech was so rare a thing, speaking now as though to make up for all lost time; and it was strange talk and unnatural to listen to. The man he had down there with him was Paul, and the woman was Barbe like herself. When had they come off from the shore? And why did they never reply to his sallies? And why was she never allowed to see them? Ah, Barbe! it was just as well you should not know.

More than once it happened that the company below fell out, as I have stated, and terror reigned; and more than once it happened that the maddened man crept on his chest up the ladder, with blind hands and groping feet, and tried to come through the trap into the next room—possibly to tend the light as he had done that first night, possibly with less philanthropic intent. But whatever his intention, Barbe deemed it advisable to keep him out, and so she sat heavily on the door. stumbler on the ladder pushed at it with his head, growling curses, but soon gave it up, and cursed his way slowly down the rungs again; while Barbe, on the other side, prayed earnestly to the Virgin for succour in this time of need, but never moved off the trap.

It was always the same, and had been so since ever she could remember. Christmas Eve was always a curdling horror for her, and Christmas Day a time of gloomy remorse for her father. Then things fell back into their regular routine, and life was bright again—for Barbe at all events—until the evil time came round once more.

Never once during all these years did any mariner come to grief on Grand Bayou for lack of the warning light, though more than one labouring stranger, out of hand through stress of weather, came wallowing helplessly along the Race, and was ground over the Devil's Teeth into the Creuset-the Melting-Pot-which lies, in the shape of a mighty underjaw, between Grand Bayou Light and the towering cliffs of Finistère. Then the lonely dwellers on the Light, which stands on the outermost fang of the Teeth, heard the shouts and cries of drowning men-horrible in the dark, more horrible still in daylight by reason of added sight-and were powerless to help. Like higher ministers of grace, they might warn, but could not save by physical means, the souls that went past to their death. Never since they came to the Light had any man who got into the Melting-Pot come out of it alive; but of dead men they had drawn out not a few.

It was in such case that Barbe and her father stood breasting the fury of a wild spring gale one morning, clinging to the stout wooden railing that ran round the lantern, peering breathless and narrow-eyed into the storm. Their eyrie thrummed in the wind, and shook with the pounding of the waves. Behind them the Melting-Pot boiled and churned as though the devil himself were in it; and the frowning cliffs beyond, for a league on both sides, were white half-way up their sides with flying spume.

A dirty rag of sail which looked no bigger than a handkerchief came bobbing towards them through the gale, and they watched it intently. It had a meagre chance, which lessened every second. It was palpably in the grip of the Race. If, by good

seamanship, by luck, by Providence—if by any means whatsoever—it could weather the Light it was safe. It seemed, like a sentient thing, to be straining every nerve thereto. It grimped to windward inch by inch, and raised the watchers' hopes; then it swirled away in the treacherous current, and lost in a second more than it had gained in the previous minute. Once more it clawed tooth and nail up into the wind, only to be swung back towards destruction; till it looked as though the fiend himself had gripped it by the keel, and was playing with it as a cat plays with a mouse.

'It is finished,' growled Carcassone at last.
'They are done;' and he turned and went into the lantern. He had seen it all so often, and it was not good to look upon.

Barbe clung there still, and looked down pitifully at the little ship rolling past to its doom. The men on board saw her. One of them waved his hand in farewell. Instinctively her own hand rose in answer, and the man below, with death in his eyes, thought suddenly of the priest at the altar when he stands and elevates the Host before the kneeling people. The tinkle of the tiny bell was in his ears, the scent of the incense in his nostrils. Then the Devil's Teeth ripped the bottom out of the ship and the seething water was over his head; and Barbe gave a sob, and followed her father into the lantern, and tried to rid herself of the thought of it by vigorous polishing of reflectors.

CONFESSIONS OF A CIGARETTE-SMOKER.



LMOST every really heavy smoker of cigarettes will agree with me at once that no secret or mystery has been better preserved than that relating to the extraordinary increase during the past decade in the con-

sumption in this country of the little rolls of paper filled with Virginia or so-called Egyptian tobacco. The smoker with the peculiar and deadly habit of which I am about to speak knows perfectly well why such an enormous increase has come about, and is not in the least degree surprised at it. Having regard to his own experiences, his only surprise is that it has not been even greater; but, for reasons best known to himself, he rarely mentions the secret even to those who are possessed of it. Thus it happens that the outside world has for the most part remained in complete ignorance; so much so, indeed, that when it is sprung upon us that the reason why one merchant, who ten years ago used to sell cigarettes to the value of only forty pounds in a given period, now disposes of one thousand pounds' worth in the same period, is simply that the consumer has contracted the curious habit of inhaling all the smoke he extracts from the cigarette down his bronchial tubes and into his lungs—well, we will discredit and even ridicule the idea

However, it is perfectly true; and there are many thousands of men in the country who wish it were not. It is no exaggeration to say that this new habit of inhaling the smoke of cigarettes-a habit which has only come into vogue in this country during the last few years, and which in the next few will inevitably tell a great tale upon the mental and bodily capacity of the nation -more quickly obtains a strong hold upon those who give way to it than any other habit which has for its object the gratification of the senses in one way or another. Any man of ordinary will-power who is given to alcoholic excesses can abstain for a week or two with the expenditure of a very slight effort, and of course he can in many cases with the same amount of effort absolutely stop even the smallest indulgence for ever; but of some hundreds of men whom I have known to have contracted the habit of cigarettesmoke inhaling, I have only heard of two who have been successful in shaking it off, though in fully 90 per cent. of the cases an effort of a more or less determined character had been made. This may sound a little strange to those who are not in the secret; but there are much stranger disclosures to be made, and they are in many respects of a quite pitiable character.

First, however, let us briefly notice the extent to which cigarette-smoking has really increased in the last ten years or so. The figures I have just quoted as to the increase in the business of one merchant are actual figures, and the rate of increase shown is not anything out of the ordinary. I have no doubt but that some of the great tobacco firms which have several retail depôts each in all the principal streets of London, and in some of the larger cities outside the Metropolis, could show even more striking figures of the progress of the cigarette habit. have been told of a single wholesale firm of cigarette manufacturers who used to make and sell only a quarter of a million of cigarettes a week, but who now dispose of five millions in the same period; and another wholesale firm which at one time had practically no business at all in this article is now manufacturing no fewer than thirty millions of cigarettes a week. The enormous increase in consumption, as in all other cases, necessitated an improvement of a substantial character in the machinery which was used for the purpose of the manufacture. There was a time when the cigarettemachine was despised by the wholesale tobacco manufacturer; nowadays there are about a dozen different kinds, and in a certain factory there are at least fifty of them hard at work the whole year round, and each of these machines is capable of turning out two hundred thousand cigarettes a day. With such fast-increasing outputs there has been, as another natural result, a corresponding decrease in cost to the smoker. At one time cigarettes could only with difficulty be purchased in any other form than in packets of a hundred, which, though the quality was very moderate indeed, used to cost seven or eight shillings. If a hundred were not needed, a single cigarette could be bought for a penny, but under no circumstances for less. The Americans were responsible for the idea of the little packets of ten or a dozen, which were retailed in the first instance at from sixpence to a shilling; and their neatness and extreme portability was the attraction at the

The inhaling habit, as it is practised at the present time, came later and gradually. It is now perfectly safe to assume that, whilst a smoker of only twenty or thirty cigarettes a week may or may not inhale—probably does not—every man who gets through more than a dozen in a day almost certainly does; otherwise the insipidity of nicotine taken in this form would very quickly pall upon him, and such a consumption would be impossible. The man who is fond of his pipe, and has not learnt to inhale, is always more than satisfied with half-a-dozen

cigarettes in a day, and cannot see any sense in smoking them. On the other hand, the confirmed inhaler, who has abandoned himself entirely to the habit, thinks nothing of forty in a day; surprising as it may seem to the uninitiated, it is by no means an uncommon thing for such a man to smoke as many as seventy, and I have even known this figure to be exceeded. Of course, the cigarettes are not smoked outright; as soon as the nicotine which collects at the lip-end begins to taste strongly the man who inhales rejects it, and lights a fresh one from the burning end.

Individual consumption in thousands of cases being on this grand scale, the striking advance in the sale of cigarettes is explained; but those who know nothing of inhaling will still feel very doubtful about the mystery to which I alluded at the outset, and how the secret could possibly have been preserved if the habit were so general. However, this can be completely accounted for. The fact is that in two cases out of three the man who has become a confirmed inhaler is to a degree ashamed of the practice, and is shy of mentioning it to any one save another victim. He has become aware of his own weakness, and also of the impossibility of giving any reasonable excuse for the nerve-destroying habit which, he is fully conscious, his non-inhaling friends would first of all ridicule and then condemn. Therefore it is that the latter know nothing of it. I have found, too, that a man who is a victim is very chary of admitting the fact even to an unfortunate like himself.

It will be very difficult for the uninitiated reader to realise the exact nature of the practice and the sensations of body and mind which the habit produces; and I would give an earnest warning at the outset against allowing the curiosity to be so excited as to desire to go in for any practical experiments, I have known many cases of a man becoming a confirmed inhaler simply through indulging in a single trial, even though that trial made him ill, and he had derived anything but enjoyment from it. A subtle and inexplicable fascination is developed almost instantaneously. The victim will just try it again to see if the same effect is produced, and presently he tries it four or five times a day, even though, as is inevitably the case, he is for a few minutes wholly incapacitated for work or occupation of any kind as the result. The confirmed inhaler knows so well the baneful effects that it is very seldom indeed that he deliberately teaches the habit to another person, being aware that he would be committing what would be the equivalent of a crime for which his injured friend would never cease to blame him.

Inhaling consists simply in drawing a volume of smoke from the cigarette into the mouth, and then taking a deep breath, in the act of which the smoke is carried from the mouth down into the lungs. One or two medical men with whom I have discussed the matter have said that the fumes never really

enter the lungs-that they get no farther than the bronchial passages; but I should think that in the case of a confirmed inhaler, at all events, this view is very questionable, because a feeling of irritation in the lungs is often experienced when the habit has been indulged in with more than usual freedom. However, let the nicotine fumes go where they may, in their passage they come into intimate contact with the nervous system, and the result is an instantaneous communication to the brain, which takes the form of a momentary semi-paralysiswhen a man is new to the habit, that is. I remember very well the experience of a youngster of eighteen on his being taught to inhale the smoke of a cigarette for the first time. One afternoon some friends persuaded him to make the attempt, and he did so. Almost upon the instant he fell full length upon the floor in a dead faint; his features became pallid, his pulse faint and irregular; and those about him were for a time in a great fright. He came round, of course. A day or two later he tried to inhale again, with a result not quite so bad; and he went on trying till now he is a veritable slave to the habit. This overpowering feeling of faintness is experienced on almost every occasion a first attempt at inhaling is made, showing how strong is the effect upon the nerves which have never been put to such a trial before. From this the deduction is inevitable that there must be serious permanent injury. The old inhaler says that he never experiences this feeling of paralysis; but that is simply because his nerves and senses have been dulled by the

Of the extremely powerful effect upon the occasion of these first trials I can adduce some curious illustrations. On one occasion the victim at the time was suffering from a very violent attack of hay-fever, with a watery discharge from his eyes and nostrils for a couple of days; and he was in a state of intense misery. He was a confirmed smoker; but at such a time he had the most intense loathing for a pipe. Somebody told him to inhale the fumes of a cigarette, which would soothe him without causing the same irritation as smoking in the ordinary manner would. He did so, and went through the stupefying experience; but when he recovered from it in the course of two or three minutes the hay-fever was fast disappearing, and in less than an hour there was not a trace of it left. This man tried the same cure upon two or three occasions subsequently, with a similar but not quite so effectual result. Nowadays he is accustomed to inhaling, and it has no effect upon the hay-fever. I have heard of two or three well-authenticated cases of precisely the same character, and of others in which neuralgia has been cured for the time being by this first inhaling; but though these persons have become confirmed inhalers they cannot cure themselves now. Medical men are able to furnish a logical explanation of this curious result.

As to the inexplicable fascination of inhaling,

which operates immediately and with a fast-increasing force after the first attempt is made, I have a curious but pitiable story to tell, which I know to be absolutely true. There was a large family in which there were two or three grown-up sons, all cigarette-smoke inhalers, and a younger brother only nine years of age. The young men one day amused themselves most thoughtlessly and reprehensibly by giving the child cigarettes to smoke and teaching him the baneful practice of inhaling. It was none the less cruel because they did not guess the result. This was that, some time afterwards, the child was found at odd moments of the day hidden away in a room where he thought he would be safe from discovery, inhaling whilst in a state of semi-collapse the fumes of a cigarette which he had obtained surreptitiously. He is much older now, and the promise of his boyhood that he would be a tall, athletic fellow has not been fulfilled. He is an ashen-faced and bentbacked weakling.

Now we have some idea as to what a wicked enticement there is in the beginning of the habit. 'What does it matter?' asks the inhaler who is warned at the outset. 'I can cease this trick at any time if I think it is not good for me.' Can he? No. He may begin by inhaling half-a-dozen cigarettes a day; in a month or two the number has been doubled; at the end of his first year as an inhaler he may be doing his twenty or thirty, and thereafter any excess is possible, and even likely. Then the inhaling fever is upon him, and only a victim can understand how much such a person is to be pitied, and how very sorry he feels for himself, and how helpless withal. You never hear of his misery, because to confess to one who did not understand the effect of the practice would make him seem so very foolish in permitting such an absurd habit to gain the mastery.

Let me describe the feelings of a man who has reached the fifty-cigarette-a-day stage. The degree to which they are experienced upon the following lines depends, I should say, to a certain extent upon the man and the circumstances of his life. Thus the big muscular man who is full of animal spirits, and whose mind is never more seriously exercised than upon questions of sport, suffers infinitely less than he who lives in a great city, is of a somewhat nervous temperament, and spends laborious days in thought and study. It is the latter who is by far the most addicted to the habit and who falls to the lowest depths; and it is to him that I refer.

It is not the smallest exaggeration to say that when the fever is upon a man the ordinary enjoyment of life is ruined. If he is a conscientious man he has a guilty feeling always reminding him that he is doing himself a grievous wrong. He says at night, 'To-morrow I will give it up;' and in the morning, with a sense of shame, he lights a cigarette and inhales the first deep breath whilst he is dress-

ing in his room. It does not really seem to give him any pleasure; it only makes him listless and stupid; but he feels that he must do it, and for the remainder of the day he chafes when the circumstances of the moment make a cigarette impossible. Every meal is an irritation after the first few moments, because smoking is prevented thereby; especially is this the case at dinner-time. Parisians lately introduced a dinner novelty which to a considerable extent 'caught on.' Right in the middle of the dinner they serve a Russian cigarette, just big enough to afford half-a-dozen deep inhaling breaths and satisfy that longing which at this stage is becoming acute. There can be no doubt that this curious custom was invented entirely in the interests of the victims of whom I am speaking. The practice has come to London, where the inhalers have applauded it; other people laugh at and con-

The fevered inhaler is ill at ease in the theatre or in the drawing-room, and he is often led to resort to most extraordinary subterfuges to gratify his desire even for a few brief moments. I have known a man who, finding it necessary to travel in a non-smoking compartment of a railway carriage, got out at every stopping station and took a few puffs at a fresh cigarette in the minute or two that were afforded him, and then threw it away with but half-an-inch consumed. In this way a dozen cigarettes had been disposed of in a thirtymile journey. However, the cigarette is not always thrown away after the first few whiffs because of necessity. After the inhaler, who has been hard at it for some time, has forced himself to a brief respite, he will often light a new cigarette, suck at it for a few seconds only, and then, with a listless feeling that he has had enough, reject it; but at these times only a few minutes will elapse before he feels the spell upon him again, and a fresh cigarette is handled, with the same result. This victim inhales most during the late evening hours, shirks his bed as long as he may for the further satisfaction of the craving; and, if possible, he will inhale for some time after his head has been laid upon the pillow. I know of one case of a tray for cigarettes being attached to the side of the bed, so that they might be available during the waking hours of the night, insomnia being an inevitable result of the habit; and many a time after the man who sleeps in this bed has turned out his light for the night he has lit it again that he might have 'just one more' before finally consigning himself to unconsciousness. The torture which such a man experiences when from any cause a cigarette is not available, but when there is no other hindrance to his indulgence, is strange indeed. I remember how an inhaler in that predicament ransacked some boxes in which were a number of old pipes, relics of the happy days when the smoke-breathing passion was unknown to him, and when these innocent pipes were as the essence of enjoyment. Now, with feverish anxiety, they were taken from

their hiding-place, the bowls examined for plugs of tobacco which might have rested in them for all those months and years, and each plug extracted until there was sufficient of a dirty heap of foul tobacco to fill up one of the pipes, which was then lit, smoked, and the fumes inhaled. The inveterate inhaler will inhale smoke from any pipe or from the strongest cigar if need be; indeed, as he advances in his vice he often experiences a desire for something a little stronger than the ordinary cigarette smoke.

In the majority of cases the results of such excess as this are pitiable in the extreme, mentally and physically. In the first place, a constant and severe nervousness hangs over the victim. He is in a continual state of lethargy which he cannot overcome. His mental powers are very considerably dulled, and his capacity for work is greatly reduced. Only with difficulty can he apply himself to the reading of any thoughtful book; in an evening at the theatre he is bored before nine o'clock, and seeks an excuse for a cigarette between the acts. The difference that comes over such a man after the first cigarette of the day is in itself remarkable and convincing. I have known him to begin the day fresh and with a determination to avoid the poison as long as might be, that some heavy task before him may be properly performed. All has gone on well for a time; the work has proceeded. Then comes the temptation to have just one cigarette, and in a moment will and determination vanish, and the power for work with them. The task is then trifled with and finished carelessly, or never finished at all. From the intellectual point of view there can be no doubt this man is vastly inferior to what he was in his pre-inhaling days. Physically, his constitution is undergoing a severe strain, which may break it up. The pulse becomes very irregular, the heart is weakened, the appetite is greatly diminished, and the hollow cheek and sunken eye are palpable indications that something is seriously wrong. This description of the physical effect is not mine; it is given by one of the most eminent physicians of the day. The victim, moreover, almost inevitably develops a peculiar kind of asthma, and becomes very susceptible to lung-trouble of all sorts.

I was discussing the matter not long ago with one of the most famous men in the medical profession—a man, in fact, who has the honour of attending upon royalty. He was telling me of these baneful effects, and I asked him why he did not initiate a crusade against the vice. He inhaled the cigarette smoke himself; but he answered significantly, 'What is the use? They wouldn't stop it.' A leading tobacconist in the city of London told me that in the space of five years he had seen regular frequenters of his shop completely broken down in mind and body through having contracted the inhaling habit; moreover, that some of them were in the cemetery who, he was convinced, would not have been there if they

had stuck to their pipes and cigars. Of course, the medical certificate did not give inhaling tobacco smoke as the cause; very likely it said consumption; but I can quite believe, and so can any other confirmed inhaler, that it was the cigarette that was the cause of it all.

The moral of all this is a simple one: Never upon any consideration be tempted to inhale for the first time. Probably this initial attempt would lead to the establishment of the habit, with all the sad consequences I have enumerated; and, as I indicated at the outset, breaking away from it is such a difficult matter that not one person in a thousand ever succeeds in the attempt. Inhaling is one of those habits which cannot be broken off by degrees; the division must be drawn sharp and clean, and for a period there must be no smoking of any sort. To the confirmed inhaler this system of cure is a painful one; but it is the only one that I have known to succeed.

It must not be thought that I have one word to

say against smoking in the ordinary, sensible way; my statement is intended to serve as a warning against a vile and most injurious habit of which the general public knows little or nothing, but which may prove of serious injury to the nation. I am aware that men in high places inhale and do not seem to suffer thereby, and also that in some Southern climates the natives almost universally are addicted to the habit from their childhood. Yes; but I have already admitted that it is largely a matter of constitution, occupation, and temperament as to how a person can endure the practice; and, emphatically, the average British temperament is not suited to such a habit as this any more than it is to opium-taking. Its ravages are increasing most among the young men of the large cities and towns, who constitute the particular class who are least able to withstand injury from

The cigarette-smoke inhaling habit was never meant for Great Britain; for evil is it here.

THE INTERVENTION OF GRICE, JUNIOR.

By MARY STUART BOYD,

Author of Clipped Wings, Our Stolen Summer, &c.

PART L



N the wisdom of riper years, Loddard regards the intervention of Grice, Junior, as one of those lucky little fates that went to the shaping of his career; but at the time of its occurrence, and for years after, he

regarded it as an exasperating injustice.

Loddard was not famous then. His writings could hardly even be accounted popular, though the appearance of *Madame Malcontent* during the previous winter had advanced the market value of his fiction by an extra guinea a thousand words. It was early in April that the astute editor of *Nugent's Magazine*—who, to quote his own words, liked 'to catch 'em as they come up'—scenting a probable success in the young author, commissioned him to write a serial for the following year.

At that date Loddard, in common with most budding geniuses, imagined that his muse wrought best unfettered by the restraints of a commission; but the offer was tempting, and chambers in the Temple and the membership of three clubs, if one has the instincts of hospitality, cost money. Therefore Loddard accepted it eagerly.

'An eighty thousand word novel for serial publication, to be delivered complete on or before 15th October. Why, I could do it on my head,' Loddard, whose verbal communications were not remarkable for the purity of style that characterised his writings, remarked jubilantly.

'Better get to work at once,' counselled his

comrade Pixley, to whom he made the boast; 'for time flies, and October will be here before you expect it.'

Thus advised, Loddard set to work the morning after he had signed the agreement. He laid in a ream of manuscript paper, two boxes of pens, a gross of assorted paper-fasteners, and a sixpenny bottle of blue-black writing-ink. Pixley, who shared his rooms in Brick Court, had gone out of town; and for four complete days Loddard's oak was sported against the incursions of sympathetic friends. Nature, however, had made Loddard a gregarious animal, so the evening of the fourth day saw him back among his cronies at the Falstaff Club. The following morning found the little frenzy for work completely abated, and two days later Pixley heard by postcard that Loddard had run over to Paris for Easter.

When he returned, the London season was in full swing. A rising literary man has many temptations to neglect his work; and Loddard lacked the cast-iron physique that plays all night and works all day: with him, inert mornings invariably succeeded energetic evenings. The work that had begun so briskly lagged heavily. The summer was hot, the river cool, and boating had always been a passion with Loddard; so it required but little persuasion to induce him to become one of a trio who were camping out at Shiplake.

The breathless days of August discovered him

back in the stuffy Temple chambers groaning under the thraldom of the Demon of Despondency, who ever dominates the middle of a novel for the writer who is not a mere machine. Thus Pixley found him one stifling day when the turgid smoke-cloud hung heavy over submissive London.

'This won't do, old man; won't do at all,' Pixley declared, seeing his friend, unshaven and haggard, engaged in a hopeless conflict with the intricacies of the seventeenth chapter. 'Lost your capacity for writing? Not a bit of it. You were late last night, of course. If you're going to finish that novel in time you must get away to some quiet place where there's clean air to breathe and no distractions.'

'August: not a quiet corner in the country. Worse than town,' Loddard groaned, removing the steaming handkerchief that bound his hot brows, and dipping it afresh in the bowl of vinegarand-water that stood among the litter of papers on his writing-table.

'I know the place. Grassweller's Farm, down at Mershfields. You remember I went there seven years ago when I got run down over a tough exam., and came back feeling splendid. It's a ripping farm: old thatched house, cows and pigs, and an orchard and beehives. Lots of cream and new-laid eggs. A good bathing-beach, and not a soul to speak to. Take my word for it, you won't be there two days till you're turning out stuff at the express speed of a sensation novelist.'

The two men had been college chums, and sheer dissimilarity of disposition had since kept them close friends. Pixley, who was a barrister, lacked Loddard's distinguishing touch of genius, though he owned the stability of character that was awanting in his more brilliant friend. Loddard was wont playfully to dub Pixley his conscience; still, however he might grumble thereat, he rarely failed to act upon his friend's advice.

At four-thirty next day the one-fifteen train from London deposited Loddard, with a big portmanteau and a small brown bag containing the precious manuscript, on the platform of Mershfield Station.

'Grassweller's Farm? 'Tain't a farm no longer,' replied the boyish porter of whom Loddard asked directions. 'The Land Company bought up the ground over five years back. But if it's lodgings you wants, there's plenty for the taking.'

The driver of the black-and-yellow bus belonging to the Imperial Hotel, despairing of getting any other customers, offered to convey the traveller whither he listed; but Loddard's long limbs were cramped with the railway journey, and he preferred to walk. Leaving his portmanteau at the station, and retaining possession of the precious brown bag, he set off afoot in quest of shelter.

The air was sharp and exhilarating—a relief after the languorous, exhausted atmosphere of town; and the two-mile walk, albeit over a dusty highway, was pleasant. With the nearer approach to the sea the country lost all pretensions to rurality. The old farms, with their quaint thatched dwellings, had vanished; and fields, their sandy surface sparsely clad with sunburnt turf, were seamed by half-made shingle roads leading nowhere. Staring placards inviting intending purchasers of these desirable building sites to apply to the Mershfields Land Company braved the breeze like the banners of some forlorn hope.

In the spaces nearest the beach sanguine builders had run up rows of unblushingly jerry-built, redbrick houses. Many of them were unoccupied. Towels and bathing-costumes drying on the window-sills of others evinced the fleeting presence of summer visitors. In the years that had elapsed since Pixley had seen it, Mershfields had made a valiant attempt to develop into a populous seaside resort, and had lamentably failed.

Loddard was ever ruled by passing emotions. Turning to flee the place, he chanced to traverse a road so naïvely incomplete as to arouse the pity awarded all crippled things. Portarlington Villas comprised a couple of small semi-detached houses of the most stereotyped aspect. One of the pair was empty; and the erection of a second couple had apparently been abandoned, for the brick outline of one had risen only a yard above the ground level, while the sole visible evidence of its twin was the rough trench for the foundations.

To the unimaginative eye, the only occupied dwelling in Portarlington Villas was not a whit more depressing than many of the other houses dotted about the district. Yet to Loddard's supersensitive temperament there seemed something peculiarly pathetic about the well-polished brass plate affixed to the low wooden gate which announced that pianoforte instruction might be had within. The sight of a neatly written card bearing the legend 'Apartments' which was placed in an obscure corner of the front sitting-room window, as though the exhibiter were afraid of its being seen, completed the conquest of Loddard's sympathies. Sincere pity for whoever depended for sustenance on these frail methods of earning a livelihood impelled Loddard to enter the tiny front garden—the one plot whereof was filled with tobacco-plants whose melancholy blossoms, drooping discoloured in the sunshine, suggested that their owner had reached the lowest depths of despondency - and knock at the door. minutes later he was installed in the apartments, which consisted of a bedroom upstairs and the front drawing-room, whose draughty oriel window looked out across a parched field. The landlady had proved to be a gentle-eyed young widow; and the fact that she refrained from telling him so assured Loddard that she had seen better days. The furniture of the rooms was unobtrusive. The crayon drawings on the walls, though but feeble travesties of Nature, were a decided improvement upon the customary oleograph, and Loddard congratulated himself on the absence of the omnipresent white crochet antimacassar.

His hunger appeased by an impromptu meal of mutton-chops and tea, Loddard fared forth to reconnoitre. A short survey sufficed to convince him that, whatever its shortcomings, Mershfields would assuredly not prove distracting.

In the window of the Land Office near the station he had seen a bird's-eye view wherein the perfervid vision of prophecy portrayed the sea-front as it might be. The artist had endowed barren Mershfields with sundry palatial hotels, a casino, a pier with a concert-hall, and a stately crescent flanking luxuriant winter-gardens; but to the callous eye of reality the hotels and the casino and the pier had no existence, and the half-moon of the crescent was reduced to a segment of ambitious-looking empty houses facing a wind-swept stretch of sterile ground.

Interviewing the ancient mariner who lounged resignedly by the half-dozen weather-beaten bathing-boxes drawn up high and dry on the beach, Loddard chartered one for an early hour on the morrow; then, confident that in the entire absence of all excitement Mershfields would prove an invaluable locality for concentration of thought, he returned to his rooms in the cheap little red-brick house, and, unlocking the brown bag, arranged the implements of his craft upon the writing-table, feeling already an unwonted appetite for work.

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE COTTON TRADE.

By ALBERT SIMPSON.



TTENTION is now being directed, and none too soon, to the prospects of our leading manufacturing industries; and amongst others the position of our cotton industry would seem to claim, above all others, a

most careful scrutiny. It has been proved beyond dispute that this industry has ceased to be increasing in England to any important extent, whilst in other countries of the world, notably in America and Japan, it is advancing by rapid strides; and that, whereas we in England once consumed three-fourths of the total crops of raw cotton, we now only consume about one-fourth. It is not reasonable to suppose that this country could for ever monopolise the production of cloth for all the world; but that so much activity should prevail in many other countries whilst comparative stagnation exists here is matter of the deepest concern.

Much has been already said about our manufacturers not adapting themselves sufficiently to the requirements of foreign markets; and our consuls in various parts of the world have repeatedly alleged this as being one great cause why the manufactures of other countries are preferred to our own. This may in some cases have been the excuse given to our consuls by the native dealers; but it cannot possibly be the true reason. It must be remembered that the businesses of our merchants and manufacturers are carried on by quite different individuals. It is the object of the merchant to ascertain the requirements of his particular market, and, having ascertained them, to give out his orders accordingly to the manufacturer. If one manufacturer could not make the article, another would; and, besides, a merchant is not forced to confine himself to English manufactures. As a matter of fact, competition amongst manufacturers in England is so keen that they are always ready to meet the mer-chants' requirements. Years ago manufacturers of cloths in England kept on making the same kind of cloth year after year, and when they could not obtain orders, piled it up until a demand for it arose. All this has long since been changed, and our manufacturers have often fifty to a hundred different kinds and qualities of cloth making in the course of a few weeks. If the native merchants had told the consuls the exact truth, the latter would have learnt that it was the price which induced them to prefer American, Japanese, or German goods to ours; but they were not likely to admit this fact, because such an admission would probably depreciate their own selling price to the native consumer.

There can be no doubt that this matter of price is the principal, if not the only, cause why the demand for English cloths has not increased as it ought to have done. It is notorious that our foreign trade in many varieties of cloth, especially with India, has become extinct. The native buyers, whilst admitting that the English cloths are better made and are of better appearance than those made in the native mills, prefer the latter because they are cheaper; and thus what was once a large portion of our trade with India has been entirely Assuming, therefore, that the principal cause of the present unsatisfactory condition of our cotton manufacture is owing to the comparative sale price of our cloths, it ought not to be an impossible task to discover the cause and to apply a remedy.

In order to understand more fully the position, a short review of the ancient history of the cotton trade of England is desirable.

Cloth made from cotton and many other fibres

has been manufactured in every country of the world from time immemorial; but until the introduction of steam-power and machinery it was made by hand upon various kinds of rough frames and hand-looms. Thus the principle of manufacture has been thoroughly understood the world over. The invention of steam-power and machinery in this country, together with our supplies of coal and iron, entirely revolutionised the industry, and enabled us to produce cloth much cheaper than could be done by hand-labour even in countries where labour received the lowest rate of remuneration. From this time forward the production of cloth in England advanced rapidly, and mills sprang up in all parts of Lancashire and the adjoining counties; and although there were periods of depression every now and again, owing to famines abroad or to overproduction for the time being at home, these periods were of short duration, and were followed by prosperous years, which far more than compensated for the losses sustained. Thus the so-called cotton lords of Lancashire were looked upon with envy throughout England. It is contended by most people that this prosperity was the outcome of our policy called Free Trade; but there are others who insist that it was caused wholly and entirely by our being the first country to adopt steam-power and machinery, and to our possession of unlimited supplies of coal and iron, and that we attained our prosperity through these advantages in spite of our so-called Free Trade policy. It is a remarkable fact that our greatest rival in neutral markets at the present time is America, where a policy of trading exists diametrically opposite to ours. The result of the Peninsular war, which almost destroyed the mercantile marine of other countries, left the ocean-carrying trade of the world practically in our hands. This advantage we are now gradually losing.

The first exhibition of our industries in London did much to impress other nations with the value of our manufacturing industries, and taught them how to acquire them; and recent exhibitions have completed their education. Private individuals who possess advantages belonging to themselves keep such advantages as secret as possible for fear of imitation. We as a people seem to delight in giving to friend and enemy alike all the advantages we derive from our conquests abroad and our inventions at home. For some time foreign capitalists were short of money, and contented themselves with filling buildings with our second-hand machinery; but, under the fostering care of their respective Governments, they are now able to buy the best machinery, and are therefore in this respect on an equal footing with this country. In recent years any extension of the trade in England that has taken place has been chiefly through the Limited Liability Act, the ultimate result of which will probably prove disastrous to all

We have now to consider how it is that the cloths

manufactured in England are being gradually superseded by those of other countries. There is no doubt that the chief, if not the only, reason is that of price. As to the comparative position of our English cloths as regards quality and manufacture, they are unrivalled. The cost of making a piece of cloth may be divided into four heads: (1) the cost of the raw material, (2) the cost of wages, (3) the cost of the fixed expenses, and (4) the cost of the manufacturing expenses. The various proportions of these items are about as follows: upon an average plain cloth, the first item is nine-sixteenths of the total cost; upon the second item, four-sixteenths; upon the third item, one-sixteenth; and upon the fourth item, two-sixteenths. Upon a fancy cloth the proportions of the second, third, and fourth items to the first are higher. The cost of the raw material, which is the chief cost, is the same to all countries, subject to differences in the cost of carriage from the cotton-fields. It is the economies made in the other items, comprising seven-sixteenths of the whole cost, which enable one country to undersell another. Wages, if left to themselves, would be automatically adjusted, as has happened with the wages of domestic servants in England; but for some years it has been the policy of trade-unions in England to extract the utmost rate of wages possible from the employers; indeed, a well-known leader, recently deceased, made no secret of his opinion that every penny of profit over and above a low rate of interest upon capital should go to the workmen. Such a policy as this can have but one ending, and will gather together a storm before long which will astonish the working-classes of this country. Any individual who possesses sufficient capital to live upon, with a low rate of interest, will not risk that capital in a manufacturing business; and any individual who is short of the necessary capital cannot borrow it and live upon a low rate of interest. If the individual employer is abolished altogether, capital must still be found from some source; and it will require an experienced head to guide the business, who will command a high scale of remuneration, or the concern will not prosper. An employer with his own capital at risk is more likely to work the concern to advantage than a paid superintendent.

Whether this be so or not, capital will not for long remain in a trade which does not yield a satisfactory return for capital and services rendered, and also a sufficient surplus out of which the machinery can be kept up in first-class condition. Unless this is done, the earnings of the workpeople will decline as the machinery depreciates; and this is much more important to them than a considerable decline in the rate of wages. The costly scale upon which trade-unions both of employers and employed are now carried on, amounting as it does in the aggregate to at least 10 per cent. of the wages paid, is an element of expense which enhances the cost of our manufactures without adding a

fraction to their value. Until recently, the mandates of the trade-unions were enforced by a system of picketing, and much indignation is being expressed because our judges have declared it to be illegal. Why should it be illegal for an employer to follow a discharged workman from place to place, advising every other employer not to engage him; and legal for workmen either singly or collectively to beset an employer's premises, and by means of persuasion, money, or intimidation, prevent other workmen from obtaining work from that employer?

Again, the policy of the trade-unions at present is to resist any labour-saving appliances, unless the operative is allowed to keep to himself the whole of the increased wages arising from such improvements.

The third item of cost comprises the fixed expenses, such as rent, insurance, rates, and taxes. This item is materially affected by the amount of work produced, and is a question of management and of the docility of the workpeople. The item of rates is a most serious one, and is beginning to attract more attention. The assessment of mills and works for rating purposes is, as a rule, in the hands of a body of men who hold property of a different description, and who for the most part do not understand that a mill daily depreciates but never appreciates in value. During the last ten years there were plenty of instances where a mill and other property close by have been sold by auction both for the same amount, yet the assessment of the mill to the rates was from 150 to 300 per cent. higher than that of the other property. Where rates are high this is a most serious drawback, especially when compared with similar charges in other countries. In Canada any one erecting a new mill is exempted altogether from rates for twenty years. Again, the unequal incidence of rating is well backed up by the Government. The cottontrade for some years past has been the butt for those faddists who desire to get into Parliament, and when there desire to show a reason why they should remain. All the enactments cause expense; some are no doubt desirable, but others are vexatious and imperfect. The Employers' Liability Act is proving very costly, and is increasing in expense on account of the malingering of so many of those who claim compensation, and of the disinclination shown by the County Court judges to deal with such cases. The provision to provide fireescapes from every room containing forty workpeople is adding wholly needless expense in many cases. More workpeople are employed in the weaving-shed than in any other room of a mill, and yet no one living can remember a person being injured owing to a fire in a weaving-shed. In point of fact, except one or two cases of fire caused by incendiaries at night, a fire in a weaving-shed is almost unknown, and the rate of insurance is comparatively nominal. Many other instances of excessive legislation might be quoted; but these are sufficient to show that needless items of cost exist which tend by so much to cripple our trade.

The facility given to speculators in the raw material is another tax upon our industry. It is well known that in Liverpool and New York the year's cotton crop is bought and sold hundreds of times over. The transactions are on paper only, and for the most part are as much gambling as playing at pitch-and-toss. Those who gamble thus have no interest in the trade, and pay little or nothing towards the taxation of the country. If the balance of their transactions were not a balance of profit they would soon cease to operate. Their dealings, however, increase year by year; and, as their gains do not add one penny of value to the article they gamble in, it must follow that the loss falls upon the cotton-planter or the manufacturer, or upon both. These accumulated imposts upon our manufacturers have so handicapped them that they can no longer undersell our foreign competitors in neutral markets as used to be the case years ago. These competitors, moreover, are working under very different conditions from our manufacturers. For the largest part of their production they are safe from outside competition, being protected by ample tariffs in their own countries, and they can afford to sell their surplus production in other markets against ours at a loss. The prices at which they sell regulate our prices, and they will always undersell us so long as they can secure a profit upon the main portion of their productions at home. Our markets are free to these productions, and the prices the foreigner takes fixes the prices we can secure.

It may be matter of surprise to some that, with all these adverse influences at work, there has not been a greater decline in our trade than exists; but to those engaged in the trade it is no mystery. For the last twenty years the new mills erected by private enterprise can be counted on the fingers of a hand; those built have been under the Limited Liability Act, fostered by an unusual period of cheap money. The erection of these mills has caused the destruction of numbers of private concerns, and the shareholders have reaped no advantage, it having been ascertained that, taken together, the shareholders of these limited liability mills would be better off to-day if they had invested their money in Consols. At the present time, out of the seventy-seven limited concerns mentioned in the official Share List, the shares of fifty-seven are at a discount, three are at par, and seventeen are at a premium. It would have been impossible to form these companies but for the assistance given from all parts of England in the shape of open loan-money; and the facility of obtaining this has led to the formation of gangs of promoters, who will probably carry on their operations until the bubble bursts.

It may be instructive to know how a large proportion of these limited liability companies

are got up. A few men-say, two or three millmanagers, an architect, a landowner, and a consulting engineer-meet together in a public-house, and decide that it is desirable to put up a new mill. The mill-managers desire to become directors, the landowner has land to sell, and the others seek professional employment. They agree to subscribe amongst themselves perhaps five hundred pounds or one thousand pounds in shares for a mill employing altogether some eighty thousand or one hundred thousand pounds of capital. They then interview machinists, engineers, contractors, and others, and, under promise of orders, induce them to take shares. The company is then floated, and loans at call at 4 to 5 per cent. are advertised for. These loans are a great temptation to those who have money lying in the bank at 11 or 2 per cent. interest. The lenders look at the picture of a large, massive building in course of erection, and fancy that there is ample security for their money. In this way loan-money is got amounting in many cases to four or five times the paid-up capital. So long as profit is made over and above the interest payable upon loans, all goes fairly well; but as soon as the profits become less than the loaninterest (which must be paid out year by year), or when instead of profits there are actually losses, the floating capital disappears, and the directors resort to mortgages and debentures to enable them to carry on a little longer. The supposed security of the open loan-holders thus vanishes into thin air, and they have no power to prevent the directors from giving these mortgage securities and without even acquainting the loan-holders of the fact. The present position of our trade is, therefore, of immense importance to thousands of open and unsecured loan-holders all over England, most of whom have no idea how slender their security is.

To sum up, we have before us the following facts: that England once possessed a monopoly of the manufacture of cotton goods; that this advantage was the result of cheap production; that private enterprise in the trade has been annihilated; that co-operative enterprise has been unsatisfactory, and is in a most perilous position; and that the causes are as follows: reckless and ever-increasing gambling in the raw material, the speculative promotion of new mills, the unreasonable demands of trade-unions and their obstructive tactics with regard to improvements, the mischievous and imperfect enactments of the legislature, and the protection extended to our competitors by their own Governments. Until these evils are cured our cotton-trade will continue to decline, whilst that of our rivals will increase. We expend thousands of lives and millions of money in securing fresh outlets for our manufactures, and impose grievous direct taxation upon our commercial and producing classes, and then throw open these markets to our foreign rivals without money and without price.

THE TREASURE OF THE INCAS.



HE Tibet of the New World, a country unknown to Messrs Cook and Gaze, is the object of no personally conducted tours, and is shut off from the rest of the world by great mountain-ranges. It is not

closed against the globe-trotter by law and custom, but is so far removed from ordinary lines of travel that in effect it is almost entirely isolated. Like Tibet, it has vast areas of lofty, windswept plateaus, the bases for still higher snow-On these tablelands the capped mountains. traveller, weary of eternal barrenness and silence, will suddenly come to the edge of some great quebrada, and see, far, far below, a valley looking so green and fresh, with a silver line of water wandering through its midst, and with trees and corn, and a group of miniature red-tiled houses nestling round a toy church. It is a glimpse of another world after the cold glare of the altaplanicie.

The remoteness of such a valley is typical of the lives of the people who are born, live, die, and are buried there, their world bounded by the mountains surrounding the little spot of green on which their life-drama is played out.

Doubtless the latest event of general importance was the introduction, some three hundred years since, of the breed of cattle that plough the little fields and the progenitors of the horse or mule that carries the patron on rare occasions to the far-off town. Their fields are little patches of ground mainly on the mountain-side; and to see the sleepy oxen draw the wooden ploughs across the slopes is nothing less than appalling. To plough the fields up and down is impossible; even to plough them across seems an absolute defiance of natural laws, and irresistibly suggests the query, What if the farmer should slip and fallplough, oxen, and all-upon a neighbour who is planting potatoes on the lower ground? Such an accident seems imminent. Above these sloping fields are the small flocks of black alpacas, herded by little children who are as sure-footed as their charges; and a drove of llamas, with their long necks and large, eager, curious eyes, may be seen coming down an almost precipitous mountainpath, loaded with wheat to be ground in the mill below, or bearing silver or tin ore for some distant smelter.

In such a valley as this, among the remoter slopes of the eastern Cordilleras, there lived for

nearly three hundred years the descendants of a Spanish family which had emigrated from Spain during the later half of the sixteenth century. The course of the waters of the small stream that rose but a mile or two farther up the valley, in a deep cup among great mountains, had been explored by them about the beginning of the eighteenth century; and one of the explorers, who, after innumerable dangers, sufferings, and privations, had at last emerged upon the broad waters of the Amazon, left to his descendants a curious account of his travels, interspersed with many pious reflections.

From the heights above the valley, as the sun rose, away in the north-west appeared for a moment a shaft of dazzling white, the snow-clad cone of Illimani; and as the sun sank it lit up for a few minutes a long, dark line upon the eastern horizon marking that great Amazonian forest covering half a continent. In the valley and the surrounding mountains were many signs of a civilisation anterior to that of the Spaniards. The hillsides were dotted with old mines and dumps of washed and unwashed ore; and within were galleries, tunnels, and chambers honeycombing great spaces of ground. The Spanish conquerors, after having despoiled the conquered race of all the precious metals already in their possession, had forced them to work in the mines, and had won vast quantities of gold and silver from the old workings.

The family of the owner of the valley began with a Don Pedro in the later part of the sixteenth century, and continued with a ninth in succession of the same name in these present times. During nearly three centuries of occupancy they kept a rough record of passing events; and from this journal, or rather collection of disconnected notes, it is proposed to hastily sketch a series of events that culminated in a remarkable find of hidden treasure a few years ago.

The notes begin by relating how in the year 1560 the first Don Pedro who appears in the narrative sailed from Spain, and after a prosperous voyage landed in Panama, whence he gradually travelled down the Pacific coast to some port not named, but apparently about the eighteenth parallel south of the Equator. Of his journey inland we are told nothing; in fact, these earlier notes are little more than a few dates and a glorification of the original family; but in the year 1572 he accompanied an expedition as far as the western base of the eastern Cordilleras, and there helped to found the city of Orepesa. In this new settlement he apparently lived and died, for we are only told that he married, somewhat late in life, Dona Maria Isabela Vargas, a beautiful young lady, who brought to him as a dowry a great tract of unexplored country granted by the Spanish Crown to reward the services of her tather. In the early years of the seventeenth century Don Pedro, the second of the name, was sent out by his father to explore those unknown possessions, in extent a principality, which lay on the farther side of the great mountains that girdled the new city.

Don Pedro travelled slowly from one small settlement to another of Quichua Indians, who then, as now, grew their scanty crops and tended their small flocks of alpacas upon the mountain-sides. At last, on the Eve of St Vincent (the 26th of October) 1611, he reached the summit of the range, and saw for the first time the waters running east and north, instead of south and west. A little before sunset the party were suddenly enveloped in a thick cloud; and, travelling down a steep path among much brushwood, the Don lost his companions. Alone upon the mountain-side, he all night slowly and painfully followed a path that led towards the east, and at break of day arrived at the edge of a great amphitheatre almost entirely surrounded by high mountains. As the day brightened he saw that the valley was inhabited, and that he had discovered something more important than a few Indian villages with their little strips of cultivated land. A river with broad reaches ran through the centre of the basin. The slopes of the mountains were dotted with black spots, which he knew were the entrances to mines; and watching the river-bed, he noticed that it gradually became covered with men and women, digging great trenches, sluicing and washing the gravel, and hurrying hither and thither like a colony of ants. Men disappeared into the mines and reappeared bringing back loads of ore, and all down the valley was the stir and bustle of a thriving industry. He had, by pure chance, discovered the gold-mines and washings of Chuquivalle, from which the Incas had extracted wealth to be reckoned in millions, and from which the Spaniards were to win during the coming centuries a treasure valued at more than eight million pounds sterling.

Being without a single follower, there was nothing to be done but to return with all speed to the city, after leaving instructions that his companions were to follow him, and then to come back with a sufficient force to take possession. Shortly afterwards the valley, the mines, the washings, and the people were formally taken possession of, and the Indians passed from one form of slavery to another, being now forced to work for Spanish masters instead of under the milder rule of the caciques of the Incas.

As time went on the mining claims were subdivided, disputes arose as to titles, the Government officials became more and more rapacious, and wasteful methods of working were prevalent; until at last, during the wars of independence in the earlier years of the past century, the valley was entirely abandoned, and the mines and washings deserted. The gold-bearing area was so great and so rich that it was far from being exhausted; but no man's property was safe, there were no workers to be had, and from that day to this the shafts and galleries, the tunnels and canals, formerly so productive and so eagerly exploited, have been unused and almost forgotten, the cup-like valley only affording a scanty pasturage for a few alpacas, llamas, or cattle, attended by their childherders.

In time the owners of this vast tract of territory, growing poorer with the stoppage of the mines, emigrated from the city to the region in which the Golden Valley is situated. They had no more faith than others in the old mines. The former methods of working by hand had been spasmodically tried, and had not resulted in immediate success, so the whole area was regarded as totally exhausted.

Some forty years ago Don Pedro the ninth in succession was the head of the family, and ruling with an iron hand in that remote corner of the world. As compared with his neighbours, he was highly civilised and widely travelled, for he had been abroad, even as far as Spain, and there he had learned some facts which had an important influence upon his future life. His ancestor the second of the name had transmitted in various letters some particulars of his marvellous discovery among the peaks of the eastern Cordilleras, and his descendant naturally took great interest in what were certainly curious family relics. In reading them he was struck with a singular omission. When the discoverer had first looked down on that far-back St Vincent's Day upon the unknown valley he had seen a crowd of busy workers washing gravel, excavating, carrying loads from the mines to the water, and from the water to the houses. Surely all this work was not fruitless. Yet when he returned and took possession of the valley, the mines, and the people, only the smallest modicum of gold was found stored, apparently the result of merely a few days' working; but when he was in possession of the mines and of their workers, with the certainty that in a short time a great fortune would be secured, it appears that no notice was taken of the discrepancy, or if a cacique or two were tortured to extract information, apparently there was no result. Nor was there any record of such a proceeding. However, this latest Don Pedro was not satisfied. He argued that by the year 1611 the Spaniards were hated and feared by the aboriginal races; that probably-nay, almost certainly -the discoverer had been seen and the object of his journey known; and that the time between his first journey and his second was devoted to storing away in some inaccessible or secret place the mass of metal which doubtless had been on hand, so that, when the alien race had passed away, the 'Child of the Sun' might find his treasure undisturbed.

Our Don Pedro returned to his home; and,

accompanied only by an old peon who was reported to know every foot of the country, he searched diligently and patiently for the hidden gold. He lived the life of a recluse upon the hacienda, and spent the greater part of those long and weary years in descending into the old workings, exploring the galleries, examining the banks of the rivers, visiting and revisiting every pile of rocks that dotted the mountain-slopes and every old site of a building, and once even climbing the great peak at the summit of the mountain, only to be disappointed. He had become a middle-aged man, bronzed with sun and wind, silent, reserved, somewhat surly, when suddenly his family were astonished by the announcement that he was about to make a journey to the coast, perhaps as far as Europe. He went, and soon was heard of from Spain. From the date of that journey the family prospered exceedingly. Formerly no better off than the other owners of huge and unproductive haciendas, they speedily became rich and of importance.

During Don Pedro's visit to Spain he had established a relative there as a merchant, and now he began to export the produce of the country thither, apparently with great success. His sons were sent to be educated in Paris and Madrid, and no luxury procurable was too costly; but he returned to the old life, refusing to leave the hacienda, and meanwhile directing his large export business from that remote place at great inconvenience.

Then, two years before his death, which occurred in the closing years of the last century, he made a further and final change in his habits. He left the hacienda and went back to live in the city. There he led a strictly religious life, was reported to have given great sums of money to the Church, and died in all the odour of sanctity.

At Don Pedro's death the old family record, which had been for many years in his exclusive possession, was again brought to light. Added to the various entries by former owners there was a remarkable account which explained a life that had always seemed very mysterious to his family and neighbours. In it he recounted the conclusions he arrived at after the perusal of his ancestors' letters during his first visit to Spain, his conviction of the existence of a hidden treasure, his long years of unrewarded search, and finally his success. All his life he had regarded St Vincent's Day, on which his ancestor had first seen the Golden Valley, as peculiarly fortunate for his family; and it was on that day, according to his account, that the rediscovery was finally made. At last, after long and systematic search, success seems to have come quite accidentally.

It was the night of the 26th of October, St Vincent's Eve, and Don Pedro and his old peon attendant were sleeping out under the shelter of a great rock high up on the mountain-side, not to lose one moment of that anniversary which he

was persuaded would at some time bring him a fortune. He had devoutly invoked the assistance of the saint, to whose direct interference he always afterwards attributed his success. Before sunrise on the morning of the eventful day they were sitting by a little fire, for the air is chilly at fourteen thousand feet high, drinking their morning cup of black coffee. The rising sun threw long lines of light across the amphitheatre and tipped the opposite mountains with gold. first beams lit up a little isolated group of rocks upon the summit of a hill a little in advance of the main range, and in close proximity to a principal group of the old mines. Suddenly the Indian stood up. He was gazing intently at those rocks, with the air of a man trying to recall some long-past remembrance. Then he pointed to the group with outstretched arm, saying, 'When I was a child we called those the Rocks of Gold.'

That was enough for Don Pedro. Such an utterance on such an auspicious morning foretold almost certain success. It was midday before they stood on the summit beside the rocks, for, though apparently near, the way had been long and steep. They saw a number of stones, ten to twenty feet high, standing in a small, irregular circle, some upright, some leaning over at various angles, and within the circle a large slab, apparently a fallen rock, lying on the ground. There were no traces of any opening; but the horizontal slab was selected to begin operations upon. Half-an-hour's work was sufficient. Immediately under the scanty turf and the few inches of soil was found a mass of rubble, solid as rock, and evidently artificial. There were no tools at hand for the breaking up of this mass; but these were speedily brought, and a thick wall broken through. Then the treasure-chamber was The searchers saw that this was no hurriedly excavated vault made at the time of the discovery of the valley, but had doubtless belonged to a substantial edifice formerly used for a similar purpose.

All the mysterious after-life of the fortunate finder was now understood. His establishing a European connection and his large export business were part of a well-arranged plan to convert his treasure into property less liable to discovery and confiscation. He had, little by little, during many years of trading, gradually invested the entire hoard of the precious metal in properties, merchandise, and credits that no Government, however paternal, could well touch. The treasure-chamber was now empty; but the wealth taken from it had been great.

Now the Golden Valley is again deserted; the river is slowly eating out the threads of gold in the white quartz veins, and adding to Nature's store of wealth deep down on the bedrock; the old workings are gradually becoming more and

more ruinous, the treasure-chamber has been filled up, and there is no longer any sign of its existence. Perhaps the condor which circles slowly above the little flock of alpacas grazing quietly round the mouths of the old mines may yet see, during his century of life, a fresh invasion in search of the same precious metal that formed the treasure hidden and discovered upon two occasions on St Vincent's Day, with so many years between.

HIGHLAND MEMORIES.

AGAIN the bills,

That all the year have called me from afar
With welcome urgency that nought could bar—
Again they stand about me, as to charm
All care away, and shut me from alarm

Of fretful ills.

What then doth lack?

Is't not enough? Say they not still the same
As in time past? What do I dare to claim
Which now I have not, having elsewise all
The hillside beauty which has held me thrall,
And drawn me back?

Oh! yet forgive,
Land of the hills I longed for, land of dreams,
That whispered cool the rush of highland streams
When I was city-bound and sad of heart—
Forgive me that I seem to stand apart,
A fugitive,

Unsatisfied,

Not yet at rest. Was there some other voice

Which called with yours, and thrilled me to rejoice

That I should see again in comradeship

The Tummel Falls, the cloud-wreath's lift and dip,

The mountain-side

Touched into light

By sudden gleam clear shining after rain?

Just so I saw them once. I thought again

To know that comradeship inseparate

From this remembered beauty. Now with late

And laggard flight

Such thought has sped.

Yet to my heart, which ever listens still

For that lost undernote of magic thrill,

The songs of wood and mountain-side and burn

Bring quick remembrance which can never learn

That hope is dead.

B. M. S.

. TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANU-SCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



THE POACHER.

By ALFRED WELLESLEY REES.

PART I.



ONE-ROOMED cottage, thatched and whitewashed, stood in from a thick hawthorn hedge fringing the lane, scarcely a furlong from the rough main-road across the moorland. Behind the cottage, and screening

it from the keen north winds that in the winter days sweep relentlessly over the near waste of fern and heather, towered an irregular wall of firtrees. Between the trees and the cottage nestled a large garden, part of it cultivated, and part clothed in a dense undergrowth of nettles and brambles, with stray clusters of golden ragweed, over which, in late summer, hovered the sombre Gamma moth, the rich-hued Painted Lady butterfly, the Red Admiral, the Peacock, the Tortoiseshell, the Small Copper, and the Alexis Blue.

This unpretending homestead, occupying a small, cup-shaped hollow among the undulations of the moor, was hardly noticeable from a distance but for the tall, green fir-trees forming a landmark amid the wilds. Neat and well kept-with no unsightly refuse-heap or mire-pit, and with none of the untidiness and disorder often to be observed about a farm-labourer's cottage-it bore evident traces of being tenanted by one whose lot in life was different from that of the peasantry in the sparsely populated valleys of our western county. The windows and door seemed always freshly painted and the walls newly whitewashed, while the wicket by the lane swung easily on its hinge, the latch shut clean to its staple, and the pebbled path remained without a weed. Close to an angle of the wall a crystal spring bubbled from a spout in the masonry, and thence trickled along the lane, till, beyond an outlet in the far hedge, it joined a babbling brook. Often, seated on a bank near the stream, I have listened, in the lengthening days, to the bleat of the swift-winged snipe as, aloft in the azure sky, the bird soared above its hidden nest beside the

Within the cottage, a wooden screen at right angles to the door shielded the room from the cold

wind that in winter, despite every precaution, crept over the threshold and whistled through the crevice near the latch. This screen made it possible, even in the severest weather, for the window to remain open without discomfort to the lone dweller of the moorland cottage, whose very life was the breath of the free upland wind. A single picture—an oil-painting of a broad landscape with a distant valley, and having in the foreground a giant tree overshadowing a group of youths and maidens dressed in unfamiliar guise—its surface cracked with age, adorned the wall by the bed.

To me the interior of the cottage was of extraordinary interest; but chance visitors would find nothing remarkable, except perhaps the shortbarrelled guns-an old fowling-piece and a new breech-loader-hanging over the fireplace, or the shot-flasks, powder-canisters, rabbit-traps, and similar paraphernalia-the usual possessions of a sportsman of simple tastes-occupying a row of hooks nearer the window. Almost the only other objects of interest were a box containing a litter of straw which was evidently the bed of a dog, a trout-rod leaning against the wall in the farthest corner of the room, and a small bookcase filled with well-known books and with others hardly to be looked for in such a library. Everything else was apparently concerned with the ordinary domestic life of a lonely man; but the secrets of the man's craft were hidden from a stranger's

Old Philip was a poacher, and, during the years in which I knew him, lived among the wilds, supported almost entirely by the spoils of wood and field. Unlike Ianto the gillie, who in his declining years changed his habits and earned a respectable livelihood by fishing and fly-tying, Philip was a vagabond to the end, a child of Nature, a worshipper of the moon rather than of the sun, loving the lengthening nights of autumn more fondly than the lengthening days of spring. Looking back over the period of our intimacy, I recognise, with ever-increasing clearness as certain Reserved.]

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incidents are recalled, that some mysterious chain of circumstances must have been connected with his early life. Strange it was that, like Ianto, he never spoke of the distant past. Some folks said he had deserted from the army, others that he had once driven his carriage-and-pair. Such rumours were doubtless the outcome of hap-hazard speculation. But repeatedly I surprised him into remarking, 'When I was'—— Then, however, he would abruptly pause, and adroitly, with consummate ease, turn to another line of conversation. Still, for the moment his face had changed; I almost thought that the soul of the old barbarian had suddenly donned a garb of penitence and prayer; and interrogation, for very shame, died away on my lips.

The cottage, together with the land attached to it, formed one of the lots of a large estate put up for auction at the village inn long years ago. Owing to a blunder, the cottage came under the hammer first. Philip's bid secured it for a mere trifle before the possible buyers in the room were fully aware of what was being done. But the mistake could not be rectified; and, while the remainder of the property passed into other hands, Philip, previously unknown to the district, settled down, the subject of seven days' wonder, in his hermitage amid the bleak moorlands. Presently his doings ceased to be of any special interest to the country-folk; though idle rumour, and apparently well-founded report, gradually won for the man the name of Philip the Poacher. I question whether a single soul save Ianto the gillie knew how well that title was deserved.

When first I made the acquaintance of the poacher, and-largely through Ianto's persistencewas received into favour, the sum of his years was reaching its apex in the lower chamber of the glass, while the sands were few in the bowl above. had begun to tell, and field and cover exploits were fewer and less daring than of old. The district was peculiarly favourable to his vagabond life. The lands around were mostly freeholds possessed by the farmers, and were so indifferently preserved that Philip ran little risk of organised pursuit in his midnight raids; but the moor and several large estates in the valleys were vigilantly watched, the keepers ardently desiring above all things to secure the man who, like a shadow, would elude his pursuers at the very moment when they were most confident of effecting his capture.

The apparent ease with which he escaped was well illustrated during the winter before his death. Because of illness, Philip was sorely in need; so he determined to make a series of raids on a large warren near the residence of a county magnate against whom he cherished a grudge. For some years he had not visited the place. His risk would be great, now that his limbs were stiff and rapid movement was impossible; so, reluctantly, he had been forced to turn his attention elsewhere. The temptation could not, however, continue to be

resisted: he would make a few more big 'hauls' like those of old, and then, again, be content with 'little and good.'

The warren occupied part of a great orchard almost before the door of the mansion, on the far side of a broad salmon-river, and was five miles distant from the fringe of the moor. Around the mansion the wooded hills formed a narrow horseshoe, while the only outlet from the natural enclosure lay across a low water-meadow in the direction of the village. Philip had ascertained that several keepers invariably watched the home covers: one patrolling the village side, another the woods in the neighbourhood of a suspected hamlet up-river, and the third the approaches to the woodlands from the hills above.

The poacher's first visit was a success; he netted over thirty rabbits, hid them in the woods of a neighbouring estate less carefully preserved, and before returning home sold them to an egg-merchant on his way to the nearest market town.

Philip's second expedition was almost as successful, though he found the warren closely watched, and so could net only certain burrows here and there in the woods. At daybreak a farm labourer, journeying to a distant flannel-factory with a load of wool, relieved him of his spoil.

To reach the fields near the mansion the poacher had to go far out of a direct line, and cross the village bridge two miles below the estate. A boat, used by the occupants of the 'big house' when they desired to take the shortest path to the village, was moored at the brink of a pool close to the orchard. In reaching his destination Philip could not make use of this boat, for the simple reason that he would be obliged to cross the river to get it. On the occasion of his third raid, in taking a by-path to the village bridge, he almost ran against one of the keepers who had crossed the ferry and was gallantly escorting a servant-maid on her weekly visit to a hillside farmhouse. Here was luck: the boat was evidently lying on the near side of the river, and by taking advantage of its position Philip would save a five-mile walk. So he lay in the ditch till the keeper was out of sight; then, retracing his footsteps, struck down through the woods. After reconnoitring, he swung the boat out into midstream, and by means of a chain fastened to a guide-rope reached the opposite bank unperceived. But, according to the story he told me, he felt a presentiment of danger, and was forced almost against his will to take precautions which had never before entered his thoughts. On landing he released the boat and pushed it off from the shore, so that it swung idly in mid-stream beyond the reach of any one attempting a straight journey to or from the village.

Philip, acting under the same impulse as had prompted him to send the boat adrift on the guide-rope, resolved to take still further precautions; but for what purpose was not at all evident to his mind just then. It was a calm, moonless night;

and, with ferrets worked quickly and surely, and their prey bolting freely, in less than an hour a score of conies lay dead outside the burrows. Prompted by the strange instinct already alluded to, Philip conveyed his spoils to the thick undergrowth near the river, and there stowed them in two sacks which he had hidden beneath the alders. Having securely closed the neck of each bag, he tied a long cord, at the middle, to a white stone, which he noiselessly threw to the opposite bank, after an end of the cord had been carefully attached to each of the bags. The poacher hoped that this artifice would enable him to pull the sacks across the river on the following night, and thus unobserved to remove his spoil.

When the bags had been carefully placed Philip returned to the warren, creeping along in the shadow of the hedge. Taking up his nets and ferrets, he prepared to return homewards. His greatest fear was not of the keepers, but of a big bull-mastiff that had recently been seen accompanying the night-watchers. This dog had been taught to catch and hold a stranger without in any other way injuring him; but Philip doubted the perfection of the dog's training, and looked forward with no little perturbation to the possibility of an encounter.

Just as the old man was stealthily moving among the trees, a keeper appeared in the open near the river, and Philip suddenly found that he was pursued. Luckily the dog was not with the keeper. The poacher's chance of escape lay in immediate flight and subsequent strategy. He was between the watcher and the mansion, with the river to the left, and probably another keeper in the woods to the right. To plunge into the stream with the enemy in hot pursuit would be madness. At once he decided as to his course of action, and, bracing himself for the needed effort, sprinted away from the river and across the orchard towards a gap in the hedgerow near the wood. He gained the gap, but saw, to his dismay, that another keeper stood near the house, the bull-mastiff at his heels. Doubling sharply to the left, he crept back towards the river, in the shadow on the far side of the hedge, and then hid in the ditch. For a time this ruse was successful; the pursuer, imagining the poacher had dashed into the copse, turned to the right, and whistled to his companion.

Not daring to remain in hiding since the dog had joined the chase, Philip rapidly continued his way towards the river, and, after doubling back again, retraced his footsteps, so as to baffle the dog if it picked up his scent. He then silently waded into the pool, and, holding his ferret-bag high above the water, struck out for the opposite shore. Before the keepers returned he had pulled the sack of rabbits across, and was well on his way towards a peasant's cottage, where, after hiding his load, he remained for the rest of the night, while his clothes hung drying before the turf-fire in the kitchen.

Among the various branches of the poacher's art, ferreting is perhaps the simplest, and at the same time the most remunerative. The intelligence of the ferret is not of a high order; it cannot be trained to any great extent. An insatiable lust for killing and a quenchless thirst for blood are the most pronounced characteristics of the weasel family; but in the various strains of ferrets considerable differences exist, and for obvious reasons poachers are content only with the best animals that can be obtained. Some ferrets are bad-tempered, and cannot be cured of biting; others are slow in their movements among the burrows, but when on the scent of a rabbit will not leave it till they have evicted their quarry. Others, again, become keenly excited when on scent, hissing, and ruffling the fur along their spine; and, provokingly eluding every attempt at capture, seem to delight in remaining for a long time within the burrows before coming to hand. A small, quick, docile animal is the best, and for choice it should be white, and therefore visible when a 'polecat' ferret would not be readily distinguished from the 'trash' in the ditch. A fast worker causes the rabbits to bolt with such celerity that they fall into the toils of the purse-nets before they are aware that anything unusual is proceeding. Philip the poacher possessed a particular strain for many years; and, having obtained a market through a dealer in a distant town, he gradually acquired notoriety as a breeder, and was able to make a considerable yearly profit from the sale of his surplus stock.

The muzzle used by Philip consisted of two strands of linen thread twisted together, and passed through a piece of cobbler's wax. A loop, placed behind the canine teeth of the lower jaw, was tied beneath the lower lip, then the ends of thread were brought up, one on each side of the mouth, and knotted above the nostrils. Next, all the threads were twisted together over the face and midway between the ears till, at the neck, another knot was tied so as to enclose a tiny bunch of the ferret's fur. The strands were again separated, passed on both sides of the neck, and fastened together at the throat, the muzzle thus being made complete. The ferret suffered little or no inconvenience if the 'muff' was properly adjusted. Philip, at any rate, never adopted the old-fashioned and brutal method of sewing the animal's lips together at their edges. He was always careful, while adjusting the muzzle, to allow the creature just sufficient freedom for the jaws to enable it to nip a rabbit slightly, and thus accelerate bunny's movements in bolting. His purse-nets were rarely staked; when a rabbit dashed out it was instantly entangled in the loose folds, from which escape was well-nigh impossible. He had found from experience that if a rabbit happened, through his clumsiness, to get away, it was not easily netted a second time, but chose to sulk in a blind-alley of the burrow, and there occupy the attention of the ferret till tormented to death rather than to flee for possible safety outside.

Though little skill was required for ferreting, great care and dexterity were necessary in setting snares. The noose of twisted brass wire was placed, for rabbits, one thumb's-height above the ground; for hares, twice as high. To determine the distance, the hand was laid on the ground and the thumb stretched perpendicularly. Philip loved to work in a thick double hedgerow where, among the brambles and fern, his wires could not readily be observed. Having examined the 'creeps' of the rabbits through the gaps and about the holes, he could at all times determine the probable movements of his prey. Directly after leaving their burrows, rabbits are fond of squatting on the little eminence marking their excavations; thence they

leap out on to the grass. The aim of the poacher was so to adjust his wires that the rabbit in jumping from the mound might be strangled. If set too low, the noose was seen or touched by a rabbit crouching to feed; if placed more than a thumb's height above the soil, it struck the rabbit on the ears, and then also failed to achieve its purpose.

Often, during favourable weather, when there was reason for expecting that the night would be dark and still, old Philip began his work in the evening by setting snares in favourite spots on the outskirts of the preserves. As soon as darkness fell he netted the larger warrens. Then, returning homewards in the dense darkness which usually precedes the dawn, he visited each wire in turn, and deftly and quickly, wherever a victim was found, removed all traces of the creature's frantic struggles in the grass.

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

CHAPTER II.-ALAIN.



HE storm held all through the day, but broke in the night; and when Barbe came out into the gallery to watch the dawn, the waves were fawning on the rocks below like penitent dogs licking the hand they

snapped at yesterday. The sea was still dark green, edged all along the cliff-foot with a fringe of snowy lace. The Melting-Pot alone refused to be still; it boiled and tumbled viciously, as it always did after a storm, a thing of evil humour and everlasting discontent.

As the light grew Barbe's keen eyes caught something on its surface. She gazed intently, then reached inside the lantern for a glass, took one long look, and sped down the ladder to her father's bunk.

'Father!' she gasped—'a man!—on a spar!—in the Creuset!'

'Eh bien! he is dead,' growled her father, who was just getting comfortably warm after a cold night up above.

'Perhaps not-perhaps not. We must see.'

'Eh bien! Go along. I will come down,' he said, as one duty-driven against his inclination.

Barbe ran down to the boat that hung from the beams by the entrance-door. She had it in the water, first one end, then the other, by the time her father appeared. She took one oar, he the other, and they rowed cautiously down outside the Teeth, where the water came boiling out of the Pot and rose under them in strange, sudden bursts and surges, like mighty jelly-fish leaping at them out of the depths. The man and the spar had got into a corner where things went round and round for days sometimes, beyond reach even of the casting-line. It was impossible to get the clumsy boat in. It was difficult enough to hold it anywhere near the boiling Pot.

'He is alive!' said Barbe eagerly. 'I am sure he is alive! See, he moves!' as the spar gave a sudden joggle.

'It is only the water,' said her father.

'Oh, how can we get him?' she cried. 'We cannot leave him there.'

'We can't reach him,' said her father. 'Besides, he is dead.'

'He may not be. We must get him.'

'No man ever came out of the Pot alive.'

'He looks alive,' said Barbe.

'Well, you'd better go for him,' said her father, with grim humour. 'I'm not going to drown myself for a dead man.'

She hesitated a moment and looked again at the figure on the tumbling spar; then without a word she unbuttoned her skirts as she sat, and shook herself free. For one second she stood with her foot on the gunwale of the boat, a glorious figure, clad only in the modesty of an angel bent on an errand of mercy and a coarse cotton shift which the morning breeze flapped gently about her shapely legs. Then the boat shot away at her kick, and she was slipping deftly through the broken water at the edge of the Pot.

The Race ran strong, but Barbe knew every trick that would mate it. She swam like a seal, and Pierre edged along as near to the outer rim of the crucible as the heaving coils would permit.

Barbe hung there just outside the corner pool, which swirled slowly and swung to and fro, and boiled, and showed a different aspect every second, and each one worse than the last, till the spar and the man came bobbing along her way. It was almost within a long arm's-reach when some sudden twist from below shot it away, and she had to wait till it came slowly round again. She waited, poised for a leap as it were; then she dashed in and flung one white arm over the man's body. His

face was leaden, his lips blue; but he opened his eyes for a moment, and said 'Dieu!' and then closed them wearily, for which Barbe was glad. She struck out vigorously for the outermost circles. The writhing coils below tried to grip her; they belched up in her face and spat at her, and flung her to and fro. The man and the spar were like an anchor to her; but she had got them. They were hers, and she would not let them go.

Twice she circled the pool, but each time nearer to the outer edge. She pushed through at last, and the Race carried her down to the waiting boat. She shoved the man and the spar alongside, and hung to the gunwale, panting and rosy red, with all her hair afloat about her like a nymph of the sea. Pierre let her hang while he drew the man in and laid him face down in the bottom of the boat. Then he took her two hands and braced one foot against the gunwale, and she scrambled in and had her petticoats round her before his oar was in the rowlock.

Getting the waif up the iron ladder was a matter of extreme difficulty for them. And at last, after much cogitation, Pierre bound the man's two wrists tightly together with his silk necktie, and putting his head through the looped arms, carried him up like a sack of flour, and laid him in a spare bunk in the sleeping-room. He was limp and sodden and sorely bruised with his twenty hours' cold boiling in the Pot.

Pierre hurried Barbe away to get dry clothes for herself and hot cognac and water for the new-comer, and then proceeded to maltreat him back to life—the first man that ever came alive out of the Pot, and so a curiosity.

Barbe, dry-clothed, with life exuberant bounding in her veins and glowing in her face like a halo—though the eyes of common flesh might not perceive more than that she looked wonderfully beautiful—came in with hot soup and cognac, attended by Minette and Pippo in a state of much excitement and expectation, and stood watching while her father administered the stimulants drop by drop to the patient.

There was a new, deep light in her eyes as she watched—a light very nearly akin to that which shines in the eyes of the young mother as the downy head of her first-born nestles up to her side. The mother-heart in her was stirred. All-unconsciously she was tasting the joy of maternity—with none of its pains indeed, yet with all its gratitude for dangers passed; for at risk of her life she had given life, and she felt as though this new life belonged to her.

Moreover, though her range of comparison was of the smallest, it was a very comely piece of humanity that lay there in the twilight of the bunk. A long, straight-limbed figure, well knit and strong, though limp and lax enough at the moment; young, too, with a well-tanned face and a white-creased forehead, which came from much wearing of a stocking-cap under a blazing sun, and imparted to its owner a look of cheerful surprise; and long yellow hair which fell and curled on a pair of broad shoulders.

She had drawn him from death certain and close. She remembered the novel sensation of that startled jump which her heart gave when her naked arm went over his chest and his blue eyes looked into hers for a moment. It was very odd. It was very delightful.

'Bien!' said her father as the long limbs straightened and then contracted into comfort, and the heavy eyes opened again and looked up at them with drowsy wonder. 'He returns.' He continued to drop soup and cognac between the lips which were beginning to turn red again, and presently the man was sitting up with the spoon in his own hand, stowing away the soup as if he had not tasted food for thirty-six hours, which was about the actual state of the case.

'It is good to be alive again,' he said at last, with a sigh of content. 'And it is very good to eat when one has starved. That soup was surely made in heaven. Where am I, monsieur and ma'm'selle?'

'You are on Grand Bayou Light,' said Pierre.

'I remember,' he said, with a nod. 'And the rest?'

Pierre shook his head. 'All gone; and by rights you should be with them. You are the first to come alive out of the Creuset.'

'All the same, I would sooner be here;' and the young man gazed intently at Barbe, and his face became all brown as the creases disappeared in puzzlement.

'Surely I have met ma'm'selle before somewhere?' he said at last.

'But no,' said Barbe vigorously, and a flood of hot colour ran all over her and made her feel overwarm.

'Nevertheless,' he persisted, 'it seems to me that I know ma'm'selle's face;' and his memory groped back to find the clue, but overshot the mark. 'It might be some one like ma'm'selle,' he said musingly; 'but I do not think so, for never in my life have I seen any one else so—so like ma'm'selle,' he added lamely, the while his bold blue eyes drank in all her ripe beauty, and enjoyed the draught so palpably that another energetic 'No' broke unconsciously from Barbe's lips.

His name, he told them, was Alain Carbonec, and he had lived most of his life in Plougastel, just over the water from Brest. He had been two voyages to Newfoundland, and it was the second one that had landed him in the Pot. And ever as he spoke his eyes rested in puzzled wonder on Barbe, but with never the slightest thought that but for her he would by this time have been past all wonderment and would have solved all puzzles.

To Barbe he was a great and novel enjoyment, and a quickener of many new thoughts and feelings.

Not very often between alpha and omega can one

point the finger of memory with absolute precision to an act or a moment and say, 'There the change began. That was the actual turning-point in my life.' Life and death we gauge to the nicest fraction; but life's other changes are mostly gradual. We recognise the flower and the fruit; but the hidden seed has long been working underground, and when precisely the white shoot first began to struggle towards the light we know not.

In that strenuous moment when Barbe Carcassone's strong white arm encircled the unconscious Alain and drew him tight to her breast for the struggle out of the pool, a new sense, of which she had never known the lack, sprang up full-grown within her. She felt it, but did not understand it. How should she? For it was very much more than a half-drowned man on a spar that she drew to herself at that moment: it was life's best flower and fruit.

Do I say that she felt it? What she felt as the man's eyes opened and looked wonderingly into hers was that something fluttered in her throat like a startled bird; that the glorious life in her veins leaped and rushed with new, amazing vigour; and that the water of the Race, which had been cold, became suddenly tempered to her blood. These were the outward signs visible to herself of that inward and spiritual grace which is the nearest thing earth has to heaven. It was a veritable baptism into a new and larger life—a baptism by full immersion. Hitherto, by reason of the fewness of her needs and lack of knowledge, she had been content with what she had, and her nature had craved no more. Henceforth it would take more than sea and sky to fill her heart. She had looked into the eyes of a man, and found them good. Fortunate it was for Barbe that the eyes were the eyes of a good man. Whenever she raised hers to his she found them fixed on her. She said to herself that it annoyed her. To get rid of them she went away up to the lantern. There were no eyes there to trouble her save the reflections of her own. She felt a novel lack and loneliness, and went downstairs again, and saw the bold blue eyes of the young sailor shine the brighter for her coming. Eh bien! if he liked to look at her, what harm? She would pay him back the same way. He was nice to look at, and he had seen many strange things, and his telling of them was full of interest.

A day and a night's boiling in the Pot claimed a full week for recovery; and in that short week Barbe learned things that all her previous nineteen years had failed to teach her—things which the good Sisters of the Sacred Heart at St Pol de Léon could never have taught her though she had lived with them for a hundred years.

Alain was doubtless much more deeply versed in woman's ways than she in man's, or thought himself so; and that amounts to much the same thing when the knowledge of the wisest is but a confession of ignorance, an academic trifling with the dainty covers of a sealed book, a superficial dallying with an unsolvable enigma. Still, no man lives for nineteen years without gleaning some stray stalks of vicarious knowledge, even though his personal experiences may have been of the most limited. He had lived a clean, simple, amphibious life, half-fisher, half-farmer, as is the way in Strawberry Land. But he had mixed much with his fellows, and he had eyes and ears as good as any, and better than most. He had seen many girls in his time, and Plougastel is not without its beauties; but he had never seen a girl like this one. There was in her something of charm and grace which set her above every other girl he had ever met. What it was he could not tell.

'By much watching,' he said to himself, 'I shall find out;' and with so pleasing a subject the study was much to his liking.

However, the simple mighty source of Barbe's untutored grace was beyond him while he lay in his bunk and watched her. In a crude way, manlike, he looked to surprise art—rather perhaps artfulness-where there was in fact nothing but the free, unfettered grace of Nature-Nature innocent of corsets either of mind or body, and so void of any slightest touch of self-consciousness or restraint. Here were no gauds or beguilements, either of manner or dress, such as even the girls of Plougastel assumed on occasion, and the girls of Brest: 'Eh bien, assez! One does not speak of such in the same breath with this one.' In her homely garb and bare feet and uncoifed hair-which tangled all his soul in its dark meshes, and would have greatly scandalised the girls of Plenevec, whose hair is sacred and always hidden in many caps-she was the most wonderful girl he had ever seen.

In a crude way, however, he came perhaps to some slight understanding of the causes that had made her what she was, when he dragged his bruised limbs up the ladders to the lantern one day while she was busy polishing the reflectors.

'Ma foi! what a sight!' broke from him as he sat with his feet dangling through the rails of the gallery, and looked out on the blue sea, and the white-piled sky, and the savage cliffs with the league-long fringe of foam-lace at their feet, and the wavering cloud of sea-birds up above. 'And have you lived here long, mademoiselle?'

- 'I have lived here all my life,' said Barbe.
- 'But sometimes you go ashore?'
- 'Almost never,' she said, with a shake of the head. 'This has always been my home.'
- 'Mon Dieu!' he said, with the wonder of a man who has spent his life among men, and with something of the pity of the mariner who hates above all things an anchorage on a lee-shore. He looked thoughtfully at the girl, and then again at the wide sweep of the sea, the slow majestic movement of the clouds, and the wild grandeur of the cliffs, and he knew that the girl fitted in with her surroundings. Perhaps just a glimmer of understanding was vouchsafed to him, for he murmured

another half-unconscious 'Mon Dieu!' and presently added an impatient 'Si, si,' which might probably mean, 'That explains it, you fool. Could she be anything but what she is in such a place?' Then, with his eyes resting thoughtfully on Barbe, to the

exclusion of all else, he went a step farther, and wondered dimly if she could have been anything but just what she was whatever her surroundings had been; for after all, he said to himself, the kernel makes the nut, not the shell.

UNEXPLORED ST ANDREWS.

THE CASTLE PASSAGE AND THE SUPPOSED CRYPT.

By W. T. LINSKILL.



N 1879, while workmen were excavating for the foundations of a new house at the north end of Castle Street, St Andrews, and opposite the ruins, a subterranean passage from the Castle, partially filled up with

stones and rubbish, was quite accidentally discovered; and but for the energy and zeal of local antiquaries, who insisted on a further examination, the small portion exposed would have been closed again, and thus lost to sight and memory, just as in bygone days similar interesting and important remains in the old city have been. I am inclined to believe that both the original commencement and the termination of the passage have yet to be revealed, and that further examination under the Castle and also in the opposite direction would doubtless lead to most interesting discoveries. For years I have tried to trace the continuation between the Castle and the Cathedral, but have not yet succeeded. However, I have not given up hope of doing so.

Where does the passage so far discovered lead to beyond its present sudden termination on the rock staircase? It must have communicated with one or other of the three castles; but there is no evidence to decide specially in favour of any of them. One theory is, that it may have communicated with the room of the unfortunate Cardinal Bethune (or Beaton), though the passage may have existed at a much earlier period; another, that it may be the 'secret postern' referred to in history, or the 'lower trance' mentioned in Knox's *History*, into which dead bodies were thrown in time of siege; and, again, that it may be a part of the dungeon where Alesius was confined. I think, however, that as the Castle and the Cathedral may be considered as the manse and church, the passage now shown is probably the beginning of a covered way between the two places, and would be used only in times of necessity or pressing emergency.

The present modern entrance to the Castle of St Andrews is situated to the east and at the foot of the familiar and historic ivy-covered tower. I will now describe that portion of the passage, as a guide to the explorer.

Descending a few steps, by the moat or fosse, we arrive at a wicket-gate of modern construction, framed in red brick. Immediately inside this gate is a small pile of candles for the convenience of visitors; but lamps would be better for the purpose. The passage, which here descends by a very steep and tricky incline, is about five feet broad and four feet high, with a deep groove cut in the rock floor as if to afford greater head-room. A short distance from the entrance, on the right, there is a seat hewn out of the rock, and beside it a niche which may have served as a resting-place for a key or other small article. A little farther along the passage there are cuttings in the rocky sides which clearly indicate that a door had once been placed there. At this point a dummy passage or cul-de-sac branches off at an angle to the eastward for about twenty-one feet. It is about four feet high and about five feet broad, with a groove cut in the floor as in the principal passage. About midway in this branch passage there is another branch, which, however, is only about five and a half feet long. I am inclined to think that the existence of the cul-de-sac quite confirms my own theory that the chief object of the constructers was to make straight for the Cathedral, and hence the sudden turn; and also that they wished to avoid the extra labour of cutting the passage under the moat. It may be that after commencing this side-passage they found—as any one may see on close inspection -that it would have come out on the face of the cliffs, and no particular object would have been gained thereby; therefore, they were compelled to follow the course under the moat, which entailed enormous labour.

Continuing the rapid downward course, the passage gradually becomes much wider, and the height is increased to five feet four inches. Then suddenly a corner is turned, and the explorer descends by a ladder into the lower and the most interesting part of the passage. This aperture, which to the uninitiated might prove a dangerous trap, is seventy feet distant from the entrance. Alongside there is another seat or recess cut in the rock. Here one resolute man might have kept at bay any number of invaders attempting to force an entrance from below. When this hole was first discovered it was much smaller than it is now; in fact, it seems to have

been only large enough to admit with considerable difficulty the passage of one person at a time.

There are differences of opinion as to whether the most surrounding the Castle was filled with water or left dry. I am inclined to think it was a dry most. My reason for this is that the rock is very porous, and the thickness between the most and the passage would not suffice to prevent leakage sufficient to flood the passage and render it useless. It will thus be seen that only before the passage had been excavated, or long after it had been disused and forgotten, could water have been kept in the most.

After descending to the lower level, we enter a passage from twelve feet to fourteen feet six inches wide, and from nine to ten feet high. The explorer is now standing immediately beneath the moat in front of the old Castle. Thus the rapid descent of the passage is accounted for, and it also proves that the moat was in existence when the passage was originally cut; but so far as I know there are no means of exactly determining the date when the passage was made, and we can only guess at the purposes for which it was excavated.

Proceeding, we find a recess on each side. In these recesses are rudely cut shelves or ledges, which may have served as resting-places for guns or other weapons; and it is to be observed that a considerable number of men might be concealed in these cunningly devised recesses. Next we reach a sharp angle, and on turning this we arrive at the foot of a wide staircase of about thirty-four steps entirely cut out of the rock, many being much worn. The steps lead up to the modern wall, which, alas! now stops all farther progress. The wall is built on the last and highest step of the rocky stair-The extraordinary depth of the highest step of the passage from the surface can easily be seen by placing a lighted candle on it, and then looking down the modern ventilator on the Scores. The depth is about twenty feet six inches. The length of the passage from the foot of the ladder to this interrupting wall is ninety feet, so that in all we have traversed a distance of one hundred and sixty-three feet from the entrance.

The pick-marks to be seen on the walls seem to indicate that the passage was cut in the direction from the entrance to the orifice communicating with the lower passage, and that the lower portion was hewn in the opposite direction. It is clearly intelligible that the débris caused by excavating that portion of the passage nearest to the Castle would be removed in that direction, and it is also equally probable that some plan was devised to remove the débris in the other direction; for it can hardly be credited that the tons of material produced in making the lower and larger passage could possibly have been passed up through the small hole where the ladder is now placed. I assume, therefore, that the flight of steps above

mentioned is but one of a series, that shafts were opened at convenient distances for air and in order to remove the rubbish, and that when no longer required for such purposes they were carefully covered with masonry for concealment. would probably account for the stones, &c., said to have been seen lying in the continuation of the passage beyond the wall which bars farther progress. The persons who observed these stones say the passage seemed to continue, having a rock floor and rock sides, and the roof appeared to be tumbling in; but whither the passage leads is a problem still unsolved. Did Mary Stuart or any of her Maries, it may be asked, ever traverse this wonderful place? Certainly, in recent years many ladies have visited it.

At the time the Castle passage was so luckily discovered I was not living in St Andrews; but I became so deeply interested in this relic of antiquity that I was led to believe other and equally interesting subterranean passages might also exist under the Rome of Scotland. Inquiries and researches have since proved that I was not wrong in my judgment, although I am fain to acknowledge that the zeal which has been shown in 'howkin' has not in all cases been attended with the results which were anticipated.

That the passage at the Castle still remains unexplored is a matter to be regretted, seeing that it affords an important clue, which should be followed up in order to determine its destination. It may be that it leads to the undiscovered crypt somewhere below the old Abbey. Visitors, however, should not fail to see the portion of this fine passage, since it is now clean and well ventilated.

During my travels abroad I have been much interested in ecclesiastical buildings, as also in their underground crypts and other subterranean structures; and I feel certain that something of the same kind must necessarily exist in St Andrews. According to tradition, in the apartment immediately above the entrance to the passage the ghost of Cardinal Bethune is supposed to walk in full ecclesiastical attire.

Regarding the existence of a crypt below the old Cathedral, I have always felt certain that some such place existed, a cunningly concealed hidingplace; and this idea of mine was strengthened by a conversation held with an eminent cardinal now deceased. Again, Dr Lonie, late mathematical master at the Madras College, St Andrews, positively asserted that, during some excavations at the east end of the old Cathedral, when a slab was lifted, a narrow staircase going downwards was exposed to his view, and that it was almost immediately filled up with stones, broken bricks, and rubbish. Alas! it was never explored. A very similar staircase was also seen and covered up at the old house opposite the Cathedral, once occupied by George Douglas of Lochleven fame. His arms can still be seen over the gateway.

Then follows the interesting question: What is

in that lost crypt? It may be that it contains a large quantity of ancient church plate; not only some of the plate, &c., of the many richly gifted altars of the Cathedral, but also some of the valuables from the numerous churches and monasteries in the city. Such a hiding-place was as necessary to the prelates then as a safe is to a banker now. If such a place of concealment existed and was intended to be undiscoverable in those bygone days, how much more difficult is it to discover now, below the ruined Abbey Kirk, since even almost all traces of the underground passage are lost! In his History of St Andrews Mr Andrew Lang alludes to the lost church plate. On page 85 he says: 'Although the

University did not bury its silver wands at that period, it may have concealed in some yet undiscovered hiding-place its great silver Christ with the diadem of precious stones, its golden crucifixes and silver chalices.'

The Westminster Gazette of 10th November 1901 contains an article on this old city, in which allusion is made to the maze of underground passages and to the lost underground church. Boëtius says that the royal magnificence of the Cathedral buildings equalled any monastery in either Italy, France, Germany, or England.

It is to be admitted that St Andrews still remains to be explored, and that it affords to the antiquary a splendid field for investigation.

THE INTERVENTION OF GRICE, JUNIOR.

PART IL



HROUGHOUT his first week at
Mershfields, Loddard attacked his
novel with a strenuous enthusiasm
which speedily vanquished the difficulties that in town had seemed
insurmountable. He limited him-

self in tobacco, and confined his stimulants to a couple of mild whiskies-and-sodas a day. Rising betimes, he had a swim before breakfast, then wrote till early dinner. After a brisk walk, followed by a cup of tea, he resumed work till eight, when supper, a pipe, and a stroll finished the day.

'The environment of this dead-alive hole has worked miracles,' he wrote to Pixley. 'Since I came down I've got through more work than I did in the previous month. Send down my Thesaurus. I'll need it when I come to the finishing touches.'

Up to that date Loddard's encounters with his landlady had been few and accidental. From the juvenile maid, rigged out in the somewhat incongruous livery of a cap with streamers and a long apron that gave the lie direct to her abbreviated petticoats, who waited upon him, Loddard gathered that Mrs Kennett's husband had been a schoolmaster who died soon after their marriage. From the cursory knowledge gleaned from their brief interviews, he set her down as being an Amelia Sedley type of woman, and consequently uninteresting. Had he suspected her of being a Becky Sharp he would have regarded her differently.

Towards the close of the second week an undesirable contact between the contents of a jug of hot-water and the foot of the callow servitor afforded Loddard the privilege of being attended by his landlady in person; but, Mrs Kennett being reserved in manner and Loddard engrossed with his work, their acquaintance progressed little, until one morning, as he sat at breakfast, the sound of a harsh, dictatorial voice echoed through the little house. Then Mrs Kennett entered the room, her usually pale face burning with mortification, and asked if her lodger would object to paying his next week's rent in advance.

'There is an account—I had stupidly forgotten to pay it'—— she was faltering, when Loddard shortened the painful little interlude by handing her a ten-pound note.

An intangible something in the lonely woman with the plaintive brown eyes, who was fighting a losing battle with fate, aroused his keenest sympathy; and thus it came about that Loddard's meek and rather dowdy landlady began to oust his fictitious heroine, who was both beautiful and brilliant, from the chief place in his thoughts.

Staring up at the already fading photograph of the young husband that confronted him from the wall above the writing-table, Loddard found his thoughts again and again recurring to the subject of the widow's request. He wondered how she managed to support herself, and intuition hinted at secret privation. Mershfields had proved a failure as a seaside-resort; it had been overbuilt, and consequently was under-let.

'If that poor little woman is at her wits'-end for ready-money at the close of the bathingseason, when she ought to be in funds, how will she get through the winter?' Loddard queried mentally, and the idea worried him.

'Have you many music-pupils?' he asked abruptly when Mrs Kennett brought in his early dinner.

'They have holidays just now; but I have two—Mr Grice's little daughters—and I expect another when the classes reopen in October. Mr Grice has kindly recommended me,' Mrs Kennett replied without raising her eyes from the roastchicken she was placing on the table; and Loddard knew that she still felt bitterly the humiliation of having been obliged to ask him for money.

The day was wet. Deprived of his usual walk, Loddard, moodily smoking, found himself picturing, with that acuteness of human sympathy that later made the success of his books, the long months of the coming winter when this fragile woman would live alone in the mean little house on the wind-swept neck of barren land. That she would be quite alone he guessed, for the little maid's engagement, he had gathered, began and ended with the summer months, when there was a chance of visitors to be waited upon.

Loddard owned the poetic soul's freedom from the trammels of convention. His latent chivalry aroused, he resolved to do what he could to render his hostess's life endurable. When she entered with the tea-tray he introduced the subject of literature, and was gratified by her eager acceptance of the loan of one or two new books that had been sent him for review by the Scrutator, to which journal he was an occasional contributor.

Mrs Kennett's desire for reading, like her other cravings, had been starved. She had devoured the contents of the twenty volumes, chiefly Mrs Henry Wood's works, that, carefully shrouded in brown-paper pinafores, comprised the entire stock of Mershfields' sole attempt at a lending library. She was qualified to discuss exhaustively the rival merits of The Channings, East Lynne, and Anne Hereford; but to her the modern world of fiction was yet untrodden ground. The love of all things pertaining to literature that was Loddard's keenest interest finding in her ready response, their acquaintance ripened apace; though possibly not quickly enough to satisfy Loddard, for two evenings later he astonished Mrs Kennett by tapping at the door of her little back parlour.

'Will you do me a favour?' he asked. 'I heard that a jolly-wreck had been washed in somewhere along the beach last winter; and yesterday I tried in vain to locate it. The rain is off now. Will you guide me there?'

Mrs Kennett hesitated a moment; but Loddard's tone was so innocent of any likelihood of rejection that she agreed.

'After all,' she counselled herself, 'we can keep by field-paths all the way, and there is very little chance of the neighbours seeing us. Even if they do, I don't care,' she pronounced boldly; but that was when, in pinning on her hat before the bedroom mirror, she noted that the trivial excitement had lent her cheeks a becoming flush, her brown eyes an unwonted sparkle.

It was a still, gray evening. The fierce east wind that for two days had blustered unpleasantly over the flat land had passed before the heavy showers of the morning. The dust had been washed from the foliage, and rain-drops still

trembled on the blackberry clusters in the hedge-

Loddard's was an attractive personality. The gentle egotism that now endears him to a world that loves a communicative genius fascinated his companion, whose few masculine friends were less skilled in the expression of their thoughts, though probably their hearts were deeper and their affections more abiding than Loddard's; but to Mrs Kennett he represented a world of romance concerning whose existence her circumscribed life had given her but the vaguest notion.

Self-analysis with an interested listener was ever an engrossing occupation to Loddard. Sitting on the timbers of the wreck, with the gray waves breaking sullenly in a long line of white foam over the shingle at their feet, he gave her a short resume of his life. He told how, while yet at Oxford, finding that his desultory writings met a ready market, he had shaken off the unriveted shackles of a profession for which he was all unfitted, and devoted his energies to the pursuit of literature. He spoke freely of his big disappointments, of his little successes, and of the hopes he had raised on his new novel. Into Mrs Kennett's meagre interests, Loddard, with his artistic temperament, his subtle vanities, his ability that verged on genius, came as a visitant from some magic realm.

It was only when urged that she faltered forth her pitiful little history, as though ashamed of its poverty of picturesque detail. She had just been twenty when she married the master of the school at Wilmcote, where she taught music. In answer to Loddard's inquiry, she confessed that music held no special attractions for her, but that, being an orphan, she had studied it in order that she might teach. Within a year of the wedding her husband had died of consumption, and she had been advised to sink the few hundred pounds for which his life had been insured in the purchase of the little house at Mershfields, which was then in process of development, with the idea of taking music-pupils and of letting rooms in summer.

That the scheme had been a melancholy failure she acknowledged with a little break in her low voice. Few visitors came to Mershfields; until Loddard's arrival her apartments had only been occupied for a fortnight in that season, and then by disagreeable people. Still, she added more cheerfully, Mr Grice had been very kind. Oh! very kind indeed. He sent his little daughters to learn music, and it was he who got her the appointment to play the harmonium at the Independent Chapel.

'And who is this fairy godfather?' Loddard inquired.

'Mr Grice? Oh, he is the postmaster at Mershfields, and he has the grocer's shop and the baker's too; and he is the lay pastor of the Independent Chapel.'

'Species of four-tailed bashaw,' commented Loddard lightly. But Mrs Kennett, being free from coquetry, lacked also the saving grace of humour, and her silence showed that she regarded his flippancy as derogatory to the dignity of her patron.

The early September dusk had fallen as they strolled away homewards by the beach-track, too happily engrossed in each other to notice the gray sky that lowered sullenly overhead, and the gray sea that writhed and moaned beside them.

When they reached the shoddy little house it amazed Loddard to discover that the flowers of

the tobacco-plants adorning the front plot—flowers that he had always seen depending wilted and discoloured from their stems—were upholding delicate lily-white blooms that filled the air with fragrance. It was a nightly miracle, though until now it had escaped his notice; and to his emotional mind the discovery lent something of the ideal to the occasion.

It touched him not a little when, as they reentered the gate, Mrs Kennett thanked him for a pleasant walk, extending her hand in token of farewell, as though to indicate that their more cordial acquaintance must be confined to the exterior of her dwelling.

A VISIT TO THE MANITOBA PENITENTIARY.



I was a lovely morning in early October, with a bright sun and just a twang of impending frost in the air. On the prairie the surface-water left by the late rains was evaporating rapidly, and the

sere hay-stubble spread crisp and yellow from the outskirts of the town to the distant sky-line. The Colonel and I both wore heavy overcoats, for the thermometer is apt to take a sudden drop at this time of year; and we had a fifteenmile drive before us. Now and then we met a farm-wagon creaking heavily along the trail towards the city, and the driver invariably greeted us with an anxious inquiry about the state of the roads. The day was unusually clear, and we could distinguish the outline of the buildings of the penitentiary on the top of a far-away hillock to the north-west, the only bit of rising ground on endless miles of prairie. The ascent of this giddy elevation is about as steep and about as high as that of Primrose Hill; but the inhabitants dignify it by the name of Stony Mountain, and to the imagination of some of the younger among them it is doubtless as imposing as the Rockies. Towards the west was the mirage: a calm summer sea dotted over with green islands, and on the islands walls and battlements slanting a quivering reflection into the clear depths that margined their shores. Away to the east was a dark-green line of trees; behind them, great whorls of blue and gray smoke from a far-distant prairie fire; and dotted here and there were farm-buildings, built of wood and looking hardly bigger than bathing-machines. Less than a month ago the owner of one of these farms, not eight miles from the city, found a big bull-moose in his corral one morning, and had in consequence to repair his wire-fencing in two places.

A man was walking along the trail towards us. He was neatly dressed in a dark suit, with s white shirt and a soft-brimmed cowboy hat. The Colonel, who is warden of the prison, pulled up, and the new-comer asked eagerly, in broken English with an Italian accent, whether he would be in time to find the banks open. With a broad smile on his face, the man looked very happy as he promised faithfully to pay his first visit to the Roman Catholic chaplain, and to keep away from all dangerous companions until the following day, when he could catch a train for San Francisco, and return to his wife and family after an enforced absence of three years, the result of the indiscreet use of a knife in British Columbia. The warden grinned a little when I said I would have supposed the man was a respectable citizen.

The prison stands on the crest of the 'mountain,' enclosed on two sides and part of a third by a high stone wall, the work of the convicts themselves, who appear rather to enjoy building their own cage. About half-way up are the residences of the officials, and yet a little higher up the stables and farm-buildings of the institution. As we drove to the Colonel's house we saw a long line of prisoners marching in single file from the potato-field. A couple of guards were in charge, and a mounted man was riding behind. A convict came to take charge of the horses; for a good deal of the outdoor work is done, under careful supervision, by men whose term of imprisonment has nearly expired, and who can therefore be trusted not to attempt to escape.

We now went into the house to lunch. Hung around the hall were bows and arrows and tomahawks, 'fire-bags' for carrying pipes and tobacco, long belts beautifully decorated with beads and porcupine-quills, squaws' stirrups, armlets of polished silver, necklaces of elks' teeth, fringed leggings, and other specimens of Indian work, the sight of which almost filled me with envy of their fortunate possessor. There was formerly a very fine scalp in the hall too, of which the Colonel had a story to tell; but that relic now reposes in the collection of a former Governor-General. On the mantelpiece were strange-looking

pipes, and there were photographs innumerable of chiefs in full-dress, painted and feathered, and also of lithe and soldierly mounted policemen in uniform. The Colonel commanded that force for many years; and to listen to his tales is to be a boy again reading Mayne Reid.

The warden, who is as straight as a lance and nearly as thin, wears officially a kind of undress uniform; and this, with the tanned face and the 'Aldershot line' across the forehead, makes him a conspicuous figure out here. The guards are dressed in a somewhat similar garb of dark-blue, with stiff-brimmed 'Stetson' hats, and are armed with carbines. The convicts are clad in homemade suits of bright checks or stripes, not uniform, and in many cases not so 'loud' as the trews of a Highland regiment or certain pyjamas I have seen; the letters M.P., with the wearer's number, being marked on every article of clothing.

Not one prisoner has escaped during the present warden's term of office; but some years ago a young criminal managed to break loose and to 'skip' to the North-West Territories. Having procured other clothes somehow, he travelled northwards, keeping off the main trails; but for some inscrutable reason he retained his prison cap, which is perhaps the article of clothing easiest got rid of. One day, when a thousand miles or so from Stony Mountain, in the country north of the Great Saskatchewan, he fell asleep in a bluff. Unluckily for him a mounted policeman, who happened to be travelling in the same direction, 'spotted' the cap on the sleeping man, and promptly rearrested him, although, it is doubtful if the policeman on duty in that remote district had ever heard of the escape.

A large proportion of the outdoor work in this agricultural region consists, of course, in farming operations; therefore the convicts raise crops of barley, oats, and wheat. Besides this, they grow vegetables, raise pigs, rear cattle, and generally are beginning to realise the ideal of the warden in charge that ultimately the penitentiary shall become the great model-farm of the province. He rightly holds that nothing has such a tendency to keep men out of mischief and in good condition, mental and physical, as outdoor work; but he fully recognises that such an institution should in no way interfere with private enterprise. The returns from this labour largely help to make the prison self-supporting, and the privilege of exercise in the open air is an inducement to good behaviour. There is, also, the usual indoor work: tailoring, boot-making, &c.; all the clothing worn by the convicts being manufactured by them, and even part of that worn by the officials in charge. As a result, some prisoners anxious to reform, who entered the institution unlettered and ignorant of any kind of honest labour, have on liberation been able to read and write, and possessed a good knowledge of some trade. These men now look

back on their term of incarceration as a blessing in disguise.

The whole place seems to be as clean, tidy, and well swept as the deck of a man-of-war. The air is extraordinarily fresh and pure, blowing straight off the prairie; and the inmates, though somewhat pale owing to the confinement, present generally an appearance of robust health. They are constantly trying to get away, of course; but that is only natural, and it is an evidence of exceptional vigilance that they so seldom succeed, for the prison building itself is not strictly up to date. If a man sets himself to plot and scheme for the attainment of one object till the idea becomes an obsession, he can generally overmatch, in the long-run, the watchfulness of men who have something else to think about; but here the natural features of the country are all in favour of the officers of the law. Stand on the summit of the hill to-day, and look at the great, flat khaki-coloured expanse stretching away to the horizon, and judge how difficult it would be for a gaudily clad individual to find efficient covert there. Remember, too, that detection is even easier after the first snowfall, when a man's tracks are as plain as a printed book; also, that in the depth of winter exposure means certain death. Then you will begin to wonder that men will risk the attempt; and that they should accomplish their purpose is still more wonderful. Guards are in evidence at every point of vantage, yet men have made a wild dash at the critical instant, and got clear away.

Not so many years ago, and within two miles of the place where I am now writing, a couple of workers of iniquity quarrelled over some very nefarious scheme in which they were engaged. It was night-time and midwinter; and the Assiniboine River, on the banks of which they stood, was coated over with some three or four feet of ice. Here one of the men shot his companion four times in the back of the head and neck, and then covered the body with snow: but the victim revived, and he managed to drag himself across the frozen river and get assistance. I saw the blood-tracks the following day. The wounded man was taken to the hospital, where warm salt-water was injected into his veins; and he recovered, and, so far as I know, may be alive to-day. The would-be murderer was sent to the penitentiary, and there he promptly began to devise means of escape. A fellow-prisoner gave a hint of this to the authorities, and search led to the discovery of a saw and a wooden revolver carved and painted with marvellous skill; with this 'weapon' he no doubt hoped to 'run a bluff' on his guards. Of course due punishment was inflicted, and he promised never to repeat the offence. However, the love of liberty was strong in him; and one afternoon, some fifteen months later, the prison surgeon remarked quite casually that he had noticed No. -

standing on the stool in his cell. The warden overheard the remark, and immediately sent for a blacksmith. The prisoner was assigned to some temporary job elsewhere, and a strict examination of his cell took place. The bars of the transom. which were painted black-those below were of polished steel-were sawn very nearly through, the gaps being carefully concealed by black paint. No. — was employed in the painting department, and so his workroom was thoroughly and conscientiously overhauled. Orders were even given to rip the lids off all the unopened paint-pots, and in one of these a revolver wrapped up in oil-paper was found. This time the weapon was real, and loaded in three chambers: three guards were always on duty inside the prison at night, two patrolling the building and one sleeping in the guard-room. Of course this particular tin had been so cleverly manipulated that on a cursory examination no signs were apparent that it had been tampered with. When No. — was confronted with the evidence, he confessed everything except the name of his accomplice. He had obtained the revolver and the saws from the outside. How this was done it would not be politic to say; but steps were immediately taken to prevent a recurrence of such an offence. The prisoner had concealed the long, thin saws, of watch-spring steel, with extraordinary ingenuity; he had cut grooves in the legs of his work-table, inserted the saws, and puttied and painted over the marks. The warden assured me that this was done so neatly that only by splitting the table into splinters would they have been discovered. The accomplice was a discharged convict, and the Colonel's suspicions as to his identity were confirmed unwittingly by No. - himself. Although obstinately refusing to give up the name, he allowed himself to be entrapped by clever crossexamination into mentioning the date of the man's discharge, and after that the rest was merely a matter of turning up a register. The police were immediately communicated with; but the man had made good his escape across the border. He was heard of in Montana; but, under the circumstances, pursuit was useless. No. -, with all his cunning, never realised that he had given a pal away; and he could never understand how the Colonel made the discovery. As he had been most careful not to take any fellow-prisoners into his confidence, he could not understand how the attempt had been found out; his only theory being that probably the warden is a mind-reader, and had hypnotised him unawares.

The prisoners generally are a motley crowd. One file I particularly noticed was led by a tall, stout, and apparently eminently respectable gentleman, looking like a prosperous banker; but he was a cattle-thief. Behind him was a Blackfoot Indian; and a little farther down the line was a villainous negro, who should have been hung for his facial angle alone; the rear being brought

up by an Eskimo murderer, who waddled about like a duck in his efforts to keep step. That poor creature could not speak English; but it would have been interesting to know his ideas of his surroundings. Imagine being dragged off from your peaceful home in a snow-coop, and carried a couple of thousand miles or so to a building made of material you had never seen before; and being locked up with strange black and white and red goblins; and having to wash! It would have been more merciful to hang him, for if he ever does return to his own people he will certainly be killed as a liar. There was a really delightful old gentleman, with white hair and clean-cut, clean-shaven face, who was engaged in laying a flower-bed. He looked like a père noble, and was serving his third term for being what an old English chronicler calls 'a coiner of naughty crowns.' On the occasion of his last discharge the Roman Catholic Archbishop, out of charity, engaged him to look after the furnace used for heating the archiepiscopal palace; which was just the kind of job he wanted to enable him to carry on his operations comfortably. His vacation was a short one, however, and to-day he is honestly bent on making the approach to the prison the most picturesque and best kept in Manitoba.

The most trusty prisoners are the men whose terms are nearly up, as it is not worth while to run the risk of a two years' extension of sentence for the sake of a few months; and, somewhat paradoxically, the 'lifers' come next, their only chance of pardon being contingent on good behaviour. I was surprised to hear that Indians rarely attempt to get away. As confinement must be so much more irksome to them than to white men, we might expect that they would quickly become desperate; but they seem to be dazed by their surroundings, and cowed by the distance which separates them from their tribe. It is difficult to say what might happen if the penitentiary were built near any of their reserves, for an Indian can always give points to a white man in finding his way over the prairie. I never yet heard, on good authority, of an Indian being unable to find his way; though there is a story of one found wandering aimlessly in a pathless forest, who, when accused of having gone astray, only shook his head vigorously, and replied, 'No! no! me not lost; wigwam lost.' The inmates who need most vigilance are the three and fiveyear men, though none of the prisoners are absolutely reliable. Given a momentary chance, and a sudden overmastering desire for liberty, and a man will bolt with the same instinct that makes a horse shy. A convict with only a month or so to serve was working in the blacksmith's shop under the prison walls; and one day, though the whole prairie was covered with snow, on the spur of the moment he dropped his tools and fled, running blindly over the open in his

prison dress. Two or three guards opened fire at once, shooting to frighten, not to kill; and, after dodging like a hunted animal, he threw up his hands and returned. Afterwards, when questioned, he said that he had no idea what made him act as he did, except that he had happened to look up for a moment, and noticed that no one was watching him.

There is always something depressing about the appearance of a jail; and even under the bright Manitoba sunshine the building has a bleak, desolate aspect. The warden is thoroughly interested in his work. Strict he needs must be; but he is perfectly fair and just, and the convicts are evidently well looked after, and do not seem particularly discontented with their lot. It is trite to say that a great deal depends upon the guards. The Colonel holds that not only are

special qualities required in these men, but special training as well. They are in a position entailing very high responsibility indeed; and it would be as unwise to take a man straight from the plough and make him non-commissioned officer in a regiment as to make this important office a reward for minor political services.

The sun is now setting in a glory of gold and shimmering opal, and the great prairie fire is beginning to throw a red, angry glow on the eastern sky. It is with a certain sense of relief that we return to the warden's house, and settle down to dinner and a long talk about the wild old days when the North-West Mounted Police were chasing buffalo and illicit whisky-sellers, when the Bloods and the Blackfeet were making trouble, and the Sioux were raiding across the border.

THE WOMAN-STUDENT AT OXFORD.



ER discipline in the uphill road to learning begins at the railwaystation. There she is at once made to feel that, although she may claim a pedestal in the drawingroom, she will have to start on a

very low level in the college world. She arrives at Oxford on the first day of term to find herself an object of scorn alike to porters and cabmen, as they hasten to do the bidding of the undergraduate lords of creation, nowhere more lordly than in this stronghold of intellect. For it must be remembered that Oxford is pre-eminently a man's town; the very shops are for the most part devoted to the satisfaction of the bodily and mental cravings of undergraduate and don, and at the beginning and end of term the railway station and its appurtenances are as consistently appropriated by these university magnates to their own exclusive use. So the woman-student makes the best of it; keeps her head as best she may during the scuffle and bustle of disintegrating kitbags, gladstones, portmanteaus, and bicycles; and when Hercules and Apollo have decamped with their belongings in the glory of their strength, monopolising all the hansoms, and leaving porters regretfully wishing that such tips were to be had every day, she seizes the chance of making known her modest request for a cab, and may count herself lucky if she succeeds in leaving the station within half-an-hour of her arrival. ideas are probably by this time somewhat mixed. She feels very much as if 'interloper' were writ large upon her, and in her heart of hearts is disposed to take the next train home again, with many apologies to William of Wykeham and John de Balliol and Walter of Merton, whose rest she has all-unwittingly disturbed.

Being a girl of some determination, however,

she speedily makes up her mind to see the thing through. We follow our heroine, therefore, as the cab sets her down with box and bicycle at one of the four halls of residence existing in Oxford expressly for the convenience of women-Her qualms are soon forgotten in students. the process of unpacking and arranging necessary to convert the room allotted to her as combined bedroom and study into an apartment suitable to her tastes and requirements. Essential furniture is provided in the shape of a table, chairs, bookcase, writing bureau, and the low couch which serves for bed at night and (with deft disguise of art serge and Liberty cushions) The work of an hour for sofa in the daytime. or two generally transforms the rather bare room into the tasteful little boudoir which is to be the home of the woman-student for at least half her time during the next three years.

Then comes dinner, the social function of the day; she makes her entrée as a 'fresher;' is initiated by second, third, and fourth years into the details of the new life; and hears many things 'hard to be uttered'-though, be it said, there is on the whole little of the inveterate chaffing of new-comers so prevalent among the Etiquette there is in abundance; but 'ragging' of rooms and similar diversions are almost unknown. Dinner is usually a gay scene. One compensation for the lack of the sombre academic gown-which the woman-student at Oxford is not allowed to wear, and for which, therefore, her soul sometimes yearns-is that it is no bar to the display of very pretty frocks. Needless to say there is some variation in the spirit with which dress is regarded. Some, alas! think that they have risen above considerations of personal adornment; but these, one is glad to think, are in a minority. The general trend of opinion is decidedly against anything that might be stigmatised as 'frumpishness.'

It has been said that to the Oxford undergraduate life is full of possibilities. To the woman-student, on the other hand, life is generally very full of stern realities. A man goes up to Oxford because it is 'the thing;' it has always been an indispensable part of his family history that its men should be 'Oxford men.' Of course there are exceptions; but to many men 'Oxford' means three, four, or five years pleasantly spent in imbibing a liberal education, in which work and examinations and degrees may absorb very little attention, while athletics and hunting and social functions may absorb a great deal of attention, time, and money. By far the greater number of the women-students in Oxford go up in order that they may qualify themselves to earn their own living. In very few cases have they anything like the amount of money at their disposal that the men have, and to most of them the period of study has the somewhat serious aspect of a time of laying up capital for the future. For this reason, probably, it will be found that the average woman-student devotes more time and energy to her preparation for 'schools' than does the average man-not always to her advantage, be it said, for freshness is often a quality that pays better than grind.

On the day after her arrival - or on the Monday if she has come up on the Saturday -business begins in earnest. Chapel at eight is followed by breakfast-not served privately (as by the scouts in the men's colleges), but as a 'come-and-go' meal in the dining-hall. After a preliminary interview with her tutor, who arranges the course of her work, the novice goes off to her first lecture, under the wing of a second or third year student, who beguiles the way with discourses on the iniquity of crossing a college 'quad' unaccompanied by a member of her own sex, or of holding converse with a brother, male cousin, friend, or acquaintance whom she may happen to meet within the sacred precincts of his college hall at lecture-

A feeling of awe comes over her as she enters one of these old college halls, and is marched up to where the sunshine filters through the stainedglass coats-of-arms of founders and benefactors on to the solid oak table on the dais, surrounded by arm-chairs, where the worthy dons dine every evening in sober dignity, and where the womenstudents do their best to live up to the intellectual menu provided every morning. Looking down the hall, our heroine sees long tables with forms, now gradually filling with undergraduates of all ages and nationalities, from the dusky scholar whose brand-new gown and dark complexion show him to be a recruit from over-seas, to the weary-eyed and bald-headed commoner whose tattered academic garment betokens either frequent 'raggings' or fruitless years of labour in the hard service of 'Smalls' and 'Mods.'

The effect of the gowned multitude is not so depressing as might be feared. Waistcoats and ties of varied and wondrous hues show the revolt of the undergraduate soul from the 'loathed melancholy ' of funereal black, while his general scheme of colouring would do justice to the dummy of a clothing emporium. A unique specimen of this kind was 'bagged' in the writer's memory as seen one summer morning in the 'High.' It was garbed as follows: remnants of a gown (in shreds, of course), light-gray suit, very high white collar, blue shirt, green tie, scarlet waistcoat with brass buttons, and pink silk socks, rendered visible by the fact that the wearer's foot-gear consisted of dancing-pumps. Can we wonder, after this, that the authorities require candidates for examination to appear in black coats and white ties?

To return to the lecture - room. The door opens and is closed with a slam as the lecturer arrives. He is one of the old school, not very sure about this inundation of women-folk. A preliminary announcement has to be made. The university does not recognise the existence of women among its students, and our lecturer is strictly academic. So here is a dilemma; for, after all, the ladies have got to attend to this announcement. He begins: 'Gentlemen'-ahem! -'gentlemen and'-ahem! (glancing round)-'people who come to my lectures'--- The woman-student feels smaller than ever, unless she be naturally a person of revengeful tendencies, when she will form dark plans for the secreting of brickbats for use on future occasions of a similar kind. But she need not fear. Three years hence, at the end of her academic career, when she has travelled home post-haste from a Swiss holiday for the dread ordeal of her 'viva,' this same lecturer, in his more fearsome character of examiner, will beam on her with grandfatherly benevolence, and inquire in his tenderest tones, 'And where does the Elbe enter the sea?' and the woman-student's resentment will blossom into an eternal gratitude that no worse thing has befallen her.

The lectures to be attended are, of course, prescribed for the student by her tutor, to whom reference has already been made, and to whom she has to pay a visit at the beginning of every term. The acquaintance may go no further than this; but in all probability the tutor will also act as coach, at least for some subjects. This will mean a weekly visit of an hour to his house in the town (if he be a married man possessing one), or on his part to the Women's Hall (if he be unmarried and still resident in his college), when essays are criticised and the womanstudent is initiated into that somewhat weird process generally characterised as 'a man's way of looking at things.' This privilege is generally

shared between two girls, and is the crucial test of the week's work: the weighing in the balance, the knocking down of pet theories, sometimes even-must it be admitted?-the trial of the neutralising tendency of the best hat if the essay is exceptionally weak! And, after all, who will be bold enough to decry the value of a woman's hat, even to eyes dulled by the burning of the midnight oil? An Oxford professor it was, and one of great learning withal, who greeted a new aspirant with, 'Madam, I have taught you before?' 'Indeed, no!' murmured the novice, in a gentle flutter of wondering surprise. 'Madam, do you mean to tell me you are not Miss Smith?' 'I am not, I assure you.' 'Then, madam, let me tell you that Miss Smith has a hat exactly like yours.'

Here, too, the woman-student is able to study the Man of Genius at home—the man who, when the fire is low on a cheerless winter afternoon, will, in preference to the use of bellows or old newspapers, lie flat on his chest and blow gently but firmly between the bars to revive the dying embers, discoursing between the puffs upon the deep philosophy of Mr Thomas Hobbes. From which it may be inferred that, while the Man of Genius does not despise comfort, he is apt to look with scorn upon the ordinary means of obtaining it.

However, after all, there are other things besides learning in Oxford, and the womanstudent is not slow to take advantage of them. It must not be thought that because she has no official status in the University Statutes she is therefore tabooed altogether. So far is this from being the case that there are very few university functions to which she is not invited and welcomed. From the gallery of the Union Society she may listen to the aforesaid Hercules of the railway station, transformed now into a veritable Mercury, as his flights of eloquence give every promise of making his country tremble to its foundations in the near future. She may be invited to one of those breakfast-parties for which Oxford (with Edinburgh at Assembly time) has a unique reputation. She may witness from the privileged enclosures of college barges the keen contest between rival crews on the Isis at 'eights' and 'torpids.' At football and cricket matches she is a welcome onlooker, while the garden-parties and river-picnics of the summer term will keep her engagement-book in constant use.

Turning once more for a moment to the serious side. Even in those dreaded days of 'schools' her presence is — unofficially — recognised. It should be explained that in Oxford, unlike Cambridge, men and women go through the last scene of all together, and write their papers in the same rooms. On one occasion the men, under the stress of a blazing June day, were sweltering in misery in the regulation

garb of black coat, waistcoat, and gown—misery which must have been increased by the sight of a row of girls in the coolest of cottons. It was too much for human frailty. The men began to shed gowns, coats, waistcoats, until the presiding examiner evidently began to fear that the proprieties were being overstepped. The situation was embarrassing; but the examiner was equal to the occasion. With some hesitation it was announced, 'Gentlemen who think it advisable to take off their coats and their waistcoats had better keep on their gowns!' And the response was speedy, if accompanied by a few subdued chuckles.

Of amusements the woman-student has no lack. The old Oxford tradition of 'the afternoon for play' is very generally maintained, with the result that the hours between lunch and tea are spent anywhere but indoors. Hockey in winter, tennis and boating in summer, bicycling and walking at all seasons, are indulged in by all; and in the evenings there are debates, musical societies, and sometimes dramatic entertainments. Even the more studious, who return to work after dinner, are always willing to take time off for 'cocoa' at 10 P.M.—the most hilarious hour of the whole day.

The end of her first term finds the womanstudent quite at home in Oxford. With the 'going down' comes her awakening to her new position in regard to the old life. 'Oh, and so you are at Oxford! How very nice! And do you live in the same colleges as the men, and do your work together? Ah! yes, of courselet me see-Oxford? I really don't remember whether it is Girton or Newnham that is at Oxford.' And by the time she has been introduced at the first social function of her first vacation, by a well-meaning if misguided hostess, as 'Miss Jones, who is going to be Senior Wrangler some day,' the Oxford woman-student feels that she has indeed embarked upon a career which will be the subject of 'many inventions' on the part of her former friends and acquaintances.

WHEN DAYLIGHT WANES.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

When daylight wanes, the sun's once fiery sway Relaxed, a lucid calm o'er all obtains, And softest shadows fall aslant the bay.

All is subdued: along the country lanes

Wan toilers tread, voicing an old-world lay,

Whilst weird gray mists steal upwards from the plains.

Perchance this song-sweet scene doth but portray

Some crude forecast of all that He ordains

For faithful ones who humbly ask the way

When daylight wanes.

GEO. H. LUDOLF.



A WORLD ON FIRE.

By ALEXANDER W. ROBERTS, D.Sc., F.R.A.S., F.R.S.E, Lovedale College, South Africa.



N the small hours of the morning of 22nd February 1901 Dr Anderson, of Bonnington, Edinburgh, saw a bright star shining in the constellation of Perseus, where he knew no such star was ever seen before.

The circumstances connected with the discovery afford another striking instance of how Nature keeps her secrets for her true amateur, using the word in its highest sense.

The evening of 21st February was cloudy, and nine out of ten astronomers would have gone to bed when there seemed little prospect of the night clearing; but Dr Anderson was the tenth man. At twenty minutes to three in the morning the clouds rolled away from over the old, gray Scottish capital, and the trained eye of the patient observer saw right in the heart of Perseus a new star. Never before had its light, blue-white like an unpolished diamond, shone down on this strange earth of ours.

Next day the news of the wonderful discovery was flashed to all the great observatories of the world, and telescopes and spectroscopes, cameras and photometers, were directed towards the strange phenomenon, and by testing, measuring, examining, sought to wrest its secrets from it.

Much is still a mystery; but what has been ascertained during the period that the rhythm of its light-waves beat upon our shores is of great interest and importance, as bearing directly on the life-history of each individual star in the heavens, and of our own sun and planet among them.

The first and simplest question that arises for settlement is the date when the new star blazed forth in our terrestrial sky. The curious reader will notice the reservation: in our terrestrial sky. When the star actually burst forth into resplendent light is another matter, as we shall discover later on. It was certainly before Dr Anderson was born, and probably before another Scotsman—Ferguson by name—combined, like many another

sage, counting and watching sheep with counting and watching stars.

With regard to the date of the appearance in our sky of the new star, Nova Persei, as it is called in astronomical literature, when Dr Anderson discovered it at twenty minutes to three o'clock on the morning of 22nd February it was bright enough to be straightway evident to a trained astronomer. In these later days of strenuous scientific activities every portion of the sky is constantly being examined and charted, and no sooner was the discovery of Nova Persei announced than a searching of records began, in order to ascertain if at any time the star had ever been seen before.

It so chanced that on the evenings of 18th and 19th February two photographs of the very spot where three days later the new star appeared were taken at Harvard Observatory. On neither of these photographs is there the slightest evidence of the star's existence. It was, therefore, on these dates non-existent as a luminous body so far as our earth was concerned. On the evening of 20th February a well-known English observer, Mr Stanley Williams, had also taken a photograph of the same portion of the sky; and again there was no trace of the star. Mr Williams's photograph was taken twenty-eight hours before Dr Anderson saw it. Still more strange is the fact that on the evening of 21st February three observers on the Continent testify that they had the constellation Perseus under observation from seven o'clock to eleven, and had the new star then been visible they could not have failed to see it. The star, therefore, blazed out some time between eleven o'clock and three on the night of its discovery.

Now, what does this mean? It means this: that by some cause a star, quite dark before, or so faint that it could not be seen even by means of a powerful telescope, in a few hours, or perhaps in a few minutes, blazed forth as a star of conspicuous brightness. In this brief space of time a dark and probably chill globe became a seething

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mass of fire, a million times hotter than it was before. Fierce, fervent heat lit up the orb with a glow that reached from rim to rim of the stellar universe. We have here a catastrophe that goes beyond our wildest conceptions: the conflagration of a world, the ruin of a star. What guarantee have we for an assumption of this kind? What of certitude is there in our vision of such a Day of Doom for any part of our universe? Let us consider the salient facts regarding the recent changes in the appearance and structure of this star. We shall relate only those facts that are beyond controversy, as far as our present knowledge goes.

Nova Persei did not reach its maximum brightness till the evening of 25th February, when it was probably the most conspicuous object in the midnight sky. It was then at least six times brighter than at the time of its discovery. After this date it began to wane slowly. At intervals there were spurts of brightness lasting for two or three days, as if the fires had not exhausted themselves. On the whole, however, the light of the star waned, and by the end of the year its enfeebled light was just bright enough to be evident to the naked eye; twelve months after its appearance it could only be seen with the aid of a telescope.

Now, one of the most powerful instruments of research in the new astronomy is the spectroscope. It takes hold of the rays of light that come to us from a star, and makes these rays reveal the condition of things in the world they came from. One of the spectroscopes turned on the new star in Perseus was Professor Copeland's magnificent instrument at Blackford Hill Observatory, Edinburgh. Professor Copeland described the new star as 'a feebly developed' sun. As the star, however, increased in brightness the spectroscope chronicled the fact that great physical changes were taking place in its composition and structure. The star soon ceased to be a feebly developed sun, for development had gone on apace with the increase of light. Round the solid or semi-molten mass there was rapidly aggregating an ocean of fiery gases, probably thrown up from the nucleus.

Put simply, Nova Persei, for long ages a cold, dark, solid globe, was in the brief space of a few days transformed from circumference to core into a luminous, heated, gaseous sphere. By what chance or circumstance this vast change came about may be inquired into later on. We only note here that this was the story spelled out by those skilled in deciphering the observations recorded by the spectroscope. In July 1901 Professor Pickering of Harvard Observatory announced that the star had become a nebula: that, indeed, its once solid globe had practically dissolved into thinnest air. Not only had its elements become molten with fervent heat, but they had become transformed into shimmering wisps of matter more diaphanous than a gossamer web.

Everything connected with the history of this star is of exceptional interest; but all that had

already been ascertained was completely overshadowed by the astounding discovery made in November of last year that nebulous prominences were observed darting out from the star with a velocity of at least one hundred thousand miles every second of time. These astounding changes have been confirmed at the two great American observatories, the Yerkes and the Lick. So unwilling are astronomers, however, to accept the conclusion that swirling tongues of nebulous light play round the expanded star with a velocity so utterly incomprehensible as one hundred thousand or two hundred thousand miles a second that other explanations of the unquestioned facts of observation have been sought. One that commends itself to not a few of the quieter sort is that in these changes going on all round the star we are simply witnessing the echo of its explosion from the islands of space, as mass after mass of world-matter reflects the glow of the sudden irradiance. Yet there is nothing strange in a velocity of two hundred thousand miles a second, or even two million miles a second, through a region where resistance to motion does not exist. The aurora ray vibrates along the northern arch of heaven with a velocity comparable with that of light. Tongues of flame dart out from the sun's surface with a velocity of two hundred miles a second. Great velocities are therefore not unknown in a universe where distance is measured by systems and time by ages; and it is quite possible that in the marvellous changes recorded at the Yerkes and Lick Observatories we are simply witnessing electrical discharges from the shattered star.

Whence and how had destruction come upon this particular star? At one hour the star is dark, cold, solid. A few hours later this dark, solid, cold body is a blazing world, its solid mass blown apparently into countless fragments; from every fragment, big or little, there pour streams of fiery vapour; for millions of miles round the star there is a whirlpool of fire, a tempest of flame; and from end to end of this great universe of ours the brightness of the burning star pulsates. Three explanations have been given.

The one that naturally arises first in our mind is that it was struck by another star. Two worlds, each moving at the rate of twenty miles a second, come in collision, and the result is the annihilation of both. The force of their impact, changed into heat, drives their elements into vapour. Such a catastrophe is quite possible in a universe like ours, where stars and worlds, millions and millions in number, sweep down the great avenues of space with a velocity far beyond our comprehension.

We take it that when the crack of doom comes to this earth of ours it will be in this fashion. Some great, dark star will strike our sun fair and square, and then in the twinkling of an eye, before the inhabitants of earth know what has taken place, sun and moon and planet will be wrapped up and dissolved in an atmosphere of fire.

We can in a certain rough way compute the increase in temperature that would arise from the collision of two great orbs. Thus, let us suppose that Nova Persei was moving onward through space with a velocity of ten miles a second—a moderate velocity, be it noted, for a star—when it collided with the body that wrought its destruction. The impact would be terrific, and the result of it would be not only the complete disintegration of both stars, but a sudden rise in temperature of about five hundred thousand degrees, an increase sufficient to vaporise the hardest adamant.

The second theory which has been suggested as explanatory not only of Nova Persei, but of all new stars, is a modification of the foregoing. This theory is that the new star in its flight through space suddenly plunged into a nebula, or into some portion of space denser than that through which it had already passed. This explanation is not only intelligible but reasonable. If the new star plunged into a region filled with matter even as rare as air, the friction would immediately set the star on fire. We see the same phenomenon every night when a meteor hustles through our atmosphere. The meteoric rocks, with the chill of empty space in and around them, dash into our upper air. A few seconds are ample for the practical annihilation of most of them: in that brief space of time they have been subjected to a heat many times greater than that of a Bessemer furnace.

We can imagine Nova Persei as some monster meteor, a meteor larger than the sun, plunging into a gaseous mass somewhat like our air. In a few hours its temperature would be increased a millionfold. This increase would fill the surrounding space with fire, and there would be an immense and ever-increasing area at fervent heat.

To the mind of the writer, this explanation has most to commend it. It is the one that is most in harmony with the information which has been gathered by hundreds of observers aided by the finest of modern scientific equipment. But there are other explanations. There will always be other explanations so long as the world lasts.

One of these explanations is of more interest than the rest, inasmuch as it makes a link of connection between the recent terrible volcanic eruption in the West Indies and the sudden appearance of a new star like Nova Persei. It is suggested that Nova Persei is, or rather was, a world somewhat like our own, only vastly larger—that is, there was an inner core of molten matter and an outer shell of solid material. One day, according to the explosion theory, this outer shell burst, and the interior fires rushed hither and thither like a devouring flood all over the stellar globe. Vast chemical changes went on as the lambent flames turned everything solid into streams of lava. Great electrical disturbances took place all round the

star. The whole phenomenon of Nova Persei, according to this theory, is just the destruction of St Pierre on a sidereal scale.

Such a doom, of course, is possible in any star or planet whose interior is still molten. At any moment the imprisoned fires might break their barriers and change a cold, fruitful, life-bearing earth into a furnace; but it is far from probable that any such fate will ever be meted out to our planet or to any other, and, at any rate, destruction did not come to Nova Persei in this manner. No explosion could account for an access of heat and light any way comparable to that which was observed. Neither could any interior disruption be violent enough to hurl the star into fragments. The gravitational hold of the star would prevent this dismemberment. Yet during the ages the mind of man has been irresistibly drawn to this conception of the world's end, so much so that perhaps, after all, our instinct is right and our science is wrong, and the vision of the Minorite Celano, of the

> Dies irse, dies illa Solvet sæclum in favilla,

is a vision of those things that will be in the later days.

We have already touched on one strange circumstance connected with the appearance of Nova Persei. Dr Anderson saw it for the first time at a few minutes to three o'clock on the morning of 22nd February—that is, the news of the strange occurrence reached our planet then; but when did the event actually take place?

One of the things that impressed the writer more than any other with the magnitude of China was this, that the people living in certain parts of the western border of that empire heard tidings of the war with Japan only when the struggle was long over.

At Greenwich and at some of the other foremost observatories attempts have been made directly and indirectly to determine the distance of Nova Persei. As yet this distance defies measurement. The star is so far away that we have no instruments refined enough to deal with the problem. But we know that the sudden blazing up of Nova Persei was over and done with before our great-grandfathers were born. It happened more than two hundred years ago—perhaps two thousand years ago. All this time the news was swiftly travelling earthwards, travelling on and on and on, two hundred thousand miles every second of the clock, past star and nebula and system, never halting, never faltering-yet it took hundreds of years to come to us; and beyond us lie countless worlds that will not see the new star for centuries to come. Hundreds of years hence in *their* sky will appear suddenly in the constellation of Perseus a strange star; it will increase in brightness for a few days just as it did in ours; it will fade away intermittently just as it did in ours. There is no imagination here; only sober facts.

We may be allowed, in closing our narrative of

this wonderful star, to make one excursion into the region of imagination. As the news of the star passes on through space, are there any beings beyond ourselves who will take record of its appearance? It has taken centuries to come to us. Did any other creatures in some far-off world lift their eyes to the stars and wonder, as we do, what all this

meant? Will some mortal like ourselves in some remoter world, in a day yet to come, see the sight and have the intelligence to say, 'Lo! a new star'? We have room enough here for the most extravagant fancy. Perhaps there is so much room that we shall lose ourselves if we venture to stray in such directions.

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

CHAPTER III .-- CADOUAL.



was not to be expected that Pierre would view with complete equanimity the introduction into his family circle of a man so full of possibilities as this good-looking sailorlad. His eyes were open; but what

could he do? For his own part he would as lief the man had stopped in the Pot with the rest, until in due time—when it had done with him—the scour of the Race had washed him out and laid him gently on the shore down at Plenevec; but Barbe's impetuosity had balked the Pot of its prey, and here he was. And Barbe's interest in her treasure-trove was manifest. Again, what could he do? Having saved the man's life, he could not refuse him hospitality. Until the stranger was fairly fit he could not throw him out or even hint at the desirability of his going. He could, however, sound him gently as to his intentions, and that he proceeded to do with the simple directness of the peasant.

'You will be going back to Plougastel, mon gars, when you are quite recovered?' he said.

Alain looked at him musingly, and Barbe looked at Alain.

'I am not sure,' said the young man at last, as he dropped a crumb for Minette and Pippo to squabble over. 'I have no one at Plougastel now. My people are all dead, and one place is as good as another. Some perhaps are better.'

'Newfoundland is a great country'----

'I would give the whole of it for ten hectares of Brittany and a well-found boat.' And Barbe's eyes glowed responsive.

'Down the St Lawrence, by Rivière du Loup and Quebec, it is very fine country. I was there once,' said Pierre. 'I wished my lot had been cast there.'

'It is fine country,' said the young man; 'but it is not France.'

'Fine men and beautiful women,' said Pierre reminiscently.

'All the same'—— and the blank expressed more perhaps than many words.

However, the time came, and all too quickly, when Alain could no longer evade the penalty of complete convalescence; and one bright morning found him and Pierre in the boat pulling steadily towards Plenevec. The emptiness within, as though a part of him had been overlooked and left behind

in the Light, occasioned him much surprise and some bodily discomfort.

Barbe, up in the gallery, waved a last farewell as the boat turned the corner into Grand Bayou Bay to avoid the force of the ebb-tide, and stood long watching the spot where it had disappeared. She also was feeling, not, strange to say, as though Alain had left anything behind, but rather as though he had left the hollow shaft still hollower and emptier than when he came to it. Who, then, was the gainer, since these two both felt a sense of loss? Not Pierre, I trow.

'Say then, Pierre,' as the boat ground on the shingle at Plenevec, 'what hast thou there?' and the speaker, a tall, loose-limbed, powerful young fellow clad in blue jersey and huge sea-boots, with a red stocking-cap on the back of his dark head, a cigarette in his mouth, and his hands deep in his trouser-pockets, sauntered down to meet them.

'His ship went into the Pot a week ago, and all the rest were drowned,' said Pierre.

'Yes, we've had them. And how did he escape?'
'God knows. He's the first I ever saw come out alive.'

'He has the luck without doubt.—Say then, mon gars, what is your next move? Where are you from?'

'Plougastel,' said Alain.

'Ah, ha! They are fine lads at Plougastel, and good sailors. Can you throw and draw?'

'Of course. I had five years at the fishing.'

'And are you going back to Plougastel?'

'I have nothing to go back for.'

'Parents?'

To which Alain only shook his head.

'Have a cigarette. They are not what one gets hereabouts, and come up and have a drink. Pierre, mon vieux, you will join us in a chopine? Mère Buvel's cider is beginning to put on a flavour in its old age;' and they drew the boat a few feet up the wet stones, and ground their way up to the little hostelry.

A resplendent old gendarme in blue and white and silver, who seemed somehow out of place among the surrounding low colour-tones—the sober grays and sombre browns, and the dingy ashen hue of saltbitten, sun-dried wood—strolled up as they set foot on the solid earth above. The only thing that came anywhere near his magnificence was the sun; and

Monsieur Gaudriol and the sun together made a dazzling combination which inspired in the younger members of the community a wholesome fear of the law.

'Jour, Pierre!' said the gendarme. 'All well?'

'All well, M. Gaudriol, I thank you.'

'And who is this?' and the keen eye of the law raked Alain from truck to keelson.

Pierre explained once more.

'We are going to drain a chopine to monsieur's past and future,' said the first-comer. 'Won't you join us, M. Gaudriol?' And they all went up together.

When they had clicked the dripping mugs across the well-scrubbed table, M. Gaudriol, with the authority of a paternal and would-be omniscient Government with a special solicitude for wandering sheep, proceeded to put Alain through his paces, and Alain took it all as a matter of course.

'Alain Carbonec—of Plougastel—age nineteen—sailor—parents dead—subject to one year's service—of age, therefore, in one year's time—been several voyages to Newfoundland—wrecked in brig Cerise on Grand Bayou—only one saved.' That was the official report which, with a few subsequent additions, M. Gaudriol sent up to headquarters that night. His own private supplement to it ran something like this: 'Good-looking lad, quiet and modest; but with plenty of spirit, and intelligent. Doubtful how he'll get on with Cadoual, who has a bit of the devil in him at times, and is difficult.—However, to our chopines!'

'Did you hear that old Jeannot was dead?' said Cadoual suddenly to Pierre.

'No. How was it?'

'The old fool took one drink too many four nights ago, and fell overboard drawing the net.'

'Humph!' said Pierre.

'He always did drink too much, did Jeannot, and many's the time I 've told him so; but as well try to stop a sea-gull whistling as a dry man when he's got the thirst on him,' said Sergeant Gaudriol.

'That leaves me alone in the boat, and that's no good,' said Cadoual.—'What do you say, mon gars?' to Alain. 'Will you try the fishing here for a time before going on farther? I will give you Jeannot's screw, and that includes a fifth-share in the take. Is it a bargain?'

'It's a bargain,' said Alain, and they struck hands on it, and Cadoual, with hang-the-expense recklessness, had the *chopines* filled again at a cost of twopence the lot, and offered them cigarettes all round, and they clicked and drank to the partnership.

'You can arrange with the old one'—'la vieille,' his mother—'to live with us if you like,' said Cadoual. 'She will do you well, and at a reason-

able figure.'

'No, monsieur, excuse me; but I think not that, by your leave,' said Alain quietly. 'No discourtesy to you or madame, you understand. But if we are rubbing shoulders all night in the boat, it would be wiser not to be rubbing them ashore all day too, or they might get rough. Is it not so?'

'Eh bien, mon beau! that is as you choose; but the old one would do you well.'

Sergeant Gaudriol nodded approvingly, and said, 'It is good sense all the same.'

'And the little one, mon vieux?' asked the old gendarme of Pierre before they parted.

'She is well,' said Pierre.

M. Gaudriol frequently asked after Barbe, whom he remembered as a tiny suck-a-thumb in a tight little white cotton skull-cap on her father's arm that first morning when Pierre introduced himself to Plenevec. He had seen her once again, a child of six or so, with long dark hair and big blue eyes, and he had seen her but once or twice since. It was as the dark-haired little girl that he remembered her, though he knew her best as the skull-capped baby.

'A nice-looking lad,' said M. Gaudriol to himself as he mused over the new-comer that night. 'I wonder how he'll get on with George Cadoual. The poor old Jeannot had a deuce of a time and a dog's life. I'm not sure this one would take it sitting, as he did. However, nous verrons.'

A few days later he received a report from headquarters concerning Alain which caused him to regard the young fellow with quite new interest.

'Tions!' he said to himself. 'What an odd world it is! It would be odder still if'—— and he nodded his head like a china mandarin. 'It's not for me to interfere, anyhow. If that was to come about I should take it that the bon Dieu had His finger in it.'

THE BUSINESS SIDE OF LITERATURE.



OHN MURRAY the First, that prince amongst publishers, once said that the business of a publisher was not in his shop, or even in his connections, but in his brains. The founders of the

houses of Murray, Blackwood, Constable, and Daniel Macmillan of a past generation, who had all daring, shrewdness, and large-minded enterprise, are witnesses to the truth of this; and

they stamped their names not only upon their own firms, but upon the literature of the time. The personal element now counts for less, and the commercial for more, than when William Blackwood hesitated to suggest the idea of payment to the persons of genius he began to gather round him to write for his magazine. 'I never did,' he said, 'and never will, hold out money in itself as the inducement for men of talent to write for Maga. What I have always been

anxious for is that able men should write on such subjects as they feel an interest in,' and on his part he decided never to print any article without paying liberally for it. At the dawn of the twentieth century we have another order of things. There are authors' societies and literary agents to further and safeguard the rights of authors; and literature, if not sold by the yard, is computed by the number of words. 'Why, indeed,' says Mrs Oliphant sarcastically, 'should it be considered a different kind of commodity from salt or sugar, or not be sold over the counter like a packet of tea?'

Those publishers have done best who, along with shrewdness, energy, and literary enthusiasm, combined the business faculty of being able to sell and push their wares when produced, and who sufficiently gauged or anticipated the public taste so as to produce what would sell. Nothing is easier than to fill a warehouse with printed stock; it is more difficult to earn money from the sale of such printed matter, and in this lies the art of the publisher. The easy-going methods of a past generation in publishing and bookselling are gone for ever. 'Will it pay?' is still a very practical question, however. A visit to a second-hand bookseller's or a 'remainder' shop might be humbling enough to a young author. Tons of printed matter annually change hands at about the cost of paper and print. Partly through the insane system of discounts, the retail bookseller has fallen on evil times, although the widespread adoption of the net system promises to help him. The draper and the store have often book departments, where cheap and badlyprinted books come into competition with ordinary trading. The bookseller who knows and loves books is becoming extinct in the provinces, and depends on an array of miscellaneous articles to pay his shop-rent; while the trade in the great centres has a tendency to concentration in a few hands. The multitude of snippety books and periodicals has led to a deterioration of taste. As Byron says, 'a book's a book, although there's nothing in't,' to multitudes, whose literary tastes are dormant or elementary.

What Mr George William Curtis said lately about the American trade is equally applicable to that of the United Kingdom. He stated that the number of copies of a book sold is no longer a test of its literary value, and that it never was so. Of the books which reached a sale of two hundred thousand copies in 1900, probably not more than one will be read by another generation.

In the 'How To' series, there are books How to Write for the Magazines and How to Write a Novel. Scott's Introduction to the Fortunes of Nigel ought to be read along with the latter, especially this sentence: 'No work of imagination proceeding from the mere consideration of a certain sum of copy-money ever did, or ever will, succeed.' It is some years

since a little book was issued in America entitled Periodicals that Pay Contributors. A list of those that do not would answer the same purpose. The Literary Year-Book furnishes a list of some three thousand authors. It may be an Irish way of saying it; but we feel certain, from the multitude of names that do not appear on the list, that there are as many names left out as are included. The indispensable literary agent also figures here. By the way, the photographers have now middlemen in London. The London agent of the provincial photographer can wire as to how many prints are wanted of some interesting local personage or event by the illustrated papers. This is handy for all parties concerned. Whatever the author may do, the publisher seldom wears his heart upon his sleeve, so we cannot tell how many out of the annual influx of six or seven thousand new books and new editions are really profitable to author and publisher. But an inspection of the debit and credit side of the publisher's ledger in connection with many of these might prove disappointing.

It takes more than ordinary ability to accomplish what William Blackwood did in making a first-class magazine contributor of such a chaotic personality as Christopher North, or what John Murray did in making a Quarterly Review editor of the dilatory Gifford. Johnson said of Edward Cave that he never looked out of his window without thinking of his Gentleman's Magazine; and it was jocularly said of the first Blackwood that he asked every person he met to contribute to his magazine. That simply meant that both were in earnest about the business. Murray, Blackwood, and Constable were all keen to scent a possible client, and it is amusing to read of the competition amongst them in order to secure the services of the author of Waverley. The wideawake publisher seems to believe the sentiment uttered by the first Murray that 'every man has a book in him, if one only knew how to extract it.' There has been almost as much genius shown in the discovery and extraction as in the writing of a book at times. Great is the sway and permanence of a good idea. Many fertile and useful ideas stand to the credit of the publisher. Look at the permanence of and the fortunes made from the Encyclopædia Britannica, the originator of which was Colin M'Farquhar, an Edinburgh printer, one hundred and thirty years ago. Archibald Constable, by the skilful way he handled this work and secured fresh and valuable contributions after its purchase for £14,000 in 1812, gave it a new lease of life and a great reputation. Adam Black required assistance at first in the purchase of the Britannica in 1827, and he spent £184,425 on the seventh and eighth editions. Mr Macvey Napier's editorial fee for the seventh edition was £6500, besides further payments for editing and £13,887 for contributors. As may be seen later from the estates

left by two members of the firm of A. & C. Black, the balance must have been kept on the right side, although the possession of the copyright of Scott's novels also greatly helped this firm. When Charles Knight completed the *Penny Cyclopædia*, on which he had spent £40,000 for literary matter alone, there was a balance of £30,788 against the book.

As William Blackwood's business first crystallised around his magazine, so did that of William and Robert Chambers around Chambers's Journal, in which we further see the value, permanence, and influence of an originally good idea, when properly fostered and carried out. The Cyclopædia of English Literature, of which the first two volumes of a new edition are ready, under the editorship of Dr David Patrick, made its first appearance in 1844. The success of a small educational book on English literature led Robert Chambers to project the larger work, in the execution of which he received valuable assistance from Dr Robert Carruthers. Of even greater value and importance was that most comprehensive work, Chambers's Encyclopædia: a Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People, begun in 1859 and completed in 1868. The vogue of the new edition (1888-1892) has been greater than ever. pioneers in the field of educational and general literature, it fell to the lot of Messrs Chambers, by virtue of the practical value of their best schemes, to have them all widely imitated. This was the case with every successful work in their educational course, as well as most of the larger We only repeat what is well known in the trade, and by those who use the work, that no encyclopædia has had more widespread acceptance and greater permanence than Chambers's. Another point worth noting is that two of the most popular encyclopædias have been edited and produced in Edinburgh, although the supplement to one has been lately produced in London. No books of the same value and reputation have ever been wholly produced in the great metropolis. High-flying ideas in life and literature are shortlived. There is a fortune, however, in what supplies the need of the average individual.

Great ideas, therefore, of practical value, once coined, last through many generations. They are not always immediately profitable, as witness Mr George M. Smith's magnificent scheme for a Dictionary of National Biography, in which he sank a large fortune. Students and literary men owe him a debt of gratitude in all time coming for his monumental work. As founder of the Comhill and a high-class business, he showed great shrewdness, generosity, and enterprise. But the best of men have their limitations. According to Mr Furnivall, he did not forecast the hold which Browning and Ruskin were to gain over present-day readers. While Tennyson's works were earning a royalty of some £5000 a year to the poet-laureate, Browning got scarcely £200. Smith, Elder, & Co. used to print seven hundred and fifty copies of a new poem by Browning, sell from three hundred and eighty to four hundred the first year, from thirty to forty in the second, in the third three dozen, and afterwards odd copies. Mr Smith at first did not see the use of a cheap selection from such a slow-selling poet. Now Browning has found his own public, not so large as Tennyson's, but amongst an intelligent class of the community. The Browning Society and a shilling selection of his poems have a share in the credit of helping the popularity of the poet. When John Ruskin wanted money, after spending his father's large fortune, Mr Smith offered him £2000 for his copyrights. The author of Modern Painters did not accept the offer, but became his own publisher through the medium of Mr George Allen, and was soon earning between £5000 and £6000 a year from new editions of his works. From this start Mr Allen also joined the ranks of the publishing fraternity, and soon gathered a large publishing business. Mr George Smith told Mr Furnivall that he had gone into the publishing of the Cornhill Magazine on business principles. He had resolved to get the best article in the market by paying the best price. His magnificent payments for Romola are well known; but before this he was prepared to pay £2000 to Kingsley, Tom Hughes, or Mrs Gaskell for a novel to run through Comhill, with seven years' copyright attached.

The beginning of the twentieth century witnesses a number of publishers who have built up large businesses and fortunes in a brief period on cheap journals. Sir George Newnes, with no experience of journalism beyond what came to him from reading the journals of the day, knew what he himself liked; and, generalising from his own taste, hit upon the Tit-Bits vein, the nucleus of his business. One night in 1880 he was reading the Manchester Evening News, when he came across a story which pleased and interested him, and he said to his wife, 'There! that's what I call a real tit-bit. This paper, but for it, is to-day decidedly dull, because there is absolutely no news to put into it. Now, why cannot a paper be brought out containing nothing but "tit-bits" such as this?' The successful inauguration of such a paper led to fame and fortune, and it has been widely imitated.

There is an immense amount of wasted energy in the preparation of newspaper and magazine articles which are hawked round—that is, the supply far exceeds any possible demand. For instance, Harper's Magazine, which can only use from two to three hundred articles annually, had twenty thousand offered in a recent year. Letters to editors and publishers, unless under exceptional circumstances, should be brief and business-like. Hundreds of people are tempted by what they hear of the earnings of authors to try their fate, forgetting that the business of authorship may require a long and severe apprenticeship; that the

wish is not always father to success. William Jerdan, of the Literary Gazette, whose experience ranged over the first fifty years of last century, had written hundreds of obituaries of authors in which this was a stereotyped line, 'He died in poverty and left his family in distress.' The brothers Chambers of Edinburgh and Dickens in London were the only two cases which occurred to him while writing where men had done as well through literature as if their talents had been directed to another profession. This is too dark a picture, and happily matters have improved in many respects. With hundreds of new avenues for fresh talent, abundance of cases of great success could be mentioned to-day; although Jerdan, from ten or twelve volumes, none of which had been a failure, did not 'reap as much as would have fed a grasshopper.' The follies of authors must be laid to their own account. Pinnock, of Pinnock's Catechism, while in receipt of a handsome income, made a corner in veneer wood and ruined himself; while Tennyson at a very critical period of his career invested all his capital in a business for wood-carving by machinery. Hypochondria followed, and his life was despaired of! Although a poet, he had as good a grasp of the business side of literature as Scott, else he had never died worth £57,000. The personality of Robert Browning was only £16,000. Carlyle had £35,000 to leave to his relatives, while Craigenputtock estate, which came to him through his wife, went to Edinburgh University. The novelist has greater triumphs too, as witness the sums earned by Trollope, Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot. Even the story of Rab and his Friends, by Dr John Brown, meant something in a pecuniary way. It had a large sale, and the Doctor one day remarked to a friend that he was going to have a holiday on the Continent 'on Rab's Tail!'

Sir Walter Besant, who did not become wholly dependent upon literature until he was fifty, recommends would-be authors to start with some backing, 'a mastership in a school, a Civil Service clerkship, a post as secretary to some institution or society; anything, anything rather than dependence on the pen, and the pen alone.' As secretary of the Palestine Exploration Fund, he had a salary of £300 a year as a stand-by; before he resigned this he was earning another £200 a year by authorship. Not every one can follow this advice or his example, for when unmarried he says he lived in chambers. 'My rent was £40 a year; my laundress, washing, coals, lights, and breakfast cost me about £70 a year. My dinners -it is a great mistake not to feed well-cost me about thirty shillings a week. Altogether I could live very well indeed on about £250 a year. Practically I spent more, because I travelled whenever I could get away, and bought books, and was fond of good claret. The great thing in literary work is always the same—to be independent; not to worry about money, and not to

be compelled to do pot-boiling. I could afford to be anxious about the work and not to be anxious at all about money.' Thus far Sir Walter Besant's secret of success lay in following these rules: '(1) I was not dependent on literature; I could spend time on my work. (2) I began by producing a book on the subject on which I desired to be a specialist. The work had a succès d'estime, and in a sense made my literary fortune. (3) This book opened the doors for me of magazines and reviews. (4) The knowledge of French matters also opened the door of the daily press for me. (5) I followed up the line by a second book on the same subject. The press were again, on the whole, very civil.' The late Robert Buchanan was very fierce upon the subject, and he wrote to Besant: 'I say to you now, out of the fullness of my experience, that had I a son who thought of turning to literature as a means of livelihood, and whom I could not dower with independent means of keeping Barabbas and the markets at bay, I would elect, were the choice mine, to save that son from future misery by striking him dead with my own hand.' Mr T. P. O'Connor is a good deal more hopeful and inspiriting in the experiences he has set down from time to time.

As to poetry, we are supposed to be in a bad way: Mr Stopford Brooke tells us that we have no captains in poetry like Browning or Tennyson, with master-ideas. Mr Jerdan, of the Literary Gazette, once advertised that if any one wanted a ton of bad poetry they might apply at the Literary Gazette Offices, 362 Strand. One fish rose to the bait, in the shape of a certain Henry Johnsone, invalided from the navy, who asked for a quotation for thirty, forty, or fifty pounds weight. He explained that as he was at present confined to his room from ill-health, therefore 'those to-beexpected very interesting papers will form a fund of amusement during that period.' Any remainder bookseller might supply a ton, at waste-paper price, on receiving due notice.

Forty-two years, or the life of an author, is considered too short a period by some authorities for either publisher or writer, or those dependent upon him, to get the full benefit of his literary property. Unless it be very exceptional literary property, the life will have gone out of it long ere the expiry of that period. Nothing is more notable in the literature of to-day than the short-lived nature of the reputations of young authors. These partake of the nature of Jonah's gourd. We need not give examples. The expiry of copyright means cheapening all round, and many publishers now compete in furnishing what formerly was the monopoly of one. There is a distinct public benefit here. The works of Scott and many of the novels of Thackeray and Dickens are out of copyright, and so have been multiplied. Fashions change; but cheap and neat reprints, such as those in Dent's Series or Nelson's Century Library, are

never out of fashion. Charles Dickens continued a custom of an earlier day in having Pickwick issued in shilling parts with green paper covers. Some of Thackeray's novels and those of Lever and Trollope were so issued. No publisher or novelist would think of such a method today, and the three-volume issue has also ceased. Twenty years ago Macmillan & Co. set the fashion of sixpenny reprints in quarto size, which from their inconvenience were soon dropped. We are in the era of much handier crown octavo sixpenny reprints, which sell by the hundred thousand, one novelist admitting the receipt of a cheque for £500 by way of royalty on a book so published, which he thought was quite dead. These sixpenny editions go to a different public from the higher-priced books, the sale of which they neither help nor hinder.

Our national drink-bill is now something like £160,000,000; our national book-bill, including the purchase of school-books and text-books, has been reckoned at between £2,000,000 and £3,000,000, which for a population of forty millions works out at something less than two shillings a head, as against nearly four pounds a head for liquor. It is very difficult to account for the popularity of some books: reviews at least no longer make or mar a book. The sale of Marie Corelli's last novel, which was never sent out for review at all, has been greater than that of any former one. Macaulay believed he had 'smashed' Croker's edition of Boswell's Johnson in the Edinburgh; but this did not prevent Murray from selling between forty and fifty thousand copies. Neither did Croker's onslaught on 'that most mischievous parody of history'-Macaulay's History, which he regarded as an historical romance, that would never be quoted as authority on any question or point of the history of England—prevent the author from handling a cheque for £20,000, only a portion of the profit earned by this laborious work. The newspapers that print reviews, give large space to literature, and print literary gossip are more numerous than ever; so are the special journals which concern themselves with books and bookmen. The man in the street is kept perfectly well informed as to all that is being done amongst authors and publishers.

Bookselling and publishing are far from being lucrative professions as compared with many we could mention. If we consider the labour and risk involved, and the amount of capital sunk, it seems astonishing that many should have done so well. A great idea or a good business may have been inherited and extended. In other cases the business from which the money has been made was founded and extended in the lifetime of the testator. The present John Murray, who once said he belonged to the obstetric branch of the great literary community, hinted that if a man wanted riches he must appeal not to the great heart of the people, not to the great head of the people, but to the great stomach of the people: beer or pills or soda-water must claim his attention. The estate of the late George M. Smith, of Smith, Elder, & Co., was £761,965; but this was not all earned in publishing. That of Thomas Nelson, of T. Nelson & Sons, who died at the age of sixty-nine, was £630,867; George William Petter, of Cassell, Petter, & Galpin, £520,561; Alexander Macmillan, of Macmillan & Co., £179,011; Adam Black, of A. & C. Black, £147,261; George Routledge, £94,774; George Lock, of Ward, Lock, & Co., £119,010; George Bentley, of Richard Bentley & Son, £85,845; George Bell, of George Bell & Sons, £35,596; the late John Murray, £71,000; Francis Black, £72,000; Sir Thomas Clark, of T. & T. Clark, £210,566.

These are small amounts as compared with what some millionaires and multimillionaires—great iron-masters, shipowners, brewers, or distillers—have died possessed of. Yet if all are animated by the noble purpose of Daniel Macmillan, founder of the firm of Macmillan & Co., that 'as truly as God lives we are His ministers and help to minister to the well-being of the souls of men,' there are large compensations. While laborious, exacting, and risky, publishing has its prizes, and the thought that in the exercise of his profession he has added to the recreation or moral and intellectual well-being of the community ought to be no slight solace to any publisher or literary man.

THE INTERVENTION OF GRICE, JUNIOR.

PART III.



TH the obtrusion of this minor interest, Loddard felt his power of concentration weakened. Trying to make up his arrears of work on his return from the walk, he found the picture of his hostess—as, gazing

with wistful eyes over the gray sea, she had told her meagre little story—interpose between himself and his writing-pad, and midnight saw him abandon the fruitless task in disgust.

All-unconsciously, the laudable if injudicious desire to brighten Mrs Kennett's dull existence retarded the completion of Loddard's novel. The writing that had made such notable progress during the early days of his sojourn at Mershfields languished. Interest in his landlady's affairs insidiously usurped the place in his thoughts that rightly belonged to the characters of his story. Sitting with a pen in his hand and foolscap before him, Loddard often discovered

himself mechanically scribbling little horses over the paper, the while he sought, by listening to the sounds of the house, to gather what Mrs Kennett's occupation was.

On the afternoon succeeding their evening walk he strolled up to West Mershfields ostensibly to replenish his store of tobacco, actually to inspect the ubiquitous Mr Grice.

That Mr Grice was an important personage in Mershfields there could be no uncertainty. The notice-board outside the little Independent Chapel bore his name as lay pastor. W. P. Grice was emblazoned large in gilt letters over the window of the bakery; and, entering the grocery and post-office combined, Loddard interviewed Mr Grice.

It must be confessed that Mrs Kennett's providence proved to be cast in a different mould from that anticipated by her guest. He was tall, broad-shouldered, and muscular, with stiff black hair and a bushy black moustache. His manner while discussing the relative merits of rival brands of tobacco, and recommending a special blend of his own, was courteous yet dignified, as befitted a man of substance. Even when viewed with a background of the tea-canisters, jam-jars, tin saucepans, balls of twine, and all the household multifaria that go to the furnishing of a village store, Mr Grice gave an impression of strenuous individuality. Then, his purchase completed, Loddard quitted the shop endowed with an unwilling respect for its owner.

That Mr Grice's concern for Mrs Kennett's welfare might be caused by any sentiment deeper than goodwill did not occur to Loddard, who imagined that Mr Grice's possession of two little daughters augured also the ownership of a wife. It was an unpleasant shock to him when, walking in the burial-ground surrounding the weather-beaten church, taking notes of quaint local names graven on the tombstones, he came upon that of Grice: 'Sacred to the memory of Rebecca, beloved wife of W. P. Grice, of this parish.' So ran the inscription, and the date proved indubitably that for the past three years Mr Grice had been a widower.

Probably Mrs Kennett doubted her own discretion, for their evening walk was not repeated. When Loddard suggested its recurrence she declined, pleading urgent home occupations; but Loddard, finding out the hours when her services were required at the Independent Chapel, chanced to be in the vicinity when her labours ended, ready to escort her home. To such apparently casual encounters she could scarcely formulate objections.

Sundry ginger-hued bills announcing a prospective charity entertainment by the Amateur Dramatic Club of the nearest town, exhibited in the windows of the local library, suggested a ready-to-hand means of introducing a little variety into the monotony of his landlady's days; and Loddard lost no time in securing two reserved

seats. Had he waited to gain Mrs Kennett's consent before buying the tickets the purchase would not have been made. As it was, she raised sincere demur against the seeming levity of her witnessing a theatrical performance. Hard experience, however, engenders an exaggerated respect for the value of money; so when Loddard, in a fit of boyish petulance at her obduracy, spoke of tearing up the tickets if she refused to accompany him, and showed signs of promptly putting his threat into action, Mrs Kennett conquered her scruples and went.

To Loddard, whom familiarity with the best London theatres had rendered fastidious, the naïve delight evinced by his companion was a treat. It was the first stage-play she had witnessed, and even its many and obtrusive faults failed to lessen her enjoyment.

The first act was half through before the stage management discovered that the footlights were yet unlit. The star actor took one of Toole's most sprightly parts at a funeral pace. An untimely accession of modesty impelled the leading lady to turn her back to the audience and whisper her lines. The minor characters made inconsequent motions with the arms as though swimming. Even the curtain essayed the time-honoured pleasantry familiar to amateur curtains of descending unexpectedly in the middle of an act, and refusing to be cajoled down at its close.

Loddard's ridicule awoke no response in Mary Kennett. To her it was all dazzlingly beautiful and brilliantly witty; and the knowledge that a crudely acted farce meant intense enjoyment to her aroused fresh stounds of pity in her companion's impressionable heart.

The reserved seats had been almost empty. That small proportion of Mershfields' residents who patronised dramatic entertainments deemed it folly to expend two shillings a head when they could witness the same performance nearly as comfortably for one shilling, or even for sixpence. Before the curtain rose on the suburban drawing-room setting that, with some slight redisposition of the furniture, served for both plays, Mrs Kennett's feeling that their position was unduly conspicuous rendered her constrained and nervous. With the enjoyment of the acting her apprehensions vanished; but during the walk homewards they returned threefold, and the sudden cessation of her happy chatter made Loddard demand the reason of her silence.

'I know it seems ungrateful after all your kindness in taking me, Mr Loddard; but I was wondering what the chapel folks would say if they knew I had gone.'

'Nonsense; don't worry about a trifle like that. What right have they to criticise you, I'd like to know?' he replied lightly, drawing her arm through his own, for the night was moonless and the path uneven. 'Still, I'm certain I shouldn't have gone. If my going is likely to give offence to—to any one, it can't have been right to go, I know,' she answered.

There was a quaver in her voice, and Loddard's lurking jealousy took fire instantly.

'You're thinking of that Grice, I do believe,' he said pettishly. 'Pity you didn't ask his permission before coming!'

Mrs Kennett did not deny the imputation. 'Mr Grice is very strict,' she admitted; 'and he has always been so kind. I wouldn't like to disappoint Mr Grice. Still,' she added, extracting evident comfort from the thought, 'I didn't see any of the chapel people there, so perhaps he may not hear about it.'

However, a little bird had carried the news; and the next evening Loddard, seated at the writing-table engaged in a futile attempt to devise a wholly original method of satisfying justice by bringing condign vengeance on his villains, saw the stalwart figure of Mr Grice enter the gate. He wore a tall hat and his Sunday frock-coat—Loddard would have rejoiced had it been ill-fitting, but the garment clothed his rival's manly figure to a nicety—and his expression was grave as though intent upon serious business.

Loddard's acute ears heard Mrs Kennett utter a little exclamation of dismay when she opened the front door; he heard their footsteps enter the back parlour, and thereafter all he gathered of the interview was the muffled thunder of Mr Grice's deep voice.

Quarter of an hour dragged into half-an-hour. The light had faded; and Loddard, finding work hopeless, smoked fiercely, the while he tried to conjure up a vision of the scene that was being enacted on the farther side of the lath-and-plaster wall.

'Absurd that I should be jealous of a Grice—a—a pastor-y-baker,' he assured himself, finding puerile and unworthy consolation in the foolish pun. As the moments wore on the irritation of his never-patient soul increased. The murmur of the indistinguishable converse maddened him. He yearned for the right to take part therein, for the authority of defending the shrinking little woman from what he esteemed the insolent tyranny of the despot Grice.

The hands of the little marble timepiece—which, as its brass plate announced, had been presented to Mr Kennett on the occasion of his marriage by the scholars and pupil-teachers of Wilmcote School—had crawled round to a quarterpast eight; and, taking advantage of the fact that eight o'clock was his supper-time, Loddard tugged viciously at the bell.

His somewhat mean subterfuge proved entirely successful. A minute later he had the satisfaction of hearing the gate clang behind the retreating form of Mr Grice; but, to Loddard's keen disappointment, it was the little maid who hobbled in

to spread the cloth. Her mistress, she said in reply to his inquiry, had gone to bed with a headache; and Loddard, writhing in impotence, had vain thoughts of demanding an interview with the domineering Grice. Then, commonsense prevailing, he worked off his steam by writing a long letter to Pixley, who had always been his confidant, giving a full account of the occurrence, and probably affording Pixley a much clearer conception of the state of his feelings than he had any intention of doing.

Next morning the reappearance of the juvenile servitor showed that Mrs Kennett was purposely avoiding him; and Loddard, his pride aroused by the idea that in her dealings with him she must be acting upon the counsel of Mr Grice, hotly resolved to ignore her.

As the hours wore by his resolution weakened; and when only the initial steps of his afternoon walk had been taken he turned abruptly, and retracing his steps, re-entered the house, and tapped peremptorily at the door of the back parlour.

Mrs Kennett, who was bending disconsolately over the worn tablecloth she professed to darn, started at his sudden appearance, looking up at him through tear-reddened eyes.

'What does this mean? Why have you boycotted me?' Loddard demanded. Then, his resentment melting before her evident distress, he added more gently: 'It is hardly fair to coldshoulder me without warning, is it?'

Fresh tears had welled up at his words. 'I know it was unkind and rude; but I thought it was—wise,' Mrs Kennett murmured huskily as, taking up the needle—from which the involuntary start wherewith she had greeted her guest's entrance had jerked the darning linen—she tried to rethread it, an attempt frustrated by her tear-dimmed vision.

'What did that man say to you?' Loddard asked. 'Grice, I mean; I saw him come in last night.'

'He said my conduct was unbecoming—that I ought to be irreproachable—a—an example to the rest of the congregation.'

'Unbecoming—simply because you went to a blatant amateur performance of an idiotic farce! Great powers! and you sat here and listened, and meekly endured his confounded intermeddling! You are your own mistress surely, and yet you allow this—Grice—to march into your house and dictate what you should or should not do!'

Mrs Kennett was feebly seeking to defend her conduct by repeating her well-worn formula regarding the past kindness of her self-appointed censor, when Loddard interposed. 'What else did he say? He couldn't possibly lecture for hours on your sinful playgoing?'

Her hands ceased their futile attempts to guide the thread through the needle's eye, and dropped helplessly into her lap. Two tears that had hung trembling on the verge of her long eyelashes, escaping, rolled down her cheeks; but her quivering lips made no reply.

'He said something about me, I know, and you must tell me what it was, or I swear I'll go to him this moment and insist upon learning.'

'Oh no, you must not do that! Oh, I hope you won't!' urged Mrs Kennett, alarmed by the half-uttered threat. 'Mr Grice did not mention your name—he really didn't. He only said that he thought that in future it would be more discreet if—if I only took—lady lodgers.'

'Well, of all the infernal impudence!' Loddard ejaculated. Then, fired by the determination at all costs to circumvent the detested Grice, he seated himself on the sofa beside his hostess, and captured the trembling hand that held the cotton. In his joy at finding it make no effort towards release, a flood of burning words rushed pell-mell to his lips. A moment later and he would have made irrevocable confession of feeling that, though evanescent, was at the time perfectly sincere; but with the utterance of the first words came a peremptory knocking at the front door, a summons so violent that its sudden onslaught wellnigh shook the flimsy structure of the dwelling.

The absurd notion that some emissary of his rival had come to prevent the declaration of his sentiments flashed through Loddard's thoughts; but almost before it had time to formulate, the maid brought in a telegram addressed to himself.

Tearing it open, he read the laconic message: 'Return London instantly. Urgent reason. Bring manuscript and luggage.—PIXLEY.'

Loddard knew his friend Pixley well enough to realise that no trivial necessity had called forth this peremptory demand for his return to town; and natural curiosity as to the nature of the pressing business completely routed all idea of love-making from his mind. 'Return instantly,' the telegram said; and a hurried glance at the local time-table showing that there was just time to catch a train, he despatched the juvenile maid to hire a conveyance, and rushed upstairs to pack his belongings. Before his preparations were complete the wagonette, wherein the proud messenger had returned seated in state, was waiting at the gate, and but scant leisure remained in which to bid his hostess adieu.

They said 'good-bye' in the narrow hall. The wistful brown eyes upturned to his held the pathetic patience of those to whom the 'slings and arrows' are no novelty; but their owner did not trust herself to speak.

Loddard would gladly have shown his sympathy by some outward manifestation of tenderness; but a suggestive creaking at the farther end of the passage, giving warning that the juvenile menial was peeping through the half-open kitchen door, forbade the possibility of an affectionate leave-taking.

'I must run away now,' he whispered, tightly grasping her cold hand. 'Only dire necessity takes me; you know that—don't you? But I'll come back in no time—to-morrow or next day at farthest. Watch for me at the window. I'd like to think of you doing that.'

THE ETHER AND WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

By ST JOHN RICHARDS.



CIENTIFIC progress is attended by a simplification of means with an extension of results. The discovery that water always finds its level abolished the need for aqueducts like those of ancient Rome; the

discovery that the earth itself completes the circuit of the electric current disposed of twentythree out of the twenty-four wires which were employed in the earliest systems of telegraphy; and now the researches of Hertz and of Joseph Henry, developed and applied by the inventive genius of Signor Marconi, have established the surprising fact that telegraphic wires are altogether unnecessary, as electric currents may be made to traverse immense distances without any connecting medium other than that afforded by the ether of space. This discovery shows once again how ready the energies of Nature are to be yoked in the service of man, provided he conforms to the conditions necessitated by the laws of their operations. Like the genius of the lamp, they must yield obedience to him who possesses the talismanic secret of their movements.

To trace the rise of the new telegraphy we must go back a little. In 1842 Joseph Henry, of America, observed that an electric current circulating through a coil placed on the roof of his house was instantaneously repeated on another coil lying in the basement, and this despite the intervening floors and ceilings and the distance of thirty feet apart. In 1858 James Simpson, of Dundee, succeeded in transmitting messages across the river Tay by means of wires on both sides of the stream lying parallel to each other; but his early death prevented him from developing his method. The greatest name, however, in this connection is that of Hertz, who in 1888 conducted a series of experiments as to the radiation of energy into 'free space' and its reception by means of syntonised receivers. It is along this line of research that Marconi has travelled, and has been able successfully to demonstrate that, by the aid of a suitable transmitter and receiver, electric messages can be sent through 'free space' over wide areas. Marconi's system is now in operation between two of the Channel Islands and between light-ships and the coast. Marconi declares that the distance the current can be made to travel depends entirely on the amount of the exciting energy, so that with a large transmitter he can flash 'with a celerity no less than thought' a message to America. In the presence of these practical results and the promise of more to follow, the inquiring mind naturally asks, 'How can these things be?' Strange as the process seems, there must be an explanation, for

Miracles are ceased; And therefore we must needs admit the means How things are perfected.

The answer to the question is: the ether does it. But the explanation that can be given of the process at present is only partial, principally because of our ignorance as to the composition and properties of the ether. This ether is not, of course, the anæsthetic, but the ether of space, in which, as scientists now agree, is to be found the origin and explanation of the great forces of light, heat, chemical action, and electricity. For the purpose of understanding how electric waves travel, the ether must (at least until the new granular theory has been further investigated) be conceived as an elastic, continuous jelly of infinite tenuity which fills all space and permeates all substances. It fills equally the intervals between the great bodies of the solar system and the interstices between the molecules and atoms of matter itself. That matter is quite solid is a popular delusion. It is now proved that no substance is absolutely solid. For instance, the metals on the railway lines, though tempered before being laid, are so porous as to be constantly contracting and expanding according to the temperature. A long tree-trunk, the ends being sawn off, will transmit the sound of a needle scratching at one end so that it can be heard at the other. Blocks of

stone from a quarry are allowed to stand years in the open before being used, so that the gases of the atmosphere may soak into their substance and render them hard and durable.

Now, heat travelling through metal, sound through wood, and chemical action through stone are quite commonplace phenomena to what Nature is performing every instant in the vast laboratory of the universe. The force of gravitation which holds our solar system in its place, the heat and light from the sun which sustain life on our planet, have to traverse distances that dazzle the mind to contemplate; yet in these great instances, as well as in the apparently smaller ones specified, the ether is doubtless the medium in and by which they travel. It is the connecting-link between worlds and between atoms. The 'ether,' says Professor Slack, 'must be so thin and so light that an inconceivable quantity would be required to weigh a pound. Yet, when in motion, the marvellous speed of its oscillations enables it to exert gigantic force. In consequence of its wonderful elasticity it can convey light a million times quicker than air can convey sound.'

This potent, all-pervading ether ignores the existence of material obstacles to its progress, and thus it is that the secret of wireless telegraphy is to generate electric waves and launch them into the ether, and the ether will convey them to wherever the prepared or syntonised receivers are waiting to absorb and register them. The ether, then, is the actual transmitter of wireless telegraph messages.

It is only in recent years that the ether has become a subject of scientific investigation, and already, as mentioned, many of the cosmic forces have been traced to its action. The success attained in transmitting electric waves by its agency is startling evidence of its reality and its possibilities, and may be taken as a sure indication of other wonderful developments to follow.

MY LITTLE AFFAIR WITH THE BASQUES.

By C. EDWARDES.



OLLINGTON,' said the Duke to me (though he wasn't a duke really till a year later) one blazing day early in July 1813, when he had caught me yawning on the river side of the Chofres—as pretty a

mark for the Frenchmen t'other bank of the river as well could be—'you can spend your time for the nation better than that. Step this way.'

Sabre-point! I don't suppose a man in the army—ay, in both armies—felt more ashamed of himself at that moment. To be dropped on like a loafer! And yet, when you come to the truth, we were most of us having an idle time then, waiting for

the river to dry up to give us a decent chance of a crossing. Rey, the Governor of San Sebastian's fort La Mota, knew we had a warm thing on; and all the Frenchies were taking a rest. It wasn't their business to waste ammunition until they'd got something solid and red to pepper at; for they couldn't tell how soon our authorities at home were going to wake up and send the General the ships he hungered for, to block the town seawards and stop that confounded dribble landwards from French ports of belly-cheer and powder, which made some of us weep—that is, grind our teeth—at such a missing of opportunities.

I jumped up as if I had got another bullet in the

mere meat of my leg. Vittoria, a month ago, had treated me to that pleasure, and the bit of lead itself was laid by for my wee daughter Molly to play with, if so be I might get home a sound man and not a white-haired old cripple with the very lead itself melted in my pocket from old age and the heat of countless summers in Spain. For who could tell how long we were to be fighting battles for the Dons, and what trouble their pig-headed ingratitude might land us in ere the peace was signed?

'Your humble servant, sir!' I said, saluting and thinking to myself that it was all up with my hopes of an adventure for the next three months. The General was going to punish me by putting me on commissariat work: that, or prisoners' guard, or worse still. But devil a bit of that it was, praised be his lordship for his ripe good sense!

'You're the only man in my army, Tollington, who gets fat on exercise,' said the Duke dryly.

He said that, turned to see which of his suite had laughed, and then turned to the other side to see what Sir Tom Ryle meant by daring to warn him about anything.

A round-shot splintered a few square yards of granite close to the left of us, making one man sing out and hop into the air. Those artful beggars had sighted us, and found the temptation irresistible, that was all; and enough too, if they had shoved their gun's muzzle an inch or two more to the south. Then, by my faith! there would have been no Wellington at Waterloo, and my little Molly would have had her flaxen pigtail tied with crape inside a month, and be crying in her leisure moments, 'Oh, my poor daddy!'

'From the Mirador, sir,' said Sir Tom.

But the Duke said nothing; he just jerked his head at me, and I followed him, the others drawing apart. And, in the words of the Scriptures, my heart leaped within me, for I knew by the lie of his lips that he'd been looking for some one to do special service, and had now found just that same suitable person.

'Tollington, you know the Basques, I think,' he said quickly. 'I want you to get off at once to Olazazagua yonder'—he nodded towards the Pyrenees—'and use your wits. You have brains as well as stomach, when you like to use them, and I request you to use them in thorough earnest, sir, on this occasion. The safety of my rear depends on your activity and intelligence.'

That was proud hearing. If I beamed thanksgivings in the General's face, who can blame me? I'd have kissed his hand as soon as the Pope's toe at that moment, which, for a conscientious Catholic, is saying no small thing, let me tell you.

'Are you following me, sir?' he inquired sharply, with the clink of bright steel in his voice.

'Yes, sir,' said I.

'Very well; be off with you. Those infernal rascals with the infernal language of their own are playing crooked as usual. I can't be hampered by them at this stage in the campaign, when—— But never mind that. Get to this place, Olazazagua, and say "Adam and Eve" to Father Dinis, who has the souls of the villagers in his keeping. He takes British pay, and has done nothing for it hitherto. What there is to tell, presumably, he will tell you. If you have any reason to believe he is trying any traitorous dodges on me, you are empowered to punish him as a traitor after you have summed up the situation. I believe some four thousand of the rascals are massed by that village. It's unaccountable that Dinis has held his tongue about it. Find out their game and report to me in person as speedily as possible. Do you understand me?

'Perfectly, General.'

'Then good-morning. Of course you will make up as a Basque. You're shaped like one. That's all.'

He gave me the curtest of flourishes and rejoined his staff; and I, knowing my General, didn't say another word, but just started for camp to get into stockinged legs and don flat cap and one of those amazing thick cloaks with which the delicate mountain Ajaxes keep the damp out of their precious throats. I accounted myself about half a dead man already; but that made no difference to my feet. They and the rest of me had just been fretting for an adventure, and here we had it offered to us in rare measure, brim-full and running over.

It was to be yet again that cheerful and invigorating alternative, 'Success or Death; but Failure never!' Put the words in Latin and you have the motto of the house of Tollington, than which there is none more honourable in all Ireland, from Antrim's Head to Ballydavid by Dingle Bay.

In less than half-an-hour I was a Basque to the life, barring my thoughts and my soul; and cursing that cloak—ay, and even the bit of a net-bag in which I carried my bread-and-cheese, and the straw glove that was to do more for me in this joke, I reckoned, than even the General's passwords, 'Adam and Eve.' Faith, too! I'd got my shillelagh as well, and no weapon else. They're a smart lot with the stick and the ball in these chestnutty mountains of Biscaya, and I trusted fully as much to my own accomplishments in these matters as to Father Dinis of Olazazagua for my body's salvation and the good work I was to do for the British army.

You see, I'd had the luck early in this pestilent Spanish war to be captured and held fast Zumarraga way for nigh on a year while the rest of us were enjoying times in Portugal; and, as my method was, I'd made myself much at home in the highland village where I was a prisoner. I could patter enough of their mysterious lingo to serve my turn; and I had proved myself a wonderful pelota man. It was this last that got me my freedom, and now I meant to see what it could do for me in the more northern parts of this same muddled little land of mountains and conceited peasants with the pedigrees and blazonry of princes.

It was not far I pushed that night, maybe five

miles past the farthest of our outposts. 'Twas as a wandering idiot-man that they made me welcome in the village where I passed the night. I thanked them for that hint, and had no difficulty all the next day in leading every Biscayan I met to believe I was one of the greatest idiots, loose on his travels to avoid the heat of the lowlands.

I'm not saying this state of things was flattering to me. It was not, indeed. But it served me.

It was escorted by two ladies as broad as long that on the second night I came among the dark houses and broad eaves of Olazazagua, with the chestnut-trees all round it, and merry trout-streams lacing the fields, with the white tents of a small army set amid the meadow flowers.

'The poor fool is on a pilgrimage—he has no friends,' said one of these gracious dames to the first Olazazagua man we met.

'And,' said the other, even more graciously, 'though it is impossible a brainless man can commit guilty sins, he does nothing in the world but ask for Father Dinis of Olazazagua. He says no one but Father Dinis can give him a white soul again.'

The Olazazagua man made a coarse remark about the size of my stomach and laughed. 'Father Dinis is busy with the soldiers,' he said. 'Besides, there is a romeria [saints'-day fair] this afternoon, with games, and his reverence has much money on two of the contests. He has no time for fools. I'll take the booby to a house where there is another one like him, and in the morning perhaps the priest may spare him ten minutes for confession.'

I went with this Olazazagua man like a pet-lamb led by a string, feeling finely stirred by the sight of these martial goings-on.

'What is it?' I asked, with a clumsy jibber, pointing to the troops on the green.

'Ha! he!' laughed my man. 'The English shall learn what it is, all in our good time, my poor fool.'

This said, the rascal made a dive at my bag and pulled out my pelots glove; then he stood still and bellowed; and, having bellowed his breath away, he shouted in a whisper, and a number of men as black-browed and broad-chested as himself, with their ugly womenkind to match, came running from their houses and porch seats to see what the matter was.

My glove was the matter, and the questions they threw at me showed that if I were a fool I had suddenly become a respectable one.

They asked me if I was for the contest that afternoon, and if I was perchance the champion from Bilbao who was expected to try and take the conceit out of their own pet, one Juan Gorostegui—bless his father for giving him such a name!

But to all this never a plain word said I. My thoughts were hard at work, and, mind you! it was early to change my character all at once.

And so the hubbub echoed off, and I was taken to a house set on the hillside, above the village, where I found my fellow-fool; and the sight of him gave me a small shock, for he was an unmistakable Frenchy, with irons on his legs, and a volley of sacrés when he saw my conductor. An ape-faced woman had him in charge—a woman with arms and shoulders like an artilleryman's; and to her my man said, as he passed me in, 'Another babe for you to suckle, mother.' With that, ere I'd got my senses properly ranged, I too was seized and chained up like a wild beast out of a forest.

Before he left the house the man explained that martial-law of a very fierce kind would be in vogue in Olazazagua for the next few days. All strangers, fools or otherwise, were to be secured until the Basque army had set forth to have its cut at my lord by the Urumea; and, though I spoke Basque of a sort, they were obliged to do their duty even towards a poor fool like me.

'That is, if you are sure you are not the Chiquito from Bilbao?' he finished.

And then, faith! I made my stroke. 'It's just that same I am,' I said; 'only a fever has bewitched my head and made me the sick man I am. This and the trouble of getting past the outposts of the soldiers by the sea.'

That staggered him.

'It's Father Dinis who'll know best what you are,' quoth he, and left me with my companion. The old woman went out to shell beans, and straight the Frenchy aired his tongue to me.

The language he used was very bad even for a man of his nation. He cursed the Basques hip and thigh, root and branch, from priest downwards; and most he cursed them for their brazen treachery.

Having got thus far, and astonished me with the news that he had come to Olazazagua on purpose to instigate them to take just the step they were taking on their own initiative, and had nevertheless been shut up as a spy, this Captain Delaforte told me a great thing. I reckon he really was a fool, or disappointment had watered his brain. That and the comfort of finding that I could understand his dear Paris talk greased his tongue famously.

'Once let me get out of this satanic village,' he cried, 'and I've the most certain plan in my head for blowing Lord Wellington's army to perdition. It came to me last night when I was fighting the fleas. I shall tell it you straight that you may see why I'm so uneasy. There is the aqueduct. It runs underground where the British position is. Voila! With the powder, and a company of fine spirits like myself, the thing is done!'

Faith! I gaped at the donkey as if I saw no sense in him; but I bottled up the idea and—then forgot it, for there were visitors at the door, and with them a fat, turnip-headed man in a shovel-hat whom I guessed to be my Father Dinis.

'Welcome!' said he slyly, making the sign of the Cross and screwing up his eyes at me.

It was on my tongue to cry out 'Adam and Eve' there and then; but the temper of the Frenchman gave me wisdom. Like enough, he had come with credentials from Governor Rey as good as mine

from Lord Wellington. And what better should I be then?

So I just stuck to my fib about the *pelota* business. If his reverence liked, I would show him a specimen of my stroke, asking him to make allowance for the weak state of my head. And was it not a wonderfully unkind thing that I should be chained up for just nothing at all, at all, as if I too were a bloodyminded soldier engaged in the devastation of the country?

That scored.

With his own hands Father Dinis freed me. He was a sly one. He tried to pump me about what I had seen on the coast, but I had seen nothing except my feet on the white roads. And then, sure enough, he let out his rascally secret.

'On your return to Bilbao, my son,' he said, 'you shall see the bones of many an Englishman, if Heaven so wills it to help us.'

'Amen!' said I; 'if Heaven so wills it.'

'You will return no champion of Olazazagua, Hernani; but that is what you shall see, my son,' he said on, with an oily wink.

For two pins I could have got at his throat and settled him at that moment, so mad was I with him for hoaxing the General. But a wiser instinct controlled me, and I was soon doing my best to revive the skill as a pelota player which had done me so good a turn three or four years earlier. Maybe a hundred folks watched me; and the most of them laughed. They did not reckon I should beat their Gorostegui if I played no better than that. But I kept my underhand volleys up my sleeve, as it were; the more resolutely, too, when I heard my friend the priest gloating for all hearers about the bets he had certainly won. He had backed Gorostegui heavily, and he offered odds of three to one now against me.

They do this kind of thing in Biscaya, priests and people, quite as a matter of course. But Father Dinis was an out-and-outer.

The time passed merrily now until the games. Had the Olazazagua wine been stronger than it was, faith! it's not sure I am I could quite so handsomely have kept up my part of the sun-struck Chiquito from Bilbao. They petted me finely, did the men who had put their money on me from sheer respect for the Chiquito's reputation. But I kept my head clear, for how knew I that at any instant this confounded Bilbao man might not turn up and make things blue for me? Moreover, I had to get back to the camp without loss of time.

As to the ways and means of this, my brains were bothering about them even when that tournament in the *pelota* court had begun. I didn't see my way that day, bedad! for there was to be a rare banquet to wind up the evening. And in the morning those Basque warriors were to march!

But let me move now at the trot. Somehow the spirit of the game caught me when I had lost forty points to Gorostegui's twenty-eight. I recovered my knack at the *cruzado* deliveries, and in a quarter

of an hour the tables were being turned. How the fellows did roar their applause! And how uncomfortably Father Dinis nursed his blue chin and stared!

Another quarter of an hour and my side had run out a winner on the fifty points, leaving the Olazazagua champion and his dummy colleague staggered at thirty-five. I had done more. In the excitement of my joy (plus a little wholesome revenge), I had wound up the victory by a stinging and artful side-stroke which sent the ball, hard as a cannon-shot, at the head of Father Dinis himself. His reverence was lying with a brain concussion, and I was wearing my laurels with what grace I could.

It was at about eleven o'clock, under half a moon, that I slipped out of the village. Walking all night, I sighted the sea when the sun had been up a dangerous number of hours; and then, a weary but proud man, I sought out the General and made my report. I told him besides what I had made up my mind to tell him about that unlucky Frenchman's idea of the aqueduct. And, faith! that's maybe where I made the mistake; for, though it led to the famous mine of the 25th, and the simultaneous attack over the river, we didn't make much profit out of either the one or the other. Lieutenant Reid got more credit for his crawl up the pipe of the aqueduct than Captain Tollington (though it's I that say it), who suggested it all. 'Tis ever the way: you must be successful if you want to succeed; and this one bad egg a little spoiled my credit for the Olazazagua business.

Mentioned in the despatches? To be sure I was; and the General himself said 'Well done!' to me. But this was all the direct reward I got for those three days' work; this, and a gratified conscience, which is a good thing for any one to have, man or boy.

The news reached us later that Father Dinis died of his hurt brain and annoyance at the defeat of the Basques when these came down their hills like ants into the ambush which, thanks to me, was prepared for them. Well, he deserved to die for his crookedness, and that's all about it.

TO A GABLIC AIR.

THE Faëry Folk have wiled your face away
From our familiar place and starry skies,
And made a whirling veil of snow and spray
To blind me from your eyes.
Come yet again;

Our curlew's cry doth utter all the pain
My heart feels for thy memories kind,
And sweetness thou hast left behind.
When twilight comes, unbar the door,
Steal out across the drifted floor,
And homeward turn thy face, ah! heart's desire.
Dreary, dreary is the moor,
Waste and weary is the shore.

Waste and weary is the ahore, Oh! come to warm thy hands by the old fire. Јони М. Нау.



MEMORIES OF HALF A CENTURY.

By R. C. LEHMANN.

PART I.



MUST premise that the memories of which I propose to write are not exclusively, or even mainly, my own. My certificate of birth forbids me (by a narrow and decreasing margin, it is true!) to think of looking back

through the whole of the formidable period of fifty years. No: it is from letters written to or by my father and mother, supplemented here and there by my own recollection, that I shall draw the materials of these memories. I can only hope that I may be able to communicate to those who read them here some part of the pleasure that I myself feel in calling to mind the beloved and honoured names of those who were for many years the friends of my parents, and who are endeared to me not only on that account, but also by the memory of great and unvarying kindness bestowed by them upon the son of their friends.

As I write I can summon a long procession of the departed. At its head marches Charles Dickens, and after him come Wilkie Collins, Lord Lytton, Lord Houghton, Barry Cornwall, Charles Reade, G. H. Lewes, George Eliot, John Forster, Sir Edwin Landseer, Sir John Millais, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Robert Browning, Sir Alexander Cockburn the Lord Chief-Justice, James Payn, Sir George Grove, and many another. Nor must I forget my grandiather, Robert Chambers, clarum et venerabile nomen not only to his descendants but to all who value great powers of intellect and a noble devotion to good causes. Of nearly all these I hope to have something to relate in the course of these papers.

A few words by way of preface I must say about my father and mother. My mother was the eldest of the eight daughters of Robert Chambers. Born in Edinburgh in 1830, she was married there in 1852 to my father, he being her senior by four years. My grandfather on the paternal side was a distinguished portrait-painter living in Hamburg, and my father, the youngest of five sons, had left

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his home at a very early age, and had come to England to fit himself for a mercantile career. Later on he established himself in Leith, and it was while living there that he was introduced to the Chambers family.

My father was a man of great force of character, unbounded energy, and tireless industry. Immersed though he was in the daily struggle of his business, he never allowed it to dull his interest in art, music, and literature. He was the son and the brother of distinguished painters, and was himself an excellent performer on the violin. My mother, as the daughter of Robert Chambers, had lived from her earliest days in a literary atmosphere. She had known and conversed with great men, her own father not least among them. Moreover, like her mother and her sisters, she was musical to the finger-tips. Her playing of the piano was a revelation of the divine capacities of that difficult and much-abused instrument. She had a touch (alas that I should have to think of it as the touch of a vanished hand!) from which the notes seemed to flow in streams of liquid jewels. Her ear was faultless, and not less so was the instinctive sympathy with which she gave life and symmetry and charm to any piece that she might play. Tenderness or rapture, yearning or passion—all the emotions that the musician strives to express were within the range of those frail but wonderworking fingers moving over the keyboard with a quickness, a precision, and an ease that would have been astonishing had the movements not seemed so perfectly natural and inevitable. The praise may seem high, but there are many still living who can testify to its simple truth.

Thus it came about that my father and mother after they were married were able to secure many friendships in the great world of art and music and literature. Readers of this *Journal*, I may assume, will appreciate with a special interest reminiscences connected with Robert Chambers and his family. Reserved.]

Dec. 27, 1902.

I transcribe the following passage from some manuscript notes and reminiscences put together by my father in 1884:

'I made the acquaintance of the Chambers family in 1851. My violin was the key which opened the house to me. All of them were passionately fond of music. Robert Chambers himself played the flute very fairly, and his wife and some of the daughters were not only excellent pianists, but were endowed with musical faculties to a very unusual degree. I remember a little dance for which Mrs Chambers and one of the girls played the music on a piano and a harmonium. Musicians will understand my surprise when I heard the daughter interrupt her mother, saying, "Not in G, mamma; let us play it in A;" whereupon they resumed in the altered key, as if such transposition, instead of being a difficult and intricate feat, was the simplest and most natural attribute of the performance.

'All strangers of distinction flocked to the house in Doune Terrace, Edinburgh, and eminent travellers made a point of bringing a letter to Robert Chambers, so as to have the advantage of being shown over the town by the author of The Traditions of Edinburgh. I remember his coming home after a long day spent on some such errand, and saying, "To-day I took a very pleasant party of Americans over Edinburgh, and I know they will think me one of the most charming and interesting of guides, for they talked incessantly, and never allowed me to get a word in edgewise." I believe it was during one of the meetings of the British Association, when Robert Chambers had several eminent foreign men of science staying at his house, that the family narrowly escaped the catastrophe of an explosion, for a sweetly innocent professor from Pisa had, on retiring to rest, and being left alone with the, to him, novel incident of gas, blown it out instead of turning it off. Luckily not much had been turned on; the professor, being presumably trained by the smells of Pisa, had had his slumbers only slightly disturbed, and the trouble was fortunately not discovered till daylight.

'What remained of Edinburgh literary society congregated at the house. Professor Aytoun and Sheriff Gordon, who, by the way, were Christopher North's sons-in-law, were constant visitors, and Mrs Crowe, the authoress of *The Night-Side of Nature*, Susan Hopley, &c., often stayed there.

'Robert Chambers had three sons and eight daughters. Of the sons, two were at the time I am speaking of little boys, and the eldest, then a young man of about nineteen, was away from home. The eight daughters were of all ages, ranging from mere babyhood up to twenty-one, and the female element bore undisputed sway in the house. My mother-in-law, Mrs Robert Chambers, was not only a most accomplished woman, but was the soul of kindness, and had a fund of the most delightful humour. Some of the daughters were strikingly handsome, and all were sprightly and attractive to an uncommon degree. As I write I still seem to

hear the silvery peals of laughter which were continually ringing through the house. What innocent evenings of mirth and frolic we used to have, and when Robert Chambers, the most industrious of mortals, emerged late from his study, Jove-like, and with a little of the dampness of his Olympian clouds clinging to him, how the whole mad company would immediately be on its best behaviour, all the girls flocking to the feet of their father and trying to be fit company for him!

'The fact that Robert Chambers was the author of Vestiges of Creation is at last established beyond all question since the last survivor of those who were in the secret, Mr Alexander Ireland, of Manchester, has said his say. [Mr Ireland, in an Introduction to the twelfth edition of the Vestiges of Creation, published in 1884, gave a full account of the authorship of the book, and of the circumstances attending its original publication in 1844.] To the present generation, which has outlived Bishop Colenso and Darwin, and has been educated by Tyndall and Huxley, it will be almost impossible to convey an idea of the violent commotion to which Vestiges of Creation gave rise on its appearance. The clerical press blew its loudest blast, and oldfashioned science, startled and uneasy, joined in the fray. The author, had he given his name, would not only have incurred the odium theologicum, but would have run great risk of being placed outside the pale of respectability. To a man with a large family and a flourishing business largely dependent on the goodwill of the general and easily led public, this was no slight matter, and I can easily understand now why Robert Chambers shrouded himself in impenetrable mystery. The veil was raised to me a few years after I married his daughter. I was staying at his house, No. 1 Doune Terrace. He and I had been out for a walk together, and as we were returning home I said to him, "Tell me why you have never acknowledged your greatest work." For all answer he pointed to his house, in which he had eleven children, and then slowly added, "I have eleven reasons." As Robert Chambers was the last man to let me infer he was the author if he could have truthfully denied it, the question was from that moment settled in my mind.

The publication of the *Vestiges* is referred to in the following interesting letter from the late Mr Alexander Ireland to my mother:

> '31 Mauldeth Road, Fallowfield, Manchester, Oct. 26th, 1892.

'MY DEAR MRS LEHMANN,—It was a great pleasure to me to receive your kind letter. My wife was very much gratified by your good opinion of her Life of Mrs Carlyle, and has written to you to that effect. Have you seen her selections from Miss Jewsbury's Letters to Mrs Carlyle? It has only been published a week, and already more than thirty favourable reviews of it have appeared. I enclose one or two of them for your perusal. The Times gave a column to it. My wife has been in very precarious health for the last few

years, and yet she has been able to do a great deal of literary work. . . . I was shocked by the news of Mrs Wills's death.* It seems a very short time since we met her at Bowdon in Mr Mills's house—so full of kindness and so cheerful. I always loved her very dearly from her youth upwards. Many a pleasant evening did I spend with her and her mother in Waterloo Place in the dear old Edinburgh days which I can never, never forget. Your dear father and mother and all their kindness to me will ever remain to me a sacred memory. For thirty-five years I enjoyed your father's friendship and confidence. He was, I may say, the dearest and best friend I ever had. His friendship was a constant blessing, and when he died I felt that something good and noble was for ever lost to me in this world; but the memory of him and of your mother will remain in me to the last hour of my life as a comfort and blessing. And now that Mrs Wills is gone, the last earthly link of that generation is broken. One of the last letters I wrote her was about a year ago, when she wished me to put in writing a story I told her in her house in London about three years ago when I spent a delightful evening with her. The story I told her —a Scottish one—very much aroused her fine sense of humour, and she afterwards wished me to put it in writing for her.

'Of course you know all about the history of the Vestiges and my connection with the secret, and the getting it published, so that no one could know where it came from—all of which I related in the edition of the book published in 1884, after William Chambers's death.

'I intend, if life be spared me, to write a little volume of cherished memories of some remarkable men I have known: such as Campbell the poet, Emerson (whom I knew and corresponded with for fifty years), George Dawson, Leigh Hunt, Carlyle, Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke, Wordsworth, and an interview I had with Sir Walter Scott in 1829, when I was a lad of nineteen. Your dear father will also be included as one of the most interesting. . . . And now, with all good wishes for you and yours, believe me, with affectionate regards, your old friend from the time you were a girl in the old house in Ann Street,

ALEXANDER IBELAND.'

Unfortunately Mr Ireland was unable to carry out the project of which he speaks in this letter. He died two years afterwards, at the ripe age of eighty-four.

With Carlyle my grandfather was well acquainted. I have a letter written by Carlyle to him, and dated '5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea, 18th May 1853,' in which he engages Mr and Mrs Chambers to visit him on the following Sunday evening. It contains this characteristic sentence, which I venture to quote:

'Note, also, your coachman had better come by Cheyne Walk (i.e. the River Side); and you will probably have to get out at the bottom of our little street, and walk a few steps to us; the Commissioners of Severs [these words are underlined] are hard on this poor population just now, and have rendered the houses here inaccessible to wheel-carriages for some time past: Bad luck to Blockheadism everywhere!' This, it must be admitted, is hard on the commissioners, who were probably only doing their duty in restoring defective drains.

Many years afterwards my mother met Carlyle at John Forster's house. I find the following pleasant account of the meeting in a letter written by her to my father, who was then on a journey round the world:

'On Tuesday, 8th [March 1870], I dined with the Forsters to meet Carlyle quietly. Percy Fitzgerald, his wife, and sister were the only other guests. Carlyle was so sweet. By the way, his young niece, a Scotch girl just home from school to keep his house, was there. Carlyle spoke to me so appreciatively and flatteringly of papa I could have kissed him. He said he had read iverything he had iver written since he was a vary young man, and had come out with his Reballion. That he had been perteeclerly struck lately with a Life of Smollett by him. "The vary best thing iver written about Smollett-vastly suparior to anything that has iver been written about him before," &c. He asked all about papa's life. After dinner I played him one Scotch tune after another. He was pleased, even touched. He said, "Waal, I niver harrd a sweeter finger on the pianyforty in all my life.";

Let me say here that my mother, like most of her sisters, was a letter-writer in the best sense of the word—not a mere chronicler of dull incidents or a retailer of chat about the weather or the price of provisions, but a writer with a style which was admirable because it was perfectly natural and unforced and simple—a style which was like good talk in its ease a d its humour. I hope to be able to make good my opinion by more than one extract from her letters to my father, every one of which I found he had religiously preserved from 1851 to 1891, the year of his death. Here, to begin with, is an extract from a letter written to my father during their engagement. My mother, then in her twenty-second year, was staying with friends in England, and was taken to what she calls 'a presentation tea.' The date is 6th September 1852:

'I have now come home from that festive meeting. Everybody is in bed, and I sit down to write to you. Oh, what pleasure it was when we hailed the post-boy on the road as we went, and amongst other letters my eager eye recognised your precious handwriting! It made me so happy, so strong in happiness! It enabled me to stand all the speechifying with patience, and to see everything and everybody through rose-coloured eyes.

'You must know this was a meeting to present

^{*} Mrs Wills, sister of Robert Chambers and wife of W. H. Wills, the friend of Charles Dickens and his assistant in Household Words and the Daily News.

Mr Clarke with silver plate, a purse of gold, and a watch, all for his invaluable services, &c.; and there was a tea given to about sixty people in a long room of an inn. Mr Sopwith, as the great man of this district, presided in the chair, and I was requested by the people to be mistress of the festive board and to make tea. So behold me installed at the top of the table in the arm-chair, with every eye upon me, gracefully (of course) filling small cups with the brown beverage which enlivens but not, &c. Then I abdicated the chair to the rightful filler thereof, Mr Sopwith, and took my place at his right hand, and then came the speeches. "The Queen," of course, and some very impertinent comparisons with the Continental management of affairs. Equally of course "The Ladies" were given with many cheers, and-what do you think ?-you will never believe it !-I got up to return thanks for that. I could not speak for about five minutes, they applauded so much; but I stood quite coldly eyeing them all round. My speech was brief, I am proud to say. It was merely this: "In the name of all the ladies present, I take upon myself to thank the gentlemen for the last toast, which I think decidedly the best of all."

'There was such a quantity of queer-looking women there, so oddly dressed, too. The parson's wife was near me, a startled, haggard young woman with a large straggling mourning collar that flew away at corners and did not seem to belong to her dress at all, and a head of dried-up, desolate-looking hair which must have been slept upon and undisturbed by brush or comb since an early period of the owner's infancy. . . .

'But, oh! that distressed woman Mrs Clarke, so overwhelmed with the honour that was done to her husband, calling me "Mum," and trembling with delight and confusion at every fresh cup of tea with which I presented her. She had on a nervous pair of white silk gloves of a painful longitude at the finger-ends; but pushing them on was a useful and blessed employment during the agitating moments when her husband's virtues were being descanted upon.'

In my next article I shall be able to add to this early letter a few more passages from my mother's letters, relating to Dr Robert Chambers and the family circle at Doune Terrace. I hope, too, to have something to say about our dear old friend Wilkie Collins, who was intimately associated with my father and mother for close upon fifty years.

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

CHAPTER IV .- GAIN OF LOSS.



OR the first time in her life Barbe found herself lonely after Alain left. That she had never felt so before was not by any means her fault, though very much her misfortune. He who has no friends can suffer no

bereavements; but such a depth of poverty is infinitely more to be deplored than the sorest wringing of the heart through loss, since bruising makes the heart grow tender. Philosophic wealth may consist in fewness of needs; but craving indicates growth even in an Oliver Twist. The rock-embedded toad lives a life of perfect peace, and has no wants—so far as we know; but its existence is hardly the ideal one, and no doubt the moment its sphere is enlarged it stretches and begins to want. It generally dies of overexcitement; but that is by the way, and in no degree affects my argument.

The Light, which had hitherto yielded Barbe all she wanted in the way of food for heart and mind, felt suddenly barren in these respects. Twelve long years she had lived there in contentment, and never lacked good company, even when her father was absent. If complaint was ever in her, it was rather that, on occasion—say on Christmas Eve—the Light was overcrowded. And now this sailor-lad with the bold blue eyes and the long yellow hair had come for one short week, and the place felt empty without him.

Barbe went about her work sedately, and missed

him in every corner. That was where he used to sit smoking of an evening while he discoursed disjointedly of the world outside, and her father sat and grunted approvingly. That was where he had sat with his legs dangling through the gallery rails while she polished the reflectors, and saw him in them all. That was his empty bunk next to her own—for in Brittany the privacy of a box-bed may still imply a community of bedroom, and lighthouses are not as a rule built with guest-chambers. On one still night she had heard his quiet, regular breathing through the partition, and had lain awake listening to it, stirred with strange emotions, till she fell asleep only to dream of him still.

The straight blue eyes looked out at her from every corner just as they always had done. Always! did she say? and, mon Dieu! it was only one short week he had been there. The long yellow locks, whose ends curled upwards on his shoulders like loose vine-tendrils which seek the sun though they dangle to the ground, danced before her eyes up and down the ladders, and she saw them in the sunbeams that lighted up the dark corners of the rooms.

It takes a very fine face in a man to carry long hair. The minor poet who bushes his ambrosial locks behind his ears as a trade-mark to be read of men—whereby his person attracts more notice than his poems—is a sight for gods and rude little boys to laugh at. But to the bold-faced seamen of

Finisterre and Côtes-du-Nord the trailing locks impart no more of effeminacy than they did to the Vikings of old, whose descendants many of them are.

That was the plate he had used that morning at breakfast. She knew it by the chip out of the side, like a thumb-mark, and had been annoyed that it should fall to him. She washed it carefully and used it herself thereafter in preference to plates unchipped.

When she had cleared out his bunk she put her own pillow and mattress into it, and flushed all over at so greatly daring.

Would he ever return? she wondered. Or was that week—that one short week—to be all? It had been very strange, very sweet, while it lasted. She had never thought so much about any one before; but then that was because she had had no one to think about—except her father; and somehow her thoughts of Alain were quite different.

Ah, if it could have gone on so! If there had been no need for him to go! How bright the future would have seemed! Things were different with her somehow. The white-piled sky was very far away. The slow sweep of the waves had a sense of unfriendliness in them. Had they not wanted him for their prey? The restless foam fretting at the cliffs gave her no pleasure. The clouds of sea-birds swinging round Cap Réhel annoyed her. They were nearer to him than she was.

Pippo's pointed attacks on Minette and Minette's bristling charges on Pippo afforded her no amusement. Even her water-gardens on the rock below were not as they used to be. The delicate weeds were there still, swinging their tremulous tresses to the kiss of wind and sun. The many-hued anemones were there. The scrambling crabs and tiny darting fishes were there. And there, too, from every still pool a pair of large violet eyes looked up at her with a wistfulness and want in them that had never been there before. She had suffered loss. She was learning unconsciously the great lesson that in loss there may be gain; that she who loses is still richer than she who has not to lose; that it is sweeter, with the infinite sweetness of the touch of sadness, to be able to say 'once was' than to have to confess that there never had been; that it is better to dwell among the hills and valleys of life, even though it be only for a season, even though it be only for one short week, than to live for ever on the level plain or in the seclusion of a lighthouse.

When her father returned in the afternoon, on the slack of the tide, all she said to him was, 'He is gone?'

Perhaps he caught the touch of wistful sadness in her voice. He had, in his own way, and according to that which was in him, sounded the heights and the depths. He was prematurely aged with the bitterness of life. His fibres were tough with the strains they had had. It was too much, perhaps, to expect from him any very delicate sympathy with a girl's first sense of loss.

'Si, si,' he growled; 'he is gone,' and no more; and that from no conscious desire to mislead her. Simply that so far as they were concerned the uninvited guest had departed. He would have been better pleased if he had never arrived. For, nomde-Dieu! one never knows. He was a good-looking lad, and doubtless as good as his looks; but he wanted no lads after his girl. Time enough for all that. It only meant trouble, or at the least up-setting; and what he wanted was peace. He had had trouble and upsetting enough, and more than most.

So Barbe took up her common tasks and went on her daily round, and life on the Light seemed to settle down into its old groove; but things could never be the same again to her, for she had looked into the eyes of a man, and the eyes of a man had followed her till she knew it by the leaping of her blood.

To Barbe the stranger was no uninvited guest, but a sweet treasure-trove snatched from the waves at risk of her own life. Her arm had been round him; she had pressed him to her breast; she had looked into his eyes then and afterwards. She had stretched out her hand and picked and tasted of the fruit of the tree of life. She had dimly come to the knowledge that in the life of a maiden there are things of more account than clouds and waves and birds and fishes—and even than fathers.

(To be continued.)

THE BARRAGES OF THE NILE.

By CECIL HAMILTON.



HERE is a hackneyed guide-book phrase known to most readers, to the effect that the Nile is Egypt. Unlike many other popular expressions, it is true; so true, indeed, that I cannot introduce the subject

of the three great dams that bridle its flood with a curb of stone without again quoting the famous words: 'The Nile is Egypt—past, present, and to come.' On its banks are gigantic monuments, recording the history of a long-dead but not forgotten

people, whose descendants build their mud-villages among its tombs, till the ground and harvest their luxuriant crops, and wash, eat, and live as their ancestors did three thousand years ago. The people and not the kings make the nation; and on the river-banks dwell a people who have not made one forward step since the days of Moses. The great Nile has given them life and what little raiment they require: a high Nile has kept them well fed; with a low Nile they have been hungry; but never has it utterly deserted or scattered

them. So it is their protector, their supplier, their country, and their home. This is Egypt, past and present, free from the touch of the alien, though their sugar-factories stand pyramid-like at the edge of many a little town. Alexandria is a sordid, money-getting seaport, filled with the merchants of every city in Europe. Cairo is a fever-haunted, polyglot city, the resort of the rich, the leisured, and the pleasure-seeker; peopled by a hundred nations and tongues not her own. Beautiful, doomed Cairo, the Pearl of the Desert! who can doubt her fall that has once seen the treacherous mist creep up around her from river to citadel when the sun has set? Fascinating, as perhaps no other Eastern city has ever been, even Cairo is not Egypt.

Every nation that has tried to straighten the unstraightenable affairs of past kings and khedives has been aware of the vast importance of the Nile, and had also some idea of the still vaster importance to which it might attain; but it was not until some five years ago that the project which will make the Egypt of the future was planned and carried out. The Egypt of the future will be the corn-growing country of the world. It will be a country of wealth instead of bankruptcy, of credit instead of debt. There will no longer be a high Nile or a low Nile, for the skill of man has chained and regulated that power which rules the destinies of Egypt. The planning, the arranging, and the carrying out of this tour de force is due to the genius of the people who support an 'army of occupation' in Egypt-the British. It remains to be seen if this access of riches and prosperity will alter the attitude of the devout Mohammedan toward his hated 'protector.'

Though they constitute the first really efficient scheme for regulating the flow of the Nile, the two dams at Assiout and Assouan, built by Sir John Aird & Co., are not the only dams across the river. A barrage—really two dams—was erected by French engineers between 1833 and 1861 some little distance below Cairo, for the purpose of maintaining the level of the river during the ebb and for the better irrigation of the Delta. This stupendous piece of engineering work failed owing to structural defects; but in 1891 Britain succeeded in putting it in order. Indeed, ever since then the system of irrigation in the Delta has been wonderfully complete and successful, making it fertile beyond almost any other country, and green to the tired eye as the Garden of Eden.

For many years it has been recognised that irrigation is of vital importance to Egypt; and scarcely was the Cairo barrage in use ere schemes for the erection of others began to exercise the minds of the administration. When the intention of erecting the Assiout and Assouan barrages was definitely announced, so great was the outcry of archæologists in every country that the proceedings came to an abrupt stop. The island of Philæ, four miles above Assouan, with a fine temple which contains some of the loveliest colouring in Egypt, would be sub-

merged and finally washed away. The real owner of Egypt, the native, made no outcry. characteristic stolidity, he did not care if all the temples in the land were submerged, much less only one. The barrage would come. A country which has made no move for three thousand years can patiently wait for a hundred. The barrage has now come, is complete, and Philse will be submerged. The engineer is not usually a diplomatic man; but in this case he was skilful. He consented to make the barrage at Assouan only half the height first proposed, to underpin the island-last winter it was turned into a carpenters' shopand so save the historic ruins from destruction. Perhaps it will be so; but the artist who for twenty winters has painted among its columns well knows that to him Philæ is lost—and to others. The island will go sooner or later.

To the philosophic mind there is something very interesting in the comparison between the barrages of Cairo and Assouan, the works of the two great nations who have helped to rule Egypt. The Cairo barrage is, architecturally, a beautiful structure. Castellated gateways, graceful swinging bridges, delicate tracery and ironwork, give one the impression of the glorified entrance to some fairy palace. All the purity of outline, symmetry of design, completeness of effect, are here, yet there is veiled strength as well. To heighten the charm, there is laid out on the left bank the most beautiful gardens in Egypt, filled with rare plants and brilliant tropical flowers. It seems as though the most artistic and beauty-loving people in Europe had left here a souvenir of all that made life most enjoyable to them. That the important part of the work, the actual dam, should have been unsuccessful was not entirely the fault of the French The impatience and eccentricity of engineers. Mohammed Ali continually threw difficulties in their way; and at the very commencement the constructor had to combat his desire to use the stones of the pyramids for the erection of the barrage.

The barrage at Assouan has, architecturally, about as little beauty as an ordinary stone wall, which it much resembles. I doubt if there is one stone in all its vast proportions which is there for ornament. It is a thoroughly workman-like, reliable, and massive undertaking; but it is as ugly a piece of masonry as one could expect to see. It is popularly supposed to be composed of as much stone as there is in the Great Pyramid, and it appears as likely to withstand the ravages of time; but one looks in vain for any sign of the grace and lightness so characteristic of the Cairo barrage. However, it will serve its purpose—British undertakings usually do; but it is a better monument to British engineering skill than to British taste and appreciation of the beautiful.

Assouan is one of the most barren places on earth. Trees, grass, and flowers there are none, only black rock and sand. Its great attractions were the dryness of the atmosphere and the First Cataract about

three miles above it; but the cataract is now no more. Built across the very point from which the adventurous tourist 'shot the rapids' is the huge stone dam, pierced by many sluices through which the water is allowed to pass only as the engineer pleases. By the right bank are several locks, and here those who must have excitement can 'shoot' the small portion of what is left of the cataract; but the wise will prefer the ordinary exhibition water-chute.

Many hundreds of young men—mostly Scotch—have spent the last three years superintending the work of the ten thousand natives who swarmed like flies about the Assouan barrage. Last Christmas saw them down for a few days at the hotels in Assouan proper, enjoying to the full the society of hotel life and the company of their brotherengineers from Assiout, who came up to join them. That the New Year was hailed somewhat boisterously and a jinrikisha came to grief was readily forgiven by those who understood what their lives had been for many months. This New Year will see them all scattered, their work done, the formal opening by the Duke of Connaught over, and the great irrigation scheme of the Nile complete.

The barrage at Assiout, which has been in operation for more than a year, is totally different from either of the others. At first sight it appears to be a railway bridge crossing the river, with part of it opening to allow the passage of steamers and sailingboats. Closer examination reveals that it is a much more complicated structure than a railway bridge; but as the work is not so colossal as the Assouan barrage nor so beautiful as that at Cairo, it is not generally accorded its true share of admiration and interest. Its purpose is to make a fair distribution of the water from the Assouan reservoir. The work consists of an open weir. The piers are spanned by arches carrying a roadway four and a half metres wide, as well as the travelling winches and suspension apparatus for the regulating-gates. Altogether about a thousand springs were encountered in the foundations, which made building difficult.

It was only in 1898 that funds were arranged for by Sir Ernest Cassel, and under Sir John Aird as

contractor, and Sir Benjamin Baker as consulting engineer, that the dams were begun at Assouan and Assiout. Mr Willcocks, C.M.G., designed the works. The foundation-stone at Assouan was laid by the Duke of Connaught, February 12, 1899, and the work was finished one year before contract time. The reservoirs will be filled between December and March, and discharged during May, June, and July. The canal at the left flank of the dam now makes navigation easy past the cataract, and possible to Wady Halfa. Engineers and others have already commenced to suggest that another reservoir should be built higher up the Nile, between Assouan and the equator. Sir W. Garstin, Under-Secretary for Public Works, has proposed the construction of a reservoir on Lake Tsana to store sufficient water for the needs of Egypt and the Soudan, and also the construction of a storage reservoir at Lake Albert Nyanza. Mr Willcocks considers that Lake Victoria Nyanza, with its area of twenty-six thousand square miles and an annual rainfall of thirty inches, is the true key of the Nile, and whoever holds it controls the destiny of Egypt. The Victoria Nyanza and Albert Nyanza Lakes, at the source of the White Nile, are in territory controlled by Great Britain, which will soon have communication with the sea by means of the Uganda railway. Thus the destinies of Egypt seem to be controlled by Britain.

The Egypt of the future has now to show us the value of these two barrages. Modern science has broken in upon the routine of centuries, and the forward step must be taken. The native has a contempt for a poor man and a great respect for wealth; now he must cast aside the customs of his forefathers if he would not see the riches of his country in foreign hands. Up to the present he has had it all his own way on the banks of the Nile. Means have been his by which the European farmer was balked of his proper gains; but all this is at an end. The past is dead; the present is dying; the future holds promise of a fuller life. How this greater area and facility for irrigation will affect a conservatism as deep and strong as existence itself is a problem all Europe will watch with interest, and only coming years will solve.

THE INTERVENTION OF GRICE, JUNIOR.

PART IV.



HE train Loddard caught happened to be a slow one, so for five miserable hours he was penned therein, harassed by a medley of conflicting thoughts. The probable reason for the sudden recall he

failed to conjecture—something to do with the novel, he concluded, and idly wondered what it could be; but the pivot round which his thoughts moved was Mrs Kennett. Save for the untimely interruption he would have told her he loved her.

Having to leave her so abruptly gave added intensity to his feelings. To-morrow, he promised himself, he would return and resume their interview at the point where it had been interrupted. Further than the near future he did not allow himself to contemplate. What would be the effect of his alliance with a woman in Mary Kennett's position he refused to consider. Consumed with a chivalrous pity, which in the excitement of the moment Loddard esteemed love, all he craved was to rescue her from the power of Grice.

The day was far spent when, travel-shaken and famished, Loddard dashed into the dingy, tobaccotinctured chambers in Brick Court. Whatever the urgency of the need for his presence, it had left no visible impression on the rooms, which, as the first glance revealed, retained their accustomed air of homely disorder.

Pixley, who was lounging in the worn arm-chair smoking, dropping the brief he held, jumped up

and eagerly greeted his friend.

'Well! What's the matter? What did you mean by telegraphing in that alarmist way?' demanded Loddard, fired by natural indignation when he viewed the unruffled composure of the man whose imperative summons had given rise to so much vexation and fluster.

Before replying Pixley locked the door, and, pocketing the key, calmly confronted his friend.

'I telegraphed, my dear boy, because I saw you were in danger of making an eternal ass of yourself. If you had waited at Mershfields a day longer you'd have pledged yourself to marry the woman you wrote to me about.'

Loddard's swift flush having betrayed the truth of the conjecture, Pixley continued: 'See here, old man, if you think I'm going to sit by and see you destroy your chance of a career by saddling yourself with an impossible wife, you're mistaken. What stage is the novel at? Begun to lose grip of it again? Yes, I thought so. You see it was time you came home. It's madness to risk any delay about the delivery when you know how much good stuff Nugents has the refusal of. A year ago you'd have given your ears for the opportunity you're throwing away now.'

'But a man is not an engine—a mere machine—that no matter what the state of his emotions he should keep on grinding at idiotic fiction,' hotly combated Loddard. 'What is the gaining of a literary reputation compared to losing the chance of one's life's happiness?'

Seeing that his friend was for the moment beyond reason, Pixley wisely drew his attention to the cold supper that was in readiness; and, his hunger appeased, over a pipe Loddard showed himself more malleable. Before they had separated for the night Pixley succeeded in extracting a promise that until his novel was finished Loddard would hold no communication with Mrs Kennett, and with that pledge Pixley rested content.

Next morning Loddard resumed work in the hope of distracting his thoughts; and Pixley's incisive criticism proving admirable incentive, the novel progressed so satisfactorily that when, on the night of the 14th of October, Loddard viewed the typewritten manuscript of Sow to Reap ready for delivery on the morrow, he wrung Pixley's hand and assured him of his gratitude.

'But for you, old chap, I'd never have done it,' Loddard openly confessed over the pint of champagne in which they drank success to the book.

The knowledge that, the novel being now an

accomplished fact, Loddard might account himself released from his promise, and free to return to Mershlands, was fresh in the minds of both; but Loddard kept silence regarding his intentions. Pixley, who believed in honouring the proverb that counsels the ignoring of slumbering dogs, did not refer to the moot subject.

The attraction towards Mrs Kennett had been wholly superficial: one of those transient infatuations into which mere propinquity to a woman who is neither old nor ugly is apt to entice an imaginative man against his judgment. Though Loddard knew he had perforce chosen the better part, the memory of Mary Kennett constantly obtruded itself. No man likes to think that he has acted despicably; and although when vagrant thoughts of Mershfields crossed his mind Loddard strove to banish them by reminding himself that, having never actually made love to the young widow, he had no real cause to blame himself, he was yet disquietingly conscious that he had behaved in a cowardly fashion.

As the autumn wore on a commission for half-a-dozen short articles and the usual rush of Christmas books to review kept him busy. Towards the close of November the proofs of Sow to Reap began to drop in; and Loddard, discovering fresh beauties in his work now that he saw it in type, would have deemed it a hardship to leave town amid the excitement of receiving the batches of proofs from the printers.

With the early months of the New Year, and the appearance of the first instalments of his novel, Loddard began to feel himself a made man. Several minor magazines asked him to contribute to their pages; and one editor, a man whose name Loddard had formerly spoken with bated breath, intimated in an autograph letter that his journal would be pleased to have the offer of Loddard's next serial. If it had not already taken shape, he added, they were prepared to consider a full synopsis.

So it was but small wonder that, amid these flattering suggestions and surrounded by the gratifying admiration of his cronies, the poverty-stricken little house at wind-swept Mershfields and its quiet owner faded from Loddard's memory.

One crisp January day a year later Loddard, returning to London from a country-house visit, found his train delayed at Henslow Junction, where the local train awaited passengers for Mershfields. Obeying a sudden and scarce explicable impulse, Loddard alighted, and took a place in the Mershfields train. To his amazement, he found matters changed but little in his fifteen months of absence. He felt many years older, yet the fly-blown picture representing Mershfields as a fashionable watering-place still hung in the Land Office window; and the solitary porter, to whose care he consigned his luggage, seemed as immature as ever.

No conveyance was to be had; the Imperial Hotel, in despair of custom, had closed its doors for the winter. So Loddard set off afoot down the snowy road. The day was cold but windless, and on the unsullied surface of the snow the sun glinted in countless sparkling facets. The clear air was exhilarating, full of life and brilliance, and Loddard felt the blood run warm through his veins. Crossing the field-paths, he found himself picturing Mary Kennett seated at the window watching for his return. Fancying the glad surprise that would fill her brown eyes at his approach, his steps involuntarily quickened.

Clad in their mantle of snow, Portarlington Villas wore an aspect of unwonted dignity. When Loddard neared the wooden gate, eagerly looking for a face at the window, it sent a cold chill to his heart to see that the house was empty. Across the vacant oriel window was plastered a 'To Let' bill, like some ghastly bandage over a sightless eye. To Loddard's supersensitive soul the pallid enwrappings of snow took the semblance of cerements, as though the life of the dwelling were dead and shrouded, ready for burial.

Swiftly intuition revealed a series of self-accusing scenes. Throughout long weary days he saw Mary Kennett sitting at the window watching for him. Had he even written once he would have felt some relief. That he had acted a caddish part came upon him with bitter compunction. Seized with contrition, he determined to lose no time in seeking her out. Knowing how uncertain were her means of livelihood, Loddard realised that she must have reached great straits before she was compelled to abandon the little house that was her sole possession.

How had she gone? Whither? Could he but find her, Loddard, goaded by remorse, promised himself that he would marry her at once.

Imagining that this determination to sacrifice himself proceeded from the heroism of his nature, and not understanding that he formed the resolution merely as a soothing sop to an accusing conscience, Loddard esteemed himself a fine fellow.

The 'To Let' notice stated that all inquiries were to be addressed to W. P. Grice; and, recalling that gentleman as a likely person to know of Mrs Kennett's whereabouts, Loddard, turning sadly from the deserted house, walked in the direction of West Mershfields.

The varied emporiums of Mr Grice wore an air of prosperity that astonished Loddard, who did not realise that Grice's forefathers had been general retailers to the country round Mershfields for generations before the advent of the disastrous Land Company. The not-yet-demolished Christmas decorations lent an air of festivity to the larger shop, and Loddard on entering found business in full swing.

'Mr Grice—is he at home? Can I see him?' he made inquiry of one of the sleek-headed assistants.

At the sound of his own name the face of Mr Grice appeared behind the network of the enclosure sacred to the transaction of post-office affairs.

'What can I do for you, sir?' he inquired briskly.

'I—I merely wished to ask—that is, I thought you were the most likely to know—Mrs Kennett. Can you tell me where to find her?' Loddard stammered, annoyed at the betraying tremor that impeded his speech.

There was a momentary pause—a silence wherein Loddard could have sworn, though his back was towards them, that the shopman engaged cutting a huge cheese into mathematically exact segments exchanged a meaning glance with his fellow at the opposite counter, who was weighing out a pound of tea in four quarters for an elderly lady who laboured under the delusion that thereby she got better weight.

'Mr Loddard, is it not?' Mr Grice, who had been eyeing the visitant keenly, replied. 'Yes, I can tell you. Will you walk upstairs?'

Convinced that dread news lay behind this reticence, Loddard stumbled after his leader through the orderly medley of goods that cumbered the back-shop.

'I called at Portarlington Villas; but the house was vacant.' He tried to voice his fear that Mary Kennett was dead; but the words clogged his tongue.

Even amid his confusion of thought it surprised Loddard to notice that a thick carpet covered the stair they ascended; that Mr Grice's home seemed replete with comfort.

Pausing before a closed door, his guide tapped lightly. A chaos of joyful voices from within greeted the knock.

'Evidently there is to be no tête-à-tête,' Loddard surmised, his foolish vanity hinting that Mr Grice had probably entrapped the rising author into his lair to have the honour of introducing him to his family; but his self-complacency was short-lived. The place of honour, as he speedily discovered, was occupied by a greater than he.

With the opening of the door a scene suggestive of idyllic home-comfort met his gaze. In a low chair, full in the warm glow of the firelight, sat Mary Kennett; but a Mary Kennett so transfigured by happiness that for a moment Loddard, whose memory held her tear-stained and wistful, doubted her identity. Kneeling at her feet in the attitude of worshippers were Mr Grice's two little daughters, and in her arms was cradled a sturdy babe, whose infant features and big black eyes resembled those of the tyrant Grice.

'Oh Willie, I'm certain baby knew it was you! He laughed and said "Goo" whenever you knocked at the door,' her soft voice, enriched by a fuller note—the note of maternal love—made greeting.

'And, papa, baby pulled my hair,' cried the elder girl jubilantly.

'And mine too, quite hard, papa,' jealously echoed her sister.

Loddard, hesitating unseen in the shadow of the door, beyond the range of the firelight, felt he was an intruder, one whose place was outside this happy family group. During the moment that elapsed before Mr Grice had an opportunity of introducing the guest to the notice of his wife, Loddard would gladly have turned and fled.

'Mary, I've brought an old acquaintance to see you: Mr Loddard—you may remember him.'

'You may remember!' As Loddard advanced he stifled a sardonic laugh at the inference; but a moment later revealed the truth of Mr Grice's judgment. However tender Mary Kennett's feelings had been towards him at one time, she had bravely relegated them to that corner in her affections reserved for the things that were better forgotten.

How long she had watched, hoping against hope for his promised return; how near she had come to starvation before consenting to become the wife of Grice, Loddard never knew. All that he saw was the look of sincere and abiding affection that she turned upon her husband, and the eyes of adoration wherewith she regarded the infant crowing on her lap.

Regarding the remainder of his brief visit Loddard preserved but a vague recollection. A trim maid had brought in afternoon tea, and the juvenile servitor of Portarlington Villas, grown almost out of recognition and promoted to long skirts, appeared and carried off the lustily protesting babe.

Both host and hostess tried hard to make their visitor feel himself the centre of their interest; but no matter what subject was introduced, it always branched off into baby. The little girls

were overflowing with anecdotes of the prowess of their step-brother. 'Had papa heard that baby had actually taken his rattle in his own little hand and shaken its bells?' 'Did papa know that when Flossie ran up to him and said "Boo!" baby laughed and hid his face in mamma's dress?'

Mrs Grice's innocent inquiry as to whether his novel had ever been completed irritated her guest, as proving that no hint of his rapidly advancing fame had yet reached Mershfields; and, to Loddard's added annoyance, his somewhat vainglorious pronouncement that not only had it appeared serially, but that in book form it had gone into a third edition within a month, was met with a polite incomprehension that showed the worthy folks unconscious of the magnitude of such an achievement.

It was already dark and snow was again falling when Loddard, having rejected the offer of Mr Grice's dogcart, set out to walk to the station. It seemed an irony of fate that he, who throughout his swift accession of good fortune had ever thought of Mary Kennett as a lonely woman, whose only chance of happiness lay in his smiles, should leave her snugly entrenched behind protecting battlements of family affection, and fare forth alone over the snowy roads.

'By the bye,' ejaculated Mr Grice as he bade him farewell at the door, 'my wife owes you a little money—something like two pounds, I think it is. You left no address, so she could not forward it to you; but I'll settle it now.'

'Oh, nonsense, man; nonsense!' cried Loddard, shrinking back from the proffered coins. 'I don't want it. Keep it, or—throw it away. Or, better still,' he added, with a flash of grim humour, 'buy a mug with it for Grice, Junior!'

COMFORT ON THE HIGH SEAS.

A DREAM WHICH MANY OF US WILL LIVE TO SEE REALISED.

By Poultney Bigelow, M.A., F.R.G.S.



HEN we get ashore after an ocean voyage we are, as a rule, so happy in greeting our loved ones, or so quickly immersed in pressing affairs, that we readily forget the good resolutions we formed when afloat.

The man who makes his first crossing is apt to think that his discomforts at sea are the necessary concomitants of safe transportation, and therefore suspends criticism. Lack of ventilation, absence of fresh food, dearth of clean linen, deficient service—every shortcoming is forgiven by one who has on land heard much of the dangers of the sea, and who, therefore, looks upon his safe crossing as something of an adventure.

To-day the conditions of ocean travel are almost radically different from what I can recall when the ocean was still navigated by side-wheel steamers that carried the rigging of a sailing-ship. Those were days when a storm at sea meant locking the passengers down below; when the waves were expected to come tumbling down the hatchways; when anxious passengers begged the stewards to assure them that the ship was not going to the bottom! In those days the captain sat at the head of the table in the saloon and carved for the passengers, the purser or chief-engineer being at the other end. The state-rooms opened out upon the saloon; there were no bells or electric lights, and the table conversation was interrupted by plaintive means for a

steward or stewardess. A separate smoking-room and proper ventilation were undreamt of. Passengers dressed themselves as if for a cruise in an open boat—prepared to be wet all day and sleep in the same clothes all night; and at the end of the journey all assembled in the main saloon to pass resolutions of gratitude to the captain.

After some fifty or sixty of these crossings the traveller now looks back upon those early days as a Pullman passenger may upon the coach that took a week between London and Plymouth. The marvellous progress in naval architecture that has distinguished the last few years on the Atlantic is equally striking on the Pacific between China, Japan, and the western coasts of Canada and the United States. There are no handsomer or more comfortable ships affoat than those of the Canadian Pacific Railway between Vancouver and Hongkong. It seems like a dream that I can recall crossing this ocean in 1876, when one of the crack ships of the Pacific mail, a wooden paddle-wheel tub, took twenty-five days from Yokohama to San Francisco, and no one thought it slow work! To-day we think a fortnight quite long enough.

The North German Lloyd boats running to the Far East from Bremen vid Southampton and Suez are models of comfort; those of the Union Castle Line to South Africa might be, with a little more competition to spur the company on. However, here I shall limit myself to the Atlantic; it is, after all, the ocean ferry that is most used, and the one over which the largest number of cultivated people of small means travel in search of education or health.

The latest development of comfort at sea is typified by such boats as the Minehaha and Minetonka of the Atlantic Transport Line, flying the British flag. These carry cattle and a few passengers direct to London from New York. Cattle, from my bucolic point of view, are a distinct addition to the pleasures of the trip, for the flavour of the farm cannot fail to carry with it the gentle recollection of happy childhood: the tumbling over haycocks, the riding of a plough-horse to water in the evening—the hundreds of delights associated with farm-life. The cattle represent health aboard ship, for there is a premium upon every animal safely landed; and, as a matter of fact, the beasts take on flesh during the trip. After several trips on these cattle-boats I have become so enamoured of their company that only a matter of serious import could induce me to go on an ocean greyhound. Another feature is their stability. Not only have these ships a tonnage that is majestic (fourteen thousand tons), but they have bilge-keels as well—that is to say, projections under water that serve to resist the tendency to heel over. The cattle also serve a purpose in this direction that is difficult to overestimate. When the ship is rolled to one side by a sea, every animal instinctively leans in the opposite direction. This shifting of ballast, amounting to hundreds of tons with every movement of the sea, is a steadying force of which the ocean greyhounds know nothing; and those who have not tried a cattleboat can appreciate it but imperfectly.

These boats represent a type that was first popularised by the *Cymric* of the White Star Line, a freight-boat of huge tonnage, of very moderate speed (eight to ten days at sea), and a relatively small passenger-list. The German lines also have boats of this description; for instance, the *Königin Luise* of the North German Lloyd and the *Patricia* of the Hamburg-American. I have tried them all, and all have proved the wisdom of the reform.

Practical experience has demonstrated to the different companies that there is a large and everincreasing number of passengers who are not particular as to speed or luxurious fittings, but who are distinctly limited as to the amount of passagemoney they will pay. Crossing as I do several times a year, mainly for purposes of health and study, I select habitually the slowest and heaviest ship available at the time, select also the time (winter) when the passengers are fewest, and try to get a ship with as many cattle as possible for fellowpassengers. Then I find that ten pounds will take me over if I make no unreasonable demands in the way of quarters. However, the price of passage is, unfortunately, a fluctuating one; and companies that I have approached on the subject decline to sell me a bunch of a dozen tickets at a time. A 'trust' may raise the cost of ocean travel. It will assuredly put an end to 'cut rates.'

Now we come to the matter of keeping up our physical health at sea. I have noticed that so large a portion of the passengers suffer from idleness and overeating that their digestion becomes impaired, and they are apt to show symptoms of biliousness; therefore much of the benefit to be anticipated from ten days at sea is neutralised. Before breakfast I have adopted the practice, in selfdefence, of running a mile round the deck while it is yet free from chairs. This secures a thorough sweat, after which a salt-bath, a rub down, and a light breakfast prepares one for a morning of hard reading or writing. The companies could encourage this by posting up on their notice-boards information regarding the number of laps to the mile, and stating that the ship's doctor would be on hand to determine how much of such exercise could be safely indulged in by passengers suffering from heart-weakness. The usual games provided on board ship are poor things for able-bodied people: They make one weary shuffleboard and quoits. without producing any exhilaration.

Once, on a forty days' journey through Suez to Hong-kong by the North German Lloyd, the weather was uniformly tropical, and my seventeen fellow-passengers (all Germans) grew bilious from much beer and dozing in long chairs. From sheer necessity I had to invent a game to keep myself in fit condition. I got a quartermaster to make a canvas cushion about a foot long and nine inches broad, filled with sand, but only loosely. Then I

hunted up an energetic Scotch fellow-passenger from the second cabin, who was going to Sumatra. With him I had an hour a day of exercise before lunch and again before dinner. The game consisted in holding this bag, which weighed perhaps three pounds, in both hands, raised as high as possible over the head, then throwing it gently over the head of your playfellow. This passing to and fro brought a gentle strain upon all the muscles leading past the alimentary canals; and the gentle strain was felt next day all the way from the tips of the fingers to the soles of the feet, notably down the back and about the loins. Note carefully the two conditions: the bag must be caught by both hands and returned at once, and it must be thrown over the head. These conditions are indispensable if the full benefit of this hygienic movement is to be secured. This game is so simple that I should not mention it but for the fact that whenever I have tried it on successive trips at sea it has proved to be the only sweat-producing exercise that has met with unqualified favour. course the passing of an ordinary ball or any light object is out of the question, because of the danger of its going overboard. There is practically no good reason why on such ships as those of the Atlantic Transport Line the afterdeck should not be totally enclosed in netting, so that passengers could have games of cricket, baseball, or football on every fair day. The passengers would readily subscribe towards a share of the expense.

On ships with large passenger-lists and a huge steerage the ship's doctor has his hands very full; but on a vessel of fourteen thousand tons and only one hundred and forty passengers, the doctor would commit suicide from very inanition did not half the women aboard simulate illness for the sake of his company. The sports aboard ship should be under the care of the doctor, and he should be selected with special reference to them.

As there are always many bicyclists with their machines crossing the ocean, there should be a bicycle-track around the deck. It is not more difficult to ride a bicycle on board ship than to dance; and some of the best dancing I have ever enjoyed has been in mid-ocean, and even in the Bay of Biscay. The North German Lloyd is far ahead of our English lines in furnishing good dancemusic; and, of all stirring exercises, I know none more calculated to refresh body and spirit than a swinging waltz with the right sort of partner. Other things being equal, the music alone has often determined me to travel by a German ship in preference to one under the English or American flag.

Then, too, instead of the present arrangement of many little bathrooms in different parts of the ship, it would prove more economical and satisfactory to the bulk of the passengers to have one large tank and a few showers. A passenger could then tumble in for a swim or a flounder at any time that suited him, and much of the ship's space that is now wasted would be profitably utilised. Our

future director of nautical gymnastics would see to it that there was some gymnastic apparatus in connection with the swimming-tank, and also something of the same sort on deck for the benefit of the children. This could all form part of the hoisting-gear, which is now a very conspicuous and ugly feature of the big freight-ships.

I confine myself here to that essentially modern type of boat, the slow, steady, and inexpensive freight-steamer. Those who choose to travel by six-day boats, it may be presumed, are so absorbed in business worries as to have no soul for physical development. As regards comfort in the state-rooms, it is hard to say a critical word. The rooms are in general excellently arranged and furnished, and the attendance and food are of the best. The whole ship smells clean: there is a delightful absence of the kitchen-and-pantry smell which in old-fashioned craft brings on the feeling of nausea even before the ship has left port.

However, there is one important reform yet to be made, and I presume it will come from Germany, whence have come most of the reforms in the Atlantic service in these later years. For my part, I can see no good reason why I should be compelled during a journey of ten days to sit next to people who may be uninteresting to me, while not far off are others whose society I may happen to prefer. To-day your place is arbitrarily determined by the steward, and there you must remain; and if you raise the question you are met by the same old answer that has been made from time immemorial against every reform at sea. I have heard the arguments presented by chief-stewards and pursers; and they are all based upon ignorance of what is done successfully under analogous conditions in other parts of the world.

To-day the future of the Atlantic service lies not in carrying the millionaires and commercial travellers, to whom a day less means thousands of dollars. No; the bulk of ocean travel will come more and more from the ever-increasing number of those who cross for the sheer pleasure of life at sea.

There is no good reason why the dining-room of an ocean steamer should not to-day be conducted like that of a first-rate German hotel in the Alps. Let the passengers come to their meals within certain hours; let them sit where they please; let them eat à la carte or table-d'hôte according to There should be the most perfect arrangement. liberty in the matter, as there is in an Alpine hotel where competition is permitted. The main objection to that plan comes from the stewards, who fear that their tips might not turn out as well. If the stewards unite in opposing the scheme the managers of the lines will not invite a quarrel under that head unless the passengers are very strongly with them. It is therefore the duty of passengers to express themselves strongly. problem is difficult only because of the difficulties created by 'vested interests.' Certain conditions are stable: the amount eaten and the number of

passengers. The only question is whether the passengers may not eat where they choose and, within reasonable limits, when they choose. Many who travel for health require a special diet. That could be attended to under the advice of the 'reformed

doctor.' Many even prefer one steak to a variety of dishes.

However, it was my intention to hint at only a few practical reforms, not to elaborate any single one.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

CHILLED FRUIT.



HE cold storage of provisions generally has worked a wonderful revolution in many branches of trade; and as the conditions under which different food-products can be kept in a frozen state becomes better understood, so

does the system become more and more valuable to producers and consumers alike. A series of experiments has been carried out at the Ontario Agricultural College with a view to determine the best method of treating various descriptions of fruit for cold storage, and the results have recently been published. Apples and pears are found to keep best when wrapped singly in paper and packed in shallow boxes of not more than a bushel capacity. The best fruit only should be selected, and it should be stored before it is fully ripe, for the maturing process goes on in the cold, although more slowly than when the fruit is on the tree. Mediumsized fruit keeps better than the largest; and it is an advantage to place fruit of one approximate size in each case. For all kinds of fruit there is a timelimit beyond which it is unprofitable to keep it in the cold, and that limit for sound fruit is marked by the period of complete ripeness. Both the fruitgrower and the shipper are now able to obtain better prices for fruit: the one by selling in the local markets late in the season, and the other by serving foreign markets.

THE DEPTH OF LAKES.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh the chairman referred to the work that has been in progress during the last few years in making a systematic bathymetrical survey of the freshwater lochs of Scotland. This work was unhappily stopped by the accidental death of one of the two gentlemen who had undertaken the survey; but it has now been resumed, and the staff engaged has made remarkable progress under the personal superintendence of Sir John Murray. No fewer than one hundred and fifty-three lochs, including some of the largest and deepest in the country, have been completely surveyed, involving a total of twentythree thousand four hundred soundings. As an indication of the thoroughness of the work, it was mentioned that in one lake alone, Loch Maree, upwards of eleven hundred soundings were taken; but the greatest depth recorded was in Loch Morar -namely, ten hundred and nine feet, a depth which exceeds by several hundred feet that of any other lake in the British Islands. The results of the lake survey are now being prepared in Edinburgh, and will be laid before the Society from time to time during the session.

UNDERGROUND TELEGRAPHS.

The snowstorms which every year invade the northern parts of the kingdom generally have the mischievous effect of levelling some miles of telegraph posts and wires with the ground, so that communication between north and south is temporarily stopped. In the early part of the present year the Postmaster-General promised that in all the storm-centres between London and Scotland underground lines would be laid, and the work has now been practically completed. Along the most exposed sections on the route between the Metropolis and Edinburgh and Glasgow the mains are now laid, the first being from Stafford to Warrington, the second from Preston to Preston Richard (ten miles north of Lancaster), and the third along the wellknown incline on the North-Western Railway from Kendal to Shap. London, Manchester, and Liverpool are now also connected by underground lines, so that the country is pretty well prepared for the assaults of the snow-king. These underground lines are by no means meant to supersede the wires on poles, for they are less effective and more expensive to maintain. In ordinary times they will lie idle; but when pressure of business comes, or when snow plays havoc with the overhead lines, their services will be requisitioned.

OUR RARER MAMMALS.

A correspondent of the Times has done good service in calling attention to the threatened extinction in the British Islands of the wild-cat, the pine-marten, and the polecat, and points out that on estates where the production of large quantities. of game is the one thing desired an important consideration has been neglected. He claims that the total extinction of predatory animals is unnecessary, and indeed harmful, because when an admixture of animals, no matter of what class, is subjected to the rapacious attacks of other animals, the tendency must always be for the former tobecome more vigorous, on the principle of the survival of the fittest. He thinks that this consideration, so often urged by naturalists, should have weight with the owners of game. The wild-cat still survives in the Highlands, and where it is protected.

it holds its own; but the writer considers that it should be protected by a close-time during the breeding-season. The marten, formerly common, is much rarer than the wild-cat, and should be protected. As to the polecat, it was at one time numerous in several counties, and can still be found well represented in Wales; but, unless protection be given to it, it will quickly be stamped out.

▲ GLOBULAR BOAT.

The captain of a tug-boat which was cruising in the Channel off Folkestone, observing a curious object in the sea, steamed up to it, and found it to be a large globe, from a window in which a man's head projected. Two men eventually crept out of this queer-looking craft, and one of them proved to be Captain Doenvig, a Norwegian, who had invented it as a means of saving life. His story was that he and his companion had been dropped overboard from a Havre steamer twenty-four hours previously in order that they might make an experimental voyage. The globe (eight feet in diameter) is made of sheet-iron, rather flattened at the bottom, and of thicker metal below so that it shall sail upright. Under the 'deck,' which is one foot below the water-line, are four galvanised tanks holding one hundred and forty gallons of fresh water; and under the bench which is ranged along the sides of the globe is a store of tinned provisions. There is a funnel which can be thrust through one of the three openings or windows for the purpose of getting fresh air, and which can also be used as a mast to carry a sail; and there is a rudder, a movable keel, and the means of working a pair of oars. Captain Doenvig has proved to demonstration that this carefully devised vessel will preserve life; but it is rather too cumbersome to carry on board ship, either as part of the vessel's gear or as an item of personal luggage.

AN ENORMOUS METEORITE.

The meteorite which fell in Ireland lately is insignificant in size when compared with one discovered by Professor Ward, of Rochester, New York, who has devoted much time to the collection of these metallic bodies. The mass was found in Mexico, and it is of such a size that twenty-eight men were engaged for a whole day in partly uncovering it from the soil which had accumulated upon and around it. Its weight is computed to be fifty tons; and analysis shows it to consist of nearly 90 per cent. iron, 7 per cent. nickel, with a small proportion of cobalt and phosphorus, and a trace of sulphur and silicon. A small piece of the meteorite, weighing eleven pounds, was detached for examination and exhibition, but the bulk of the mass will likely be allowed to rest on the spot on which it now lies, where it fell probably countless ages ago.

URALITE.

Uralite, a fireproof and waterproof substance made of asbestos fibre and other mineral constituents, has lately been placed upon the market as a substitute for match-boarding in the construction of walls, ceilings, &c. It will also take the place of corrugated iron in the construction of huts, &c.; and as it is a non-conductor of heat, it will be much appreciated in hot climates. The material is supplied in sheets, which can be readily cut by carpenters' tools; nails and screws can be driven into it, and it will neither swell, crack, nor blister. It can be painted, grained, or polished, and can be glued together like wood, so that it is admirably adapted for partitions. Uralite can be used for lining the walls of hospitals and other public institutions with great advantage, for it will stand purification by fire, and can thus be easily disinfected. We have recently received samples of this new material, which has the appearance of thick cardboard, with a canvas grain. These samples are of different tints, and we understand that any desired colour can be incorporated with the ingredients of which uralite is made. Some of the samples are hard, and give quite a metallic sound when struck; others are soft and flexible. The material should have a good future before it.

A TEMPORARY PRISON.

Those who pass by the old prison of Newgate, where London's worst criminals have been housed, will notice just within the walls, now under the process of demolition, a new structure of the plainest possible elevation. This is the temporary prison which it has been necessary to erect for the accommodation of prisoners awaiting their trial at the Old Bailey, and its construction is in strange contrast to the old building now being pulled down. The walls of old Newgate were from three to four feet thick, while those of the new structure are little more than an inch; but for all that they are effective, for they are made of corrugated steel, of dovetail section, filled in with a hard and tenacious cement. Even Jack Sheppard himself, who broke through so many stone walls, would find his efforts baffled by this new material, which has been introduced by the Fireproof Partition Syndicate, and is meeting with wide application for building construction.

A NEW MACHINE-GUN.

The new weapon which has just been formally adopted for use in the Danish army appears to be most efficient, and weighs very little more than an ordinary rifle. Its important difference from all other machine-guns is that it can be carried and operated by one man; and it has no bulky carriage, but merely requires a tripod stand or a simple rest. It is possible for a mounted man to carry the gun and one thousand rounds of ammunition, which can be fired at the rate of three hundred rounds per minute, or slower if desired. The cartridges are not carried on a belt, as with the Maxim gun, but are fitted into curved magazines, each holding thirty rounds, and packed side by side into a special kind of knapsack. The new machine-gun is also far

cheaper than any similar weapon, and a few mounted men armed with it would prove a most formidable foe. It is believed that the gun would be of great use on board men-of-war.

BARTHQUAKES.

Professor Milne lately addressed the Royal Geographical Society on earthquakes, a subject which he has made his own. In the course of his lecture he pointed out that there are two kinds of earth disturbances: those which affect continental areas. and those which only disturb an area with a radius of one or two hundred miles. The first is the result of sudden movements in the process of rockfolding, accompanied by 'faulting' and huge displacements of great masses of the earth's crust; the second kind being caused by after-settlements and adjustments along the lines of fracture caused by the greater movements. The relationship between the two groups is that of parents and children. Earthquakes and earth-tremors are far more frequent than most persons imagine. On an average there are thirty thousand annually, which disturb from ten to several hundred square miles of country with sufficient vigour to be felt by a number of people.

PEAT AS FUEL.

Colliery strikes have at least one good result: they call public attention to the claims of other substances which can be employed as fuel. these peat is one of the most important, and the possibility of presenting it in a form which shall bring it into competition with coal has often been considered. Peat is saturated with water, the solid matter only amounting to 10 per cent. of its bulk, and the trouble has always been to get rid of this excess of moisture. Drying in the sun is, of course, the most economical process to adopt, provided the peat is found in a district where the sun is lavish of his beams. Within the last half-century peatmilling machines have been used in various European countries, their work being to tear the material to pieces and knead it into a solid mass, which issues from the machine in a compact state, and can be cut off into blocks, in appearance like lignite, forming an excellent fuel. In the November number of the Engineering Magazine there is an article upon the subject, which enters more in detail into the working of the machine.

NATURAL GAS IN ENGLAND.

About six years ago, during the operation of sinking a well at Heathfield, Sussex, forty-six miles from London, the presence of a copious supply of natural gas became evident when the bore-hole had reached a depth of a little more than three hundred feet. The Brighton Railway Company, upon whose land the well was sunk, took advantage of the discovery to light their station with the gas, and so the matter rested until recently, when some American gentlemen, knowing the enormous importance in their own country of natural gas,

determined to make serious investigations at Heathfield. As a result a company has been formed, and operations are being carried on night and day in order to develop what promises to be a great industry. In the deepest bore-hole the gas issues at a pressure of two hundred pounds to the square inch, which would be sufficient to carry it if required to the most distant town in the country, and the present output is reckoned at fifteen million cubic feet per day-that is, one-eighth of the daily consumption in London. The gas issues from the Kimmeridge clays, supposed to be saturated with petroleum, which evaporates as gas directly pressure is reduced by piercing a bore-hole. The gas has a fair illuminating power, and steps are now being taken to light sundry houses with it. It is also being used for several gas-engines and for heating purposes. The operations of the Natural Gas Company will be watched with great interest.

COSTLY SHRIMPS.

The sea-fisheries inspector of the Cumberland County Council has called attention to the great destruction of immature fish involved in the present method of trawling for shrimps and prawns. In the Solway small trawls are used in taking the crustaceans, and a few experimental hauls with these implements have produced startling results. A capture of two hundred and thirty-six quarts of prawns and nine quarts of shrimps was accompanied by the destruction of more than fifteen thousand immature fish, consisting of soles, plaice, cod, whitings, skate, dabs, &c. The value of the shrimps and prawns was fifty shillings, and the approximate value of the fish destroyed was quite as many pounds. As this destruction of immature fish is also carried on in other estuaries around our coasts, the authorities would do well to make some investigation, and if possible find a remedy for the evil.

SUBSTITUTES FOR WOOL.

At the meeting of the Council of the Central and Associated Chambers of Agriculture, London, a resolution dealing with substitutes for wool was under discussion, when Mr A. Mansell stated his experience. In a drive round Bradford, he said, scores of mills could be pointed out where, for every bale of wool, ten bales, and often more, are used of shoddy, mungo, stockings, and cotton; and in what is known as the Heavy Woollen District of Yorkshire there were dozens of manufacturers who never bought a single bale of new wool, and yet were known as influential manufacturers of woollen goods. Shoddy was displacing wool to a large extent. Mr Mansell exhibited two pieces of cloth, one a black vicuna, all-wool, priced at four shillings and ninepence a yard, and the other a shoddy-made wool, priced at one shilling and tenpence a yard. The two pieces were identical in pattern and finish; but the shoddy article had not one-third of the wearing qualities of the wool. Just in proportion to the amount of shoddy used did the cloth lose its strength

and value. Professor Lloyd, in seconding a motion for legislative action on the subject, said that wool was easily distinguished from shoddy. The cotton fibre is flat like a ribbon, while the wool fibre is perfectly round.

SMOKE ABATEMENT.

In a recent report by the United States Consul-General in Berlin there is an interesting account of the manufacture and use of briquettes in Germany, which now represents a very large industry. These briquettes-made of brown coal, peat, and the dust and waste of coal-mines, mixed with mineral pitch as a binding material—are used for domestic purposes as well as in workshops and factories. They give an intense heat, are free from smoke, and are cheaper than coal. The Consul considers that the use of these briquettes is one of the main reasons why Berlin can boast of being one of the cleanest and best-kept cities in the world. The other causes which conduce to this desirable result are the skilful and scientific construction of boiler-furnaces and chimneys, and the enforcement of a high standard of skill among firemen whose duty it is to raise steam for manufacturing purposes. Another important feature in German fuel economy is the manufacture of coke in retort-ovens, by which every constituent of the coal is saved and smokeless coke and gas produced.

THE NORTHROP LOOM.

Mr John Foster Fraser, who distinguished himself by riding round the world on a bicycle, has been lately in the United States, and has written various articles, entitled 'America at Work,' in one of which he deals with the cotton industry. On his visiting Fall River, Massachusetts, the centre of the American cotton industry, the place seemed like a Lancashire town, with its eighty-seven cottonmills. He found a large percentage of the men in the mills skilled Englishmen, although Americans are at the head of affairs. In one of the largest of the Fall River mills, where the manager has a salary of six thousand pounds a year, the main idea seemed to be the use of labour-saving machinery. Mr Fraser says that, although the Northrop loom was invented by James Northrop of Keighley, only about half-a-dozen are in use in Lancashire, while in America there are thousands at work. The Draper Company, which owns the patent there, is continually improving the machine. Mr Fraser was amazed at the cleverness of the appliance, as he watched it automatically feeding the shuttle with bobbins, and when a single warp broke there was no bad weaving, for the machine came to a standstill. The complaint regarding it in England has been the breaking of the warp; in America the warp is of a coarser and stronger yarn, and the automatic looms run slower. A good weaver can overlook twenty looms, and an inexperienced one may oversee twelve. Wages are higher than in England: some forty-five shillings a week for

skilled workmen, and twenty-four shillings for women; but Mr Fraser thinks there is a terrible sapping of the vitality of children sent to work for long hours between the ages of eight and twelve.

THE PROBLEM OF THE FIRE-GRATE.

The average Briton has a pardonable fondness for the ruddy glow of the open coal-fire, although in most grates there is an enormous waste of fuel in proportion to the heat given out, so much of which escapes up the chimney. The problem of how to secure the greatest amount of heat with the least expenditure of fuel, with no blow-down from a smoky chimney, and absence of dust, seems to have been so far met in Dr Clark's duplex grates, manufactured by David Noble, 136 High Street, Edinburgh. The duplex is air-tight all round, the flue passing out at the back of the grate. The throat of the vent is so narrowed that the current of heated air is reversed and brought back to the room. The whole outside of the grate forms a radiating surface; and the side chambers discharge a stream of heated air into the room. There is no residue save a fine ash in the pan below. The duplex stands well out on the hearth; and although in shape it has a little of the coal-scuttle appearance, it has a highly ornamental effect when the whole fireplace is tiled. The 'Elbon' duplex grate is on the same principle, but is more like the usual firegrate in appearance. The grate-bars are set low, and the grate is set well forward, the sides sloping back from front to rear, so that the fire is very open. The ashes fall into the pan below, perfectly consumed. Each side of this grate is cast with vertical flue spaces, open below to draw in cool air. and open above to emit the warmed air which has passed through the heated spaces.

SILKEN SORROW.

I RIDE while others trudge,
The costliest silks I wear,
Bright jewels shine on this breast of mine;
But a starving heart is there:

A heart grown cold and dead,
Though the red blood dyes my cheek.

Now, alas! for pride, that could dare to hide
What I longed to hear him speak.

My kerchief dropped that day:
His eyes, that flamed to mine
Like stars, went down in a night-black frown
At the coronet's broidered sign.

The daughter of an Earl;
But blood is blood, and beats—
Through bluest veins from ancient strains—
At the dream of a world of sweets.

I would have swept his floors,
Darned socks—a household drudge;
But he never spoke. So here, alone,
A silken sorrow that dares not moan,
I ride—while the happy trudge.

ADA BARTRICK BAKER,



THE DAM REEF.

By FELIX ELIOT.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS .- CHAPTER I.



HE branch of the Stainsleighs of which I am a—perhaps somewhat unworthy—descendant had during the Commonwealth a sneaking regard for Cromwellian methods. This fact proved a bane to them at the

Restoration, preventing the then head of the family from making good the sacrifices he had made for the enhancement of the Protector's war-funds. The Stainsleigh Towers estate became heavily encumbered; bit by bit foreclosures deprived the Stainsleighs of almost all the land which had once been theirs, and of which they had been so proud; but the old house still remained to them, as also the park in which the mansion stood. After the Restoration old Sir Geoffrey Stainsleigh became almost a recluse; and his two sons, Philip and Ralph, went into military service, and sought by deeds of valour to throw off the stigma which attached to them as Roundheads.

In due time old Sir Geoffrey went over to the majority, and Philip succeeded to the title and what remained of the old possessions. sought further active service abroad, and gained a high reputation for military capacity. Still, it seemed that the wealth which was once the glory of their name would never again return. Philip married, and before he died became the proud father of a son and daughter. The latter married a distant cousin. The young Philip left a young wife, and strayed into the doubtful advantages of a sojourner in town; and, later, owing to his dare-devil nature, drew the attention of the King. But this favour was of an ephemeral character; and when it passed, Philip became more and more dissolute, and finally embroiled himself in some quarrel anent a Court beauty, perishing in a duel fought to uphold that which the said beauty had long ago parted with: a virtuous reputation.

The family attorney continued to look after the remaining property. As he failed to discover the No. 266.—Vol. VI.

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whereabouts of the second son Ralph, the property merged into Chancery. Of Ralph, the second son, nothing further was ever heard beyond the fact that he had married the daughter of a worthy but not over well-to-do burgomaster of Amsterdam, by whom he had one son, who grew up to manhood; and, being of a venturesome turn of mind, he had sailed for the Dutch settlements in Southern Africa. Here all trace of the direct Stainsleighs ceased, and, as far as I know, I am the only representative of another branch of the same family. As a matter of fact, my greatgrandmother was the daughter of Philip (the elder son of Sir Geoffrey of the Cromwellian era), and she had married a cousin, a certain Peregrine Stainsleigh, of whom no record worthy of remark remains beyond the fact that he was a limb of the law, and for a time had been domiciled in the King's Bench Walk. I fear me much that his brain-pan was not fitted to take in the intricacies of the law; but, somehow or another, both he and his descendants, my father included, managed to squeeze out of such litigants as were introduced to them a sufficiency of income to keep the wolf from the door. Naturally enough I kept to the same profession as my forebears; but, alas! my brain proved altogether unequal to professional needs. My personal wants were an ever-growing crop, and my rewards, on the other hand, grew less and less as time went on. I broke away from the trammels of family record, and one fine day booked a passage in one of the mail steamers to Capetown, bent on a voyage of discoveryprimarily, as I tried to persuade my friends, in search of the missing sprig in our ancestral tree.

After a mightily tempestuous passage across the Biscay's Bay, our much-strained vessel ran into comparatively calm waters, to eventually land us on the twenty-eighth day out from home at the—in those days—'one horse city' of Capetown. A short stay sufficed to thoroughly exploit the local [All Rights Reserved.]

lions, and then I left for the 'Garden Colony'-Natal. A month spent in Pietermaritzburg, and again the word 'forward' came to my rescue; and with such transport convenience as a wagon drawn by sixteen oxen can afford, I made my way to the more rugged and by far more picturesque fastnesses of the Lydenburg Mountains.

Reports of satisfactory gold discoveries were rife; but as far as the existing diggings of the time were concerned, there was little to be done. Recognising this as a great truth, I put a sum of money into a prospecting syndicate, and with its members proceeded to newer areas, full of the sanguine hope of some day dropping on a veritable El Dorado. We spent some six months on this quest, in as lonely a bit of mountain country as one could wish for. At the end of that time my confreres had come to the conclusion that a visit to camp was necessary, if for no other purpose than to secure a fresh commissariat. I was a dissenter, feeling regretful to turn my back on so pleasant a life. I would here mention the fact that I am a lover of all field-sports, and consider myself a superb shot. Thus it will be the readier understood why I was averse to returning to headquarters. During our prospecting I had enjoyed some of the best shooting I ever had; and as it happened that no other member of our party had sporting proclivities, most of our meatsupply was left for me and my gun to provide. When on a replenishing trip I always took with me a Kaffir 'boy,' who by reason of his comeliness of figure I had named Pollo (meant as the diminutive for Apollo). He was an intelligent fellow, belonging to no particular tribe by right of birth, but undoubtedly possessed of a large admixture of Portuguese blood. From the fact that he had lived much in the country of the Knopfneuzen, or Knobnosed Kaffirs, he sometimes called himself after that tribe. He was not of a particularly communicative disposition; but on one occasion he interested me by some rather graphic descriptions of the country of the Knopfneuzen.

'Why baas no go there? Gold im plenty there. Pollo see one m'lungu h'lala lapa [white man stop there]; he sebenza long time, an' fin' plenty gold in his bokis [sluice-box], m'kulu gold, lika so.' Here he joined his forefinger and thumb by way of assisting me to judge the size of the nuggets he professed to have seen found there.

No matter how determined a prospector may be in his resolves to turn a deaf ear to fairy stories that from time to time assail his ears anent gold-finding, there always remains just a soupcon of belief that they 'may be true,' and as often as not he finds himself journeying to the alleged El Dorado with a view of satisfying himself.

Thus, like the great Raleigh, I found myself one morning, just as the goldening dawn sent its first aureate beam adown the slope of the distant and more aspiring of the hill-ranges that loomed to the northward and westward, taking a hasty 'coffee-drink,' as the Boer calls it, preparatory to making a start for the country of the Knopfneuzen. After some protracted journeyings, I pitched camp in a wedge of country lying between the western Zoutpansberg Mountains and the Spelonken Hills. This district is very rugged and broken, and even at the best season of the year meagrely supplied with water. True, here and there are tiny oases, which want but the care of a zealous husbandman to turn them into veritable paradises. It was in this neighbourhood that the Portuguese Consul Albasini withdrew himself from consular service, and entered upon an almost feudal existence. He enclosed a large and fruitful area, at a considerable elevation, the surroundings of which are very broken and rugged. He finally fortified himself there in an almost impregnable position. Albasini was a somewhat austere man, but just withal. The natives around, if they did not exactly love him, looked up to him as indisputable master. They paid their tithes to him freely, and rendered him service in his plantations until by their labour, under the personal direction of their feudal lord, much wealth of well-being accrued to them. This state of things existed some thirty years previous to the period of which I write. Since then much change had been wrought and great havoc made at Albasini's kopje, and to-day it is little better than a chaotic blending of degenerate flowering shrubs and overgrown fruit-trees.

I spent two or three days at this once almost ornate estancia, in the mild indulgence of perfect rest, fully believing myself to be the only European within many miles. In this I was mistaken. The connecting-link of my story will here find a fitting introduction.



ARELY, if ever, did I go for a ramble without adding to my bearer's small prospective. small prospecting pick and pan; and on the morning I left camp with the

purpose of beating the scrub along the banks of the Pulele River for francolin—a bird belonging to the partridge family-I made no exception to the rule. I had been fairly successful, having bagged some four or five brace, when I found my walk had brought me to the head-waters of a fair-sized tributary creek. Here high acclivitous sides of the Spelonken Hills came down almost sheer; and, but for a narrow strip of negotiable pathway, there seemed no chance of mounting to the summit. Along this friendly jutting ledge of rock I determined, after enjoying a hasty snack of food, to make a trip of exploration. I had not proceeded very far when I found what I had taken to be the head-waters of the creek was nothing of the kind. A slip or small avalanche of the rocky walls had at some distant period taken place and simply divided or formed a dam, and the creek I had thus far followed was but a continuation of a supply higher up which found its way through the mass of loose rocks that had been precipitated from above. The ledge of rock on which I was standing began to slope some forty or fifty vards ahead of me; and, following this downward trend, I was surprised to see a large sheet of water, quite a miniature lake of some three hundred yards across, with grassy banks and what, at a distance, looked like a patch of cultivation on the higher ground. Small wonder my curiosity became aroused, and I at once determined to exploit this find.

Some two hundred yards farther along the rugged path brought me to a sudden turn. After rounding this, I found myself at a spot where the waters were again contracted by a high bank running from the distant side to join the acclivity beneath which I was walking. Some twenty feet of a gap intervened, and through this flowed the small stream which fed the lake, dropping to the level thereof in a small cascade spanned by a primitive rustic foot-bridge guarded by a single hand-rail. Crossing this bridge, I proceeded expectantly; and, to my surprise, after rounding yet another turn, I came upon a plot of garden-land which showed that more than common attention was bestowed upon it. Bananas, grapes, figs, with many other fruits, were flourishing; while, presently, the walk I was upon showed a bordering of pomegranate-bushes. Then, amidst a bower of oleander-trees, the powerful perfume of which at first inspiration almost overcame me, I saw the quaintest of houses, as far as its architectural form was concerned, and yet giving an idea of extreme comfort; for beneath its heavily grass-thatched roof the heat even of a tropical sun could not have penetrated. Who, thought I, could have built unto themselves so snug a retreat in such an out-of-the-way corner as this? I stood rapt in contemplation of this beau-ideal of a peaceful haven, until brought to the cares of the everyday world by the too close proximity of a huge dog. As far as voice went he was perfectly quiet, but at the same time I thought he might have a biting-power of more effective character. He appeared to be somewhat akin to the old-fashioned bob-tailed English sheep-dog, though not so shaggy of hide. I have seen a few of these animals since in various parts of the Transvaal, and, generally speaking, their owners have assessed their value highly. dog apparently had an opinion favourable to me, for when I dropped my rifle from the shoulder to the half-arm rest, he sniffed with satisfaction, turned towards the house as though to escort me thither, every now and again turning his head to ascertain if I had accepted his invitation. As we neared the latticed porch over the entrance into the house the dog gave vent to a single but loud expression of warning, and then bounded in.

The next minute there appeared a girl of some

seventeen or eighteen years, tall, with an exquisitely svelte figure, whose every movement was as near the poetry of motion as that of the average high-heeled-boot wearer of our London streets is distant from it. Her charm and grace were infinite—a personality full of suggestion. As I have said, she was tall, but not too tall. Her complexion was pale, white indeed, but not the least suggestive of waxiness. Her nose had just the tiniest claim to romanesque; her mouth, not large, was yet full and expressive of determination; her eyes reminded one by their sheen of two superb sapphires with a drop of dew resting on each to give them light and play. Her hair, of a deep-jet colour, was plentiful, yet gathered closely to her Juno-like head, and twisted into a simple knot behind. As though for a foil, her dress was of the simplest description, a pale bluestriped print; but the work of artist-fingersher own, without a doubt of it.

At my salutation she advanced to the stoepedge, and said, in a voice of thrilling melody, 'Good-morning, sir. Have you seen my father?'

The oddness of the question robbed me for the moment of ability to reply. Soon I recovered my equanimity, and answered, 'No; I have seen no one. Indeed, I should have been surprised to do so, though not so much as I am to find your Arcadian home in this out-of-the-way corner.'

To which she replied, 'Yes, our home is retired. How came you to light upon it?'

'By merest chance. I am prospecting, and my path lies wherever indications of the precious metal lead me.'

'Have you found indications in this locality?'
This question was put with a degree of suspicion that I could not fail to note.

'No, I cannot say I have. My camp is but a mile or so from this, at the foot of Albasini's kopje. To-day I wandered off more for sport than in quest of gold. Following the creek upwards till it became lost to me—in the débris of what I have since been thinking is a considerable landslip—my intentions were somewhat frustrated, till I mounted the ledge of rock that brought me to the little bridge yonder. Naturally my curiosity became aroused. I continued my stroll till this very good-natured dog of yours came to meet and greet me.'

'I have no doubt Bruno was as much taken aback as yourself. It is a very rare occurrence even for a native to come within what we call "our bounds." My father is somewhat of a recluse, having no special liking for near neighbours. But I am sure he will be pleased to see you. He is late in returning. Like yourself, he is fond of sport, and has gone out with Klaas—our old Hottentot servant, who accompanied my father from the old colony—to visit traps for a leopard which has been mischievous of late among the young stock. But you will think me inhospitable. Please enter and rest while I get

you some refreshment. You must be in need of it after your ramble.'

I begged her not to trouble, as I had already partaken of food; but I would gladly rest a while. Glad to rest! I should rather think I was, under the prevailing conditions. What young fellow with a leaning to art would have declined such an offer and from so perfect a model?

We sat and talked upon the stoep, under the vine-clad veranda. She produced a jar of her father's home-grown tobacco and insisted on my indulgence, saying, 'Smoke, if you do smoke at all. I love the odour of what my father calls his "silent eloquence."

I smoked the while she plied me with questions concerning the 'outer world,' as she called it. Time flew, and I began to think it would be well to make my adieu, and thereupon rose to do so, asking if I might, without fear of being considered an intruder, call on the morrow, when I hoped to see her father.

She was sure her father would be pleased to see me; and as for herself, 'You know, I have been so long absent from inhabited parts that I am longing to continue our conversation, and learn more of what is going on in the colony.' So we parted for the time, Bruno accompanying his young mistress as far as the bridge, where we bade each other au revoir.

On my arrival at the place where I had left Pollo I found that worthy sound asleep. There was yet another half-hour to actual son-onder, as the Boers call sunset, and I was in an indulgent mood, not indisposed to reverie either; so I let Pollo continue his nap. For myself, I fell into -if not reverie, as I have said-day-dreams, the foremost personality in them being-- Bless my soul! What can I have been about to neglect to find out her name-my new and charming acquaintance? For two hours only we had chatted together-reserve there was no need for in so isolated a spot—and upon my word I felt already as though I had known her for years. After some spell of this castle-building work I jumped up, and so energetically did I place my boot in contiguity with the shining hide of Pollo that he sprang to his already packed burden, and with one and the same movement started on the return track to the wagons.

We had not gone far when I fancied I heard a shout. Moving a little farther onward, again I heard it, and Pollo heard it also; but his hearing was more acute than mine, and he not only recognised a Hottentot's cry, but also the tenor of it and the direction from which the cry came. At my bidding he sent up a responsive yell, and shortly afterwards a coloured man came running up holding a letter in his hand, which he said he was commanded to place in my hands. There was no superscription, but on opening the deftly folded missive I read the following words:

'Do please return at once. I need your aid for my father, who is sore stricken.

'VERA STANLEY.'

What could have happened? Let it be what it might, go back I would, and at once. First, however, I ascertained from the old Kaffir—who, it appeared, was the Klaas mentioned by Miss Stanley—that there was a road by which my wagons could be brought round to his master's house. The two natives spoke together, and Pollo assured me that he understood, and would have the oxen inspanned, and trek by night in order to be with me soon after son-up next morning.

I turned in my tracks and went back accompanied by Klaas. On the way the faithful fellow, amid tears of real regret I am sure, told me of the disaster which had happened to his baas.

It seems that Mr Stanley's visit to the traps he had laid for the marauding feline had been almost completed and nothing had happened, the lures being intact. However, there was yet one other trap to visit. This was set rather out of the line of route which he had taken, and the inspection had been left over until they should have made a start for home. 'Tis too often verified, the old saw that 'the last straw,' &c., and so it proved in the case of this last trap to which Mr Stanley had unfortunately turned his attention. According to Klaas's account, on their arrival at the place where the trap had been set it was found the lure had proved successful. A beinge groot luipard had been caught by the leg and held. Unfortunately the hold was too near the foot to be altogether secure, for when Mr Stanley and Klaas put in an appearance the animal became furious, and made frantic endeavours to release itself. An unlucky shot from Klaas's rifle only served to infuriate the beast the more. Then Mr Stanley had essayed, but a faulty cartridge added fuel to the fire raging within the maddened brute. With a frantic effort the leopard sprang forward. This time a link in the chain by which the huge gin had been secured gave way, and the next instant the animal was upon Stanley, with its fangs deep-set in his shoulder, rending and tearing savagely with its hind-claws. Klass flung himself into the scrimmage with a short-handled dagger-knife he carried, and plunged his weapon again and again into the brute as nearly behind its shoulder as circumstances permitted him. Mr Stanley had been carried home by some natives from a neighbouring kraal, and Klaas was of opinion there was but 'slim' chance of his recovery, owing to the deluge of blood lost from the wounds.

What little I knew of surgery was of the simplest, and therefore I felt my presence could be of little avail to the injured man. But go I would. Suppose she were to be left—left alone; and I seemed to feel that she would be so, in the direst sense.

FIGHTING THE FLAMES.



I the small but most interesting museum which forms part of the Guildhall buildings in London there may be seen by the curious in such things three large brass squirts, of not much greater capacity than a

modern garden-syringe, which bear date 1672. These were the first fire-engines used in the Metropolis, and their institution was prompted by the great fire which six years earlier had destroyed such a large portion of London. It was then ordained by Act of Parliament that one of these primitive appliances should be kept in each ward of the City, together with buckets, and also ladders to help in the work of rescue; and the aldermen were held responsible for the working of the engines. It is noteworthy that not until the year 1866—two hundred years after the great fire—were any steps taken to form a public brigade of firemen.

The city of Rome was much better protected against fire in the first century of the Christian era than was London in the seventeenth century. Under the Emperor Augustus a corps of firemen, known as vigiles, was organised, consisting of seven thousand men, divided into seven cohorts of one thousand each. They carried with them heavy buckets, also some smaller vessels, consisting of rush baskets coated with pitch to make them watertight, and some engines called siphones. Ctesibius, who lived two hundred and fifty years B.C., invented a machine which, from the description of it left by Vitruvius, appears to have been a force-pump.

A Roman pump of this kind was found in 1795 at Civita Vecchia, and what is believed to be a firepump was unearthed at Silchester in Hampshire (the British Pompeii, as it has been called) only a few years ago. This pump, made of a solid block of hard wood, with two cylinders, lined with lead, bored out of it, was in principle the same as a modern double-action pump, the air reservoir or compressor not being wanting. It seems strange, in view of these early provisions against fire, that the city of London should have lagged so far behind. However ridiculous the squirts and buckets may appear to us, they should not be altogether despised, for it must be remembered that a gallon or two of water has often a greater effect during the initial stages of a fire than many tons poured upon it at a later stage. The men of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade still carry with them hand-pumps; and these humble engines are instrumental in extinguishing many incipient conflagrations.

The squirts gave place to what were called waterengines, and these were supplanted by the manual engine, which did duty until the 'steamer' came upon the scene.

The first corps enrolled to do battle with fires in London was the Fire-Engine Establishment. This was a private concern—that is to say, the public was

not called upon to contribute towards its maintenance, the cost being defrayed by the insurance companies jointly. In 1864 these companies sent formal notice to the Home Office that they intended to discontinue the establishment, and so the Fire Brigade was formed under the control of the Metropolitan Board of Works, now superseded by the London County Council. The headquarters of the brigade are at Southwark, and this establishment is in telephonic communication with all the other Metropolitan stations, so that they can be directed as to their action—a most necessary provision in the case of fires occurring in different parts at the same time. In addition to this, any station can be placed in telephonic communication with any other station, using the headquarters as an exchange. Each engine carries a portable telephonic attachment which can be fastened on any street-alarm post, so that the fireman first arriving at the post from which the alarm has been given can speak to headquarters, and give information as to the extent of the fire and possible requirements.

A new type of steamer has been recently introduced in which paraffin is used as fuel. The water in the boiler is kept hot by gas-jets while the engine is in the station, and can be made to blow off at a pressure of one hundred and twenty pounds two minutes after turning on the paraffin spray. There are three descriptions of fire-escapes which will extend to thirty, fifty, and seventy feet respectively. These are used not only for saving life, but to enable the firemen to carry the hose up to windows and other favourable positions in order to direct the stream of water towards the heart of the fire.

Some recent terrible disasters in the city of London, in one of which ten lives were sacrificed although the burning premises were within a stone's-throw of a fire-station, have directed attention to the question of the efficiency of our present methods of dealing with fires. It is agreed on all hands that there is no fault to find with the men, who again and again have shown that they are ready to risk their own lives in the endeavour to save others. It is their equipment about which doubts have arisen, and it may be profitable, therefore, if we devote a little attention to the appliances used for fighting the flames in other countries.

The New York Fire Brigade has the credit of being in advance of any other town in the matter of appliances, and their steamers will throw, through a two-inch nozzle, a stream of solid water to a distance of about two hundred yards on a calm day. In 1881 the 'water-tower' was introduced; and from the fact that it is still in use, it would seem to be a valuable piece of apparatus. It consists of a truck with an open ironwork pillar which reaches about sixty feet above the level of the street pavement. This carries a hose which is large enough to take the water from two or even

four steamers, the water being fed to a bent tube at the top of the tower, which delivers a five-inch stream through the windows of a burning building. An auxiliary piece of apparatus is the 'swivel pipe,' which in like manner can be coupled up to two or more engines. It is a short, bent pipe, which can be turned in any direction, fixed to a stout iron stanchion. As it is close to the engines, a very powerful combined stream can be delivered from it, and under certain conditions it is more serviceable than the water-tower.

Ladders, or fire-escapes, built on much the same pattern as those in use in this country, form part of the equipment of the New York Brigade, the longest one in use extending to nearly a hundred feet. By means of short ladders with hooks at the top, called scaling-ladders, the New York fireman is able to climb from floor to floor outside a building, each time hooking the ladder which he pulls up after him, as he rests on a window-ledge, to the window opening in the floor above. When he reaches the opening for which he is aiming he lets down a cord, and his colleagues below fasten to it a life-line, which he pulls up; by means of this he can lower to the ground any unfortunates who have no other means of rescue. The American brigades also carry a line-throwing musket, which establishes communication in the same way that a rocket is used in case of shipwreck.

In Berlin hooked scaling-ladders are also in use; but to make them really effective it would seem that window-sills should be of such a pattern that the ladder-hooks can easily grip them. Whether this is the case in the cities mentioned we are unable to say; but it is certain that in our buildings in Britain the window-fittings are of such different patterns that it is doubtful if such ladders would be of any great use here. Certainly our fire brigades have not adopted them; but they carry with them short ladders which can quickly be fitted together to form long ones.

The Paris fire department is making a very radical change in its apparatus by fitting all its vehicles with electric motors, thereby cutting off the expense of feeding and stabling a number of horses. The change from horse-traction to motors of some kind or other is bound to come sooner or later to all fire brigades, and Paris seems to have taken the lead.

Following that example, the volunteer fire department of Grünewald near Berlin has instituted a hose-cart, a kind of 'first aid' appliance, which is actuated by a motor. This cart carries hose, ladder, a life-line, smoke-masks, and all the implements usually employed by firemen. It is made to travel at a very rapid pace, so as to reach a fire with as little loss of time as possible.

We may also note here that a new automobile fire-engine is being manufactured by M. Cambier, of Lille. The mechanism is so arranged that it can be used either to drive the engine along or to work the pumps, the change being effected instantaneously. Here again time is saved by dispensing with both horses and steam.

The most novel introduction in the way of firefighting weapons within recent years is perhaps that of Captain Schapler, late of the German army, but now chief of the fire brigade at Frankfort. It is known as the Schapler pneumatic tower fire-escape, and, as the name implies, it combines the duty of the American water-tower with that of the ordinary escape. It is difficult to describe it without diagrams; but let us compare it to a four-drawer telescope, which when shut up is twenty feet in length. This long telescope, to every length of which a ladder is attached, is carried in a horizontal position on a heavy truck drawn by two horses. Also on the truck is a receptacle for compressed air or carbonic acid gas. The operator turns a tap and the telescope assumes an upright position, sloping in any required direction. Another tap is turned, which admits the compressed air or gas into the tubes, and the telescope shoots out to a height of eighty-four feet. The action takes place in thirty seconds or less, and, if desired, a man carrying a length of hose goes up with the apparatus, so that he can direct a stream of water from that commanding height. If the object is to save life, the fireman at the top of the ladder helps the person in danger on to a small platform at his side; then, on turning a tap below, the telescope shuts up and both rescuer and rescued are lowered to the ground automatically. Another charge of gas is admitted. up shoots the telescope once more, and another life is saved. In this way no fewer than eighteen persons were recently rescued from certain death at a fire which took place at Frankfort. It is one of the most valuable features of this apparatus that it will carry the rescued person down in the way we have endeavoured to describe; for the work of descending an ordinary ladder, in the absence of such awful conditions as those of a conflagration, is difficult even to a robust man who is unaccustomed to it. To the old and feeble it is next to impossible. We are glad to learn that the Schapler fire-escape has been adopted by the authorities at Vienna, Breslau, Munich, Aix-la-Chapelle, and other Continental cities, and that it is in use in America.

In this country there are tens of thousands of handsomely appointed private residences, which are replete with every appliance which comfort and luxury can suggest, but are quite destitute of any apparatus for dealing with an outbreak of fire, and in many cases without any means of escape for the inmates. The law takes good care that the factory operative shall not be placed in such a cruel position, the employer being bound to provide a way out of the building under his control in case of fire. The workman may congratulate himself on being better off, in this respect at least, than the millionaire. Yet it should not be difficult to devise, for private use, means of extinguishing a fire or escaping from it. A bucket of water-or, still better, one of those handy chemical appliances known as extincteurs—is an invaluable aid in the initial stages of a fire, always provided that there is some

one at hand who does not lose his head at the sight of flames. Then with regard to means of escape: a good Manila-hemp rope, which can be readily attached to a stout hook near a window, or to the leg of a bedstead, is a simple and efficient means of escape in the absence of anything better. The canvas shoot, which allows persons to slide down a kind of woven pipe, works admirably in an experimental way when there is no fire; but canvas is inflammable, and there is no method by which it can be made to withstand the action of fire for any length of time. The so-called incombustible treatment may prevent it from becoming actually inflamed, but we are aware of no method that will prevent it from smouldering when exposed to great heat.

A wonderfully compact, and we should be inclined to think efficient, means of escape for use in private houses was brought forward a few years ago by an American inventor, Mr E. Robiole. It has the outward appearance of, and can be used as, an ordinary arm-chair. Beneath the seat, hidden by the valance, is a cylinder upon which is reeled a flexible steel ladder many yards in length. The end of this ladder finds its way through the back of the chair, which is hollow, and over the top, so that it can be lowered with the greatest ease from a window, the chair acting as a counterweight. If such chairs were in common use, and their purpose well understood, they would be the means of saving very many lives

It will thus be seen that the important subject of

saving life at fires is occupying the attention of many minds, and we may reasonably hope that in the future such holocausts as we have had to deplore in the past will become, if not impossible, greatly reduced in number. Of late years much-needed legal restrictions have been laid on methods of building; but we can never hope for houses which shall be absolutely fireproof. The structure itself may be incombustible; but its contents cannot be so. Besides, we have to take our cities and towns as they have been handed down to us, full of old buildings which apparently were constructed with a view to making a good bonfire whenever opportunity should offer.

Much good is likely to accrue from the International Fire Exhibition which is to be opened next spring at Earl's Court, London. For six months this is to form one of the chief of the Metropolitan attractions; and although the amusement-seeker will be catered for, the exhibition will have its serious, business side in the accumulation of all kinds of fire-resisting materials, fire-quenching apparatus, and life-saving devices. We shall hope to see there many of the appliances here described; but to do them justice they should be shown in action. The public need to be made acquainted with the various apparatus now available for their protection and well-being, and the projected exhibition should do on a large scale what we have been endeavouring to do on a small one by penning these notes.

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

By JOHN OXENHAM.

CHAPTER V .- JOY OF LIFE.



HREE days later, with the sweetness of her loss and the deeper gladness of all her memories upon her, Barbe was up in the lantern at early dawn, as was her wont.

It was a soft, mother-of-pearl morning, and the sea and the western sky still trailed their leaden garments of the night. Pippo was hopping stolidly round the gallery, and the urgent necessity of seeing everything that was going on, both above and around and below, and with only one eye to do it all, kept his little blue-gray head jerking to and fro in a way that got on Minette's nerves. Every other minute she made a dash at him, and he received her with a shrill scream, a wild flapping of wings, and a beak that rattled like a castanet. Then Minette would retire to prepare a fresh ambush, and try to catch him on his blind side, but never succeeded in doing it. Now and again Barbe would look round at them, and say softly, 'Gently, gently, my children;' to which neither of them paid the slightest attention.

A brown-sailed fishing-boat was making slowly

for Plenevec, wobbling heavily along to the creak of the oars, for there was not a breath of wind. Barbe stood watching it for a moment, and at sight of her the oarsmen, standing face to the bows as they breasted the heavy oars, stopped in their rhythmic swing. A fluty hail came pealing across the smooth water, and a friendly hand waved in the boat—as it had waved once before when his ship was running down the Race to certain death, which yet to him was to be the entrance to a larger life. Then Barbe's young red blood leaped in her veins, and her face glowed from the inside as well as from the dawn as she waved her hand in reply.

So he had not gone after all, or he had come back. He was still within sight and sound. Her heart swelled within her till it gave her pain, and she struck her side with her fist to keep the unruly thing in order.

She watched the boat till it crept round the corner into Grand Bayou. She got another wave of the hand, and waved hers in reply. When the boat had quite disappeared she went back to her work. The sky was full of light, and the sea

was dimpling and smiling under the tender kisses of the new-born sun. The sea-birds round Cap Réhel gleamed like a snow-cloud. The tall shaft of the lighthouse shone like a pillar of fire, and up on top of it Barbe Carcassone, nearer heaven than most, said to herself that the good God was very good, and Alain was still there.

'Tiens!' said George Cadoual as Alain straightened up and stopped rowing to wave his hand and send his greeting to Barbe up in the gallery. 'You know La Carcassone! But, of course, you were there. I forgot. A pretty girl, they say; but the old one keeps her all to himself. A gloomy old curmudgeon; but he has reason, without doubt. He murdered a man and woman up there in the Light, you know.'

'What are you saying, then?'

'But yes, it is true, my boy. It was before my time, but is well known. The man who used to keep the Light ran off with Pierre's wife, and he followed them and killed them both up there. For me, I say he did right, and they only gave him five years. And then he went to live there, and he's been there ever since. Ask old Gaudriol, mon gars'—as Alain's face betokened no sense of conviction; 'he was here at the time. He has been here since the Flood, has Gaudriol.'

But Alain was musing on this strange news, and he spoke no word till they lauded.

That afternoon, after his sleep, Alain purposely chanced upon M. Gaudriol, and the old gendarme accepted a pipeful from him and sat down on the shingle to have a chat, for he had taken a liking for the lad at first sight.

'Is it true, M. Gaudriol, that M. Carcassone killed a man and woman out there?' Alain asked, with a seaward nod, as soon as their pipes were fairly alight.

'It is true enough, my boy,' and the old man looked at him curiously from under his bushy white brows; 'but he had great provocation. Being officer of the law myself, I would not go so far as to say he was justified; but they only gave him a short term, and nobody thought the worse of him when he came back. He did a thing, and he paid for it. Voilà tout! Who was telling you?' he asked presently.

'Cadoual, this morning in the boat. As we passed the Light ma'm'selle was up in the gallery, and I waved my hand to her.'

Old Gaudriol nodded understandingly.

'She is a good girl, and pretty, they say.'

'She is very beautiful,' said Alain with conviction, 'and I am quite sure she is good. Does she never come ashore?'

'I saw her that first morning when her father brought her here to me, after—you understand. And I saw her when he fetched her from St Pol; and since then I think I have seen her but twice. Is she content out there all alone?'

'I suppose so,' said Alain. 'She did not say.'

'All the same, it must be dull for her,' said

Gaudriol. 'Young life has its rights also. The young should mix with the young.'

The old man looked at the young one as though about to say something else; but he checked himself, and it was not till the pipes were beginning to whiffle that he asked casually, 'And how do you get on with Cadoual?'

'Well enough,' said Alain. 'He's a bit odd at times, and he likes his own way, and thinks he knows more than most.'

To all of which Gaudriol nodded assent, but said no more.

Alain had found bed and board in the house of an old widow-woman whose son had been drowned the previous winter. Veuve Pleuret discovered in him a likeness to her lost boy, so that he found himself in very comfortable quarters, while the mother in her found relief in ministering to him. His business took him frequently up to the Cadoual house, and he never regretted that he was not living there.

He did not soon forget his first introduction to Mère Cadoual.

He had waited to see Pierre off home that first day; then, with M. Gaudriol's assistance, he went to find a lodging; and in the afternoon he walked up, as arranged with George, to have a talk with him about the fishing.

It was a good-sized house, with barns and an untidy straw-yard surrounded by a high stone wall; with dung-heaps and rooting pigs and scratching poultry all about, and the fragrant smell of cattle, and the monotonous thumping of a churn.

He made for the sound of the churn, and a redfaced, tired-looking girl looked up and stopped work when his head appeared in the doorway.

'Pardon, ma'm'selle,' he said; 'can you tell me where I shall find M. Cadoual?'

But before she could answer a strident, highpitched voice broke out behind him, and the churn started again with a jump.

'Now then, now then, young man,' cried the voice, 'what's all this? Don't you know better than to stop a churn? We all know that lazy hussy's only too glad to get the chance, and it's little enough she does unless I'm on her back all the time. But it's not backward she is at her meals, I warrant you; and drinks the cream, too, if you'll believe me.'

The girl flushed a deeper red and began pounding away harder than ever to make up for lost time. She looked again at Alain because he was something new and good to look at, and then winked quickly at him, as much as to say, 'You don't need to swallow all that, you know,' as he turned to face the new-comer.

'Now, draggle-tail, don't punch the bottom out. Steady, girl, steady! Keep your temper, or you'll get no butter; and no supper, ma foi, if you spoil the butter. One would think you'd never seen a man before in your life; whereas, if the truth were told'——

- 'Can I see M. Cadoual, madame?' asked Alain, to save the girl from the storm he had provoked.
- 'What is it you want, then? We've all the hands we need, if the lazy good-for-nothings would only work. You're all the same, you men; and, dame! the women are just as bad. Be off with you. Allea, allea!'
 - 'M. Cadoual has engaged me for his boat '---
- 'You! Mon Dieu! The boy's a fool. It's a man he wants. Two boys in a boat won't catch any fish.—Jeanne!' in a roar, 'if that churn stops again I'll come in and slap your head for you.'

She was a burly, dark-faced virago, with snapping black eyes and a black moustache, and another little moustache curled fiercely over each eye, which gave her a terribly wide-awake look: a woman whom Nature had palpably designed for a man, but, getting mixed, had left her man in the form of woman. Alain noticed that her hair was coarse like the tail of a horse, and she wore big wooden sabots with straw in them. She was so big and broad that she made him feel quite small, though he stood five feet ten in his bare feet. He was glad he had found lodgings elsewhere.

- 'You're over young, mon gars,' she said. 'Can you sail a boat and cast the nets without tumbling overboard like our fool of a Jeannot?'
- 'I had five years of it, madame, and I have never got drowned.'
- 'Evidently, since you are here still. All the same, I say you're too young.—Geo-r-r-ge!'
- 'Hello! hello! What's the matter now? I'm not deaf.—Tiens! it's you, mon ami. I thought the house was afire at the least;' and George Cadoual came out of the house with the sleep still blinking in his eyes.
- 'You're half asleep yet,' said his mother, 'and were all asleep a minute ago, I'll warrant. He's too young, George;' and she eyed Alain as if he were a colt she hesitated to purchase on account of its youth. 'What you need in that boat is a man'—
- 'Well,' said George, 'there'll be two men in it, and that's enough.'
- 'Two light-headed boys with not ballast enough between them to sink a net.'
- 'Pfutt! He's from Plougastel. I know what I'm about.'
- 'Ah! ça—from Plougastel! Well, that makes a difference;' and she regarded Alain with somewhat less disfavour.

Here a pair of tired horses came clanking into the yard, with rhythmic jingle of iron chains, and their driver slouching sideways on the hind one; and madame instantly assailed him with a fury of invective for having left off work, as she asserted, full ten minutes before the proper time.

'Come in and have a chopine and a cigarette,' said Cadoual to Alain. 'You'll find it better than old Mère Buvel's wash. The mother is enjoying herself now she's got something to scold;' and Alain followed him into the kitchen, while the girl at the

churn took advantage of madame's diversion to rest her tired arms for a moment.

Their discussion on matters piscatorial was so discursive, and so frequently interrupted by madame's incursions into it, that the big kitchen table was being noisily laid for the evening meal before it was ended, and Cadoual insisted on Alain stopping to eat with them.

'I bet you it'll be better than anything you'll get down yonder,' he said.

As far as actual meat and drink went, George was right; but the contentious tongue of madame imparted a bitter flavour to it all for the others—all except the son, whom Alain soon perceived to be at once master and spoiled boy of the house.

Six men and three maid-servants joined the board, including him of the horse and Jeanne of the churn. They all looked tired and sulky, and ate and drank in whipped silence, while madame, eating heartily the while, trounced them all in turn for endless faults of omission and commission. There was no end to her tirade. She would recur again and again to some flagrant detail, like a dog to its clean-picked bone, till Alain wondered they could eat at all, and thanked his stars for lodging him elsewhere. They all seemed used to it, and ate stolidly under the snapping fire of madame's quick black eyes and voluble tongue, and were wise enough to add no fuel to the flames.

Once or twice George took exception to her remarks, and flung hot words back at her. At this she would wind up that particular fusillade with a curt, 'Eh bien!' and a scorching glance at the original offender, and would instantly open a sidebattery in some other direction to cover her repulse.

Right glad was Alain when the meal was over and he was free to go. Old Jeannot, he learned, had lived in the Cadoual house. He was not much surprised at his abrupt departure from it, for to himself life would have been unbearable in such an atmosphere.

It was on the third day of his service in Cadoual's boat that they saw Barbe up in the gallery of the Light, as they laboured slowly homewards in the dawn past Grand Bayou. So far he and Cadoual had got on all right together. The owner of the boat and four-fifths shareholder in the takings was inclined, indeed, to undue masterfulness and a somewhat overbearing demeanour towards the one-fifth shareholder, and he exhibited a very much larger idea of his own capabilities than circumstances absolutely justified; but Alain had met that kind of man before, and knew how to handle him. He went on quietly and unconcernedly with his own work in his own way, which Cadoual very quickly recognised to be the right way; and when George occasionally got overheated and inclined to bluster, Alain simply let him blow off steam till he cooled again, and showed plainly that it did not trouble him in the slightest. George set it down to the stolidity to which he was accustomed; but he came in time to perceive that it was something different

—something altogether stronger and deeper. He learned, in fact, by degrees that quietness does not necessarily imply weakness. He knew already by personal experience that bluster was not in all cases a sign of strength.

That distant glimpse of Barbe Carcassone, and much pleasant musing thereupon, woke in Alain the desire for closer communion with her. She was never far from his thoughts. That was not possible. The tall white shaft of the Light, gleaming golden in the setting sun as they stole out towards the fishing grounds, or flashing silver in the dawn as they crept or raced home again, was an ever-present reminder of her where no reminder whatever was needed. The sweet elusive face glimmered among the stars in the velvet vault above, and looked back at him from the coiling waters below. And away there under the cliffs the silent throb of the light sang 'Barbe! Barbe! Barbe!' so loud and clear, to the tune that was in his heart, that he looked at Cadoual sometimes and wondered at his indifference. But then he remembered that George did not know Barbe.

On the afternoon of the day after they had seen her up in the lantern, Alain came down the shingle with springs in his feet so that the stones flew before him. He ran the dingy which usually trailed behind the lugger into the water, and sent her leaping over the waves like a football.

'Hello, Alain! Where away now? You're in a hurry,' hailed M. Gaudriol.

For answer Alain, with a smile, jerked his head over his shoulder towards Grand Bayou rocks, and lifted the dingy nearly out of the water in his haste to be there.

'It is well,' said M. Gaudriol to himself, and sat down with his back against the lugger to watch him. 'Mais oui,' he said, with a satisfied nod, 'ça marche!' and it was not the blunt-nosed little boat to which he referred.

Barbe's observant eye caught sight of the round dot as soon as it turned the corner out of Grand Bayou Bay. Her work was done, and she was sitting in the gallery with her family squabbling round her, as she knitted pleasant thoughts of Alain into a long blue winter stocking for-well, perhaps for her father, perhaps for some one else. When the round black dot with the rhythmic flashes at its sides headed straight for the rocks she knew who it was, and her face flushed rosy red, and a smile of satisfied hope played hide-and-seek with a touch of momentary confusion in it. When one has been greatly longing for a person, and that person suddenly appears, as though in answer to a summons which the lips would never have ventured to utter, one may be grateful that the unexpected arrival is a good mile away in a blunt-nosed dingy, and that time is afforded for the recovery of one's equanimity without betrayal of secrets.

The boat came steadily on, and Barbe sat watching it with a glad face. A quarter of a mile away Alain

stopped for the first time, and turned and looked eagerly at the Light. He saw her in the gallery, and waved his hand, receiving a wave of the blue stocking in return. Then he bent to his oars again, and the blunt-nosed boat went bounding over the waves

He was not quite sure how Pierre would receive him; but, nom-de-Dieu! Pierre was not the Almighty, even if he was Barbe's father—which in fact was a thing somewhat difficult to understand in itself; and if Barbe gave him welcome he could put up with the lack of it from Pierre.

Barbe ran down the ladders, and was standing in the dark doorway when the dingy's black snout nuzzled softly up to the iron rungs below. One glance showed Alain that the lighthouse boat was not hanging from the beams. So Pierre was ashore, and that was so much the better. He caught a glimpse of the sweet, flushed face craning over to watch him. The tide was rising, so all he had to do was to tie the boat to a lofty rung of the ladder, and it swung out with no fear of abrasions. Then he came up the rungs like a squirrel; but when he reached the doorway it was empty; for Barbe, overwhelmed by a sudden accession of maiden modesty, had fled up the ladders with twinkling white feet at the first upward bob of the yellow curls. She never stopped till she was sitting in the gallery again, knitting furiously at the blue stocking, and looking calmly at Cap Réhel, with a very red face and a heart that thumped so loud against her blue bodice that she was sure Alain would see it even if he did not hear it.

He ran on and up until he found her.

'Mon Dieu, ma'm'selle, but it is good to see you again!' he said, with the joy of it blazing in his eyes.

'How, then?' said Barbe, as quietly as that troublesome jumping thing inside her bodice would let her.

'I do not know. But, all the same, the sight of you fills me like food and wine.'

'It is cheap faring,' said Barbe, with a smile which was lost in a furious rush of colour at his immediate, 'Ah, it would be if one had you always to look at.' But the wave of colour made him doubt he had said too much, and to cover it he added, 'Do you know, I thought I saw you in the doorway downstairs. I could have sworn I saw you. It must have been, I suppose'——

'Yes?' asked Barbe as he came to a stop.

'Eh bien! I wanted so much to see you that I suppose I thought I did.'

'But no,' confessed Barbe's essential truthfulness; 'I was there. I went down'—and then the natural perversity of woman asserted itself—'to tell you where to moor your boat.'

'It was good of you,' said Alain gratefully. 'And your father—he is not here?'

'No,' she said, with a smile; 'he is gone to Plenevec.'

'I did not see him,' said Alain; 'but in truth I

did not look. I came straight out of the house to the boat.'

- 'We thought you had gone away.'
- 'No. M. Cadoual offered me a share in his boat, so I stopped. Mais, tiens, ma'm'selle!' he broke out reminiscently as he remembered suddenly that her father was present when the bargain was struck, and then stopped short as he recognised that the old man had either not informed or had misinformed her as to the facts of the case.
 - 'You were saying' ---- said Barbe.
- 'Cadoual had lost his man Jeannot, and he offered me his place; and I had nothing to take me away, so I stopped.'
- 'It was good of him! Is he good? I do not know him.'
- 'We get on all right in the boat. But I am glad I do not live with him;' and he described the Cadoual household with such gusto as to provoke Barbe's laughter.
- 'They are rich there, I suppose,' he concluded, 'what with the farm and the boat; and madame is a slave-driver. But, ma'm'selle, I would live on a bare rock sooner than be within sound of Mère Cadoual's tongue. I wonder any of them put up with it. It is not reasonable.'
- 'I should not like that. It is so very much better to be quiet; and it is so very quiet here.'
- 'It is like heaven here,' said Alain fervently, 'and the other is like the other place.'
- 'There comes my father, said Barbe, with a little start at the sudden knowledge that she would have been quite as well pleased if it had not been so.
- 'In fact, yes, it is he. Will he object to my being here?'
 - 'Why should he?'
- 'One never knows. All the same, I am glad I came. I shall come again;' and he looked tentatively at her.

But she was looking calmly out at the boat creeping slowly over the smooth water towards them. She made no answer, and her silence satisfied him.

They were both in the doorway below, ready to hoist up the boat, by the time Pierre reached the iron ladder.

'Ah, mon gars, it is you, then,' he said as he climbed slowly up to them, with his purchases slung at his back.

'But yes, M. Carcassone, it is I. I did not see you in the village when I came away.'

'Eh bien! it wouldn't have made much difference if you had, I suppose,' said the old man.

'That is true,' said Alain. 'All the same, I might have saved your arms the pull.'

'They are still able for it,' said Pierre, stretching them out strongly. 'And how do you get along with Cadoual?' he asked as they climbed the ladders to the living-room.

Then Barbe perceived that her father had known all along that Alain had not gone away as he had let her suppose. She remembered, too, that Alain had not told her that her father knew.

- 'Well enough,' said Alain. 'We have had good catches so far, and we haven't got to fighting.'
- 'Humph-hm!' grunted Pierre. 'Well, that's something with Cadoual.'

The old man extended no invitation to him to return when he bade them adieu; but with Barbe's golden silence in his mind that did not trouble him. A heart that felt many sizes too large for its place, and a pair of strong arms that rejoiced anew in their strength, sent the blunt-nosed dingy along at a pace the like of which it had never known before. Barbe sat in the gallery watching him, and he never took his eyes off her. Three times he waved his hand to her, and received a wave of the blue stocking in reply; then he turned the corner into Grand Bayou Bay.

And when Barbe turned to the west, before going inside, the sun was just sinking into the sea amid a soft translucent glory of crimson and amber such as she never remembered seeing before in all her life; and she stood and looked at it, and thought of Alain Carbonec.

A POISONED EDEN.

By AUBREY NEWTON.



HOSE who arrive at Monte Carlo by rail, instead of by the 'mountainroad' alluded to by Tennyson, miss one of the most enchanting sights on all the Riviera. Of all the drives and walks in this bewitching region

of beauty, that from Nice to Monte Carlo by the lofty Corniche route is undoubtedly the finest, unfolding as it does to the wondering eye of the traveller some of nature's loveliest scenes; but even here nature is not beyond the reach of embellishment by art, and when the two combine their creative powers to produce a picture the result is almost indescribable by mere words.

Such a picture is revealed to the traveller from Nice by the wondrous 'mountain-road' on reaching the old Roman village of La Turbia (the ancient Trophœa Augusti); and, going to a stone balustrade on the brow of the hill, he looks down—almost straight down—upon the sea. As suddenly as if a curtain were drawn aside, he beholds medieval Monaco on its fortressed promontory, laved by the sapphire waters of the Mediterranean; and near it, on the left, embowered among pines and palma, olive and orange trees, modern Monte Carlo, with its airy architecture, its sprightly colours, its sparkling fountains, its fairy promenades, its palatial hotels, and, in the midst of all, its High Temple of

Fortune—most graceful and beautiful of structures. How serene and still and instinct with peace and repose everything looks from your lofty perch! What a vision of picturesque beauty; what an earthly paradise; what a poet's dream! Surely this must be the fabled region of pleasure and enchantment surrounding the 'Castle of Indolence.'

To reach the Shrine of the Enchanter I made my way, wondering much that the mountain-road took so many weary windings in its descent to the beautiful Inferno before me, instead of leading me straight to the Halls of Hazard. Is Fortune, then, not an easy and inviting jade, but a coy and cautious damsel, that she thus requires to be wooed and won by slow and tortuous methods? Here was a 'road to ruin' that was neither easy nor direct. I had been reading Barrie's masterpiece on my way, and it was a strange and sudden transition thus to pass at a bound from the 'unco guid' town of Thrums to the gilded throne-room of Thriftlessness.

The Riviera is essentially an interesting place, all the chief hotels being shut up during the hot months for lack of visitors; and even the Temple of Janus was closed in time of peace. But the Temple of Fortune, otherwise called the Casino, at Monte Carlo opens its portals three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, from midday to midnight; and what crushing and squeezing there then is around these portals at the noontide hour of admission, and what a rush and struggling for places at the dozen or more huge tables where Dame Fortune deals out her capricious favours to her fervent votaries-struggling as if for bread at a baker's door in time of famine, or for seats in the boats of a burning ship! Yet this initial bustle and bursting into the Fane of Fortune are the only acts which render the demeanour of her worshippers less decorous than that of the ordinary occupants of a church; and, indeed, with a very considerable experience of church-going, I do not remember to have seen any congregation so staid, silent, and concentrated on their object as those who thus come to question Fate by the spinning of the roulettewheel or the spreading of the cards. Through these gorgeous halls there is nothing to shock the eye or pain the ear-no offensive sight, and no sound louder than the clink of gold, the click of the ivory ball as it is intercepted in one of its revolutions by the contrary course of the roulette-wheel, the 'Messieurs, faites le jeu,' or 'Rien ne va plus' of the low-voiced croupiers.

One thing that strikes the curious visitor as he wanders from table to table studying the sordid groups around them is the awful air of disciplined indifference which the players preserve, whether breaking the bank or staking their last coin. No cry of despair escapes the lips of the losers, while the winners equally try to prevent a flush of exultation from mantling their cheeks, as if the betrayal of the slightest feeling either way would blast all their further chances of success. Nevertheless, you can perceive that all this apparent callousness is but as

a surface of ice above a lava-sea of agitation, like Hecla in its quiescent moods. Perhaps the best dissemblers in this respect are the fair votaries of Fortune's shrine. There they sit, with their pencils of blue and red, and their purses in front of them: the fresh English duchess and the rouged and bediamonded Parisian actress, the coarse-featured bizarre Jewess from Berlin and the high-bred beauty from Madrid—a most motley assortment of Eve's mysterious daughters all doing their best in this grim race for gold.

Nowhere, perhaps, in all this grasping world of ours can a better opportunity be had for studying human character-or shall we say physiognomy?than is presented by this cercle des étrangers, as it is euphemistically called, which attracts the most varied types of men and women from every civilised country under the sun. The task of deciphering these types is rendered unusually difficult by reason of their absolute speechlessness and the mask-like immutability of feature which they all try to assume; notwithstanding you cannot be much at a loss with many of them. You can see heads that would not be out of place in the Newgate gallery of portraits, and others that would adorn a Society of Scientists or a House of Peers; you can note the athletic Briton tabling his louis on the same colour with the pale, emasculated roué of the Boulevards, and conclude that the other two men sitting side by side are Russian noble and German Jew. You further infer that another player of more refined type must be one of the greatest of financial magnates from the careless yet persistent way in which he rolls out and rakes in his thousands of francs; and you are right, for in the sunny harbour of neighbouring Villafranca his yacht is at anchor flying the Stars and Stripes at the stern: a great Western newspaper king, in fact. Near him sits a Prussian officer of cavalry whom the Kaiser-an inveterate foe to gambling, to his credit be it recounted-cashiered for his debts of honour (?), and who is now madly trying to gamble himself back into riches and repute. His neighbour, from the look of him, can only be the parvenu son of a Chicago pork-butcher, while his fellow-loser by the last turn of the wheel has all the air of a Spanish hidalgo. That is an English sharper, well known by the public at Epsom and Newmarket, who has just raised a dispute as to the ownership of certain stakes, the croupiers yielding to him rather than cause a disturbance, and thus bring their Casino into disrepute; while his vis à vis and accomplice is the only son of an English bishop, who, going to the bad at Oxford, was 'sent down,' and now 'works the trains' between Nice and Monte Carlo.

These, then, are a few of the most striking types of character that are grouped around the tables where the hazard game of rouge-et-noir and trente-et-quarante are playing such frightful havoc with human hopes, with honour, with self-respect; but, though very different in external aspect, all these

gamblers are at heart identical in their belief that before the rooms close for the night Fortune will, in the long-run, smile on them. But fickle Fortune always reserves her biggest favours for the bank, else how could the Casino Company pay such enormous dividends and add to the Prince of Monaco's income by about fifty thousand pounds per annum -a revenue which the scientific and pious Prince is partly expending upon the erection of a fine new cathedral on his castled rock? When princes take to the building of churches out of the revenue of gambling-hells and the souls of the unfortunates who frequent them, the faithful may entertain a reasonable hope that Satan will one day forgo his rooted objection to holy water. In view of this prospect—based upon the possible connection between casinos and cathedrals, between the House of God and the Palace of Hazard-there are those who will maintain that gambling, after all, is not an unmixed evil.

To the thinking man—and there are some such—who visits this lovely spot, an atmosphere of inevitable doom seems to surround the glorious gardens. Even the songs of birds, the splash of the fountains, the gay notes of the band, seem but the outer shell of an inexorable fate; for there are few trees in this poisoned Eden that have not surrounded with merciful shade and silence the last act of a ruined life, and witnessed the flight of a lost soul by the medium of the bullet. One almost heard above the gaiety and light and laughter outside those pillared halls the slow, merciless beat of the wings of Azrael—Azrael the Angel of Death!

As a psychological study, the Casino presents a unique opportunity. The card-fever is just as catching as influenza at home, and there are few who go into the saloons to scoff that do not remain to play. I cannot agree that it is impossible, but I concede that it is a matter of great difficulty for a man even of the strongest resolution, who has money in his pocket, to see another raking in pile after pile of gambled gold without seeking to imitate his example and try his luck just for once. He therefore stakes a louis or a five-franc piece. If he loses he cannot bear the mortification of defeat, and tries again; while if he wins once he finds it equally impossible to resist the conviction that fortune may favour him a second time, and so on. These are at once the elementary and the sole principles of the psychology of gambling, of which the practice has utterly ruined so many devotees of the dice-board of Monte Carlo, and bleached the exquisite gardens with the bones of desperate These unfortunates—successful or the suicides. reverse, still unfortunates—have been described as being either fools or knaves; but the former is by far the larger class. There is an immense amount of pigeon-shooting on a semicircular seaward terrace outside the Casino; but the plucking of the birds is carried on within the building itself, over the magnificent portico of which the gambling company might well inscribe poor Montrose's famous lines:

> He either fears his fate too much, Or his deserts are small, Who dare not put it to the touch To win or lose it all.

MINE EASE IN MINE INN.

By T. H. S. ESCOTT.



FTER having been plucked for his degree at Oxbridge, Arthur Pendennis took coach for London, to see his uncle the major. The novelist tells us that he stayed at an hotel close to his relative's

lodgings. Pearce's in Bury Street would have answered this description; but that resort came into repute at a very much later date, and while it remained the vogue it was patronised almost exclusively by a special set of cricketing youths from the Isis. The original in real life of the Pendennis caravansary was declared by the novelist himself to be Cox's in Jermyn Street. At that historic resort Thackeray and his Cambridge friends often descended after keeping the university term; but never, it would seem, Tennyson in person, although the laureate's special friend, 'Old Fitz' the Suffolk squire, the George Stavin Venables who sat for the portrait of 'Stunning' Warrington, and James Spedding of the Times were among the frequenters of Cox's during the first half of the Victorian epoch.

The literary habitués of the place often thought themselves neglected for political customers of well-known names. A middle-aged gentleman, with drab-coloured hair, rasping voice, and pertinacious manner, has hurried up from the House of Commons, not indeed to dine, but, in his own words, 'to get a snack' in the intervals of a debate to which he must return: this is Joseph Hume, who began life as an army doctor; and before it ended he had helped to found the Radical school, and to reform the keeping of the national accounts. With Joseph Hume, a generation or two ago, there often dined at Cox's a younger man, who used the hotel down to the date of his death on the eve of the twentieth century: this was the future M.P. for Newcastleupon-Tyne, Joseph Cowen, who, with the dress of a mechanic and the lisp of an Oxford don, united the gifts of an orator and the championship of democratic patriotism all the world over, from the stately Mazzini to the diminutive Louis Blanc.

Not far from the Jermyn Street house-of-call,

at Fenton's in St James's or at Morley's in Trafalgar Square, during the same period habitually stayed David Urquhart; to-day his bust in the most fashionable of London hammams reminds a generation which has forgotten his political work that the anti-Palmerstonian Russophobist was the first to acclimatise in England the Turkish bath. Urquhart's extreme views did not prevent his being a political teacher and, to the north of the Trent, a political force among the workingclasses. The Urquhart of fiction has been presented as a man whose dusky countenance and jet-black eyes made him an ideal champion of the Turk; the Urquhart of fact was the blondest and fairest man of his time, having throughout life the lint-white hair of a child and the pinky, delicate complexion of a girl in her teens. At Cox's, too, in the later sixties of the nineteenth century, a mountain of a man, with a white waistcoat the size of a ship's sail, held a daily levee of his supporters; the talk was concerned with a certain dispossessed baronet re-entering upon the Hampshire estates of his family. It was the Sir Roger Tichborne of the period, before he had been identified with the Wapping butcher. The next time I chanced to see him the unhappy nobleman-his frame sadly shrunken, his brow sadly overcast-was picking oakum in Dartmoor Prison.

During the period covered by this reminiscence, the old hotels in Covent Garden—the Tavistock, Clunn's, and Evans's—had the appearance less of taverns than of private houses filled with good company. At one of these places were sure, during the session, to be found the leaders of the parliamentary Bar: among them the then Mr Vernon Harcourt, and countless provincial magnates thoroughly enjoying their run up to town on their provincial business, as well as the opportunity of varying, by pleasant evenings round the highly polished tables in these cosy haunts, their daily attendance at the committee-rooms of St Stephen's. Here every one knew his neighbour; the life was that of a pleasant family party. About the same date, at a London inn not far from those already mentioned, was going on a sort of social existence now equally a thing of the past.

At a tavern just out of Regent Street, a tall, powerfully built man, bronzed and hardened by travel, toil, and trouble, was comparing literary prices in the present and the past, much in favour of the latter: this was Captain Mayne Reid, the great writer for the boys of the last generation, who in the early eighties was still to be met with in his London haunts. At Stone's Hotel in Panton Street might then often be seen in the coffee-room an elderly gentleman remarkable for his intellectual and extraordinarily handsome head. This was Horace, the last survivor of the Mayhew brothers; he it was who, in that very room some years before, had said to Douglas Jerrold as the friends were going home one

night, 'Why, Jerrold, you never wear a greatcoat.' 'No,' came the punning reply, then thought so clever—'no, I never was.'

National monuments though they were, most inns of this kind have now disappeared. Some, indeed, the bicyclist has been instrumental in preserving or reviving. In the Cinque Ports district, at Deal, hard by Walmer, where then lived the warden, I have taken mine ease in the inn at which the Minister William Pitt, with his friend Dundas, in 1806 passed the night. As the two guests were driving off in the morning a passer-by, recognising them, said, 'Landlord, you've had great company here.' Quoth mine host, 'All I know is they drank six bottles of my best port last night. That's what I call customers.'

While these lines are being written the last of the old-world Dublin hotels, Morrison's, is yielding its place to an insurance office; here, on 13th October 1881, was arrested C. S. Parnell, to be kept at Kilmainham till the next May. Not far from Morrison's stood a still more typical Celtic hostelry—Mackens's. Reaching this some time in 1863 for the first time, I was about to sit down in the coffee-room, but saw no chair; only scattered fragments of upholstery. An alert waiter quickly hurried off to supply my want, apologetically murmuring as he went, 'Faith, sir, the gintlemen were a little merry last night, and they had no shillalahs handy.'

Old London dies hard; the longest-lived part of it is its inn system. Till the very eve of the twentieth century Chaucer's 'Tabard' was an ancient monument nearly as well preserved as the 'White Hart,' at which Sam Weller was discovered by Mr Pickwick. The 'Saracen's Head' in Holborn, the London house-of-call of Mr Wackford Squeers, survived for over a quarter of a century following the novelist's death in 1870.

The vitality, not only in London but throughout the kingdom, of the inns favoured by Dickens is equalled only by that of Dickens himself. You can still occupy, at Rochester, the very rooms once allotted to the Pickwick Club. At Lancaster and at Monmouth may yet be found the solid mahogany furniture described in the tavern scenes in the Seven Poor Travellers and in other Christmas numbers. The hotel haunts of Dickens and Thackeray in suburban London remain in most of their details pretty well what they were when, after having seen the new number of All the Year Round to press, the editor started with his friend and right-hand man, Harry Wills, for the 'Spaniards' at Highgate or 'Jack Straw's Castle' at Hampstead. On these jaunts the novelist's more frequent companion, during the busiest years of his life, was his future biographer, John Forster, so often referred to as the harbitrary gent.' In the coffee-room at the Hampstead inn occurred, indeed, the incident which secured Forster from Dickens the well-known nickname.

An acquaintance had inquired of Dickens the number of his children, and before the parent had fully answered the question Forster interposed with the usual correction. 'My dear Forster,' comically appealed Dickens, 'allow me to know the number of my own offspring.'

The favourite resorts of Thackeray were all in southern London. During the fifties two tall lumbering figures overtopped the Hyde Park morning loungers towards the season's wane, and later in the day, still walking together, used to enter the low, little thatched building, not far to the left of the Richmond 'Star and Garter,' known as the Rose Cottage Inn: the place mentioned in at least one of the 'Roundabout Papers' itself witnessed the composition of many of the essays forming that series. As for the Richmond 'Star and Garter,' in the oldest part of the building now standing are two rooms peopled by memories of a literary interest which vet lives. In one of these was given, during the spring of 1880, a dinner to the then newly appointed Governor of Madras, Sir M. E. Grant-Duff. In that same apartment some six-and-forty years earlier had dined, without any companion, another gentleman of unimpressive and plebeian appearance, also on the eve of his departure for the East. Sitting over his solitary glass of claret, this gentleman amused himself by piling the wine-glasses and decanters within his reach one upon another till he had reared a crystal pyramid of some height; and he was crowning the structure with some other article, when suddenly the crash came, and the guest found himself surrounded by a litter of glass splinters. The customer sighed; the waiter, evidently familiar with the proceeding, brought the bill without the slightest sign of surprise, quietly as if the crash of glass were not a bit more out of the common than the ringing of the bell. Nor, indeed, was it. It was the little custom of a great man after dinner—the commonlooking gentleman who took his pleasure thus He happened to be Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay. In 1834 he had just been appointed legal adviser to the Supreme Council of India; and he was then preparing to bid a long adieu to whitebait.

During the first half of this twentieth century are disappearing the last traces of the identity of a Metropolitan inn which is itself a part of English history. At the London Tavern in Bishopsgate Street Within, the directors of the Old East India Company used to hold their weekly dinners; here Dundas, who had a seat on the board, once induced his friend and patron, William Pitt, to be of the party; elsewhere, beneath the same roof, George IV., when Regent, used to meet his particular friends of both sexes at social evenings, whose chief amusements were the card-table and the dance; the part of the building memorable because of these royal asso-

ciations became at a later date the headquarters of missionary Wesleyanism.

The twentieth century successor of this historic inn, modernised to date, sweetened, lightened, and generally smartened, preserves the modish cachet of its ancestors:

My name is John Collins, head-waiter at Limmer's, Corner of Conduit Street, Hanover Square; My chief occupation is filling up brimmers For dashing young gentlemen laden with care.

The social life of that unique hostelry has been written by one who knew it and its patrons well: my ancient acquaintance, Mr Frank Lawley. The descendants of the eighteenth century 'bloods' had not quite died out when my London course began. The patrons of Limmer's then resembled a family party in a fast country-house; they called each other by their Christian names, and they ignored on principle the conventional distinction between night and day. One of these gentlemen, I remember, had distinguished himself years earlier in the Crimea, and was now literally taking his ease in his inn. He generally got up in time enough to dress for dinner; and he made no secret of the fact that for five-and-twenty years he had found no occasion to wear morningclothes. It may have been the force of older habit mechanically operating on him; but so surely as this ex-officer of Hussars went to dine out of the hotel, before crossing into Bond Street he invariably took his gold watch and chain from his pocket and gave it to the first policeman he met to take charge of, with the remark that it would be safer in the constable's pocket than in his own.

To all the hotels in this quarter of the town cling memories, sometimes of a tragi-comic kind. Long's, in Bond Street, had been, I suppose, for half a century a fast and fashionable haunt in the late sixties; it was the headquarters of the ill-starred Marquis of Hastings, who on one occasion rather sadly said to me, 'When I die, as I expect soon to do, you will be able to write on my tombstone, "He brought down the price of brandies-and-sodas at Long's."' In the next June I met Lord Hastings on Ascot Heath, looking terribly ill, and driven about in a little basket-carriage by his beautiful wife. He had just been making a bet with a hulking bookmaker, and the fellow, as he entered the wager, with an air of contemptuous familiarity whispered into the ear of his noble customer, 'Mind, my lord, I shall expect this bet to be paid.' month or two later the Fleet Street newsboys were calling out, 'Melancholy Death of the Marquis of 'Astings.' I had started literary work in London; and the editor of a morning paper, the Standard, was instructing me to write a leader about the weak-faced, not unamiable peer who, since and including his Eton days, had been furiously driving for the precipice.

From the inn as a memorial of past fashion,

one turns to the inn as the asylum of fallen dynasties. Gaunt, worn, terribly thin, deathly pale; a look about the drooping eye and the still waxed but limp moustache suggestive of having been out of bed for days and nights together: such is the writer's recollection of Napoleon III., then fresh from his confinement at Wilhelmshöhe, staying for a day or two at Claridge's in Brook Street before he joined the Empress at Chislehurst. The fallen Cæsar had noticed me as a child, and had received kindness, which he never forgot, from some of my name. Directly he saw my card at the hotel he insisted on my coming up to his room; he inquired after relatives who had been dead for twenty years as if he had met them at dinner the day before yesterday. Several years later at the same hotel my respects were paid to the late Emperor of Brazil. That potentate had been travelling in the Midlands, and had just paid a surprise-visit to Chatsworth in the absence of its owner, the late Duke of Devonshire. The Brazilian monarch, always an inconveniently early riser, had reached the place shortly after daybreak, and only a sleepy housekeeper, after some waiting, responded to the knock. The attempt at conversation that followed was necessarily unintelligible to the pair. Presently a groom of the chambers, as the Emperor supposed, in plain clothes, appeared. To the imperial relief, he addressed the visitor in French; the sovereign continued the talk in Italian, and the supposed major-domo showed himself a master of the tongue; the Emperor changed his speech to the Neapolitan dialect, and then conversed in a variety of that dialect used only in a particular quarter of Naples, but the ducal lackey seemed more at home than ever. Before the imperial caller signed his name in the Chatsworth visitingbook he asked the housekeeper whether all the duke's servants passed a preliminary examination in modern languages. The pangloss, whom the Brazilian potentate took for a menial, turned out to be Sir James Lacaita, of the British Museum, the most accomplished linguist of his day, who had obliged his old friend the duke by coming down to Chatsworth to examine some manuscripts of which the united science of European academies could make nothing.

During my acquaintance with him—never at Claridge's, but in the same quarter at Brown's in Dover Street—used to put up the most amusing, perhaps the cleverest, Oriental that ever wasted his time and money in a fashionable quarter on a hopeless cause. Than the entourage of Ismail Pasha, ex-Khedive of Egypt, modern history records no body of followers more prompt to plunder their chief. Ismail was the most easily deceived and by no means the least kindly of Eastern intriguers; he carried about such wealth as he had saved from the wreck of his deposition, in the shape of plate, jewels, and precious stones. So long as there remained an available

pennyworth of these possessions, he was attended by a motley and ever-growing suite, who bade him 'be of good cheer,' for was not each one of them making interest with the Courts and Cabinets of the world to secure that his patron should soon come by his own again? In this way and on these pretences endless were the sums spent on entertainments at Brown's Hotel, on presents of jewellery, on cash payments, or what were euphemistically called retainers, that poor Ismail was induced to pay.

On the old coach-road from London, leading by Bath and Wells to the west of England, still stands, wearing its old name, Piper's Inn. A long, low, half-thatched, half-tiled building, it is to-day merely a pot-house; but the place still keeps the fine mahogany and oak furniture which in pre-railway days made it the admiration of the whole countryside. If its name does not occur in his novels, Fielding often mentioned it in his letters; here Squire Western always put up when taking his daughter Sophia to Bath; and in one of the upstair sitting-rooms may still be seen the table at which Mr Western shocked the refined ears of his sister, Mrs Blifil, by launching in his broadest 'Zomerzetzhire' and in his coarsest patois his invectives against Hanover rats and everything connected with the upstart dynasty of the Georges. Into that broad, now rather grass-grown, but still well-paved stableyard, some two centuries before Mr Allworthy and Tom Jones, rode another Somersetshire squire, John Pym, the leader of the popular party in the Long Parliament, on his way up to London, to organise at St Stephen's resistance to royal absolutism. Bullers, Strangways, Trevelyans, Luttrells, Carews, Vivians, and other M.P.'s bearing western names of note, from the seventeenth continuously into the railway epoch of the nineteenth century, all broke at Piper's Inn their Londonward journey from the farthest west. Botham's on Salt Hill, near Eton, is another place of the same sort as Piper's Inn. Both places, thanks to the touring bicyclist, have tasted something like a revival of their earlier prosperity.

SONG.

The moth, forgetful of the beacon's breath,
Scourged of a deep desire that knows no name,
Flashes its wings and flings itself to death
For love of flame.

And thus the star of dawn—whose fervent ray
Is fraught with menace to the failing night—
Casts down its being to the crescent day
For love of light.

Sick of all dreams, I care not—no not I—
If aught be well, if anything be true,
Save only this: so could I smile and die
For love of you.

MAX DALRYMPLE.



SOME RECORDS OF THE PAST.

BY THE EDITOR.



T has frequently occurred to the mind of the present writer, and is no doubt the case, that the storeroom of many an old and influential business firm must contain early records of considerable interest. If, as in

our own case, the article dealt in happens to be literature, and that article has been a staple commodity for nearly one hundred years, there is at once an implied connection with many generations of authors.

Not long ago it was found necessary, in the interests of fresh air and space, to overhaul and destroy the contents of certain vaults within the business premises at Edinburgh occupied by a well-known publishing firm. A vast quantity of literary matter was brought to light, the earliest dating from 1832 (during which year Chambers's Journal was established), and the latest approaching to within measurable distance of our own time.

The young writer of seventy years ago seems to have adopted the same methods as are customary now in order to place his articles with a magazine editor. Numerous rejected literary offerings dating from the early thirties were unearthed from these repositories; and later on, when in 1840 the postal system had been established, other manuscripts came to light, some having still attached to them the unused black penny stamp, no doubt sent, as is still the rule, to prepay return postage. Why these offerings were not at the time returned with thanks there is no evidence to show.

It must have been necessary at this period to appoint an independent editor for Chambers's Journal; and accordingly the brothers William and Robert Chambers obtained the services of Mr Leitch Ritchie, then a popular writer. The following letter seems to have led to this engagement:

'LONDON, 6th August 1841.

'MY DEAR SIR,—Having at length a little time upon my hands, I intend, one of these days, to send you an article for the *Journal*; . . . but I am now

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thinking of making arrangements for the regular employment of my spare time; and, being always ready myself to take such trouble for my literary brethren, I ask you without scruple, although on so short an acquaintance, to make an inquiry for me.

'I have been thinking for years past of writing the History of a Man of Genius. The subject was suggested to me by Lady Blessington, and possibly also by Sir Lytton Bulwer, for some time after it was announced that he was at work upon it. I was persuaded, however, to claim the title, which he handsomely gave up to me, calling his book Ernest Maltravers. The perusal of Ernest Maltravers only increased my desire to "wreck my thought upon expression," because I found Bulwer's conception of the subject to be in every respect the reverse of mine. . . . I wish, therefore, to ascertain whether, in the event of an outline of the story being submitted and approved, it could be accepted for Blackwood's or Tait's Magazine. . . . I thought of endeavouring to get the work published in weekly numbers, like Dickens's Master Humphrey's Clock; but I fancy that is too serious a speculation. May I beg you, therefore, to do me the favour of sounding the editors of these magazines, and of letting me know at some leisure moment whether it will be worth my while to draw up an outline of the story? I do not myself know even the names of the gentlemen, and you in all probability are intimately acquainted with them.-Believe me to be, dear Sir, LEITCH RITCHIE.' faithfully yours,

Mr Ritchie had previously been in touch with many English authors, for about this time we discover the first of a long series of letters from such men as George Hogarth, Dudley Costello, Angus B. Reach, and others, many of whom were in close friendship with Charles Dickens.

Only once, I believe, did the great novelist contribute to Chambers's Journal, and then in a very small and indirect way. The following letter from Mr Thomas Chapman (of Messrs Chapman & Hall, Dickens's publishers) bears this out, and refers to [All Rights Reserved.]

JAN. 10, 1903.

an article on the London Sanatorium or sick-house for students, governesses, and young artists, published in *Chambers's Journal* for February 1843. Dickens afterwards became chairman of committee, and presided at the dinner in the London Tavern for the benefit of the Sanatorium fund in June 1844.

THOMAS CHAPMAN to ROBERT CHAMBERS. 'LONDON, Dec. 30, 1842.

'SIR,—I have to apologise for the delay which has arisen in transmitting you the accompanying account of the Sanatorium. . . . It is drawn up in such a way that, if it met with your approbation, it might be inserted verbatim; but if there are any expressions or sentiments which you do not approve, you can erase or alter them as you desire. I may mention privately that the two concluding paragraphs have been written by Mr Charles Dickens, who is one of the committee of the Sanatorium. . . . I am quite sensible of the great advantage which the institution would derive from a favourable notice of it in Chambers's Journal, and I hope that its objects, and the insight which I have given as to its management, will be such as to meet your approval and justify you giving it the aid which it would assuredly receive from the appearance of an article in its favour. . . .—I am, Sir, &c.,

'THOMAS CHAPMAN.'

The Sanatorium did not, from a financial point of view, succeed, but was the forerunner of those 'home hospitals' and 'nursing homes' which have since proved so great a boon to the public. (See *Memoir of Dr Southwood Smith*, by C. L. Lewes, 1898, p. 84.)

That Dickens was not an occasional contributor to the Journal is somewhat strange, because it is evident from correspondence in the present writer's possession that Robert Chambers was friendly with, and employed, George Hogarth, Dickens's fatherin-law, before 1840. He was at the same time intimate with George Thomson, grandfather of Mrs Dickens and the friend and correspondent of Robert Burns. It would also seem that Robert Chambers was on friendly terms with Macrone, Dickens's first publisher, and in later years saw much of the novelist himself. It is, however, well known that Dickens's own periodical, Household Words, was started upon the same lines as, and in direct competition for public favour with, Chambers's Journal; and, so far as we are aware, Dickens contributed to no other English magazine or periodical. Mr W. H. Wills, who had been appointed sub-editor and manager of Household Words, afterwards married Miss Janet Chambers, and so became connected with the present writer's family.

Reverting to this accumulation of early Journal correspondence, we find the following characteristic letter from Mr Angus B. Reach, a well-known novelist in his day, the friend of Dickens and Thackeray, and author of Leonard Lindsay and various other works. His novel, Clement Lorimer.

or The Book with the Iron Clasps, was published in monthly parts with illustrations by George Cruikshank, and in its original form is much prized by collectors. The writer is fortunate in possessing an early copy of this rare work, containing some manuscript notes by the author.

Angus B. Reach to Mr Leitch Ritchie. '38 Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.

'MY DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your note. Abstractly, I hate continuations most ferociously, and hope you can manage to squeeze me in whole. If the amputation of a leg or an arm, however, will make the process easier—why, don't spare the knife. Ah! it is a fine thing to have the business talent and the literary talent too. It coins gold that union. And you needn't keep always scrib, scribly scribbling this sweltering weather. However, the Morning Chronicle keeps me alive by kicking me about the country to all sorts of pleasant festivals. It's a relief to get out of the smoke; and although you must work, it is some comfort to do it in pure air out of hail of Babylon.—Yours very truly,

'ANGUS B. REACH.'

At this period the Messrs Chambers numbered among their contributors William Carleton the Irish novelist, W. G. Carleton, Dinah Mulock (author of John Hulifax, Gentleman), Maria Edgeworth, Mary Howitt, William Howitt, and Albert Smith. The following letter from Captain W. G. Carleton, a well-known sporting authority of his day, who wrote under the nom de guerre of 'Craven,' is seemingly appreciative of the way in which in those days an author was treated by his publisher. This it need hardly be said was before the advent of the literary agent, and long before the late Sir Walter Besant had experienced that treatment at the hands of his publishers which later on inspired the creation of his famous medium, The Author. Captain Carleton published in 1844 a novel called Hyde Marston, besides other books and articles dealing with country life and sporting subjects:

'CLUB CHAMBERS, 15 REGENT STREET, Dec. 27th, 1841.

'MY DEAR SIR,—I hasten to acknowledge receipt by this day's post of £— from you for a sheet of your *Information for the People*, less by two pages and a half, which shall be forthwith furnished.

'Allow me most gratefully to express my sense of your present and past kindness. In my literary dealings with yourself and your friend Mr Orr, I have met with a liberal and gentlemanly spirit that has marked my transactions with no other publisher, and it shall ever be my pleasure as it is my duty to make your treatment of me generally known.

'Thoughtless as men of my profession proverbially are, in me, if I know myself, you will find one whose memory of your good offices will not pass away. If there be a way, other than by words, by which I may prove how much I am your debtor,

point it out, and then confer a still deeper obligation upon me: command my poor talents when you require them, and rely on the return being not such as other men could reckon on.

'Wishing you cordially the best compliments of the season, believe me, my dear Sir, your most obliged friend and servant, J. W. CARLETON.

'Robert Chambers, Esq.'

There was recently published in these columns a Journal kept by Mrs Hugh Miller, in which she describes her early life at Cromarty, before and after her marriage to the famous geologist and newspaper editor. From unpublished letters of Hugh Miller to Robert Chambers, we find many apropos to this same subject, in which he describes his first experience of literature, and says something about Scotch country life on the shores of the Moray Firth. Hugh Miller had read Chambers's Journal from the very first, and for several years contributed to its pages. The following is perhaps one of the most interesting of the many letters in the present writer's possession:

'CBOMABTY, 14th September 1837.

'My DEAR SIR,—I have been a reader of your Journal for the last five years—a pleased and interested reader; and a few days ago the thought struck me that, as far at least as one contributor goes, I might now become a writer for it. And so I have drawn up for you a sketch of a countryman of mine. a man after your own heart, whose name you have, I dare say, occasionally met with before-indeed, you yourself quote a letter of his in your biographical memoir of President Forbes, but with whose character you are not, I suppose, much acquainted. You will, I am sure, in reading my sketch [George Ross, Journal, November 18, 1837], deem him by far too good a fellow to be forgotten. I send you also a copy of verses which I addressed about two years ago to a lady who has since become my wife. I do not know that they have much else besides their sincerity to recommend them; but sincerity they have. It is, I believe, Cowper who tells us that "the poet's lyre should be the poet's heart."

'I have been writing a good deal of late, mostly stories; but the vehicle in which I have given them to the public—Wilson's Tales of the Borders—does not quite satisfy me. . . . May I ask you, without presuming too far on your good nature and the kindness you have already shown me, to read one or two of my stories, and say at your convenience whether I might not find some way of disposing of such to better advantage? . . .

'I am leading a quiet and very happy life in this remote corner; with perhaps a little less time than I know what to do with, but by no means overtasked. A good wife is a mighty addition to a man's happiness, and mine... is one of the best. My mornings I devote to composition. My days and the early part of the evening I spend in the bank; at night I have again an hour or two to myself.

Some sea excursion or some jaunt of observation among the rocks and woods, and Sunday as a day of rest closes the round. Cromarty furnishes a peculiarly nice field for the geologist. Our bold seacoasts present us with long sections of the strata which the labour of man could not have equalled in the course of centuries. . . . The naturalist, too, would find us peculiarly rich. We have rocks and moors, fields and woods, marshes and tracts of sand, with of course their various inhabitants - all, in short, that Gilbert White had in Selborne, and a great deal more, for we have the sea. I fain wish I had science enough to turn my observations in this department to some account. I have facts in abundance, but I lack a vocabulary. In geology, however, I am rather better informed.

'Your collection of ballads I have found to be quite a treasure. . . . From among the ballads I have set myself to imitate terms; and have produced a very rude, and apparently very old, "Garland," which, if the language be not toe obsolete, may perhaps suit your Journal. I repeated it some days ago to two little girls, not in the least literary in their tastes, who have been urging me ever since to lend them the book in which I found it. And I deem their interest in it the most favourable kind of criticism it could receive. I find, however, that what I intended for a note is running on into a letter. Pardon me the trouble that I am giving you, and believe that I am, my dear Sir, very truly and respectfully HUGH MILLER,'

Passing to a somewhat later period, we find much correspondence from mid-nineteenth century writers, all well known in their time, and whose work is to be found in the numerous 'keepsakes' and other ephemeral literature so popular in the days of our grandfathers. Some few there are whose works are still popular, and among these may be mentioned Albert Smith, with whom John Leech the Punch artist was so much associated. Smith's novels, Christopher Tadpole and The Adventures of Mr Ledbury, both illustrated by Leech, are still read; but the author is best remembered as a lecturer in London and the provinces. It must have been during one of his provincial tours that the following characteristic letter was written to Robert Chambers, thanking him for hospitality during the writer's visit to Edinburgh. The Arthur mentioned in the letter was Albert Smith's younger brother, who was afterwards Charles Dickens's manager, and for some years conducted that author's reading tours all over the country. Arthur Smith died in 1861, a year after the death of his more famous brother, when Dickens appointed as manager Mr George Dolby, who accompanied him on his second visit to America. Mr Dolby afterwards published a book entitled Charles Dickens as I knew Him, giving his recollections of the novelist.

'LANCASTER, Wednesday.

'MY DEAR SIR,—I must thank you very much indeed for having the kindness to write to Dumfries about my entertainment. You will be glad to hear that we got on very well there, and I found Mr Sheriff Trotter an admirable acquaintance; in fact, all my recollections connected with the North are amongst the most agreeable of my life, as I told them on my last night at Edinburgh. Since then I have been suffering from cold; but the audiences have been amazingly considerate, seeing that I was trying to do as much as I could. The enclosed bill is placed on the seats. If I can but battle through to-night and to-morrow, I shall be all right, as I go back to London on Friday morning.

'Arthur and I still talk all day of the evening at your house: it was so famous. And I owe you a future debt of gratitude for the reading I have had from your Walks in Edinburgh and History of the Rebellion, &c., of which I laid in a stock before I left. All the old places—Leith Links, and the Hunter's Bog, and Corstorphine, cum multis aliis—come out with treble interest since we have seen them; and I was enabled from my hotel at Dumfries to see the Commercial Inn close on my right, where Prince Charlie slept.

'Arthur joins with me in very best regards; and we must both add that we shall not forget your little lady's birthday next Friday. We both wish we could be with you to do honour to it. I shall drink her health at the Garrick Club.—With kind compliments to Mrs Chambers, believe me, yours most truly,

ALBERT SMITH.'

It is to be supposed that Mr Smith made much money by his writings and lectures, for attached alongside a receipt form of payment for a Journal article was found the following semi-humorous printed circular:

'Mr Albert Smith regrets that in consequence of the unceasing applications to him for loans, subscriptions, and *money generally*, he must refuse Mr ——'s application.

'13 PERCY STREET, June 18th, 1853.'

We conclude these somewhat disconnected remarks with a letter from Mr G. W. M. Reynolds, the famous Chartist leader, and founder of that well-known organ still known as Reynolds's Newspaper. Mr Reynolds published many very sensational novels, and incurred the enmity of Charles Dickens on account of apparent plagiarism of that author's works. At this time Dickens was waging war against literary pirates both in America and the Colonies, and in 1838, before publication of the first number of Nicholas Nickleby, had issued the following proclamation:

'Whereas, we are the only true and lawful Boz. And whereas, it hath been reported to us who are commencing a new work that some dishonest dullards, resident in the bye-streets and cellars of this town, impose upon the unwary and credulous by producing cheap and wretched imitations of our delectable works. And whereas, we derive but small comfort under this injury from the knowledge that the dishonest dullards aforesaid cannot, by reason of their mental smallness, follow near our heels, but are constrained to creep along by dirty and littlefrequented ways, at a most respectful and humble distance behind. And whereas, in like manner as some other vermin are not worth the killing for the sake of their carcasses, so these kennel-pirates are not worth the powder and shot of the law. . . . This is to give notice, that we have at length devised a mode of execution for them, so summary and terrible that if any gang or gangs thereof presume to hoist but one shred of the colours of the good ship Nickleby, we shall hang them on gibbets so lofty and enduring that their remains shall be a monument of our just vengeance to all succeeding ages; and it shall not lie in the power of any Lord High Admiral on earth to cause them to be taken down again.'

This challenge was of little avail, as the completion of the novel was followed by Nickelas Nickelbery, edited by Bos, and Scenes from the Life of Nickleby Married. After the appearance of Pickwick and Master Humphrey's Clock many imitations in the same style had followed, such as Post-Humorous Notes of the Pickwick Club, edited by Bos; Pickwick in America; The Life and Adventures of Oliver Twiss, &c.; and also Pickwick Abroad; or, A Tour in France, by G. W. M. Reynolds. How much these piracies annoyed Dickens is told in Forster's Life of the novelist. Most of them appeared in weekly or monthly numbers, and complete copies are now very scarce.

G. W. M. REYNOLDS to ROBERT CHAMBERS. 'LONDON, April 19th, 1847.

'SIR,—You would much oblige me by putting engravings in your Chambers's Journal instead of that trashy poetry, and aim a little more at the sciences. I am an influential member of the Chartists in London, and am an author as well. I very much admire your Journal, if it was not for the want of engravings and poetry. But, instead, now you will very much oblige not only me but thousands of others by this favour.—I remain, yours truly,

G. W. M. REYNOLDS.'

This somewhat severe rebuke was apparently not taken to heart by the conductors of Chambers's Journal, although the writer may have to some extent anticipated a present-day fashion. Chambers's Journal did not, however, follow out Mr Reynolds's suggestion as to engravings then or at a later period; nor, so far as the present conductors can see, is there any probability that it may do so in the near future.

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

CHAPTER VI.-LIFE'S CROWN.



WEEK later, when Alain's desire for sight and speech of Barbe had come to a head again, he was running the dingy down the shingle, when Cadoual hailed him from the dry land above.

- 'Hello, Alain! Going out?'
- 'Yes.'
- 'Where then?'
- 'To the Light.'
- 'I'll help you to pull. I'm in the humour for a row. Allons!'

The boat was his. To decline his company was hardly possible; to refuse to go would only cause ill-feeling. Against his will, Alain found himself pulling out, with George behind him; and George's eyes were twinkling mischievously at the yellow curls in front of him, with thought of his own exceeding cleverness.

That visit, however, was not much of a success, from Alain's point of view at all events; for Barbe was constrained to so shy a silence by this overwhelming influx of strangers that she hardly opened her mouth. Pierre received them with sombre impassivity, and smoked gloomily with them, and drank the coffee which Barbe prepared. George's dark eyes followed her every movement with an amazed satisfaction which awoke in her only a feeling of annoyance and something akin to discomfort. Alain, too, sat mum; for Barbe's eyes had opened wide with surprise at sight of his companion, and he had no opportunity of explaining his presence.

'Heavens! What a girl! what a girl!' chanted George all the way home, to the chirp and squeak of the crazy rowlocks. 'And to think that she has been there all these years and I have never seen her! It is incredible.'

Alain bore it all in silence and showed no sign, though he came in time, and through the bottlingup of his feelings, within measurable distance of driving his heel through the bottom of the boat to put an end to it all.

George spoke much of Barbe during the following days. Her beauty had bitten deep into his heart. He had nothing but good to say of her, however, and Alain had no just cause for resentment, beyond the fact that it was Barbe whose praises George sang without ceasing, and that somehow he felt as though Barbe belonged to him, and that George was a trespasser.

After that Alain required the boat no more, and showed no visible desire to visit the Light.

'Say, then, mon gars,' said George at last one afternoon, 'when do we go out yonder again?'

- 'I have not been invited,' said Alain.
- 'Nor I; but, nom-de-Dieu! if one waits to be

invited one may wait long. Shall we go this evening?'

But Alain shook his head and said decisively, 'No, I am not going.'

On that George took boat himself and pulled out to the Light. He made no progress with Barbe. Her beauty intoxicated him; but she scarcely opened her lips, and found occupation in the lantern, while he sat smoking with her father down below. She had seen his boat turn out of the bay, and had watched it eagerly in the hope that it was Alain. When it turned out to be George she was vexed and disappointed; but she showed it only by increased reserve and the elimination of herself from the company.

George was a very sulky man in the boat that night, to Alain's great satisfaction. He had seen him pull out all by himself, and knew that the sixmile row, with a double crossing of the Race, would try those none-too-fit muscles of his smartly. His snappy humour when he got back gave Alain much enjoyment, since it proved the coolness of his reception. If George had been happy, or even equable, he would have hated him. As it was, he felt extremely tolerant towards him, and absolutely declined to be provoked on any account whatever.

The day after George's visit Barbe sat in the gallery, with her knitting and her thoughts and her unruly children. Her lips worked now and again, and a tiny wrinkle crept over her smooth brown brow as she wondered why Alain had ever brought this other man, whom she did not like, and why George had come back and Alain had not. Perhaps they had quarrelled. Cadoual looked as though that would not be a difficult matter with him. She hoped they had not, however, as that might send Alain away, and then things would not be the same at all—mon Dieu, non!—and the little brown brow wrinkled and the sweet lips twisted slightly at the thought.

One time when she raised her eyes from her work for a calm glance over the widespread scene, they lighted by chance on something unusual. She knew it all so intimately, in all its possible moods, that the smallest thing out of the common could not escape her. There was something in the slack of the Race on the seaward side—something that gleamed white in the sun, then turned to yellow, and then white again. The tide was on the ebb; but the Race ran swiftly at all times. Now it was running out of the Pot towards the sea.

She watched earnestly, then stood eagerly grasping the railing, with her eyes fixed intently on that moving speck. Then a white hand rose for a second from the water, like the flashing of a seagull's breast, and waved her a hasty greeting.

'At last!' she murmured, and her heart gave

a jump and sent the colour flying to her face. 'It is he!'

She waved her hand in reply, and stood watching him breathlessly, for the Race was strong and full of treachery; but Alain was stronger, since he had got it at its weakest. He came ploughing along with sweeping side-strokes which drove his yellow head triumphantly through the writhing coils, and now and again the wet face turned up for a forward look at the haven ahead.

She watched him till he breasted through under lee of the uncovered rocks, and then she went in and down the ladders to meet him. By the time she reached the doorway he was climbing the iron rungs, dressed in a thin blue cotton blouse and trousers, both dripping wet through having been worn in a tightly twisted rope round his waist. This time she did not run from him.

Never had she seen a brighter, handsomer face than the one that rose up at her feet as he grasped the hand-irons and stood in the doorway before her, with the life of the fight still aflame in it, and the long yellow hair streaming over his shoulders; but then she had not seen very many faces.

Never had Alain seen a face that filled his heart like this one, eager welcome and half-veiled gentle chiding struggling in it for mastery.

'Oh, you should not have done it!' she said.
'You might have been drowned.' But no words could gainsay the light of welcome in her eyes.

'Not at all,' he said lightly. 'I am at home in the water. We are good friends. It is better than the boat when Cadoual's in it.'

She turned and led the way to the ladder, then stood aside for him to mount first.

'You are very wet,' she said as they came out into the gallery.

'I will sit in the sun and dry,' he laughed. 'I am warm enough inside, I assure you, ma'm'selle.' And he sat himself down in his old way, with his back against the side of the lantern and his feet through the open railing; and Pippo came and pecked him inquisitively on one side, while Minnette minced about him, on the other, but declined his invitations to closer greeting on account of his dampness.

'Why did you bring that man the other day?' asked Barbe presently.

'I did not bring him. He would come, and I could not stop him without making a quarrel.'

'He came again yesterday.'

'I know. I saw him. He was very sulky all night. I do not think he enjoyed himself.'

'I do not like him,' she said quietly. 'When he looks at me I feel uncomfortable.' The thought of her discomfort at George's regards was distinctly agreeable to him, although he did not like the thought of her being made uncomfortable.

'My father is away to the village,' she said.

'I know. I saw him go, and—and—I wanted to see you again, so I came.'

'How did you come?' she asked.

'Down the cliff, and then crawled along the rocks as far as I could.'

'Down Cap Réhel? Surely never!' and she eyed him anxiously.

'But yes, truly. It looks impossible from here; but it's easy enough when you're at it. It is full of holes for fingers and toes. I shall go back the same way.'

'It is dangerous,' she said, still solicitous on his account.

'Only in the looks, I assure you. It is good of you to care, ma'm'selle—Barbe.'

'But of course I care,' she said. 'What was the good of dragging you out of the Pot if you are going to break yourself to pieces on the rocks?'

'But I won't, I promise you. It is quite easy, and one soon gets used to the birds. They get very angry, and they are very stupid, and there are so many of them—clouds and clouds. You don't get any idea of them from here.'

Barbe shook her head once more and said quietly, 'I should be sorry if you fell.'

'I won't fall. I shall go back on the first of the flood.'

She nodded and said, 'This side of the Pot?'

'Of course.'

'It boils and it boils,' said Barbe, looking down askance at the troubled waters. 'They say the devil lives there.'

At which local monopolisation of the Evil One Alain laughed.

'All the same,' continued Barbe, 'if you got in there you would never come out again. You are the only one who ever came out alive.'

'I'll take very good care I never get in again. But I'm glad I got in that time,' said he.

Conversationally it was not perhaps very explicit as love-making; but love's fullest expression is not in words, and these were peasants, bound by the shackles of their inheritance. The thrill of meeting eyes, the sunny waves of colour that swept across their faces, the softened inflections of their voices, the tumult that shook him when her short blue skirts swished against him, and the thrill that electrified them both when their bare feet once chanced lightly to touch: these told the sweet old story plainer than all the words in the world, and spoke of feelings as deep as kings and queens may know.

'The tide is on the turn, Barbe,' said Alain at last, as he looked down on the Race. 'It is time for me to go.'

'You will have care, Alain?'

'I will take every care, ma chère. I may come again?'

'If you will take no harm,' she said hesitatingly. 'But I shall have fear for you.'

'Then I shall come again to show you it is needless.'

Their pulses beat furiously as he took her hand, and, with intuition descended from heaven knows where—or perhaps, after all, it was simple inspira-

tion—bent and kissed it with the loving courtesy natural to his race but foreign to the actual soil

Barbe's eyes glowed mistily and she swayed slightly as she climbed back up the ladders in the twilight of the shaft. When she came out into the gallery she could hardly for her streaming tears see his white body ploughing through the hesitating bubble of the Race. She dropped her head on to her hands on the railing and cried softly, 'Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, have care of him! Holy Mary, watch over him!'

For all the past was past, and heaven and earth were new created for her in this glowing hour. A glory had come into her life which passed her knowledge. Her heart, swept bare with sweet, delicious fires, was clothed anew in tints of sunset and of dawn. Heaven itself could hold no more for her than the perfect consummation of that which was in her now. After nineteen years of nature, and a very deep love for it, she had awakened at last to the knowledge that the love of one man is worth all the world, and more. She knew that Alain Carbonec was all heaven and earth to her, and she knew that Alain loved her.

When her father came home she did not tell him that Alain had been there.

CHAPTER VII.-LOVE'S WATERWAY.



N the boat the two men got along without any visible quarrel; but there was a coolness between them which did not make for comfort. Alain, in the know-

ledge that the prize was his, bore Cadoual's humours with the utmost equanimity. Cadoual, knowing only that his own frequent visits to the Light had not advanced him one step in Barbe's regards, grew more sulky and gloomy after each one. So far as he knew, the course was clear for him. Alain was evidently not inclined to follow the matter up on his own account. The first visit had, doubtless, been dictated by feelings of gratitude towards Pierre and Barbe for their care of him in his time of need, though it did seem almost impossible that any man with blood in his veins could have lived near Barbe Carcassone for a week and not been fired by her as he himself was, for she was as different from the Plenevec girls, and indeed from any girl he had ever come in contact with, as—well, as a Plenevec lugger was from one of the trim English yachts which sometimes put into Morlaix. Alain, of course, might have other ties in his own country. He never spoke of Barbe, and maintained an obstinate silence when any one else did so. In fact, he came to believe that Alain was naturally of a silent and stolid disposition, so little did he speak at all; but he showed himself a first-rate sailor and a lucky fisherman. George was satisfied with his bargain, and congratulated himself, and to that extent with reason. Cadoual had not so far heard of Alain's Leandrine visits to the Light. He himself went across at least once a week, and sat smoking gloomily with Pierre, and devouring Barbe with eyes of smouldering fire whenever she put in an appearance.

Once a week Alain set the white clouds of Cap Réhel whirling and shrieking with anger as he clambered down the stark face of the cliff, and boldly breasted the slack of the Race, after his heart's desire. From her coign of vantage, with anxious eyes and compressed lips and white-fingered grip of the gallery rail, as though thereby to lift him clear of all dangers, Barbe watched him from the moment he appeared on the cliff till he drew in towards the uncovered rocks below her; and if she said no word, her heart was big with prayers for his safety. Then, as his white arm shot up over the ledge and he hung panting, she ran down the ladders and met him in the doorway.

There was no disguisement of their feelings; such things come not of nature.

'Thou hast risked it again?' was her greeting on his second coming, and all unconsciously she dropped into that tenderer form of speech in which she conversed with him in her thoughts.

'It is a small price to pay for sight of thee, dearest;' and holding both her warm hands in his water-soddened ones—while her hot pulses beat through into his and filled him with new fire—he drew her to him and kissed her on the lips.

'I am always fearful for thee, Alain,' murmured the quivering red lips. He kissed them again to take away her fears.

'If thou hast never more to fear for me than that, little one, it shall be well with us.'

'Thou hast made me as wet as thyself,' she said, with a joyous laugh.

'I would I could dry thee with kisses.'

They went up the ladders to dry themselves outwardly in the more effectual kisses of the sun.

Of deliberate intent he chose to come when her father was away. Not that he had any grounds to fear denial or objection from the old man; simply that his whole nature craved Barbe—Barbe herself for herself. When Pierre was there Barbe was simply Pierre's daughter, and of necessity his presence was a check to the freedom of their intercourse. With every meeting their hearts were knit closer and closer, till to sunder them would have meant a rending and tearing of the very fibres of their being, and that last desperate agony which the world calls heart-break.



ALL ABOUT INDIGO IN SALVADOR.

By ROWLAND W. CATER,

Author of With the Ginger-Grubbers of Central America, King of Tropical Fruits, &c.



INCE modern scientists, ever on the alert, have taught us how from a single ton of coal—that dirty substance which we burn so lavishly in our homes—the basis of some two thousand different shades of aniline

dyes can be obtained, we might quite naturally suppose that the production and use of indigo would straightway be discontinued, and that the pigment would be struck out of the list of our useful articles of commerce. Indigo, however—one of the oldest of our dyes—is still considered by dyers and printers of cotton and woollen cloths to be the best base for certain shades; and they, together with the great firms of Colman, Reckitt, and hundreds of other manufacturers of laundry supplies, still continue to use indigo in enormous quantities.

It must not, however, be supposed that the synthetical dyes alluded to have not affected the indigo industry. They have affected it, and seriously, too; for during the past ten years or so the demand for the older product has fallen off very considerably, and the price has receded. On the other hand, as a natural sequel to the falling off in the demand, there has been a wholesale abandonment of the industry by planters everywhere. In the United States it has almost entirely disappeared; in Lower Bengal, where a few decades ago huge quantities of indigo were manufactured, the production has waned very considerably; and the same may be said of many other districts where, in the past, the article was largely manufactured. Even in Central America the production is reduced to a minimum, although there the waning is due to the initiation of the growers into other industries less laborious yet equally remunerative; and many landowners gave up indigo-growing because several of them had the misfortune to lose heavily by the bankruptcy of the European firm to whom most of them consigned their produce.

As often happens, the alarm once given, the panic spread rapidly and soon became general, resulting in such relinquishment as, apparently, was out of all proportion to the falling off in the demand; until, to-day, there is danger of the tide turning the other way, and showing a demand in excess of the amount produced. At any rate, any one studying the various brokers' market reports for, say, the past three years cannot fail to notice that the demand is yearly improving, and that not only have the prices been firmer, but they have even advanced; from three shillings and sixpence to four shillings per pound being often obtained. To-day the world's supply of indigo may be said to be drawn from India, Mexico, and Central America, where the few planters who resisted the scare continue to make

very satisfactory profits from the cultivation of the plants.

Strange to say, the word indigo suggests to my mind all sorts of uncouth happenings, such as volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, and innumerable other terrestrial disturbances. This is probably due to a by no means pleasant experience which I underwent on the occasion of my last visit to the republic of El Salvador.

I had often heard of the wonders of that country: of immense lakes of unknown depth in the craters of extinct volcanoes many thousands of feet above sea-level, of mountains which for more than a century have been in a continual state of eruption, of fissured rocks and ravines formed by the opening of the earth during some terrible volcanic disturbance that had entombed many unfortunate beings, and of huge basaltic walls from whence, through a crevice, flow incessant streams of hot water falling into cold springs below. To my mind, however, none of these peculiarities constituted the country's It boasted of another feature chief attraction. which had always interested me above all others, which I had been very desirous of seeing, and which I believe no other country in the world can claim: an active volcano not more than ninety feet high. This phenomenon is to be seen in the centre of Lake Ilopango, a small body of water about five miles in length, and surrounded by many volcanic peaks, some of them being active. It lies within easy distance of the capital, and in a region so subject to incessant tremblings that it has been christened 'the swinging hammock of Salvador.'

Arriving at San Salvador, the capital of the republic, whilst on my way to the town of Tejutla in the Chalatenanco district—whence comes the greater portion of that country's supply of indigo, and whither I was wending my way in order to study their methods of handling *Indigofera tinctoria*—I decided to avail myself of the opportunity of seeing the miniature volcano of Ilopango.

Accordingly, after hiring a couple of mules and engaging a guide, I set off, reaching, in due time, the little village of Ilopango on the north-west shore of the lake. My guide informed me as we approached the village that he had a compadre (godfather) living there, and suggested looking him up; for not only could we leave our mules at his house while we went on our little tour of inspection, but his compadre, being one of the oldest residents in Ilopango, would be a very serviceable pilot and at the same time could give me the benefit of his local knowledge.

Needless to say I fell in with my guide's views, and straightway ordered him to proceed to his worthy relative's house. We found the old Indian at home and willing to accompany me, showing and telling all he knew of the smoking island.

From his account of the formation of this volcanic dwarf, it appears that towards the close of the year 1879 the inhabitants of the surrounding villages suddenly became aware that the level of their lake was gradually rising. They were amazed, to say the least of it, and utterly at a loss to explain the circumstance, since the past rainy season had been but a normal one; but there the curiosity endedeven that of the women; and, gradually accustoming themselves to the higher level of the lake, the change was almost forgotten. One night, however, in the spring of 1880, after the residents had all retired, they were aroused by a loud rumbling noise, like distant thunder, which appeared to proceed from the very bowels of the earth; and they knew very well that it meant tremblor (an earthquake). This rolling noise, at times scarcely audible, invariably precedes an outbreak, and it is fortunate that it does so, for it forewarns the inhabitants, giving them time to run from beneath their dangerously thick-walled and heavily-tiled houses into the comparatively safe open before the actual convulsion of the earth commences.

Rising hurriedly, the inhabitants ran frantically into the streets—some covering themselves with the first article of clothing they could lay hands on as they ran, and others, neglecting altogether any such precaution, appearing in the open clad only in their more than scanty night-robes. The narrator assured me that he saw more than one man who could boast of no better covering than a shawl of Spanish lace, while here and there were others without covering of any kind. On looking towards the lake they observed a huge, strange light in its centre, and a moment afterwards there was a terrific explosion. Of a sudden the light in the midst of the lake increased to quite four times its original size, throwing weird shadows on all sides, and then just as suddenly it disappeared. Terrified by this phenomenon, the inhabitants-a panic-stricken crowd of pale men, weeping women, and shrieking children - commenced to run they knew not whither. Their object was to put as great a distance as possible between themselves and the scene of disturbance; but this was impossible, for there was a sudden quake and heaving of the earth, which, rolling in waves, seemed to rise and strike their flying feet, and checked their progress. The shock lasted only for a few seconds, although the old man spoke as if it had lasted for hours. Afterwards, congregated in circles outside their ruined homes, around images of the Holy Virgintheir usual consolation in times of trouble—the inhabitants passed the remainder of that eventful night

In the morning the greatest surprise of all awaited the people. Their rivulet Jiboa—a shallow stream which runs from a corner of the lake, and, draining the Jiboa plains, flows into the Pacific—had been converted into a roaring, swift, and

deep river; and in the centre of their lake, whose surface had been hitherto unbroken, was a conical island—a miniature volcano—emitting volumes of water and gases and steam. 'And that is the volcano you see there, sir,' said the old man, concluding his story as we reached the lake, and pointing to a small smoking mound in its centre. 'There the ferocious little hell-hound has remained to this day. Its eruption made our lake much smaller, sir; and the disturbance robbed us of nearly all our fish, for, frightened to the shore by the shock, they were left high and dry when the water suddenly receded, as it did after the appearance of the volcano.'

Ruminating over the old man's tale—which, I may add, was quite accurate—I stood there almost rooted to the spot with admiration, gazing at the smoking island. I had seen volcanoes innumerable during my travels—formidable monsters which undoubtedly merited that epithet; but a real, live volcano not much bigger than a good-sized haystack was indeed a novelty to me.

When I had taken in all there was to see of the phenomenal Ilopangito, I gave the old man a couple of pesos for his trouble; and, retaining the services of his youthful relative as guide, I continued my journey to Tejutla.

At each bend in the road I could see an enormous volcano towering high above me. Now it would be the extinct San Salvador that met my gaze, with its summit, nearly eight thousand feet high, hidden in the clouds; then old Cojutepeque and Guazapa, or the distant San Vicente, would come into view, each looking, with a broad ring of mist encircling it half-way up, as though the upper portion were suspended from the heavens and divorced, so to speak, from its lower half. Considering the lasting impression which the lilliputian Ilopangito had made on me, small wonder that I regarded these larger brethren with tremendous awe. I thought of little else than volcanoes for the remainder of my journey -even after my arrival at Tejutla; and, as though to emphasise my awe, during my first night in that town I was aroused by heavy blows on the door of my room, with warning cries of 'Tremblor! tremblor!' and on rising hurriedly I sampled one of their earthquakes—a sample which will last me for a very long time.

It is on the slopes of such huge monsters as those I have just mentioned, and in the plains between them, that *Indigofera tinctoria*—the plant which yields the Salvador variety of our pretty blue dye—is cultivated so largely. As one rides along, field after field and plantations extending over many miles are visible on all sides.

The plant, which is known to the native inhabitants as $a\tilde{n}il$ —hence our word aniline for the base of many of the artificial blues from coal-tar—is a woody shrub reaching three or four feet in height. Its leaves are small, oval, and a deep rich green in colour. At intervals along the main stem are a quantity of racemes—short stalks round which the

flowers cluster—and on these eventually appear numbers of small pods containing seeds. The plants are very hardy, and will grow in almost any soil, provided the climate is to their liking. A sandy soil, however, being too dry, gives poor results; and, on the other hand, wet and clayey soil should be avoided. What is required is a deep rich loam which will admit of the penetration of the long tap-roots, with a loose subsoil through which the moisture can percolate and reach the roots.

In selecting a site for an indigo plantation, besides a suitable soil, the water-supply must be taken into careful consideration. A great deal of water is used in the manufacture of the dye, and it is therefore imperative that it should abound on or at least near the plantation. Elevated situations with a creek or brooklet running through are usually selected, or such as have a natural spring at hand.

The first step is the clearing of the site. As the plants with which we are dealing do not require shade, all the vegetation-large and small trees alike—is removed, the former being felled in the usual way, and the latter, with the underbrush, cut down by the machete. The larger trees, when cut into portable lengths, are hauled away by oxen, and may be stored up for future use as fencingposts and firewood; while certain kinds are useful for building purposes. The quantity of timber is so large, however, when dealing with virgin forest, that only the best woods are preserved; the remainder being either left to rot, burnt where they lie, or dumped into the nearest river. The smaller trees and the underbrush are generally burnt, and the ashes hoed into the soil. Such roots as remain after felling the larger trees can be dug out; but where land is cheap this is too expensive an operation; it is more economical to leave them in the soil and put up with the occasional gaps in the rows of plants which these obstacles will subsequently cause.

When the land is cleared and the soil has been well loosened, two labourers, armed with a number of wooden stakes and a long cord, divide the fields up into long rows two feet apart. The seed may then be sown. Sowing usually takes place at the commencement of the rainy season. Along each row small holes are made about a foot apart and two inches deep; into each of these a pinch of fresh seed is dropped, and the fields are then lightly raked over so that a thin coating of earth covers the seeds. Within a week from the sowing the young shoots appear, and then the fields are carefully At no time should a single weed be allowed in the vicinity of an indigo-plant, nor anything else which may tend to hamper its growth; for now the planter's sole aim is quantity—that is, abundance of stem and leaves. The weeding, therefore, should be thorough and frequent—at least once a month.

About three months afterwards the plants commence to flower, and at this stage the fields are examined daily. When the leaves begin to fade and before the flower-buds open the stems are ready for cutting. For this purpose a sharp machete is used, and the blow is dealt about three inches above the ground, the left hand grasping the bunch of plants, while the right hand wields the machete. Tied up in convenient bundles, the plants are then carried, either by men, women, or beasts of burden, to the sheds containing the vats, where they are subjected without delay to the process of extracting the dye.

From the roots of the plant which have been left in the fields another crop will grow, all that is necessary being the usual weedings and a keen lookout for leaf-cutting ants (zompopos) and other enemies of the young shoots; and in sixty to seventy days it will be ready for cutting. When this is harvested, a third crop will grow and mature; in a really suitable locality and soil as many as four successive crops are obtained from the same roots. It is usual, nevertheless, after the third crop has been cut to dig up the old roots and sow fresh seed; and when doing so the macerated plants and other refuse from the vats can be hoed in with the soil to fertilise it.

The dye is the result of the fermentation of the plants. It is particularly from the leaves that the colouring matter is obtained; but in order to avoid the cost of labour which their separation from the stems would involve, and because in the flower-buds and even in the stems there are traces of the dye, the entire plants are treated.

Immediately the cut plants reach the shed where the manufacture of the dye is carried on, they are untied and put into a large vat known as the *empapador*. This vat or tank is of cement, about five feet in depth, and built on an elevation in a shaded position; and the bottom slopes gradually downwards towards one end, where there are a number of discharge-holes or plugs. These are so arranged that the liquid in the vat can be drawn off at will. Into the first tank sufficient fresh-water is admitted to completely cover the plants, which are spread out evenly to within a foot of the top of the tank. They are next pressed down by heavily weighted planks, and left to steep for twelve or fourteen hours.

In a few hours the water, which covers planks and all, is observed to become considerably thickened or muddy, as it were, and a number of pale-green airbubbles appear on its surface. Shortly afterwards these will be seen to burst and the fermented leaves will have lost most of their colour. The planks are at once removed, and the mass is violently stirred up with long poles or boat-paddles for the space of half-an-hour. When the sediment has settled again at the bottom of this first tank the liquid is run off through the discharge-holes into the batidor, a smaller tank immediately below the holes of the first tank, and of exactly the same pattern.

In the batidor the thick and mucilaginous liquid is beaten or agitated for two or three hours without

ceasing. This arrests all further fermentation, which at this stage would spoil the dye. At the same time, this stirring, by continually bringing the liquid into contact with the oxygen of the air, causes certain chemical changes, the result of which is oxide of indigo (indigotin), which appears in millions of blue particles. These, settling as sediment and eventually solidifying, give us that beautiful pigment we call indigo-blue. Just before the stirring ceases, however, a coagulant of milk of lime, or other appropriate cuajo, is added in order to accelerate the precipitation.

The water in the second tank is then drawn off, but not before all the sediment has properly settled; and the viscous mass which remains is put into iron pans about a foot deep and boiled for two or three hours over a slow fire. Repeated straining through sacking or coarse filtering-cloth concludes the process; and, when thus rid of all the moisture, the thick marine-blue paste which results is put into shallow trays and thoroughly dried by means of even and prolonged pressure.

The concrete cakes of indigo, when removed from the trays, are cut into cubes of the usual size and sent to the market packed in zurrones (a sack made of raw hide) weighing from seventy to eighty kilos each.

The entire process, with the exception of drying and cutting the cakes, can be performed in one day; and two men can do all the work once the plants are in the vats. I ascertained, on strict inquiry, that a hectare (2.471 acres) of land planted with Indigofera tinctoria will yield something like six hundred pounds of indigo, and that the raising of the plants thereon and the manufacture of the dve certainly costs not more than eleven pounds. Thus, assuming that the produce sells for two shillings and sixpence per pound—a price not very difficult to obtain, considering that Salvador indigo often fetches three shillings and sixpence and even four shillings per pound in our markets—the planter makes a profit of sixty-four pounds on each hectare, or say about twenty-five pounds per acre; and this, if he is careful, he can repeat once or even twice in the same year. Deduct from this profit the usual amounts for interest, planter's expenses, freight, and all other charges incurred in the bringing of his produce upon the market, and there still remains a tremendous profit, even at the end of the first year, after paying for his land.

After visiting many other places of interest in the republic I returned to the capital, San Salvador, where I decided to stay for a few days to see the sights. I saw much to admire there: the Cathedral, President's Palace, University, Barracks, and School of Art; and I saw much to deprecate too. At the same time I learned something of the past and rather unique history of this unfortunate city.

The inhabitants of the capital now number about twenty-five thousand. It was founded by Jorge de Alvarado in the year 1528, at its present elevation of two thousand five hundred feet above the sea-level. Firstly under the Spaniards, and afterwards under its own independent Government, it gradually prospered and flourished until it became the most important town in the country. No less than five times, however, it has been destroyed by earthquakes and rebuilt. In the year 1854—the year that the notorious filibuster Walker was creating such havoc throughout Central Americathe capital was visited by so violent a convulsion that scarcely a single building was left intact. The damage on this occasion was so great that the despairing inhabitants for sook their homes, selected a new site for their capital, and built up the town of Nueva San Salvador—now called Santa Tecla—a few miles away in a south-westerly direction. There they erected new buildings, new churches, and new houses; and, settling down, endeavoured to forget their misfortunes. However, a score of years or so afterwards, this new town, too, was three times destroyed by earthquakes; and the last of these, occurring in 1879, was so severe that the populace returned to the old capital. They have rebuilt their old homes in a manner better calculated to resist the tremblings and quakings, and settled down in the original San Salvador, firmly resolved to stay there and put up with the consequences. Although from a sanitary point of view there is much need for improvement, still when one considers the frequent compulsory migrations to which the inhabitants of this 'town in a hammock' have been subjected, we cannot wonder at the pride which the indigo-growers display in their capital; indeed, they deserve great credit for their daring and perseverance.

THE DAM REEF.

CHAPTER III.



arriving at Stanley's domain, again old Bruno was the first to greet me, yet not so gleefully as at first. There was a look in the old dog's eyes that told me he had the power of divining, and the eyes

of animals such as Bruno rarely lead one astray.

In answer to my gentle tap, Miss Stanley

herself came to the door. Seeing me, she cried, 'Oh, I am so thankful you are here! Somehow, I felt you would not refuse. My father is dreadfully hurt. I have done my best to make him comfortable; but the blood—oh, the blood is awful! And he is so weak'——

'Have you stanched the flow?' I asked. 'In that I may be useful. May I see your father

at once? Do not let there be an instant of ceremony.'

With that she laid her hand upon my arm and led me to her father's bedside. He lay there pale and blanched to a startling degree, the wreck of a man who but a short while ago was vigorously strong for his apparent years, which I judged to be about sixty-five. It needed no extensive experience of such cases to see and feel certain that death was near at hand. As I bent down to examine the wounds, which were ghastly, gaping rents from the shoulder right across the breast, I could see that they were practically self-stanched — in other words, they had ceased to bleed from sheer want of pulsepower to force the remaining drops from out the poor torn body. Had the sufferer been a younger man there might have been a chance for him to pull through; but in poor old Mr Stanley's case I felt sure it was a forlorn hope. All that could be done his daughter did. If care and constant endeavour to minister stimulants could have prolonged life Stanley would have lived.

Anon the old man seemed to sleep, and I sat by the bedside while Vera Stanley sought a few minutes of fitful slumber. I told her before she retired that I had not the faintest hope of his recovery, and that in all human probability he would pass away while in this comatose condition.

It was not to be exactly so. Some four hours had passed, I watching the while, when the wounded man opened his eyes. He looked at me with a weak surprise and his lips seemed to move. Bending down, I caught, or fancied I did, the words, 'Where is she?'

did, the words, 'Where is she?'

I summoned Vera from her rest. She came quickly, with a half-checked smile of gladness on her lips at seeing her father conscious. She stooped and kissed the poor fellow, and taking one of his hands, told him how I came to be present. His eyes turned towards me with an expression of thankfulness which I fully understood. I then rose to leave them; but she would not permit me. However, I insisted, saying I would be within easy call should I be wanted.

Meantime I went out for a further interview with Klaas, whose faithful concern for his master's condition had been evinced by constant bobbings around the window of the sick man's room.

'Das luipard ein beinye schel-m-m'. Je will ihm dodt mak. Allematig! Mein herz ist zikke. O mei gut groot baas!'—all of which was meant to express his resolve to kill leopards whenever and wherever he might find them, and that his heart was sick for his great and good baas. Notwithstanding his great attachment to his master, he had thought for business, as he had despatched a couple of natives to bear home the carcass of the leopard which had killed his baas and which he had so valiantly slain. Naturally the leopard-skin possessed a charm for him. He took me to see the dead beast, and as I looked at it

I noticed the wounds which Klass had inflicted with his knife, and felt thankful the gaping orifices were not in my own body.

Presently I heard Miss Stanley's voice, and thereupon I returned to the house to join her at table. Our attempt at eating was a mere make-believe, and after a few minutes of desultory conversation she rose, asking me to accompany her to her father's bedside, there to await the end.

The end came sooner than, perhaps, she expected. Half-an-hour later the old man's spirit had passed away, and Vera Stanley was alone in the world, and, as far as she knew, without kith or kin. We buried her father beneath a huge baobab-tree: a quieter resting-place could not have been found.

For some days I left Vera Stanley severely to herself, thinking the poignancy of her grief would the better and quicker expend itself in solitude. My wagons had arrived, and were now resting within the mealie-paddock some three or four hundred yards distant from the house. Every morning I invariably received a small basket containing fruit, eggs, and butter, the thoughtful kindness of the bereaved girl. I rarely strayed from the precincts of my camp, feeling my assistance might be needed at any moment, and being very loath to disappoint or keep my young charge waiting. I use the word 'charge' because Vera Stanley had become that in very earnest. I only awaited her views upon the question of her removal, and of course the sooner that took place the better would it be for both.

One morning I received a short note asking if I would join her at the midday meal. I did so, and as we talked I found she gradually approached the vexed question.

When will it suit you, sir, to make a change from this?'

Now, this very pertinent question startled me. Yet I had been expecting something of the kind almost daily. Why was it so? Suddenly I came face to face with the fact that although we were fast becoming friends, she yet addressed me by the coldly formal 'sir.' Strange as the statement may seem, there was a very good reason for this, and yet that reason would have been choked at its birth if both had not forgotten one thing. She never asked—small wonder, considering the distressful time she had gone through since we first saw each other; and, as for myself, it never entered my head to let her know-what ?-my name! Neither should I have known hers but for that note of appeal on the evening of her father's fatal mishap, and which the reader will remember was signed 'Vera Stanley.'

In reply to her question I said, 'Your time is my time. I am always ready; but you—you have many things to deliberate upon, as also much to do.'

' 'Yes,' replied she, 'I have indeed. No need

to remind me. But when and where to begin I have not the least idea.'

'Did I not hear you say your father had whispered, just before he died, something as to "finding papers all arranged"?'

'Yes, of course; and they must be seen to the first thing of all.'

Here she looked me full in the face, then continued in an almost pleading voice, 'Will you help me with them, sir?'

Miss Stanley, before we speak more let me correct an oversight. You from time to time address me as "sir." You forgot to inquire my name; I—equally forgetful—omitted to tell you. It is Stainsleigh. Very like your own, is it not? My Christian name is Philip. Here, where conventionalities are lost upon the desert air, we are alone, depending on each other's aid, at least for the time. Call me Philip. If I may, I will call you by your name.'

'Who is there to gainsay our mutual wishes, Philip? Let it be as you say.'

'Then let us now begin our task of going through the papers your father referred to. The work may not be so tiresome as you fear.'

So it came about that we two very soon found ourselves poring over the contents of an old-fashioned escritoire. There was, after all, very little of all this paper but might without risk be burned. The dead man's will was there, formally executed some five years previously, and dated at Potchefstroom, whither he had gone to purchase stock, so Vera remembered to have heard him state. The old time-worn cabinet was drawn to a convenient corner of the room where the light best served our purpose, and we began our labours.

Mr Stanley, it was soon evidenced, had been a methodical and careful man. His systematic method of keeping all manner of papers, endorsing and docketing them, facilitated our operations. Bundle after bundle of bills receipted, business letters, and such-like were placed on one side for burning. Later we found his last will and testament, by which he left everything of which he 'might be possessed of at my death to my only child, Vera Annette Stanley.' This document was made and drawn up at Potchefstroom, at which place it was also signed and witnessed. This I advised Vera to place in her securest sanctum. Among other things we came across was her baptismal certificate and her father and mother's 'marriage lines.' These also she placed with her other treasures. After going through many other valueless memoranda we came upon the title-deeds of the farm. This had been a grant from the Government for some service rendered; and Vera was rather astonished to learn the extent of her domain, which was no less than ten square miles, most of which lay to the north and west of the homestead.

Next we came upon a somewhat startling discovery—a small packet wrapped in frayed buckskin, securely fastened by thongs of the same material, and labelled 'Not to be opened except under stress of circumstance.' This indicated, as far as I could make out, some hidden fact which was meant only for the family of deceased, and I told her she had better inspect it when by herself. Here we left off our work—indeed, finished it. An hour later we were chatting leisurely over a meal that our recent occupation enabled us to attack with keen zest.

OLD PEWTER.

By C. F. GREENLAND.



HILE much has been written concerning gold and silver plate, pewter has been almost neglected by antiquaries and collectors alike; a neglect due, no doubt, to the humble uses to which modern custom has

doomed it. Yet pewter has a history dating back to the earliest years of the Christian era, and can boast of a long line of skilful craftsmen who did not disdain to employ it in the production of very ornamental articles. Of late, however, there are signs of a possible rescue of pewter from its ignoble associations with beer-mugs and office inkstands. Since the birth of the present craze for collecting everything that can lay any claim to antiquity, specimens of old pewter, if of any artistic value, already command a fair price, while the pewterers of to-day are turning out articles commendable both in finish and design.

Pewter is a composition of tin and lead in vary-

ing proportions. As a rule the mixture consists of eighty parts of tin and twenty parts of lead; but some old pewterers-more particularly the French -preferred a slightly larger proportion of lead. An excellent alloy is formed by melting old pewter with new lead and tin. Other ingredients, such as antimony and zinc, are often added: antimony for the purpose of hardening the tin and giving the finished article a silvery appearance, and zinc for the purpose of diminishing oxidation. Perhaps the finest pewter is that known as 'tin and temper,' which is composed largely of tin with a small proportion of copper. The presence of copper, however, remains discernible by the slightly brown tint which it imparts. Ordinary plates and dishes are generally composed of one hundred parts of tin, eight parts of antimony, two parts of bismuth, and two parts of copper; while beer-mugs contain about eighty-three parts of tin and seventeen parts of antimony, with the addition of a varying quantity of lead. Both hammering and casting are employed in the manufacture of pewter articles. Flat articles, such as plates and dishes, are usually hammered; but spoons and pots are cast in two pieces and afterwards soldered together.

Turning to the history of pewter, we find the Chinese used it at a period anterior to the Christian era. The Japanese must have had it in use in 800 a.b. or even earlier, articles useful and ornamental having been made from tin found in that country. Some of the finest Japanese lacquer-work was inlaid with mother-of-pearl and pewter. Many pewter vessels used at marriage ceremonies were coated with gold lacquer or highly ornamented with inlays of gold and silver, and sometimes even with brass and bronze. Tea-jars, canisters, and vase-shaped bottles, such as were formerly used for offering wine at the shinto shrines, are now the principal articles manufactured of this metal.

In France the industry of pewtering seems to have been firmly established by the thirteenth century; indeed, at that period regulations had already been made for the craft. Thus Paris pewterers were not allowed to work at night because artificial light was believed to impair the quality of the work. In Paris provision was made to check the manufacture of leaden imitations of pewter vessels; and in 1333 all fraudulent alloys were forbidden at Poitiers.

The Archbishop of Rheims in 1339 possessed alms-dishes, tankards, canisters, ewers, plates, cups, and other articles made of pewter. In the fifteenth century pewter inlays in the style of boule-work ornamented the rafters and cornices of the royal palaces, and some rare and beautiful coffers were entirely decorated with pewter ornaments.

The most noted pewterers of France were Pierre de Bruges (1346), Hugh de Briançon (1350), Jehan Boulangier (1496), and greatest of all, François Briot. Briot was born about the middle of the sixteenth century; but the date of his death is not known, although he was living in 1615. He was called the Cellini of Pewter, as the art culminated in him. Both the museum at South Kensington and the British Museum contain fine specimens of his work; and in the Louvre are to be found some splendid dishes made for Henri III. with medallions by Briot. At Rouen, where a Pewterers' Guild existed prior to 1396, there is in the museum a duplicate in silver of one of his ewers. To show how distinguished a modeller he was, it may be mentioned that even Palissy reproduced in enamelled pottery a dish from one of his designs.

In the sixteenth century splendid specimens of pewter were manufactured and used to decorate the mansions of the princes and nobles. Some pieces, which may still be in existence, bore the image of the Emperor Charles V. or Mathias; others represented historical or religious subjects, such as Noah leaving the Ark and offering a sacrifice to the Lord.

In the seventeenth century pewter to a great extent went out of fashion in France. The nobles

who were obliged to sell their old silver had such a dislike to return to the use of pewter that they had it gilt to make it more like their lost plate; but the middle classes had it still in constant use. It is recorded that the Jesuits, on the destruction by fire of their establishment, lost over ten thousand pounds of manufactured pewter. The stamps used generally on French pewter were the arms of the city in which the articles were made, with letters to denote quality. It was not till the reign of Louis XIII. that Paris pewter was ordered to be stamped; and in 1650, when leave was first given to gild or silver the baser metals, distinctive stamps were ordered to be employed.

In Germany much fine pewter was made. The care taken to maintain the standard is shown by the fact that in Augsburg in 1342 it was enacted that all inferior or bad work must be destroyed and the workman fined. The closest approach to real silver was attained by Sebaldus Ruprecht, who was celebrated for the fineness and beauty of his work. In the latter part of the sixteenth century many German pieces were marked with a rose; but the marks in ordinary use were a crowned eagle for beaten pewter and that made from unmixed English tin. When the alloy contained 10 per cent. of lead, a half-eagle and two flails in a shield were the marks used. After 1597 no pewterer was allowed to work in any other metal than pewter.

Germany produced perhaps the most celebrated pewterer after Briot—namely, Gaspard Enderlein, who, although born in Basel, worked in Nuremberg before 1633. He was the first to manufacture hanging chandeliers of pewter. But German specimens are not, generally speaking, of high artistic quality; the Germans may perhaps have been first to manufacture artistic articles in pewter, but they seldom rose to the fine relief-work of the French artificers.

After Germany, Belgium may be mentioned, and especially Bruges, as the depôt to which English tin was largely consigned. In this town pewter porringers and flasks were made before 1300. In 1476 Belgian pewter was marked 'fin' with a crowned hammer, but if 'spun' it bore the mark of a small castle with the arms of the town of manufacture. It may perhaps be well here to explain that 'spinning' was done on a lathe with a spinningstick according to the shape of the article required. Pewter being plastic like clay, a disc of the metal was put on the lathe and 'spun' at a certain rate vertically, and, a hard tool being pressed laterally against it, it followed the tool with as much facility as if it were clay. When pewter was 'spun' a little antimony was invariably added.

English pewter brought into the town of Bruges for sale was marked with a rose and crown. The Liége marks are very ancient. They were an angel and balance for first quality, a crowned rose for second, and a fleur-de-lis for an inferior quality. All these marks are noted for their beauty.

Martin Hurscher (born about 1450; died 1523)

was perhaps the most celebrated Belgian pewterer. Every article that a silversmith could make he could execute in pure pewter. His purified and alloyed tin was equal in brilliancy to that of England, and he manufactured all sorts of vessels, plates, candelabra, and statuettes. Another renowned pewterer of Belgium was Melchior Kock, who discovered a particular material by which he made pewter bowls, dishes, and plates look as if gilt with the best gold. The secret probably perished with him in 1576, unless we may conjecture that his material was of much the same composition as that used by Pinchbeck the celebrated English watchmaker (born 1670; died 1733), whose 'pinchbeck' articles, it is supposed, consisted of an alloy of three parts of zinc to four of copper.

Italy and Spain do not seem to have made much pewter; but Switzerland and Holland produced it largely.

At Bidri in India, about sixty miles north-west of Hyderabad, designs were elaborately chiselled out in pewter and silver hammered in. This was afterwards covered by a vegetable acid mixed with earth largely impregnated with iron, the effect of which was to blacken the pewter and brighten the silver, thus creating very charming and effective ornaments.

English pewter goes back to the eighth or tenth century. We find that Edward I. in 1290 possessed one hundred dishes, one hundred platters, and more than one hundred salt-cellars, all of pewter. The earliest record of the English Pewterers' Company is in 1348, when ordinances for regulating the craft were made, with the approval of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the city of London. Two qualities were permitted. The first contained a certain quantity of brass. From this were made salt-cellars, porringers, salvers, 'cruets squared and other things that are made square and ribbed.' The second quality, consisting of tin and 20 per cent. of lead, served for vessels and pewter dishes. goods brought into the city of London had to be assayed. In 1413 the exact weight of all the principal vessels made was fixed to prevent light weight being sold. In 1473 the Pewterers' Company received a charter from Edward IV., and in 1478 leave was granted them to search and assay. An Act of 1503 prohibited the sale of pewter off the premises of a pewterer except in an open fair or market; and these goods had to bear the maker's marks. By the same Act it was ordained that no person should henceforth make any hollow wares of pewter-that is, salt-cellars or pots-that were made of pewter called 'lay mettal,' but that it might be 'according to the assize of pewter lay mettal wrought within the City of London.' The Act also required that the makers of such wares should mark the same with their own marks, in order that they might know their work.

Neither the composition nor the standard of pewter 'lay mettal' can now be discovered; but it would seem that the intention of this Act was to afford to purchasers of the 'lay mettal' similar protection to that given to purchasers of pewter of a higher standard by the marks affixed thereto under the rules of the Pewterers' Company.

It is presumed that there was not any common hall-mark of the Pewterers' Company. The two marks which most nearly correspond to such a mark —the rose and crown and the x or xx crowned, the latter perhaps denoting the best quality of the metal-were probably impressed on the goods by the makers themselves and not by the Pewterers' Company. A Royal license was always required for the use of the crowned-rose mark. Another mark found on plates believed to belong to the reign of Henry VIII. is a crown and feather. As early as this reign provision was made for checking the increasing practice of importing inferior pewter from abroad into England, while good English pewter was sent in return out of this country. The penalty for importing foreign pewter into England was forfeiture. No foreigner was permitted to practise the trade here, nor could English pewterers manufacture abroad under pain of being declared aliens. Mary, Elizabeth, James I., and Anne each granted charters to the Pewterers' Company authorising them to exact a penalty of forty shillings from any pewterer who failed to deliver a private mark or 'touch' to be impressed on a 'touch-plate' kept in the Company's Hall. The oldest touch-plate known is of 1314, and the latest of 1634. All defective and unmarked pewter was ordered to bear a fine of one penny per pound.

York also seems to have been the home of pewterers. There, too, was a Pewterers' Company, with distinct ordinances, which kept a 'counterpane' or sheet of lead or pewter corresponding with the London 'touch-plate' for the purpose of registering the marks of local manufacturers. The York marks appear to have usually consisted of the initial letters of the names of the various makers.

Pewter was at one time largely manufactured at Edinburgh, and a similar system of marking and registration prevailed in that city. In the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries in Edinburgh is an old punch for marking pewter, and a small lead or pewter 'counterpane' covered with marks ranging from the seventeenth to about the middle of the eighteenth century. These marks vary: the crowned rose appears on the best Edinburgh pewter, and the punch above mentioned was designed for affixing that mark; but some of the marks shown on the 'counterpane' consist of a castle with three towers (the city arms) combined with the maker's initials, the date being placed either above or below the castle. An early eighteenthcentury platter made in Edinburgh bears, in addition to the crowned rose, four small imitation marks in pointed shields: (1) a thistle, (2) a seeded rose, (3) the initials W. H., and (4) a human skull.

Numerous marks, however, found on specimens of pewter vessels do not appear on any existing 'counterpane.' There is no doubt that a consider-

able quantity of pewter was made in various parts of the country, and that fraudulent practices prevailed to a great extent. Further Acts were passed to prevent dishonesty in what had become a very widespread and important industry.

Pewter has served occasionally for money. King James II. seized all the pewter vessels, &c., of the Protestants in Ireland and turned them into money; half-crowns were rather bigger than half-pence, and other pieces in proportion. He ordered this money to be current in all payments.

Up to the early years of the seventeenth century pewter was still freely used in the houses of the nobles; in fact, a special official known as 'the yeoman of the liverie' was usually appointed for the purpose of taking charge of the pewter belonging to the house. But later on pewter, with the exception of very fine pieces, was practically no longer tolerated by the nobility, although the middle classes still continued to ornament their buffets with it, and had it in constant use. It is, however, said to have been used at the coronation of George IV.

Much of the old pewter was obviously designed for ecclesiastical use. Tin, which oxidises little, and the oxide of which is harmless, has always been included in the canonical metals of which sacred vessels might be made. In France, for instance, where since the seventh century the use of all other metals save the precious ones has been forbidden in the making of sacred vessels, pewter was freely used in the manufacture of ancient chalices; and at the time of the French Revolution pewter vessels of this description were kept for ordinary use in the churches, while those of more precious metal were carefully kept for festival occasions.

In England an attempt was made to suppress the use of pewter for sacred vessels; and at a Synod of Canterbury in 1175 it was decreed that the 'Eucharist shall not be consecrated in any other than a chalice of gold and silver, and henceforth no bishop is to bless any chalice of pewter.' When Richard I. seized all the gold and silver churchplate in the country it became necessary again to use vessels made of pewter, and the decree against its use has never since been enforced. It is believed that no very early English church-plate of pewter has been preserved, and that the chalices, crosiers, and crosses found in the tombs of ecclesiastical dignitaries are all counterfeit. There does not seem to have been much pewter in the monasteries in the Middle Ages; at least it is said that Henry VIII. found very little when he despoiled them. 1575 the Archbishop of Canterbury had many pewter vessels-jugs, basins, porringers, salts, winemeasures, and candlesticks—at Lambeth. Besides these, he is said to have possessed several 'garnishes' of pewter with spoons at Croydon. 'garnish' of pewter, it may be mentioned, consisted of twelve platters, twelve dishes, and twelve saucers.

South Kensington Museum contains a handsome collection of old pewter, from which the following

specimens will probably be considered most worthy of inspection:

- "(1) A plateau engraved in centre with the Royal Arms encircled by the Garter, with supporters, surmounted by a helmet crowned, and having above it a Lion and the initials "C.R." Beneath is the Royal motto and the inscription, "Vivat Rex Carolus Secundus, Beati Pacifici, 1661." At the back is engraved Elizabeth Dering. English, 1661.
- '(2) Plateau engraved in centre with the Royal Arms encircled by the Garter, with supporters, surmounted by a helmet crowned, and having above it a Lion and the initials "C.R.;" and beneath, the Royal motto and the same inscription. This piece is said to be one of the finest specimens of old English pewter to be found in the United Kingdom.
- '(3) A fine salver cast with a decorative relief of figures, emblems, masks, and strap-work, by François Briot. French work of the latter half of the sixteenth century.
- '(4) Four plates decorated with engravings from Hogarth.'

In the British Museum will be found a pewter tankard with three emblematical figures and inscriptions, 'Patientia, Solertia,' Non. vi. Stamped F. B. [François Briot]—French, sixteenth century; and the Wallace collection contains three specimens, including a pewter dish adorned with figures, strap-work, and arabesques in relief—German work of sixteenth century.

In the Hall of the Pewterers' Company, Lime Street, City, may be seen, by the courtesy of the Company, five old touch-plates and a few specimens of interest, including two coffee-pots with three spouts each, salt-cellars, flagons, bowls, plates, &c. The Company also possess some very graceful examples of modern French art.

The above, although nothing more than a slight sketch of the subject, may be acceptable to those who take an interest in the collection and manufacture of artistic articles in pewter.

ON A CALIFORNIA MOUNTAIN: ECHO MOUNTAIN.

THE night is hushed and still; the ghostly chalet
Glimmers through gloom against the mountain-side;
The darkness, like a sea without a tide,
Wraps the wild mountain and the hidden valley.
Only the lights, like fallen stars, keep tally
In Pasadena and Los Angeles,
Far down below; and on the waveless seas
The murmurous night-wind dares a fitful sally.
On summit, slope, and lowly valley-cot,
In swift flash-pictures, see! the search-light burns,
Showing the peaks above, the meadows under.
Hark! on the stillness breaks a cannon-shot;
A silent interval; and then returns
The echo, answering in a roll of thunder.
Virna Woods.



SUPERSEDING OF BRAINS. THE



is an axiom of social evolutionists that in the not far distant future nearly all merely muscular industry will be superseded by machinery. Any one at all familiar with what is being done by mechanism must also

be aware that a great deal of mental industry is being superseded; and therefore it may be thought that in the intellectual field mechanical inventions are likely to go as far as in the muscular. That, of There is no exercise of course, is a mistake. muscular energy which cannot be more or less successfully imitated by mechanism; but the brainwork which may be taken over by machinery is restricted within narrow limits that can by no possibility be overstepped. These limits, though they are very real, are not always very obvious; and to the casual observer it must sometimes appear that a kind of mechanical intelligence is being evolved. From the corn-miller's little bell, that sets up a fussy tinkling the moment the hopper runs empty, up to the calculating-machines that are now to be found in banks and insurance offices, clearinghouses and observatories, there are so many mechanical substitutes for brain-workers that it is difficult at times to realise that it is, after all, only mechanism, and not intelligence, that is being evolved.

Some of the touches of what, for convenience, we may call mechanical intelligence to be met with in various odd corners of the industrial and commercial world are really quite amusing, and they have their prototype in that little bell of the old windmill. There is, for instance, to be seen in any screwfactory a different application of that device. The machinery takes hold of a rod of metal, pulls it rapidly along, gives the end of it the general shape of a screw, cuts the thread round it and the slot in the head, and then snips off a perfect screw. If you watch the thing actually making the screws, the idea strikes you that it is merely a piece of mechanism; but when the machine comes to the end of its material, and gives a sharp, impatient ring of a bell for the attendant to bring more, you No. 268. - Vol. VI.

cannot help laughing; and you would scarcely be surprised if, when the man came with another rod, the busy screw-maker gave him a sharp reprimand for inattention and dilatoriness. In these days of phonographs it would, of course, be quite practicable to make it do so.

The machine by which railway tickets are printed gives another very amusing little show of intelligence, or what looks to be very like it. Railway tickets are not, as might be supposed, printed in large sheets and afterwards cut up. The cardboard is cut into tickets first, and printed one by one afterwards. The little blank cards are put in a pile in a kind of perpendicular spout, and the machine slips a bit of metal underneath the bottom of the spout and pushes out the lowest ticket in the pile to be printed and consecutively numbered. 'It is of no use trying to print a bad ticket,' says the attendant. 'The machine finds out an imperfect blank in an instant, and flatly refuses to have anything to do with it. Look here.' He tears off the corner of one of the bits of card and puts it into the spout with the others, and you watch to see what happens. One by one the blank cards are pushed out to the printing part of the mechanism with swiftness and precision until the mutilated ticket gets to the bottom and tries to smuggle through. On the instant the machine stops dead, and refuses to budge again until somebody comes and removes the impostor. Pull out the damaged ticket, and the mechanism will set briskly to work again.

These are very simple instances of a wonderfully good imitation of watchfulness and discrimination; indeed, the latter looks almost like conscientious care. They afford a droll suggestion of the trained intelligence of the learned pig or the performing dog; and we may find various degrees of the same There are thing in innumerable establishments. very curious illustrations of it both at the Bank of England and at the Royal Mint, where they have weighing-machines for sovereigns to which it is difficult to deny a very acute intelligence. The Mint apparatus is the more remarkable of the two. At the Bank of England they never by any chance

[All Rights Reserved.] JAN. 17, 1903. get sovereigns that are overweight. All they have to do there in weighing their coins is to distinguish between those that are of full weight and those that have been in circulation long enough to wear away any appreciable quantity of the gold of which they are made. The new coins at the Mint, however, are sometimes a trifle overweight, while sometimes, of course, they are under; so it is necessary to sort them out into three categories-light, heavy, and good. This delicate business is done with unerring precision by a long row of wonderfully clever little machines. Into these machines single piles of shining new coins are put; and, quite automatically, the mechanism takes each coin, puts it into the scale, and in a fraction over two seconds—at the rate of twenty-five a minute—weighs it. If the coin is light the machine shoots it into its proper receptacle; if heavy, into another; and if it is of correct weight within a margin-or 'remedy,' as they call it at the Mint-represented by a speck of gold worth less than a halfpenny, it is pushed into a third receptacle. To stand and watch the proceeding, so prompt and unhesitating and infallible, is to find it extremely difficult not to attribute some exercise of intelligence; and even close examination of the mode of working hardly enables one to reduce it to a purely mechanical proceeding.

However, there are far higher flights of 'mechanical intelligence' than these. The work of hundreds and thousands of clerks has, within the past few years, been taken over by a small machine, in appearance very much like a Remington typewriter, by which columns of money in small or large items, up to a million pounds if necessary, are instantly added up with none of the risk of error to which even the most practised accountants are liable. Here are, we will suppose, a hundred cheques brought into a bank, and they have to be entered and the amount added up. They are taken to the adding-machine, the various amounts registered on a roll of paper by the manipulation of keys as in the typewriter, and when the whole hundred cheques have thus been printed, a lever is pulled over and the sum-total is instantly shown. Among the greatest feats in the addition of money hitherto performed by the cleverest of bank-clerks has been the running up a column of money by a single process-that is, taking at once all three columns, pounds, shillings, and pence, from bottom to top. This machine does that with any number of cheques not only by a single operation for all three columns, but by one motion of its mechanism. It beats the greatest achievement of the bank-clerk hollow.

The work of these machines is quite elementary compared with that of some other mechanical arithmeticians. Most people have heard of Babbage's calculating-machine, or 'difference engine,' as the inventor himself styled it. It was intended to calculate, among other things, astronomical, logarithmic, and navigation tables, and tables of the powers and products of numbers. It was so amazingly intricate in its design that mechanicians

had to be specially trained and educated for the work of its construction. At the outset Mr Babbage got his plans approved by a committee of experts, and on the strength of their recommendation the Government of the day made a grant of money for the making of the machine, the inventor giving his time to the work quite gratuitously. He spent twenty years of his life at it, and from time to time Government advanced altogether seventeen thousand pounds. Further assistance was then refused, and the unfinished 'engine' was relegated to the museum of King's College, London, from which it was subsequently removed to the National Museum at South Kensington, where much of its mechanism is still to be seen. Babbage's designs were never carried out; but his work was not altogether without its usefulness. The idea was taken up by a Swedish mechanician, and after him by his son; and the two completed a very valuable and wonderful machine which was exhibited in London and afterwards in Paris, and was subsequently purchased by the Dudley Observatory at Albany. It calculates to fifteen places of decimals, and will carry out the most formidable computations in ever so many modes of notation. Another of the Swedish machines was made for the British Government, and was employed in certain special calculations of the late Registrar-General at Somerset

The clerical staffs of many of the great insurance companies have of late years been considerably reduced by the employment of mechanical calculators. The favourite one appears to be a compact little affair, about the size of a musical-box, known as an 'arithmometer,' which is the work of a German firm in Alsace-Lorraine. In its most expensive form it costs forty-four pounds. By it may be performed almost instantaneously the most portentous sums in addition, subtraction, multiplication by one or two factors, division, squaring, and cubing. It is required, for instance, to multiply 531975 by 924. The first factor is set by touching little knobs representing 531975. To multiply by the other factor, you turn a handle four times, push along a slide one place, and turn the handle twice, then push the slide another place onward and turn the handle nine times. The long multiplication is now done without the possibility of error so far as the machine is concerned, and the dial shows 491544900. In the same mechanical way may be done all the other arithmetical processes. The 'arithmometer' is now in very extensive use at Somerset House.

Among the latest of the applications of mechanism to work that has hitherto required the exercise of some little brain-power are the cash registers now so familiar in large shops and stores and other places; but a still newer and far more remarkable piece of mechanism is one intended to do away with the necessity for any brain-cudgelling over the charges for goods sold by the pound over many shop-counters. This is certainly a very interesting piece of work, though the makers are careful not to

explain or exhibit the internal working of it. It is a scale which not only shows the weight of goods put into it, but the exact value of the goods at any price per pound to which a rate-pointer may be set. Thus, if this pointer be set at elevenpence-half-penny per pound, and two pounds seven ounces of meat or anything else be put into the scale, the indicator on the dial will instantly show the correct

charge to the customer; or if a customer should wish to spend half-a-crown on a certain article at so much per pound, the scale will show precisely the weight that the purchaser should have for the money.

The mathematical faculty has often been said to be the lowest of the intellectual powers, and it is certainly curious to see its functions being thus taken up by mechanism in so many directions.

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

CHAPTER VIII .- 'WHERE THOU GOEST.'



S time passed, and George Cadoual found that all his attempts in that direction did not advance him one step in Barbe's good graces, his illhumour developed to such an extent as to make him somewhat difficult

to live with, whether on land or sea. At home they bore with him as best they could, since they had to. His mother, virago as she was to all the rest of the world, had always consistently given in to him. The spoiled boy had developed into the hectoring man, who suffered no will but his own, and made life unbearable to those who opposed it. He interfered but little, as a rule, with the management of the farm, since his mother had taken that upon her much more capable shoulders. The brunt of his evil temper fell, therefore, upon herself, and she reaped as she had sown.

Now, at odds with himself and the world in general because Barbe Carcassone declined to look—much less to smile—upon him, he vented his humour on all and sundry, and the Cadoual house was full of fault-findings and recriminations, and became a most unpleasant place to dwell in. When his mother endeavoured to find out what the trouble was he curtly told her to mind her own affairs. Instead, she went down to the village to learn if she could what girl was at the bottom of it all. There she heard of George's frequent visits to the Light, and had no difficulty in putting two and two together. She had only once seen Barbe, and that many years ago. It was not surprising, therefore, that she came short of a clear understanding of her son's feelings.

One night, when he was behaving even more unpleasantly than usual, she unwisely slacked her own loose grip of the family temper and twitted him with his trouble.

'So it is that bare-headed girl of Grand Bayou that is twisting you all awry,' she said bitterly.

'What do you mean?' asked George blackly.

'It is the talk of the village,' replied madame scornfully. 'Every week you go there, and each time you come back like a whipped dog.'

'Perdition! Let me meet the man who says that.'

'It's the women,' laughed madame. 'Trust the

women to know when a man's making a fool of himself.'

'--- the women!' said George.

'Don't throw yourself away on a girl like that, my boy. She comes of bad stock. Her mother ran away, and her father murdered her for it.'

'I know all that without your telling me.'

'There's Marie Chanoine up at La Vallaye will take you like a shot, and she with a dowry of fifty thousand francs at the least.'

'And a crooked eye and one leg shorter than the other! Merci!' said George. 'You have never seen La Carcassone or you wouldn't speak of Marie Chanoine.'

'I've seen her once, and that was quite enough. I never want to set eyes on her again.'

'You'll see enough of her if I can bring it about.'

'You would marry her?'

'I intend to.'

'A la bonheur! But it takes two to make a bargain, and she wants none of it, they say.'

'They do, do they? Eh bien, we'll see! If I hear them say it I'll stuff their teeth down their throats, and you can tell them so;' and he slouched down to Mère Buvel's to hear if any one was saying anything of that particular kind at the moment.

As luck would have it he had been the subject of conversation.

'Tiens, George! Is it true that Alain Carbonec swims out from Réhel point to Grand Bayou Light every week to see Pierre's girl?' asked one.

'I didn't say every week,' interrupted another.
'I said I'd seen him do it once.'

'And when was that?' asked George; and they saw that his face was the colour of lead, so difficult did he find it to hold himself in.

'This afternoon.

'You're a fool, Vé Vallek,' said George, 'or else you were drunker than usual. Alain has been up at the farm with me all afternoon. Perhaps it was yourself swam out to show ma'm'selle the ugliest face in Plenevec.'

'Perhaps that was it,' grinned Vallek, 'and perhaps it wasn't. From all accounts ma'm'selle doesn't find yours to her liking, anyhow.'

The other men dragged them apart before much bodily harm was done, and George drank cognas

fine to the others' sloppy cider, chewed his cigarettes to pulp because he couldn't find his mouthpiece—he never could smoke like other men—and carried home with him a blacker mood than he brought.

He said nothing to Alain, but eyed him viciously out of the corners of his eyes, and thereafter set himself to a cautious observation of his comings and goings.

One afternoon he lay in the gorse on the nearer slope of Cap Réhel, and watched Alain plough his way through the Race, saw the gleam of his white body as he climbed up on to the rocks, saw the blueclad figure mount the iron rungs and meet the waiting figure in the dark doorway. He lay there, watching and cursing, with his heart like a venomous toad in his tortured body-for he writhed and twisted in his agony of hate and slighted love-till the swimmer came lunging back through the slack of the tide, and then he crept away. If Alain could have seen the vindictive looks shot at him in the dark that night he might have deemed it advisable to avoid turning his back on his partner; but George said no word, and Alain noticed nothing more in him than the sullen moodiness to which he had become accustomed of late, and the cause of which he very well knew.

Pierre did not go to Plenevec when the usual time came round the following week, and as a consequence Alain did not go to Grand Bayou. Barbe missed him. She felt certain, too, that her father had learned of his visits, and that trouble would come of it, though the old man had not opened his lips on the subject.

For three days Alain, lying in the fringe on Cap Réhel, waited for the boat to disappear from its hanging beams. But day after day it hung there, a silent barrier between Barbe and himself, till his hungry heart was down at starvation-point, and he determined to face the double event—the angry waters of the Race and possibly an angrier father at the end of them.

Carcassone met him with well-assumed surprise as he climbed into the doorway.

'Mon Dieu, mon gars! What is this? Are you shipwrecked again?'

'Not at all. This is how I prefer to visit you, M. Carcassone, since I have no boat of my own and I do not care for company.'

'It is very kind of you'--- began Pierre.

'Tenez! Let us understand one another, M. Carcassone. It is Barbe I come to see. I have been before, and I came purposely when you were absent because—well, because it was Barbe I came to see, you understand?'

'I understand,' said Pierre. 'But it is to stop. If you come again I shall send Barbe back to the Sisters at St Pol. She is too young and understands too little of such things to know what is good for her.'

. 'I will come when you are here in future if you pasist on it.'

'No, mon gars, you will not come at all,' said Pierre.

'And why?'

'Because I say so, and I am master here.'

'What have you against me, M. Carcassone?'

'Nothing whatever, mon gars, nor anything for you. Barbe is too young to know her own mind yet. You also, without doubt.'

'But no. I know my own mind, and I know

Barbe's '---

'Bien! Now you know mine also.'

'And it is as well you should know ours. We love one another dearly.'

'Tchutt! You are both too young to know what it means'

'Nevertheless we know, and nothing you can do will turn us from it.'

'We shall see,' said Pierre.

'May I see Barbe?'

'No.'

'But yes!' said a voice at the top of the ladder leading up to the next room. 'I am here, Alain,' and a pair of sun-browned feet, which shone white in the gleam of the doorway, came twinkling down the rungs, and Barbe stood beside them.

'And why should I not see Alain?' she asked angrily of her father.

Eh bien, thou seest him. What more? growled Pierre.

'See then, mon père, I love Alain with all my heart, as he loves me. You cannot divide us, try how you will. It is best for us all that you should not try.'

'Go upstairs!' said her father angrily.

'No, I won't go upstairs unless Alain comes too. I have heard all you said. You may send me to St Pol or anywhere else; it will be no use. Alain has my heart, and I will not give him up.'

'We shall see,' said Pierre.—'It is an ill return you make me for saving your life, mon gars'—— to

Alain.

'You did not,' broke from Barbe. 'It was I. It was I who swam into the Pot and brought him out. He belongs all to me;' and she stood facing her father all affame with love and anger.

'May the good God reward thee, Barbe. I did not know it,' said Alain. 'I am doubly thine, and

nothing shall part us.'

'We shall see,' said Pierre once more. 'I bid you go, mon gars, and it will be better that you return no more.'

'I will go,' said Alain, 'when I have spoken with Barbe. But I will not promise not to return. Gently, my friend!' as Pierre came towards him with black face and clenched fists; 'I am strong. I should be sorry to lay finger on Barbe's father; but'——

Pierre thought better of it. 'Bien!' he said sullenly. 'You may speak with her. But if you return I will not answer for you.'

'Allons, Barbe!' said Alain, and mounted the ladder; and she followed him.

'Oh Alain! it is the beginning of troubles,' sobbed Barbe as they came out on to the gallery.

'Two stout hearts will beat them, Barbe. And it was thou who swam into the Pot and brought me out that day? Mon Dieu, there was courage if you like!'

'I did not know it was thee, Alain. I swam for a drowning man, and I found thee.'

'And thy man will I be for ever and ever, Barbe. Whatever comes or goes, nothing shall part us;' and he kissed her again and again, mouth and eyes and flaming cheeks, till she put up a little brown hand

to restrain him. 'Will he send thee away?' he asked.

'I do not know. He needs me here.'

'If he does I shall follow and find thee. There is nothing but thee to keep me here, and one place is as good as another. But the only place for me is where thou art, Barbe, and there will I be.'

They found it very hard to part that day, for in spite of their brave words their hearts were not without fears for what the future might hold for them. It was indeed almost as though a corner of the veil had been lifted, and a glimpse of the coming shadows vouchsafed to them.

THE GOVERNMENTAL SECRET.

By HENRY LEACH.



F late there have been many utterances made in public concerning what has been called the waning power of the House of Commons. However that may be, it is certain that there has rarely been a time

when the Government of the day has more strictly kept its own counsels than has been the custom in the days which are familiar by experience to most of us. It is by no means the present purpose to discuss the advantages and disadvantages of this state of affairs. Ministers should know their own business best; and without a doubt it would be in the highest degree undesirable that the workings of the delicate and complicated Government machinery should be laid bare for the inspection of all and sundry.

The fact is, that the private member of Parliament, in many cases, knows no more of the movements of this machinery than does the humblest reader of these pages. It is true that he has the advantage of being able to interrogate the Government upon any point he pleases; but the Government, on the other hand, is not bound to expose its secrets to a curious House at his bidding, and does so only to such extent as in its wisdom seems desirable at the time. It is certainly the exception rather than the rule for any important Ministerial statement to be elicited in the House at question-time; and the artfulness of Ministers in dodging the most awkwardlooking interrogations is proverbial. The Minister has learned at the feet of his tutors, past-masters in the art of evasion and of the defence of secrets, that a soft answer tendered to the most angrily inquisitive member will, in the majority of cases, turn away his wrath and assuage his thirst for knowledge—a thirst which, as he well knows, is born often enough of the desire for notoriety. Therefore, to all intents and purposes, the Cabinet is a secret society; and, being so, and its proceedings being of such unequalled importance, the almost impenetrable mystery which surrounds it is itself a most attractive thing to most folks who take the smallest interest in the manner in which the affairs of the nation are conducted.

The Cabinet a secret society? Well, then, if you should perhaps think that the term is not fully applicable in the case, reflect upon the manner in which this body does business when assembled for its secret sittings.

The Cabinet may meet anywhere that best suits its convenience; but in actual practice it most often assembles in a special room on the ground-floor at the Foreign Office in Downing Street, which has painted upon its door in more than usually awe-inspiring letters, big and white, the word 'Private.' It instances the interest which is taken by the outside world in the meetings of this secret conclave when, despite the fact that the most that has appeared in the way of preliminary announcement is a more or less obscure three-line paragraph in a few of the morning papers, there is nearly always a little crowd assembled in Downing Street to watch the arrival of the participants; and especially is this the case when the Cabinet holds its first meeting of the season in the late autumn days, and the Ministers forgather from the Continent and the Highlands and their own country-seats to set about the business of formulating the programme of the session which will soon be upon them. It is the first indication of the awakening of Parliament after its autumn slumber.

On these occasions they come in all manners and in all guises, do these great chiefs of Government. A select few of them drive up in their carriages; but this is hardly the rule. The cheap and popular hansom-cab meets with much of their patronage, while some Ministers, not without consistency, amble along on foot to the meeting-place. Mr Balfour arrives in a tweed suit and a soft felt-hat; and, wearing boots with rubber soles, he creeps across the roadway and through the arch leading to the great quadrangle in which

is the main entrance to the Foreign Office with the silence of a mouse. He is fresh from the golf-links of North Berwick, and looks it; and, with his bent shoulders and stealthy gait, it seems as if the whole secrecy of the Cabinet is personified in himself. It was much the same, too, with Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, whose face and manner are almost invariably moody; and while other Ministers, upon occasion, came and went in twos and threes with some affectation of good spirits, he stalked solitarily along with a dour countenance which seemed to bode no good for the unhappy payer of income-tax who looked upon it. The umbrella which was the constant companion of the late Chancellor was as a rule his only confidant. These two were perhaps the most looked for by the sightseers; with, of course, Mr Chamberlain, most interesting of all, who, however, most times first makes a call at the Colonial Office hard by, and moves himself to the secret chamber by a by-path which is hidden from the vulgar gaze.

When these high officers of State are seated upon the green-covered chairs in the Cabinet room at the Foreign Office they are completely cut off, for the time being, from all other mundane affairs than those which are comprised in the business of the day; and different rules from those which obtain at perhaps any other gathering are in force, all tending towards the maintenance of the most profound secrecy. It goes without saying that to this ministerially sacred apartment there is admitted no one except those who have qualified for admission by the attainment of Government Front Bench rank; and, once the door has been closed and the deliberations have begun, no private secretary, attendant, or servant of any kind, much less any other person, is permitted to enter upon any consideration whatsoever. It has been said that it would require some courage on the part of any official of the Foreign Office to break in upon the solemn assembly even for the purpose of conveying the momentous tidings that Downing Street was on fire! Lord Salisbury had, indeed, an electric bell at his elbow that he might summon to the presence of the Cabinet any official whom it might be desired to summon; but he seldom made use of it.

Now, though there have been many hundreds of Cabinet Councils, at many of which the politics not only of Great Britain but of the world have been under review, and often without a doubt have at the same time been subjected to some change of universal importance, there is not a single official record of any of them. Such a thing as a minute of any of the proceedings of the Cabinet is absolutely unknown, and would, indeed, be a violation of one of the first grand principles of the gatherings, which is that nothing whatever must be written concerning them; all that it is necessary to remember must be remembered without aid of pen and paper. Therefore it is considered improper for any Minister to make

any notes for his own personal use. It used to be that notes were sometimes made by the responsible head of the Government for communication to the late Queen Victoria; but it would appear that this custom also fell into disuse, and the modern habit is for the communication to the Sovereign to be purely verbal. It may occasionally happen that the business of a Cabinet Council would evoke little interest or curiosity if the full details of its transactions were printed verbatim in every morning and evening newspaper published in Fleet Street; but, on the other hand, it must more frequently be the case that the smallest publicity given to some such important deliberations as are regularly on the agenda would play Old Harry with the peace of parties and the friendly composure of the Continent of Europe. So the Cabinet prefers always to be on the safe side, and, whilst saying as much as it likes so long as the double doors are closed, to write down not a single word. Few people would grudge a couple of guineas for a fat volume of Cabinet Proceedings, and there would be chapters in it to please most tastes, no doubt; for Mr Asquith himself once declared that this mighty assembly upon one occasion spent a portion of its valuable time in an animated discussion concerning a passage in Juvenal.

Such private printed documents as are needed by the Cabinet for its own use are printed in the Government's own secret manner, and are said to be marked 'Most secret. For the use of the Cabinet.' When it is necessary to send them to Ministers they are sent in small sealed boxes. Most of this secret Government printing is done by the old firm of Harrisons, who are responsible for the printing of the London Gazette; and the head of the firm recently told me in conversation that during all the years that they had performed the work he was certain that no secret had leaked out through their agency-not a single onethough some thousands must have been entrusted to them. This was a prouder boast than may appear at first sight, for it must be remembered that when a document comes to be set up in type its secret has in a measure to be confided to a workman whose station in life is a comparatively humble and impecunious one. This difficulty, however, is largely got over by the cutting up of the 'copy' into very small pieces, and the distribution of one piece only to each man, so that no single individual, save perhaps the confidential overseer, could make much sense of the matter which is entrusted to him. Harrisons, however, make a great point of paying their men good wages, and then letting them understand that they are placed upon their honour in regard to all that they do; and this has brought about an unfailing spirit of loyalty to them and to the Government. There was only one instance when even a suspicion was entertained that such a thing as leakage in the manner which is suggested

could be possible, and that was some sixty years ago, when a man was noticed to be copying something that was written, and which had been given to him to set up. It is quite likely that he had no evil intention whatever, and that the incident admitted of a very simple explanation; but the colleagues of that compositor were upon the moment driven into a perfect fury against what they regarded as an attempt at a gross breach of trust, and it is declared that they nearly lynched him! Of course it is notorious that Government secrets have leaked out through the medium of these secret papers, and a certain very highly respectable London newspaper has found itself in hot-water through printing information thus prematurely obtained; but the fault has not been that of the printer, though it has been established that the leakage has occurred in the transmission of proofs from Westminster to a composing-room other than Harrisons'.

Under the best of circumstances, however, printed matter of this kind is always a source of some danger, and that is why the Cabinet dispenses with it as far as it possibly can. The Cabinet is in the habit of framing its little bills and eking out its plots for the improvement of the national state of things in council; and upon such occasions it is a not uncommon custom for printed draft bills to be produced at the conclave, and a copy to be passed along to each member of the Cabinet present. A solemn pledge of secrecy is always understood, and no doubt the Ministers guard these precious drafts as they would their lives and homes; but the best-laid schemes of mice and men, we are told on the best poetic authority, are apt to go astray; and it must always be remembered, and no doubt is by those most concerned, that when the measure proposed is one of great importance and the general public are keenly anticipating it, there is not an editor in Fleet Street but would put down a hundred pounds and look pleasant if in return he were given the exclusive possession of a genuine and reliable draft.

It shows how very careful one must really be when it is said that one of the most precious Cabinet secrets of this particular kind in modern times came very near to being given to an expectant public before its time. It was the wretched draft which was the cause of all the trouble, and the draft was of nothing less important than Mr Gladstone's Home Rule Bill of 1893. With his copy in his pocket, and heavily weighted in mind with this wonderful scheme for the salvation of Ireland, which would soon be the subject of heated controversy the whole country over, one highly respected member of the famous Liberal chieftain's Government turned into the Reform Club, and in the library gave himself up to thought in solitude concerning the plans of the master. Whether it was that the mental strain overtaxed him, or whatever the reason,

this Minister went out and into Pall Mall on his way to some other resort, leaving—listen to it !this sacred document lying open on one of the club tables! Here was a chance for the editors and the general public! But that Minister must have had a guardian angel in constant attendance. Who should be the first man to see the draft lying there after the Minister had departed but his own private secretary! The Minister had proceeded all the way to Whitehall before he discovered his loss, and in an agony of suspense he hurriedly retraced his steps to the club, to meet, almost upon the doorstep, to his immeasurable relief, the secretary with the draft in his hand. How much he gave to charity by way of thankfulness is not recorded.

While the Cabinet is sitting, and especially if there is a suspicion that something of unusual importance is on the tapis, there is usually a little knot of reporters waiting in the quadrangle for such crumbs of official knowledge as may come their way at the close of the proceedings. Certain dry-as-dust statements, communicating really nothing whatever, are made as a rule to the public through the recognised press channels; and he is a bold journalist who conceives the idea of reading the new page of secret history to any more satisfying extent than this; but some ingenious or ingenuous ambassadors of Fleet Street have done so in their time. There is one excellent story told, one of the central figures in which happens to be a very great Minister of the present day. A pressman, though greatly daring, felt that it would be hopeless to approach this Minister just at the close of a certain highly important council, but thought that he might get some sort of an interview with him that might be fit to publish if he could get him to himself for a couple of minutes the next morning. It so happened, the story goes, that the Minister was staying that next morning at a certain hotel, and the reporter came to know this. So, betimes, the latter repaired to the place, and sending in his card to the statesman, asked that he might be favoured with a couple of minutes' private conversation on a matter of extreme urgency. This was, indeed, drawing the bow at a venture, and it was no surprise when the reply came back that the caller must state his business. 'Faint heart ne'er fair lady won,' said the reporter to himself as he sent back the message that it was of such a nature that it was impossible for him to write it down or communicate it to a servant.

Out then really came the Minister, and, somewhat to his visitor's surprise, greeted him in the most cordial manner. This Minister, mind you, is a very old bird, and is not to be caught napping. 'We must not let any one hear us,' he whispered to the caller. 'Come this way;' and he led him through many winding corridors to the quietest apartment in the whole building.

Arrived there, the interviewer, as he would be. was invited to take off his coat and make himself at home, what time the great Front Bencher locked the door, drew the curtains, and looked under the table to see that there were no nefarious eavesdroppers in the room to listen to what With the door-key in his should be said. trousers-pocket, the Minister drew his chair up to that of his visitor, and in an undertone asked that he might be acquainted with the object of the call. As briefly as could be, the reporter, feeling by this time by no means comfortable, explained that he should like to know what was being done in a certain very important matter. 'Yes, I thought so,' was the answer most gravely made: 'but I really don't know. Good-morning.' The door was unlocked, and the 'interview' terminated without another word being spoken.

Similarly, to some extent, after the all-important meeting of the Cabinet following upon Mr Gladstone's resignation, a reporter in a desperate mood seized one of the Ministers, and begged for some tittle of information as to what had been done. 'What's been done?' ejaculated the right honourable gentleman. 'Certainly, I will tell you! Why not, indeed? Sir William Harcourt has been raised to the peerage, Mr John Morley has been made Viceroy of Ireland, Mr Asquith has been appointed a Judge of the Appeal Court, and Mr Labouchere has been selected as the new Chancellor of the Exchequer.' The communication was not printed. This reminds one of that other excellent and authentic story of the inquisitive lady who tried to 'pump' Lord Beaconsfield at the dinner-table when she found herself seated next to him. That day there had been a highly important Cabinet Council, at which it was fancied by the multitude that a question of peace or war had been decided. 'What is it to be?' the lady asked in a whisper, and with her most engaging smile. But my Lord Beaconsfield for answer took up the menu card, and, glancing down the list, made the most sober answer, 'Mutton, I believe, ma'am!' So do these mighty preserve their secrets when others would tear them from them.

However, in these little bouts for the possession of great knowledge, the spoils of victory are not always for the Minister. One story, and that, too, a dinner-table story with a lady in it, of how the lady triumphed, is historic, though I am aware that just recently a doubt has been cast upon it. It is a story of the Corn-Laws, and of a brilliant young henchman of Sir Robert Peel, who fell to the wiles of a smil-One day Sir Robert announced to ing woman. his Cabinet in council assembled his intention to bring in a Bill for the repeal of the Corn-Laws. It was a great secret then, and as such had to be steadfastly maintained. But on the evening of the same day Mr Sidney Herbert, a smart young Minister, dined tete-d-tete with a fascinating lady of society, Mrs Norton; and under the influence of her beauty and a good dinner he surrendered the secret. The lady had a head eminently adapted for business; and when Mr Herbert was safely out of the way she took a cab and drove straight to Printing-House Square, where the authorities who preside over the destinies of the 'Thunderer' thought that the information which she had to impart was well worth the cheque for five hundred pounds which they handed to her. It would be interesting to know what were the speculations of Sir Robert when he read his copy of the Times the next morning; and no doubt, after he had done all the damage, the now discreet Herbert decided to hold his tongue as to the night's adventures.

Another mystery of the leakage of a Cabinet secret which was not penetrated for a long time was one that gave Lord Beaconsfield some very considerable annoyance. His Government had changed its plans about the franchise, and it was intended to spring its little Bill upon the constituencies as a surprise at the last moment. Every member of the Cabinet was warned; but the secret came out all too soon just the same; and then every Minister swore upon his honour that he was guiltless. After this and much investigation, the accepted belief was that a footman in the service of Lord Beaconsfield had intercepted a letter from his master to Lord Derby, had read the contents, and had talked about them: a somewhat singular explanation, but one which seemed good enough at the time, and the only one that there is now to offer.

There was no doubt whatever as to how one of Lord Salisbury's most particular State secrets was given away a few years ago. A London evening paper created one of the biggest political sensations of modern times by printing a private memorandum which his lordship as Foreign Secretary had addressed to the Russian Government, and which made the character of important negotiations that were then in progress between this country and Russia wear an entirely different aspect from that which they had borne in the public mind up till then. Somehow a clerk in the Foreign Office had gained access to the memorandum, and sold a copy of it to the paper in question. He was, of course, at once discharged.

Now, there are times when the publication of what appears to be on the face of it a Government secret is more or less secretly connived at by the Government itself. It need not be explained that on such occasions the wily Government has some very particular fish to fry. Such, for example, was the clever diplomatic move of Lord Palmerston, who made certain overtures to France, and, it is alleged, had the substance of them printed unofficially in a newspaper with the simple object that they should be telegraphed by the Russian Embassy to St Petersburg, and serve as a warning to 'the Bear.' His calcula-

tions were, of course, justified. Lord Randolph Churchill also had his own ideas as to when a Cabinet secret was not a secret. It is an unwritten law, but still none the less inexorable, that a communication passing from one Minister to another shall not be acted upon under certain circumstances till it has reached the hands of the receiver. Yet the news of Lord Randolph's resignation was published in two London papers before the Prime Minister received it; and, what is more, it was Lord Randolph himself who put himself to the trouble of giving the information to the editors. He was of opinion that, as he was giving up his place in the Ministry on purely public grounds, the public ought to be told all about it; and therefore, as soon as he had posted the momentous decision to the Prime Minister he proceeded to acquaint Fleet Street with the news. and Fleet Street was nothing loath, whatever it thought about the surprising nature of the

Touching the Palmerston ruse referred to above,

it is of interest to note that quite the most up-todate Governments have often a burning desire to tell their precious secrets to the world, but to tell them unofficially and in such a way that the story, whatever it is, cannot be fathered on to them. This is for the gain that may ensue, and the result is what is known as the 'inspired' paragraph in the Ministerial newspapers. The editor says that 'they understand,' and often enough the Government has set one more kite flying. Not upon its life dare the paper declare the source of its news; if it did it would probably be discredited. It is a pretty practice which has been amply justified.

Such is the Governmental secret in some of its most curious and most interesting aspects. A well-known political personage, sipping his coffee in a club smoking-room the other day, held that there had been more secrets of the most precious pattern hatched and reared and cackled over in Downing Street during the last two or three years than half-a-dozen average Governments can boast of. And perhaps he was right.

THE DAM REEF.

CHAPTER IV.



HAT same evening, just before I started to return to my wagons, Vera came to me, holding in her hand the skin-wrapped packet. She had opened it, and with an amused smile said, 'This, I fancy,

will interest you as much as it does me. Take it, and when we meet in the morning you can perhaps make it more intelligible to me than it is at present.'

I took the packet—it was a small one—and putting it in my pocket, bade her good-night and left.

At the season of the year when these events took place the interim between daylight and nightfall is but infinitesimal; and after Pollo had given me to understand that the oxen were safely kraaled, I went to my wagon, and as the air felt a little keen, had recourse to my blankets, my lamp shining, for once, very brightly. Then I took the packet Vera had given me, and unfolding the contents, began to read. The document itself was not lengthy; but before I had read its last page I was brimful of amazement and alive with impatient desire to know the end. It was a somewhat rambling account of Mr Stanley's reasons for having created the lake, the sight of which had so surprised me when my wandering steps first trod the rocky ledge which brought me to the Stanley roof-tree. The ground that filled up the creek between the overhanging cliff and the place where the lake appeared to narrow in was, as I had thought, the result of a landslip, but one that had been brought about by a skilful use of some half-dozen kegs of gunpowder, laid by Vera's father some half-score years before. To quote from the document itself:

'I had ever been anxious to keep my fertile and retired property to myself, and that desire became emphasised on the death of my wife, your mother. As you know, soon after that occurrence it became necessary for me to make ready for your return from school. I became selfish enough to think of my own comforts more than yours. What I ought to have done was to return to the old colony and make a suitable home for you there. My excuse is, I am old, and old men dislike making new homes. So I brought you here. But now for the reason of blocking up the creek. One day I was shooting on the crest of the cliff, when I discovered an outcrop of quartz. A close examination showed it to be rich in gold. I do not wish for more wealth. You, Vera, will be comfortably provided for, and mayhap will be marrying. When that event occurs, possibly your husband will need your money to aid him in some venture or other. That venture may fail. Should it happen so, take him to the dam, and let him investigate for himself. I took care to make certain, by burying the outcrop as far as it was traceable, that no casual visitor or prospecter would discover the There are many men nowadays on the lookout for properties; but I do not want them here in my time. The steam-whistle shall never make horrible the little Eden I have fostered here, in this secluded corner.'

Here the document broke off abruptly and went on to speak of other matters, all of no import, save as to what related to 'an old iron box' which the paper went on to state would be found under his bed-head, enclosed in a wooden case securely fastened. This box contained relics of the family and its belongings, which he believed—he had never examined them himself—dated back to the time of the first Stanley's arrival in the Cape Colony.

Though of ancient descent myself, I had long since become somewhat Radical, if not socialistic, in my opinions, and cared nothing for who or what Vera's antecedents might have been. This was considerate of me, seeing that she had not troubled me for an opinion. But what I was fully alive to was the chance for a successful prospect above the dam. Therefore, as soon as the dawn broke I got up, and strolled through the demesne as far as the dam, where I had a capital plunge in the cool waters, and hastily dressing, clambered up to the summit of the cliff. There, sure enough, were evidences that old Mr Stanley had buried something extensive. For fully a mile and a half there were signs of such operations as he had written of. The mounds, however, were now overgrown with vegetation, and but for the notification I had read I for one should never have surmised the presence of a gold reef.

I hied back to the dam, and on its lower side examined the débris lying in the creek. Nothing was to be seen. Mr Stanley had done his work effectually. There was not a trace of quartz about the place. I returned to my wagons, determining later to question old Klaas on the subject.

Presently I heard the gong for breakfast being sounded. I had been taking all my meals with Vera since we had come to so good an understanding; and now I hurried off to meet her at the breakfast-table and to ascertain her wishes.

After the usual morning salutation, her first question was, 'Well, what do you think of it?' meaning the mysterious packet.

'It implies a magnificent possibility,' I replied—'one that certainly ought to have attention paid to it. Is this the first intimation you have had of it?'

'I never heard a whisper as to its existence. It certainly could not have a more enthusiastic exploiter than yourself, Philip.'

'Does that mean that I have your permission to investigate and make further examination?'

'Most certainly it does. But before you become wholly engrossed in the undertaking, will you please lend me your valuable co-operation in a search through the—well, the family archives in the old iron box herein referred to?'

'Ah, yes! the iron box, of course. I had forgotten that in the fervour of my desire to know the secret of the dam.'

Hereupon she called the black girl-help, and told her to bring the box.

It was not a very cumbrous receptacle after all, not more than eighteen inches by twelve, but certainly an object deserving some respect if only as an antique. It was brass-banded, more for ornament, I imagined, than for added strength. After admiring it as a curiosity for a short time, we suddenly realised that the key was missing. But fortune favoured us. Vera withdrew, and presently returned again with a small half-gourd full of odds and ends, among which were a goodly number of keys. Right at the bottom of this, carefully wrapped in a bit of frayed skin, we found the identical key wanted; and an old and highly ornamented bit of steel it was, too. A few drops of oil eased the opening of the lock greatly, for its interior was corroded with rust. A slight jerky lift and the lid fell back, revealing a number of yellow, time-stained documents. These documents supplied us with food for reflection for many a long day. From them we gathered information which furnished us with a surprise of its kind rarely if ever equalled, and which for some time modified my extreme ardour for the task of prospecting the dam.

The first paper that I opened was a marriage certificate which had been issued in the old Hollander town of Delft, and which certified to the nuptial ceremony having been performed between Katterina Krynauw and Petrus Stainsley. This interested me, as Stainsley was yet another way of spelling my own name. Vera also found some old letters bearing date 1751, written in quaint Dutch style. These too bore the name of Stainzlee. What did all this mean—this constant recurrence of the name Stainsley or Stainzlee? Was it possible that they might have some connection with that long-lost branch of my own family? Should I in this out-of-the-world spot learn something of the fate of the errant Ralph Stainsleigh who married the daughter of the poor but worthy burgomaster? It was just possible.

'Look at this, Philip,' said Vera suddenly, holding out a paper. 'It is a letter from a namesake of yours to some old ancestor of mine.'

I took the faded letter in my hand, and looking carelessly at the heading, saw written there, in the quaint, crabbed style of the early days of the eighteenth century:

'STAINBLEIGH TOWERS, ye 25 Julii 1726.

'MY DEARE RAFE,—Youre marige has displessed our Father. I think itt wolde bee only ryghte for ye to com if possyble to see hym. Hee is now in failynge helthe.'

Here time and stains had obliterated the short remainder; but the signature seemed to put an end to all doubt as to the correctness of my halfformed surmise that I had thus strangely stumbled on the other end of the chain of my broken family connections.

I said nothing of what I thought to Vera; but later on, when she brought me another packet of letters that had been her mother's, and bade me read them, I did so, and in them found allusion to her husband's grandfather, which supplied an explanation of the reason why he had allowed the old name of Stainzlee, Stainsley, or Stainsleigh to become merged into the shorter one of Stainley: the explanation being that it was purely accidental, and arose from the difficulty the Colonial Dutch found in adhering to strictly English utterances.

Here, then, was the missing link restored. The son of old Ralph Stainsleigh, who married the burgomaster's daughter, had thrown in his lot with the Dutch émigrés that came to the colony at the same time as he did. His children had grown up with theirs, and, though still retaining English proclivities, had suffered their old name of Stainsleigh to drift into the Dutch of Stainzlee, which again, as years wore on and more English arrivals came in, found yet another variant in Stainsley, and later became more English still in the abbreviated form of Stanley, which seemed to have come to stay.

But the outcome of all this—what of it? Simply, that I had unwittingly, but very happily, stumbled on the object of my quest, and that success was likely to prove a dual—nay, who could say?—perhaps a treble one.

No wonder, then, my face wore something of a triumphant expression, for on turning to Vera I found her closely watching the effect the letter had upon me.

'Well, Philip, how do you read the riddle?'
'To me, Vera, the answer is as plain as daylight. If you do not fathom it, let me explain.'

'The whole business is opacity itself to me,' was her reply. 'Be good enough to clear my view.'

Then I took the old-time letter which bore the heading 'Stainsleigh Towers,' and pointing to those words, said, 'That is, or rather was, the home of my ancestors, and of your ancestors also. We come of the self-same stock. You are a cousin of mine, though goodness knows how many times removed.'

At first Vera failed to comprehend such an extraordinary revelation. Then I sat down and gave her the fullest details of our family history; whereat she wondered much.

Presently, taking my hand, she said, 'I have always, from our first meeting, felt a going-out towards you; but now I feel frightened at you. You seem like a ghost—a substantial one, I admit—come to warn me of a great change in my life. I am oppressed by the suddenness of this enlightenment.'

'Do not let your imagination run riot, dear Vera. The business is very real, and flesh and blood of this nineteenth century lives on realism. Certainly I think, or rather hope, a change in your life is about to set in. For instance, I have known you for three whole weeks, and that period has resolved itself into a millennium in a moment. Since we live at such a rapid pace, let me tell you I too have experienced a going-out towards your dear self—so much so that I want now to draw you entirely into my life. I am not much of a sentimentalist, therefore, when I tell you I love you. I say all that I can say, beyond asking if you will be my wife.'

'But, Philip, I am your cousin, you say; and as that is so, what will the law of consanguinity have to say in the matter?'

'Nothing at all, Vera, provided you will consent. You know the old phrase, "Distance lends enchantment," &c. Well, that applies beautifully to our case. We are cousins, truly; but old Father Time has established a satisfactory distance between us, aided by other circumstances over which we have had no control.'

Then Vera settled down, contented with the prospective change of condition.

Our aims in life were now one. The first thing I was anxious to attempt was the prospecting of the alleged reef near the dam. To this end, in less than a week a hundred Kaffirs were busy in clearing away débris from the face of the cliff. At the close of the second day's operations sufficient work had been done to enable me to feel satisfied that the reef was a payable one. I extemporised some crushing-gear, and after putting ten or twelve tons of rock through 'the mill,' and reducing the results to a minimum, I set quietly to work to pan out. At the very least, under such primitive gear as I had, I felt sure she-reefs are always feminine-would go from two to two and a half ounces. This was good enough for me to hasten the flow of circumstances.

The old Cape-cart was brought out and furbished up. Klaas groomed four horses into something like presentable working order; and, with Klaas's boy Pete as groom in attendance, a week from the exploitation of the Dam Reef saw Vera and myself on our road to Pretoria.

On our arrival some ten days after, I located Vera at the most comfortable hotel there. Then I hunted up an old acquaintance who was living in the town with his wife and family, and to him explained the delicacy of Vera's situation; and he, like a trump that he is, suggested that his wife should at once make Vera's acquaintance. This was arranged, and the two ladies became speedily great friends. A day or two later Vera was lodged safely and comfortably with these new friends.

Then I turned my steps towards Johannesburg, showed my prospects, and very soon effected a provisional arrangement with a syndicate organised for the purpose. Thus the Dam

Reef was put on its first legs. It began to toddle early, passed rapidly and healthily through succeeding stages, and is now a well-grown specimen of its order.

Our wedding came off with great éclat, and we are cheery under our new conditions. Vera says she will not be entirely happy till the day comes when the last acre of the property formerly belonging to Stainsleigh Towers is

restored. Some hundreds of acres have already been redeemed; but to gather all of them under one common seal will take perhaps longer than either Vera or I think.

At this time of writing the snug homestead near the reef has lost its rusticity, while the shriek of the steam-whistle and the eternal chatter of the 'boys' are not calculated to induce much longing on the part of my wife to return.

AT SEA IN TIME OF WAR.

By DAVID WILSON.



O prevent disappointment, it must be stated at once that this article is not a dissertation upon our present Government, nor yet upon the parties against the Government. It contains only a few anecdotes;

but they are well worth telling, and seem quite credible—a rather rare quality. They make past days present to us for a few minutes, and illustrate the influence of example better than any

These anecdotes were first told to me not long ago in Burma by my friend Mr M'Intosh. Shortly after hearing them I lamented to him that such stories should be lost. 'Then why not put them into writing? Isn't Captain Orr's word good enough?' I had to admit that nobody in Greenock doubted the word of Captain Orr. He is an excellent old veteran, intelligent, and matter-of-fact. Everybody that knows him would believe what he said. But as several years had passed since the stories were told to Mr M'Intosh, and I could only write down my recollection of his recollection of what Captain Orr said, that was too roundabout to be worth much. Thereupon Mr M'Intosh promised to lend me a letter written by Captain Orr, with leave to make use of it; and he kept his word.

Here is the letter. It touches in parts on family matters that do not concern the public, so I shorten it here and there, and alter one name to meet the wishes of the person referred to. Captain Orr's own words are indicated by quotation marks. For the rest, let it suffice the reader to know that the venerable old gentleman is still alive and healthy, ninety-four years of age, and known to me and many others as perfectly veracious:

GREENOCK, 18th Nov. 1895.

'MY DEAR' DONALD M'INTOSH,—'I was much gratified with the postscript to your last letter: . . . "If you have time I would be very pleased to get the story of grandpapa's father you remember telling me about." . . .

'The action of itself was very short; but, strange to say, it . . . stimulated and led on to . . . two enterprises of the same kind, one of them after many years, and all of which I know to be true. 'You must excuse the yarn of an old sailor, whose mind dwells more on the past than the present; but I think . . . some historical circumstances bearing on the period at which my tale begins will make the incident . . . clearer. . . . For I well remember that, in my early youth, wars by sea and land and the martial deeds of our sailors and soldiers were the general conversation in society high and low, when timber toes and wooden arms seemed to run in the blood of some families.

'Of my uncle, Captain Robert Clouston (your great-grandfather), I heard . . . a great deal when a very little boy from a lady who had the rearing of my sisters and me. For I was an orphan when seven years of age. She was his and my sister's cousin; and as she was brought up amidst sailors, her mind was stored with their deeds and songs, many of which are as fresh in my mind to-day as when first poured into my willing ear eighty years ago; and often I heard the story of "Bold Bob Clouston" told with great glee in all its details.

'It was an eventful period.' Napoleon had closed all Continental ports to foreign trade. Britain declared them blockaded, and swept French traders from the sea. France sent out privateers, 'fast-sailing, well-armed vessels, under French Admiralty commission, to capture merchant-ships. . . . And daring fellows they were, and they captured many Greenock ships, some of them even at the entrance of the Clyde.'

Your grandfather had letters and papers relating to his father's exploit; but when he became Lord Provost of Glasgow he was interviewed about it, and must have given away the papers, 'for he told me latterly that he did not know where they were.' So I cannot give the exact date or name the ports. It was in the beginning of the nineteenth century, and in seas not far from home.

The maritime law of war 'then, as now, was that when a ship was captured at sea she had to be sent to the nearest port of the capturer's country. . . . The captain and several of the crew were retained on board' to show she was a lawful prize.

'Captain Clouston was proceeding on his voyage (where from or to I have forgotten) when his ship was captured by a French privateer. . . . When he saw capture was inevitable, he determined to attempt the desperate game of regaining possession of his ship, and, before he surrendered, concealed a loaded pistol. For he knew that France had abolished the humane practice of cartel' (exchange of prisoners), and so he believed that on reaching a French port he would be sent 'far up the interior of France' as a prisoner of war, to 'lie and rot, it might be for life, as many already were . . . doing. . . . He also knew that if he failed he would speedily have the rope round his neck and be hanging at the yardarm of his own ship.

'The ship was now a prize, with a French officer and crew on board.' The captain, cook, and an apprentice were kept on board 'for condemnation, as it was termed;' and the cook and apprentice agreed with their captain that even death was better than 'to linger out a starved existence in a prison till they were gray-headed or dead.' So they watched their captors, while the captors were thinking only of having a good time and seeing France soon.

The crew took dinner in the forecastle. They entered it from deck through a hatchway, going about ten feet down a steep ladder. Upon the hatchway was a strong hinged lid, fitted with hasp and staple. When the crew went down to dinner they made the apprentice steer. Meanwhile the French officer and the captain dined together in the cabin. The cook, though a prisoner, was made to work, and he waited table.

Suddenly one day at dinner Captain Clouston 'held his pistol to the Frenchman's face,' and the cook 'threw an empty flour-bag over his head, and quickly tied his hands behind his back and his feet round the legs of the table,' so that he could neither move nor make a noise.

Captain Clouston and the cook next went to the forecastle. Only one man could come up the ladder at a time, so the pistol made them masters of the situation. They shut down and secured the hatchway. The whole French crew was trapped, and Captain Clouston was again in command of his ship. In a few days he reached a British port, and handed over his prisoners to the authorities.

Even in the days of our wars with Napoleon such a feat caused a sensation, and in particular 'inflated the minds of young shipmasters with the resolution that, if caught in the same circumstances, they would be equal to the occasion.

'Two years afterwards Captain Robert Lyon, in the ship John, belonging, I think, to Rodger Stewart and Co. of Greenock, . . . was captured by a Frenchman, . . . and an officer and prize crew put on board to conduct her to a French port.'

Now, to understand what follows, it is needful to realise the painful dilemma in which a privateer captain was placed by a run of success. If a prize were a good ship and had a valuable cargo, he lost the best of the plunder if he burned or sank her. Yet, if he put a prize crew on board and sent her away, he reduced his 'effective strength.' Thus it was that La Fort, 'one of the finest frigates of the French navy, . . . being in the East Indies, captured

a large number of British East India Company's ships; and to secure such valuable prizes so weakened her own crew that she fell an easy prey to the British frigate Sybelle—Captain Cook.'

So 'it is likely the prize crew put on board Captain Lyon's ship was as few as possible, and you may be sure not their best men. Be that as it may, they were not long on board their prize till they found there was plenty of rum, and soon got merry; and, as Frenchmen not quite up to the potency' of rum, were one day 'dead drunk, officer and all. Captain Lyon did not let the chance slip.' He handcuffed the officer, made the sailors prisoners in the forecastle, and set the ship's course for England. An adventure he met on the way would be out of place in a novel as too improbable; but it is a fact.

The very next day after the recapture he was chased by a French privateer, from whom he could not escape. 'That was dreadfully bad news to the poor French officer.' If the ship were captured again and sent to France after all, he, 'a commissioned naval officer, would be tried by court-martial and sentenced to death for such gross dereliction of duty as to allow two men and a boy to make him and his crew prisoners and recapture a valuable prize. He had good reason to prefer being now taken to Britain' as a prisoner of war, with the hope of a safe return by-and-by.

On his earnest entreaty Captain Lyon restored to him his sword, and hoisted the French tricolour above the Union-jack. When the privateer came alongside, the French officer, wearing his sword and in full uniform, stood on the poop, and explained to the captain of the new privateer that this ship was already a prize of another, and that he was the officer in charge conducting her to a French port. 'The ruse succeeded. The privateer sheered off to look for other game.

'The officer redelivered his sword to Captain Lyon,' and nothing else happened till they reached Loch Ryan, 'where he obtained assistance,' and thence 'conveyed her to Greenock. He was handsomely rewarded by owners and underwriters.'

Captain Lyon kept the French officer's sword, and in after-years at home often told the story of how he got it. After his death his widow gave it to Mr W. P. Paul, of Greenock, who has it still. Mrs Lyon herself said that a neighbour of theirs, a Mrs Wilson, had a son who was often in their house. Many years after Captain Lyon's death, his widow told Mrs Paul she 'had a perfect recollection of the little boy Wilson, and that he many times saw the sword, and often heard the story from Captain Lyon himself of how he recaptured his ship.'

The clouds go swiftly by, so too the years. In the beginning of 1862 that little boy was Captain Wilson, commanding the large merchant-ship *Emile St Pierre*, with a valuable cargo on board, bound from Calcutta to Charleston. Before leaving Calcutta the captain knew the Yankees were quarrelling among themselves; but he had no news of war or

of a blockade. Great, therefore, was his surprise on being stopped off Charleston and boarded by the American war-steamer James Adger. He was told his ship was made a prize 'for attempting to enter a blockaded port.' The crew, all but himself, the cook, and steward, were taken on board the warship, and 'a prize-master with a number of American seamen put on board to navigate' the Emile St Pierre to Philadelphia, with the captain, cook, and steward on board, 'for proof of condemnation.'

Captain Wilson first made sure the cook and steward would stand by him, and were willing to run all risks; then, on the third day after the capture, he trapped the American seamen in the forecastle and put the prize-master in irons.

'But now . . . commenced' the hardest part of his work. He had 'only two men, neither of them sailors. . . . The ship was leaky, and pumps had to be attended to; that of itself labour enough' for three men. 'He had to steer away from the American coast to keep out of the track of ships, for fear of falling into the hands of another man-of-war. The whole' breadth . . . 'of the Atlantic Ocean had to be navigated before a British port could be reached. One of the three had always to be at the helm to steer the ship. There was the heavy labour of reducing and setting sails according to the weather during the uncertain, tempestuous month of March,' and 'the daily duty of ascertaining his position by . . . latitude and longitude. . . . Most disagreeable of all was the necessity of keeping fifteen men imprisoned in the forecastle in sanitary condition and supplied with food and water—the latter a very scarce article after a long passage from the East Indies,' to say nothing of the unlucky 'prize-master locked up in the cabin. . . . For nearly five long weeks night and day had this vigilant ordeal to be maintained by these three men, till they arrived at Liverpool on the 21st of April.'

'Extract from "Liverpool Directory," 1880. "Annals of Liverpool," p. 67.

"1862. April 21.—The Emile St Pierre from Calcutta arrived under command of Captain

Wilson. She had previously been captured by the Federal war-steamer James Adger on the 18th of March off Charleston, a prize crew sent on board, and ordered to Philadelphia, the steward and cook only being allowed to remain on board with Captain Wilson.

"On the third morning she was most gallantly recaptured.... The crew were placed in irons, and the vessel was brought safely into this

"May 3rd.—Captain Wilson was presented with a gold chronometer and a coffee and tea service subscribed for by one hundred and seventy merchants, a gold medal from the Mercantile Marine Association, and a sum of two thousand pounds sterling by the owners. The steward and cook were each presented with a purse of seventy guineas and a silver medal. The owners also presented them with three hundred pounds each."

Some days later, without giving a new date to his letter, Captain Orr concludes it.

'Since writing the foregoing I have a letter from Mr W. P. Paul, who . . . has the French officer's sword. . . . He gives a graphic account of the recapture of the *John*, as he received it from Mrs Lyon. It differs from what I heard only in some minor details, not worth mentioning.

'Thus you see, dear Donald, how one brave action is the exciting cause to another. Captain Clouston . . . instigated Captain Lyon,' and Captain Lyon's trophy, the French officer's sword, and his account of it, stimulated Captain Wilson to repeat 'the same daring deed after sixty years. . . .—Yours truly, WILLIAM ORR.'

Commentary upon this letter would be superfluous. Let the following fragment of talk about it suffice for conclusion:

'I like these yarns,' said Captain Murray. 'I believe them, and I could sit all night listening to the like of them. But what is the use of them nowadays?' 'None whatever, with lascar crews,' replied somebody, and the talk ended in laughter.

A LONDON LANDLADY.



HE London landlady has been immortalised, and deservedly so, for she is one of the most unique products of our modern civilisation. Her ways are dark and intricate—unfathomable to our duller intelli-

gences. I write of one of the best of her class—of the worst much has been said and written; but full justice can never be done to her.

When I first established myself under Mrs Robinson's hospitable roof I think she was inclined to entertain doubts of my thorough respectability. I always hang portraits of my

favourite authors on my walls; and when Mrs Robinson first saw the array of manly faces she looked doubtfully from me to them, and remarked gravely, 'You seem to have a good many gentlemen friends, miss!' I assured her that none of the friends in question were ever likely to appear at my lodgings; that, indeed, most of them were long since dead. Thereat she was evidently gratified.

Prominent among my landlady's many peculiarities is her systematic depreciation of my personal belongings. I had furnished my own rooms with a portion of the treasured furniture

of the dear old home that now is but part and parcel of my dreams. This was before I had experienced the storm and stress of London lodgings. When a plate of my valued Copeland dinner-service is cracked by violent concussion with a substantial scullery slop-stone, I am told in a tone of great suavity that 'old china does get so himpoverished—it will crack.' I cannot refute this ingenious statement, but resolve to replace my Copeland by enamelled tin, feeling sure that otherwise not only my china but myself too will become rapidly impoverished.

During the first weeks of my life under the Robinson regime, and before the arrival of my own household goods, I was provided by my landlady with a teapot which I shall always remember with bitterness. This teapot was for a time the bane of my life. Twice a day did I wrestle with it: at first in a spirit of quiet determination, then conciliating and persuasive, next with vicious irritation, and finally with speechless, helpless frenzy; yet, in spite of blandishments, cursory remarks, and violent handling, it stoutly refused to perform its simple functions without first reducing me to a state of utter prostration. This discourtesy on the part of the teapot is not, however, peculiar to Mrs Robinson's teapot. All lodging-house teapots share it. I have known teapots that poured anywhere but into the cup; teapots that gushed generously forth at the lid, and refused to allow more than a feeble trickle to escape at the spout; teapots, even, that would not part with any of their precious contents at either aperture until violently poked with some sharp implement. Never have I been blessed with a lodging-house teapot that did its humble work with a proper spirit of amiability.

To return to Mrs Robinson. There are certain common and inexpensive things on which she, with the rest of her class, would seem to set an inexplicable value. Hot water is one, salt another; while, as for matches, it would be impossible to exaggerate the jealous care with which she guards them. The last is an annoying form of economy. I come home from, it may be, a concert, with soul attuned to the divine harmonies of the Eroica, or to the tempestuous passion of Tristan und Isoldo-perhaps from the mysterious charms of Maeterlinck-and I find the house wrapped in utter darkness. I grope my way upstairs, for I know that to fumble for matches on the hatstand is only to bring down a shower of top-hats.

I reach my room; and though I fancy that I know the general lie of the land, even in the dark, it seems as if every piece of furniture had shifted its position during my absence. I knock my shins against a chair and my head against a bookshelf; I embrace the piano; I trip over my slippers on the hearth. Ah! at last, the welcome haven of the mantelpiece, and I slide my hand

gently along. A vase falls into the fender, and the poker and tongs stand up in indignant protest. Next a few photograph-frames collapse; but of matches not a trace! I creep into my bedroom, and in hopeless depression clutch feebly at all sorts of unpleasant things, such as soap, pin-cushions, and candlesticks; but in vain. At last I resign myself to my dark fate. I find the following morning that the priceless matches had been taken downstairs to be handy for lighting the kitchen fire in the morning. The only really appropriate prelude to such an experience would be an evening at the Independent Theatre with little Eyolf or Hedda Gabler.

The uninitiated may think this state of things is easily remedied. 'Buy a dozen of Bryant and May's for your exclusive use!' Alas! my friend, this simple remedy has been tried and found of no avail. In two days you are again matchless. I positively believe that landladies must use them in their culinary operations—perhaps to sharpen up a curry, or else—and in these days it would be hardly surprising—matches must go off on strike in the silent watches of the night.

In one peculiarity, however, I would give much to be able to emulate Mrs Robinson; and that is in the sublime indifference with which she treats facts—hard facts, against which most of us manage to bump our heads so unmercifully. To swear that black is white were a small feat to her; for in her triumphant rejection of any fact which does not please her she has been known to describe a London egg of very uncertain age, which I had sent from the table, with the peculiarly unsuitable phrase, 'fresh as a daisy.' I suggested that her sense of smell was not acute. 'Smell!' she said. 'Why, I've tasted it!' After that no more could be said, and my indignation was softened by a generous pity.

In the matter of time, too, Mrs Robinson is entirely indifferent to fact. In her unique philosophy she makes of man's inexorable tyrant a minion whom she treats with contumely. Though all the clocks in the vicinity and all the watches in the house—except her own—are at one accord, Mrs Robinson's time will refute them all if she so desires it. Perhaps, like the Hatter and the March Hare, she is on good terms with Time.

Most landladies have a favourite lodger, generally of the male sex; for landladies unanimously seem to share the opinion of the Yorkshire agitator against Woman's Rights, who declared as a starting-point that 'Wumman, as Wumman, is a mistake.' Certainly, 'wumman' as a lodger would seem to be so.

Mrs Robinson's favourite lodger was a certain Mr Binney. He was occupied by day in what Mrs R. called 'an 'ouse of business.' Simpler folk might have called it a shop. Mr Binney was treated to luxuries undreamed of by me. For him was culled the choice sardine, so to

speak. For him hot puddings were snatched from my longing eyes ere I had the chance of a second helping.

This 'Admirable Crichton' had a pair of very old slippers in which, night after night, he used to creak upstairs and about his room, killing all sleep for me, whose ill-luck it was to have the room beneath his. When I mentioned the fact to Mrs Robinson her face at once assumed the injured air I knew so well. 'Oh, miss,' she said reproachfully, 'he has such a fondness for them slippers! He has memories about them. He could never give them up.' What these strangely abiding memories were I know not. I have memories of quite another kind about his slippers.

On one occasion, having had 'words' with Mrs Robinson, I told her I would write my orders for the day and send them down by the servant, as I felt it better we should not have any personal communication for a time. The first day this new method came into practice I had lying by me a small slip of paper on which I had signed a receipt for the payment of an article I had contributed to a well-known magazine. I had written my orders for dinner on a similar slip of paper, and gave the wrong one to the servant; so the august editor of The —— received a strange communication from me, in which he was told to 'curry what is left of the mutton, and boil the vegetables more thoroughly.' When I discovered my mistake I hastened to explain it; but my manuscripts are now returned by him, and I believe he thinks I am a harmless lunatic.

Mrs Robinson's comments on matters dramatic, literary, and musical are no less unexpected than her attitude towards common things. seeing Wilson Barrett's production of The Manxman she remarked to me, 'Oh, I do think it's good for young folk to go to the theayter! It does so enlighten 'em.' I was quite ready to agree with her as to the latter statement; but it seemed to me that her mind ran on somewhat uncommon lines. 'Have you seen 'im in the Shadow of the Cross?' she continued. 'I read that in a 'alfpenny novelette, an' I read the Prisoner of Zanzibar too: it was good!' 'Had you read The Manxman?' I asked, stifling my laughter. 'No,' said Mrs Robinson thoughtfully; 'an' it's strange I 'adn't; for I've read a lot-I've read all Mrs 'Enery Wood's.'

One day, having practised for several hours at a difficult and unmelodious study, I said, 'I am afraid you have found my music rather trying.' 'Oh no!' she responded cheerfully; 'I don't mind. I like your nice oratorios.'

She mortally offended a sensitive 'cellist of my acquaintance by welcoming him on the doorstep with the following remark: 'Come in, sir; come in. I know you—you're the gent as plays the grumbly thing that you scrape.'

Good Mrs Robinson! if your eye should fall by chance on these lines, will you, I wonder, forgive me? I mean it all in the kindest spirit, but protest that while you live on me—as joints, coals, and more especially gorgonzola silently demonstrate you do-it is only fair that I should in my turn reap some benefit from my connection with you.

'AVE, ROMA IMMORTALIS!'

'THE same blue sky bends over all.' Nay, nay, 'tis scarcely true. I never fathomed in my dreams Such wondrous depths of blue.

The dewy radiance of the dawn, How luminous and clear! Across the wide Campagna's bounds The distant hills draw near.

How white upon their painted slopes Each nestling village shows! How blue the shadowy lines that cross Sorracte's lingering snows!

What touch of magic in the air Has witched the land, in sooth, And to this old, world-weary Rome Restored the glow of youth?

Her paths are worn by many a foot, Her stones by many a stain; The record of her woes doth keep The measure of earth's pain.

Yet still the scented wind, that sways The white acacia flowers, Doth breathe through many a ruined shrine The charm of Flora's bowers.

The wild-rose haunts the hedgerow still; While gaily, overhead, Each crumbling, creviced wall doth flaunt Its poppy-wreath of red.

From chink to chink among the stones The shining lizards run; The yellow butterfly floats forth To frolic in the sun.

By yon brown fane, whose lichened dome Has viewed a thousand springs, Still jubilant, alert, elate, The thrush his peen sings.

Athwart the radiant blue of heaven The ilex darkly glooms; The shadow of the cypress lies Across a land of tombs.

But yet beneath that aky serene No shade may long dismay, When conquering spring in triumph rides Along the Appian Way.

M. GRAHAM.



EDITORIAL DESIDERATA.

'What d'ye lack, my noble masters? What d'ye lack?'

-Old Street Cry.



HE era wherein the omnipresent typewriter has smoothed the rough and too frequently divergent paths of editor and author has inaugurated also the 'Contributors' Guide'—a compendium which, though it occu-

pies less than a score of pages in the *Literary Year-Book*, is yet skilfully designed to guard the inaugural steps of the writer against the countless pitfalls besetting the path he aspires to tread.

A few useful if somewhat trite remarks respecting the desirability of writing on only one side of the paper, and of having all manuscripts type-written, preface the list of the principal magazines and periodicals and their special requirements. The compiler makes some wise observations on the necessity of discretion in the matter of submitting manuscripts. He lays stress upon freshness of idea and subject, and denounces the old-fashioned article dealing with the dead world. In his opinion, 'the interest of the public is in living people and in living material.'

It is in the details supplied by each individual editor as to the class of literary matter he esteems acceptable to his particular journal that the interest concentrates. Even in these latter days it is a distinct achievement to have rent that veil of courtesy from behind whose folds the all-powerful editor blandly issues those neat little printed forms wherein, with compliments and thanks, 'he regrets his inability to use the accompanying manuscript.'

Towards the persuasive Mr Herbert Morrah, who is responsible for the conduct of the Guide, the author's gratitude abounds when he discovers that, at his instigation, not only do these dignitaries condescend to state what manner of matter they prefer, but even in certain cases become confidential to the extent of frankly telling the price they are prepared to pay for it; though, as a rule, the higher-class journals maintain a becoming silence on the question of honorarium.

The length of contributions in demand is | finds reco No. 269.—Vol. VI. [All Rights Reserved.]

heterogeneous to a puzzling degree, ranging as it does from articles of five hundred words to one-hundred-thousand-word serials; though close study of the Guide convinces that the literary conditions most in request are curtailed articles and very short stories. The Universal Magazine, Good Words, and Hearth and Home set three thousand words as the limit of their minor fiction, and the editors of Macmillan's, Pearson's, Pall Mall, Idler, Royal, Harmsworth's, and the Captain do not crave tales that exceed four thousand words. Cornhill Magazine allows five hundred words more, and the Century, Chambers's Journal, English Illustrated, Englishwoman, and the Lady's Realm would not reject a story because its words chanced to number five thousand; while such a publication as McClure's Magazine makes six thousand its maxi-The Windsor, recognising with admirable discretion that the best writing cannot be woven by measure like ribbons, declares length dependent

Scribner's and Temple Bar are willing to consider tales of variant lengths, and in almost every instance articles ought to fill less space than fiction. The ruler of the Fortnightly Review is open to accept articles on social, literary, and political topics even though they run to seven thousand words.

The special requirements of the multifarious publications are amazingly diverse. Only one editor, who, we presume, is young, elects to invite poetical contributions. The Lady's Gazette, while inviting stories of a domestic character, repudiates adventurous work or that dealing with detectives. The Century Magazine makes no secret that in its pages English contributions are wanted less than American; while McClure's, not so exclusive, remarks that although the magazine has many articles based on American life, almost any subject well treated finds a chance of acceptance.

The editor of the Strand, displaying a width of view worthy his journal's circulation, is ready to consider articles of general interest, and always finds records of strange experiences acceptable;

Reserved.]

JAN. 24, 1903.

but, to ameliorate the heart-sickness attendant on deferred hope, he thoughtfully adds that, owing to the enormous amount of manuscripts received, he finds it impossible to guarantee an answer within a definite time. Chambers's Journal has use for high-class fiction and articles of current interest. Macmillan's Magazine needs articles on history, travel, and general subjects; while Blackwood's, nearly akin, accepts articles on sport, travel, and history. The Pall Mall Magazine wants stories and articles of a length of four thousand words; the payment varies. Temple Bar requires literary essays, historical and biographical articles, and fiction. Cassell's Magazine likes fresh, crisp stories complete in one number, and bright, topical articles (three or four months ahead of date) capable of effective illustration. The Woman at Home will consider short stories, sketches, and articles of general or domestic interest. Pearson's delights in bright, popular matter; and Harmsworth's, while wanting bright, romantic short stories, confesses to finding very short stories of between fifteen hundred and three thousand words, and articles of between one and two thousand, useful where longer compositions could not be accepted. Crampton's Magazine allows intending contributors the widest possible scope, but hints that nothing should be submitted 'unless of considerable merit or importance.' The Wide World Magazine wants true stories of adventure and incident; also articles on curious and out-of-the-way subjects, all being illustrated by sets of striking photo-The Queen wishes articles of about a thousand words in length; drawings or good photographs may accompany the contributions. The average remuneration is twenty-five shillings a column. The Ladies' Field gives preference to 'such matter as will interest cultured sportswomen.' Sketches, light articles, and dialogues are desired by the Court Circular; and Vanity Fair declares that, like the racks in a railwaycarriage, it is intended for light articles only.

The courteous editor of the Monthly Review, after politely expressing his happiness in receiving manuscripts, requests his correspondents in the case of unsolicited manuscripts to excuse him from replying otherwise than by formal printed letter, and to state whether he is offered the refusal of the manuscript indefinitely or only for a limited period. Where the offer is indefinite, he regretfully declines to be answerable for time or opportunities lost through his adverse decision after long consideration. The Nineteenth Century and After and the Saturday Review, with a lack of civility that strikes harshly after such courtly punctilio, unite in haughtily refusing to return rejected manuscripts, even when the harmless necessary stamps are enclosed.

Punch does not solicit contributions, but returns them to the senders if accompanied by envelopes properly addressed. Both the Illustrated London News and the Sketch admit their preference for

work by members of their staffs; and only in the 'rarest cases' is outside matter accepted by the Literary World. The Speaker announces bluntly that for its pages outside contributions are not invited. The editor of the Sphere declines to consider manuscripts of any kind unless he has been previously approached as to their possible utility, and to the Tatler the same rule applies. The Westminster Gazette is prepared to consider stories, sketches, and general articles. The Leisure Hour briefly requests aspiring authors to study the magazine.

The wide fields of learning, science, art, travel, and Church affairs are open to writers for the Pilot (which has undergone the unprecedented fate of a literary resurrection); while the New Age has a leaning towards short, pithy articles (from one thousand to two thousand five hundred words in length) on political, economic, social, literary, and religious topics. In the case of the Spectator manuscripts are returned if possible, and a preliminary letter is not asked for.

Specific matters the *United Service Magazine* wishes to treat are travel and military topics of the day, naval or military history, and strategy, tactics, drill, and naval or military administration. *Commercial Intelligence* desires short practical articles likely to further the interests of British trade, but pointedly remarks that 'articles scolding the British manufacturer are not invited.'

For To-day bright short stories are always welcome, also articles on graver subjects when first-rate. Woman invites topical articles of a light nature and interviews only, and prefers stories that are 'dramatic and show knowledge of human character.'

Amidst the heterogeneous confusion of preference or dislike, it surprises one to find the less important publications the more exacting and definite in their demands. M.A.P., for instance, requires new, true, and original anecdotes, and pen-portraits of men and women of the day; also two-thousand-two-hundred-word tales 'with pleasant tone, pleasant ending, and strong plot.' The Princess Novelette solicits stories of strong love interest, with dramatic treatment. Home Chat, too, wants strong love interest, with a pleasant tone; while tales of a 'happy tone' will recommend themselves to the Home Circle. The comprehensive taste of Young People fancies 'short chatty articles of healthy religious tone, interesting to children of seven to seventy years of age,' in addition to 'tales of school-life, citylife, life on the sea, fairy-tales, Nature parables, &c.' The Girls' Friend, evidently determined to give the public good value for the halfpenny which is its price, asks for serial stories running from seventy to one hundred thousand words in length, said stories to be 'healthy in tone, moderately sensational, with a strong love interest, plenty of pathos, and a conventional happy

ending'! Should there exist a gifted author so fortunate as to have achieved a novel fulfilling all these requirements, let him straightway convey it to Harmsworth Buildings, E.C., and there receive the guerdon due his labours.

It is with considerable diffidence that the writer approaches the delicate question of remuneration: a diffidence evidently shared by the amalgamated editors, to judge from the ingenuity they reveal in avoiding the subject.

Though many editors merely state that remuneration is always given, that it varies, that matter is paid by arrangement, or that all contributions are paid for, others are franker-some unnecessarily so. The editor of the Strand says he liberally rewards all accepted work; that of the Lady's Magazine describes his payment as 'prompt and liberal' The Lady's Gazette pays 'at a fair rate;' Life and Work remunerates all contributors 'liberally.' The Liberal Review offers 'very high rates for special articles.' The Windsor Magazine rewards according to 'quality,' the Army and Navy Gazette 'at the editor's discretion,' Black and White 'on the merits of each article,' the Onlooker 'according to value of contribution,' and Pearson's Weekly gives 'good payment on merit only.' Several go so far as to state the terms they are prepared to give in undisguised pounds and shillings. Thus, Science Siftings offers sums ranging from five shillings to five guineas a column, and one wonders how often the highest rate is The Artist pays an average of a awarded. guinea a page of eight hundred words, while the Studio gives an average price of a guinea a page. Tit-Bits invariably pays a guinea a column, and Answers 'generally,' as also does the anti-vivisection organ, the Zoophilist. The Boys' Own Paper gives a guinea a page; so does the British Amongst journals offering a guinea a thousand words are the Girls' Own Paper, Woman, Womanhood, and Forget-me-not. editor of M.A.P. recompenses outside contributors only with a guinea a thousand words, but he professes his willingness to fee commissioned articles at the rate of from two to four guineas a thousand.

The guinea would appear to be a favourite coin with editors. Cassell's Saturday Journal pays a

guinea for each column of about seven hundred words; the Church Family Paper considers a guinea sufficient payment for each article; Home Circle pays 'about' a guinea a page; and Spare Moments rewards the writers of two-thousandword stories of good plot and dramatic interest with a guinea for each tale.

When, on rare occasions, the Review of Reviews accepts outside contributions it pays at 'the ordinary magazine rates:' a puzzling statement, considering the amazing diversity existing as to terms; while a periodical now defunct, which was nothing if not unique, seemed almost to flout the notion of writers expecting emolument, for it stated that remuneration, 'if required,' would be 'at the rate of one halfpenny a word.'

Five pounds a page is the top note in the National Review's scale of payment, which in certain instances descends as low as ten shillings. The Educational Review offers from five to ten shillings for a page of four hundred and twenty words; Farm and Home, twelve shillings a column; Cycling News, ten shillings a column of ninety lines; and the Bazaar, twelve shillings each thousand words.

Foreign publishers afford little inducement to home authors. The Canadian Magazine promises twelve shillings a thousand words for four-thousandword articles; the Madras Review, which specially solicits English contributions, names two to five rupees a page. The Indian Review, which also desires English contributions and makes absolutely no restriction as to choice of subject, holds out the unenticing bait of half-a-guinea a page.

Lest these depressing figures should warn uninformed aspirants from taking the printward path, it is only fair to state that, with but few exceptions, the terms paid by the many editors who maintain a dignified reserve on the question of honorarium vary from two to twenty guineas a thousand words; the larger sum usually including the American serial rights. Many of the olderestablished publications have not adopted the system of reckoning by the number of words, and prefer to remunerate by the number of pages filled; but, however arrived at, the same result is usually reached.

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

CHAPTER IX .-- AN UPHEAVAL.



EORGE'S next visit to the Light brought him only vexation of spirit and consequent increase of malevolence. Pierre received him with gloomy impassivity. Barbe flatly refused to come down out of the

lantern. When, in desperation, he plucked up spirit to follow her there she immediately descended,

and would not throw him so much as a single look, much less a word.

Pierre had no wish to embroil himself with the wealthiest man in Plenevec—a man, too, who had ample opportunities of damaging one behind one's back, and who would have no hesitation in doing so to further his own ends or pay off his own scores. So he held aloof; and if he derived any

enjoyment from the quiet game of hide-and-seek, he did not show it. He had no desire for Barbe to marry any one. It would bring changes into the level life which for twelve years had amply satisfied him. Still, when she did marry, as he supposed she one day would, he would prefer the man with the money to the man without it. So, knowing that George's suit was, for the present at all events, useless, he gave him a free hand; and when George sulkily gave up the chase and dropped into a chair near him, all he said was, 'It's no use at present, mon gars. She is crazy for Alain Carbonec.'

'Confusion!' snapped George, and puffed curses through his pipe.

That night, in the boat, he found it difficult to keep his hands off Alain. A crack over the head while the other bent over to the nets, and it would be done. But-behind that rose two upright posts and a slant-edged knife; and, much as he hated Alain, he had no desire to take his last look through the narrow window on his account. A second disappearance from the Cadoual boat would never pass unnoticed; and Alain Carbonec was not like old Jeannot. He was no fool, he did not drink, and he was not the kind of man who tumbled overboard of his own accord. So George gnawed his heart in a silence that was denser and blacker than the night, and thought much; and when a man like George Cadoual thinks much under such conditions, it behoves the man about whom he is thinking to be on his guard.

If only Cadoual's ill-humour could have contented itself with silence and evil thoughts the night might have passed without untoward happening; but the very quietness of Alain's bearing was gall and wormwood to him. All the envy, hatred, and malice of his evil nature boiled and seethed within him like the contents of a witch's caldron. He kept his tongue within his teeth as long as he could, and then said:

- 'So you no longer visit the Light, mon beau?'
- 'How then?' asked Alain.
- 'The moth no longer goes to its candle?'
- 'How's that?' asked Alain imperturbably.
- 'Or if it goes it goes secretly, so that it can have its candle all to itself.'
- 'Who goes by himself chooses his own company,' said Alain curtly.
- 'It is true, and inflicts it on ma'm'selle also.'
- 'That's as it may be. Ma'm'selle is her own mistress.'
- 'As to that,' said Cadoual, with a nasty shrug, the flavour of which went into his voice, 'you probably know more about it than any one else. I confess I have my doubts'——

Then a swinging blow on the side of the head sent him floundering among the fish in the bottom of the boat; and as he scrambled up with his mouth full of fish-scales and curses, another stinging blow in the face sent him back again. He

sat for a moment, then picked up a heavy stone out of the ballast and hurled it at Alain's head.

It was a clear night, with an amazing wealth of stars, but no moon. The waves, when they broke against the side of the boat or by reason of carrying their heads too high, were shot with phosphorescent gleams. Not a light to fight by if any choice were left to one: a light, nevertheless, by which stones might be hurled with fair prospect of hitting when the object aimed at was only six feet away, and the stones came whizzing at Alain as fast as Cadoual could stoop and fling them. One caught him at last on the shoulder. As he reeled, the boat wobbled to the smack of a wave, and he measured his length among the cargo. Without rising, he flung his body over towards Cadoual in a blind fury, plucked his legs from under him before he knew what was coming, and the two men grappled fiercely among the sliddering fish. Cadoual foamed curses and fought anyhow; but the blazing fiend that for the moment possessed Alain wasted nothing on words. All it wanted was the feel of Cadoual's throat crumpling under its fingers of steel, or the sound of his black head pulping against the side of the boat or the pieces of rock below. Alain Carbonec was never nearer murder than he was at that moment. When man and devil come to grips like this, the devil wins the fight and the winner's soul as well. Never was Alain Carbonec's soul in greater peril than when his fingers worked into Cadoual's throat at last, and he felt the muscles slipping about under them like a bundle of greasy cords. He was panting through his nostrils like a spent stag. He threw up his face for air while his fingers still gripped the other's throat. Far away to the east the light on Grand Bayou beat softly in and out like the pulsing of a golden heart. It whispered 'Barbe! Barbe! Barbe!' It beat through the whirling red mist that filled his brain to bursting, and his exultant hands reluctantly loosed their grip.

'Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!' he murmured, aghast at the recognition of that which was in him. And the devil slipped over the gunwale into the black water.

No word passed between the two men till they had landed in the early morning, and had got the fish ashore, washed the nets, and made the boat all ready for the next cruise. Then said Alain quietly:

'It is better that we part before worse comes of it. There is that between us which makes for trouble. You will get another man, and I will get another place.'

'It is all one,' growled Cadoual. 'Go anywhere you please.'

'If ever I hear of you saying one word against Ma'm'selle Carcassone I'll shake the life out of you, as I came near to doing last night,' said Alain, and walked away home to bed.

Alain found no difficulty in getting another place. He was recognised as a clever seaman and a lucky fisherman, and his bright face alone was worth its place in any man's boat; but Cadoual found it no easy matter to make good his loss. He fell back for a time on riff-raff and ne'er-do-weels, which even so small a place as Plenevec could supply, and after a time he laid up his boat and let the fish go in peace.

For a week Pierre Carcassone had not been ashore, and then Alain discovered that his supplies were being taken out to him by one of the shore boats to save him the necessity of coming for them.

That day Alain clambered down the side of Cap Réhel and swam out to the Light; but the door was bolted against him, and he could not get in. He climbed the iron rungs and beat on the door with his fists; but he might as well have hammered the side of the lighthouse. So he chose a smooth slab, and sat in the sun to warm and dry, and whistled gaily to let Barbe know that he was there, and to show Pierre what good spirits he was in.

'Alain!' dropped softly from the gallery at last, like a voice from heaven, and he jumped up and stood below her.

'How goes it with thee, Barbe?'

Her face looked shadowed and downcast from where he stood. He moved farther out, and the shadows lifted somewhat.

- 'I am sad for want of thee, Alain. And thou?'
- 'Shall I climb up to thee by the rod?' he said, pointing to the thick rope of twisted copper which ran up the shaft to let the lightning down into the water.
- 'Nay, I like thee better at a distance with a whole neck,' she said.
 - 'I believe it would carry me.'
 - 'If you try I shall go inside.'
- 'How long is this to go on, Barbe? I am like a starving dog for want of thee.'
- 'We must wait. Perhaps he will think better of it. I will have nothing to say to George Cadoual—not if he came every day for a hundred years.'
- 'I have said good-bye to him. He came to look at me as if he would like to knock me on the head. One cannot work with a man who looks at one like that. It is not comfortable.'
- 'What will you do? You won't go away and leave me all alone, Alain?'
- 'I will never go away until I take thee with me, Barbe. I am in Jan Godey's boat, and all goes well. Cadoual is away on a journey, so he will not trouble thee for a time.'
- 'Dieu merci! Would he might never return from it!'
- 'That is too much to hope for. But if he worries thee I will break his neck if thou sayest the word, dearest.'

So they talked for a time, and Barbe was cheered by his visit; though, as for Alain, he would have given all their words for one sweet kiss. Twice again in similar fashion he visited her, and their love but grew the stronger for the scantiness of its nourishment; for love, once firmly rooted, has hidden springs to draw from though all around be drought and desert sand or solid rock and salty sea.

Then Cadoual returned from his journeying, but met no warmer welcome from Barbe when he rowed out to the Light than he had done before; and yet he seemed satisfied with his visit.

When Alain scrambled up out of the water two days later he saw with surprise and satisfaction that, for the first time since his interview with Pierre, the door of the Light was open. He needed no invitation, but ran up the rungs and entered.

Pierre was sitting smoking in the living-room with a face of gloomy intention. He had been waiting for him for the last two days.

As soon as he saw Alain he called, 'Barbe!' and Barbe's voice answered from the room above, and she came slowly down the ladder. At sight of Alain her face flashed into light. She gave a glad cry, and ran towards him.

'It is thou, Alain?' and she glanced with quick surprise at her father, and wondered what it meant. Could the hoped-for time have come so soon!

Then Pierre raised his hand with a sharp 'Tenez!' and there was that in his face that chilled their leaping blood and filled them with foreboding. He placed a chair in a certain position for Alain, and another not far from it for Barbe, and in a harsh voice said, 'Sit!'

At the word they sat and looked at him in wonder.

'Now, listen!' he said through his teeth, and inside his sallow cheeks they saw his jaws grinding against one another. 'Seventeen years ago that happened which broke my life. I came home from a voyage across seas, and found my home broken up and my wife gone away with another man, one Paul Kervec. I followed them up, and found them here. I came in upon them unawares. Kervec sat there, where you sit'—he pointed at Alain. 'My wife sat there, where you sit'—he pointed at Barbe.

They both sat staring at him in wide-eyed wonder, which changed instantly to horror.

'Kervec I stabbed before he could rise. He fell on the floor in a heap just there where you sit. My wife tried to get to the ladder; but I caught her by the hair and pulled her back. She begged for her life; but it was past that, and I killed her there in the corner behind the ladder. Upstairs were their two children, a boy and a girl. I was tempted to kill them too; but I did not. I tended the light that night, and next morning carried the children to Plenevec, and gave myself up. They understood my reasons, and that I could not have done otherwise. The girl was taken by the Sisters of the Sacred Heart at St Pol; the boy was taken

away to Plougastel by a sister of Kervec's, and brought up there under her own name of Carbonec. You are the boy'—to Alain, who sprang out of his chair in a fury of amazement—'and you'—to Barbe, who sat white and trembling—'are the girl. Now—you see'——

'It is a lie,' foamed Alain—'a lie—a lie!'

'Ask your aunt at Plougastel,' said the old man grimly.

'I will ask her, and then I will cram it down your throat'——

'Bien! Ask her first.'

'I have kept my hands off you because you were—because I believed you to be Barbe's father. If you are not, then'—— and he seemed like to spring on the old man and shake the life out of him.

'Eh bien!' said Pierre, backing away, 'I have behaved like one to her, and it will not help you to kill me.'

'Oh Alain, Alain!' wailed Barbe, who had sat stunned by the blow. 'Is it possible? Is it possible?'

'No, it is not possible,' stormed Alain. 'It is a vile lie coined by that—man, to part us, Barbe. Sister of mine thou art not, I swear, for I love thee as never brother loved sister since the world began.'

And it is not as a brother that I love thee, Alain.'

'Mon Dieu! no, I should hope not. Do not believe it, Barbe. It is all a lie.' And then, as the thought suddenly struck him: 'But, Dieu-de-Dieu! if thou art my sister, Barbe, then it is I who should have the care of thee, and he has no claim on thee. Come with me, dear one, and I will care for thee.'

For a moment they all three stood stock-still staring at one another: Barbe with a sudden light of hope fulfilled in her eyes; Alain flaming with love and wrath; Pierre caught in his own toils, for, in spite of all his thinking, he had not thought of this.

'Run up and get your things, Barbe, and I will drop the boat,' said Alain.

'No!' cried Pierre. 'You are at all events my daughter by adoption. You shall not go;' and he moved towards the ladder as though to stop her.

'You!' shouted Alain, swinging up a chair by the back. 'You are finished. You have made enough trouble in the world. One little bit more and I will send you out of it in pieces;' and he towered above the shrinking man, and seemed double his usual size, while the other dwindled before him.

'Go, then, Barbe,' said Alain. 'I will await thee here;' and Barbe's white feet twinkled up into the gloom above.

She ran up joyfully, all aquiver with delicious tremors at the thought of going away with Alain. How her heart had ached, till her body ached in sympathy, just for the sight of him! And here she was going away with him—alone with Alain! Glory! The very thought of it was so upsetting that her head was in a whirl. She could scarce think what to take and what to leave, and her hands trembled so that they would not answer to her will.

To go away with Alain! She hung over the black oak chest where her few possessions were kept. She took out one thing after another, and already they looked strange to her from the change that was in herself. Her point of view had altered in the last few minutes. Her life had been overturned, and everything was to begin anew, for was she not going away with Alain? With Alain!

Then, as the first tumultuous shock of it wore off and her brain began to work more calmly, her hands clenched themselves tightly on the rim of the oaken chest, and her eyes grew thoughtful—grew fixed and dark with the intensity of her thought. She gazed down into the chest with so fixed and gloomy a stare at last that one might have thought a corpse lay hidden there, and that she had turned up some of its bones. Minette leapt softly into the chest and began daintily poking about to find out what was wrong, and Pippo turned over the things on the floor with his inquisitive beak, and eyed them sagely with his one eye; but Barbe paid no heed to them, and presently she sank down on the floor among her poor little belongings, her head drooped down on to her arms, and she wept stormily though in silence. For the realisation of what she had been going to do came suddenly upon her and struck her like a blow.

Alain's sister! Never! Her whole being revolted at the thought.

Alain's—sister! Mon Dieu! mon Dieu! It could not be. She did not want him as a brother. As everything else, her whole being cried aloud for him. But—his sister!

She flung the things back into the chest, and got up heavily and went down the ladder.

The men stood fronting one another in silence.

'Alain,' she whispered, 'I cannot. It would be like believing it. It is not possible'——

'But yes, thou shalt come with me, Barbe,' he cried, with an angry stamp. 'We will prove it a lie; but I cannot leave thee here with him. By his own words I have more right to thee than he. Come, dearest, and I will see to thee.'

He threw his wet arm round her and drew her to the lower ladder.

'But not as thy sister, Alain!' she cried, trembling under his arm.

He bent and kissed her working lips, and showered hot kisses on her flaming face.

'Dost feel like a sister to me?' he said. 'Do I kiss thee like a brother?'

'My man! my man!' she cried, knitting her arms round his neck, and straining him to her with all the wild abandonment of her love.

How often in the coming times their thoughts turned back to that first all-too-brief voyage towards the new life! For Alain could hardly row for delight of her presence. His blue eyes blazed with rapture on her blushing face, downcast, in spite of the tumultuous joy that was in her, lest there should be any truth in Pierre's revelation. When his gladness bubbled up beyond the power of looks to express, Alain drew his oars up short to the rowlocks, and flinging back his yellow locks, he scrambled precariously over to her, fell on his knees before her, and drew her down to him and kissed her passionately. Once, after raining kisses on her face till she covered it with her little brown hands, he bent and wildly kissed her feet till, with a startled

exclamation, she drew them up under her short blue skirts.

'Little sister! little sister!' he laughed with scorn of Pierre and his lies, 'I could almost eat thee for very love.'

'Do not say it, Alain. I will not be thy sister.'

'Not for one moment, beloved. Sisters are good, no doubt, though I never had one; but a wife is worth them all, and thou shalt be my wife, my very own.'

They looked back for a moment at the tall white shaft gleaming cold against a great black rain-cloud that was driving up from the west, then they turned the corner into the bay, where Plenevec lay in front, and Alain rowed swiftly ashore.

WHERE POISONOUS SNAKES ARE PAMPERED.



UTSIDERS who are unacquainted with the numerous quaint and bewildering social and religious institutions of the two British districts of South Canara and Malabar and the two native states

of Travancore and Cochin-all four of which lie on the south-west coast of India, and are believed by the natives to have been miraculously reclaimed from the sea-can form no adequate idea of the extent to which the cobra, at once the most poisonous and the least wanton or aggressive genus of Indian snakes, is pampered, protected, and propitiated in these four little provinces. It is not meant to assert that serpent-worship and the propitiation of snake-divinities is a peculiarity of these provinces, for we have abundant historical evidence that such worship overspread nearly all Asia at a very remote period, and even crept into portions of southern Europe; but it never elsewhere assumed such a tenacious hold on the people as it has done in the region mentioned, nor did it anywhere else break out in such startling and fantastic shapes. Further, in no other part has it been able to resist so successfully the invading forces of other schools of religious thought and belief.

So far as South Canara and Malabar are concerned, the liberal and judicious influences of British rule have considerably lowered the status of the sacred cobra; and many a pious Hindu, whose forefathers bowed down and worshipped the reptile and expected all sorts of extraordinary favours from it in return, does not scruple now to make four annas by polishing off a snake with a stick and carrying the carcass to a public office for the usual reward offered by a generous Government. In Travancore and Cochin, however, where the revolutionary forces of a foreign system of civilisation have as yet made but little impression on the popular mind, the old order of things goes on in much the same

way as it did a thousand years ago, and Hindus, high and low, rich and poor, still venerate the cobra as a divinity, and consider it a heinous crime not only to injure the reptile, but even to neglect its slightest interests. To take the case of Travancore alone, from the single fact that the district contains no fewer than from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand shrines dedicated exclusively to the propitiatory worship of snakes, one is somewhat in a position to understand the intensity and popularity of this ancient form of worship. These shrines are invariably in honour of the minor divinities of the country, some of them being of venerable age and more than local repute, and possessing extensive and valuable properties for their maintenance and for the cost of the numerous ceremonies which their keepers have to perform from time to time. They have an interesting mythological origin. A legend says that the first batch of colonists whom Parasu Rama marched into the country found it so arid that they fled back to their old homes. During their absence serpents from the lower world entered into possession; and when the colonists were taken back they made a desperate effort to expel the invaders. The war was fierce and long; but nothing prevailed against the invaders, and at length a compromise was effected, the interlopers being allowed to remain, but to confine themselves strictly to the southwest corner of every occupied garden or compound. It was also arranged that the demarcated plots should be untouched by knife or spade, so as to allow the vegetation to flourish and afford a congenial habitation for the snakes. The terms of this treaty are still adhered to, the vegetation in serpent-groves being pruned only when it encroaches on the rest of the garden.

Thus came into existence the sarpa kavoos, or serpent-shrines, of the ancient republic of Kerala. In these shrines the Hindus set down fantastic idols of serpents on a stone basement, and the shrine is protected by a mud wall. It is essential to the welfare of the householders that they should make periodical offerings of dough and milk and cooked rice to the serpentine habitués of the shrine, and place lights and chant hymns in order to be assured of their favour.

One of the most important of the shrines dates back from time out of reckoning. It is attached to the illom, or household, of a wealthy Nambudri Brahman. In the days before it existed a youth of the family married a maiden of a neighbouring house. Though respectable, the parents of the maiden were in reduced circumstances, and her only marriage portion was a much-venerated stone idol of the household serpent-divinity. maiden carried this to her new home, and devoutly worshipped it every day. In time she became a mother, and was delivered of a boy and a snake. The snake-child was sent down into an underground cellar and brought up there. Hereafter the family enjoyed great and uninterrupted prosperity, thanks to the wonderful talisman and the serpentine offspring. Down to the present day, to the surname of the male members of the family are tacked on the name of the serpentgod and that of the woman who was privileged to give birth to it. It is further related that when the entire country was devastated by a great conflagration this particular serpent-shrine was spared by Agni in response to the prayers of the progeny of the serpent to whom the lady had given birth. Once a year, in the underground cellar of the house, as well as in the grove to the south-west of the compound, dough and milk offerings are placed. The door of the cellar is kept closed for three days, and lest the prying eyes of persons who, like Tennyson's low churl, are 'compact of thankless earth' should stealthily try to peep into the subterranean chamber, the ladies of the household cover every crevice and aperture with their big palm-leaf umbrellas. On the third day the door is opened, and the remnants of the offering are thrown into a tank as unfit for human consumption. It is noteworthy that the dough and milk have to be prepared and the offering made by the oldest female member of the family.

In addition to the special feasts, there are daily ceremonies. Every morning the king and the queen of the serpents are bathed, and fruit and milk are offered to them; at noon cooked rice is offered, and fried grain follows after a reasonable interval has been allowed to these lucky creatures to digest the choice viands that have gone before. On certain star-days the idols in the grove and in the household temple are carried in procession to the house, where propitiatory offerings are made. The presiding functionary at all these various ceremonies is necessarily the eldest female member of the family, who has to practise celibacy from the day she attains the position.

The arrangement is different in some other parts of modern Kerala. For instance, in South Canara ceremonies are performed by the virgin dedicated to this pious work. At similar famous snakefestivals of Travancore pious folk gather from all parts to join in the worship, and bring votiveofferings of gold, silver, grain, coco-nuts, pepper, spices, fruit, oil, ghee, sandal-wood, silk, and other things. The cost of the festivals is defrayed from the revenues derived from the paddy-fields and gardens attached to the shrine. It is believed that if the ceremonies are not performed with purity and devoutness the serpent-gods will be offended and the largest of the cobras will come out of the grove and show themselves to the people of the house. It is also believed that snake-bites in the neighbourhood of this and other such shrines never prove fatal. However this may be, it is certain that, estimating the average snake population of each of these shrines at a dozenwhich is a modest computation, for I know of many groves each of which is inhabited by at least thirty cobras, and that there are between fifteen thousand and twenty thousand of these shrines in Travancore alone—the number of deaths from snake-bite in the country is remarkably small.

Of course, a partial explanation of this circumstance is to be found in the kindness with which the inhabitants of the state invariably treat their creeping friends. Indian snakes are, with rare exceptions, non-aggressive. They never molest people—they keep to themselves; and when their creature comforts are benevolently attended to by others, who thus save them a world of misery and worry and render foraging expeditions unnecessary, it is not in the least degree astonishing that they become most docile and harmless. It may be that the thoughtful and observant ancients of Kerala, wise in their generation, and recognising the fact that even the most deadly of venomous creatures must play an important part in the economy of nature, thought it more useful to bring such crestures under subjection than to exterminate them, and thereby disturb the beneficent and well-ordered arrangements of the Creator. The Western, always more destructive than economic, endeavours to protect himself by extirpating creatures which, under certain conditions, menace his safety and interfere with his comfort. The Eastern, with a sublime conception of the duty which he owes to the rest of the cosmogony, has ever followed the maxim of 'live and let live.' This is true not only with regard to the serpentologist and his snake-gods, for if you should happen to stay in an Indian forest you will come to find out that the jungleman lives on terms of the most cordial amity with the wild beasts. Mowgli is not altogether a fictitious inhabitant of Kiplingdom. The Kadir of Travancore, the Vettuvan of the Anamalais, and the Kurichess of Wynaad warn cheetahs and bears off the road with the same indifference as a villager asks a tame cow to move out of the way. It is remarkable that all over Travancore, when a snake is seen approaching, the people reverently say, 'The god is coming,' and make way for the divinity. How harmless these serpentdivinities of Travancore are we may further judge from the fact that the children of the household play about fearlessly in the neighbourhood of the groves, even while their serpentine friends are gliding about in the undergrowth or lie basking in the sun, and they have never been known to be harmed. When some of these groves become overrun with serpents, the surplus population is carefully removed and sent to other shrines. There are in all parts of Travancore pious Brahman gentlemen who are specially applied to in order to remove snakes from one grove to

One of the celebrated centres of serpent-worship in Travancore is the little township of Nagercoil, which itself means 'serpent-temple.' The local pagoda is dedicated to the snake-divinity. The copper-gilt idol of the serpent-mother is carried in procession in a car once a year. Thousands of devotees assemble at the temple weekly and on special days during the year to worship the serpent-goddess, and to carry offerings of milk, sugar, and coco-nuts to the living cobras. During

six months of the year a large quantity of black sand is thrown up from behind the idol, and for the other six months white sand; it is superfluous to remark that this singularly interesting natural phenomenon is set down by the pious to the special account of the ophidian lady-divinity. The sand is distributed as prasadham, or offerings to the devotees, and all castes and strangers may participate in the benefits that accrue from its possession. It is believed that within a circuit of a mile from the temple no snake-bite will prove fatal.

One particular fact in connection with serpentworship both in and out of Travancore is that it is the fair sex exclusively that expect favours from the divinities propitiated. More particularly barren women and those in expectation of becoming mothers go in for these rites and ceremonies. This is certainly one of the most interesting phases of serpentology. Every myth and tradition connected with the serpent-gods is associated with the female sex. Nor is this limited to Asia, for we have similar myths still current in parts of Africa and in Mexico.

When all is said and done, there is no country in the world where poisonous snakes are pampered and protected as they are in the little kingdom of Travancore.

THE MOORABINGLE FLOOD.

By W. H. LANG.

IN THREE PARTS .- PART I.



T was early summer at the Ox Plains, and fearfully hot. We were on the veranda after dinner, looking away north and west, and life was very pleasant then. We were Vincent, his wife, and myself. In fact, I

spent most of my time at the Plains since my bereavement, and I think my presence was altogether welcome, more especially now that Jack and Mary were in Sydney at school during the greater part of the year. I had bought my own place from Vincent ten years before, and 'The Wells' was a slice of the Ox Plain station on the north boundary, about eight miles from the homestead.

I had tried to read Geoffrey Hamlyn aloud that evening, and it had been a miserable failure. It always refreshes me to read that delightful volume during hot weather, and to picture to myself Geoffrey and James Stockbridge sipping their cool claret-and-water, and watching the great rainstorm breaking across the plains, with thunder and lightning. It is well told; but it was a failure this night. The mosquitoes, moths, and crawling things, attracted by the lamp, were altogether insufferable; so, after having put out

the light, wearied of admiring Scorpio diving head-foremost into the horizon, I pressed Vincent to tell me the story of how he first came to the Ox Plains.

'Well, old fellow, if I had the gift of the gab I believe I could string the whole thing out as long as Hamlyn's yarn; but I'll tell you the main points, as plainly and as baldly as I can.

'Twenty years ago Frank Smith and I made a little pile. I had come from home, and Frank was Colonial born. We both cleared a few thousands in the same "spec" during the very first days of Broken Hill, and we had become inseparable mates. We thought we were rich, and so we were—as bachelors, and if we had left well alone; but most men may not live wifeless all their days. I was the last man in the world likely to remain single, though I didn't know it at the time. We had become sick of Melbourne. To young men with a taste for open air and sport, and no enthusiasm for dancing and junketing, a few months in town were more than enough, and we longed to be up and away. The great Cup Carnival was just drawing to a close, and it was Frank who hit upon the plan by which we were to see life in a new manner, and at the same time to indulge our taste for sport and the country in a thoroughly novel fashion. We bought a caravan and a couple of light draught-horses, sent them by road and rail up into the country north of the Murray, purchased a brace of fair-class race-horses at the sales after Cup-time, and determined to travel round the outback race meetings during the summer and autumn. Ah! you may laugh, Bill, my boy; but we had a lively time of it, with all its drawbacks and the roughing of it.

'We engaged a capital "boy," Jim Webster, to ride and mind the horses, and old Bill Oldridge came along as cook and maid-of-all-work. We had a tent, of course, and a good one; and, in truth, we did the thing really well. Frank was by nature a naturalist; and as we wandered along he made a beautiful collection of the birds of the Riverina, which he afterwards presented to the museum in Melbourne. I helped Jim with the horses, and was general boss and manager of the camp. I remember what a struggle we had as to what books we were to take with us. We had only room for a very few, and those few caused us endless searchings of heart before we could finally decide which they should be. Here is the list of those we took; and, were I compelled to make my pick again, I'd choose the same lot to-day: a Bible and a Greek Testament-it is an odd thing, but I may go for months without looking at either of these, and then a desire comes over me, like the desire of a smoker for tobacco, to partake of them, and partake of them I must; then there was the Odyssey, a handy little edition of Shakespeare, Peter Simple, Vanity Fair, Lockhart's Life of Scott, a Horace, Macaulay's Essays, and a good edition of Tennyson's Poems. We had space for no more, and they were weighty enough.

'Our friends laughed at us, and said we were mad; and we were much stared at when we camped near the townships, and were almost mobbed by bands of children, who invariably mistook us for the advance-guard of a travelling circus; but we soon became used to them and they to us. The out-back meetings were very fair at that time. The arrangements were roughand-ready; but the sport was good, there were far fewer professionals at the game than there are nowadays, and the prizes were much more valuable. You are not a racing man, and I need not tire you with an account of our victories and defeats, our triumphs and disappointments; it is enough to say that we enjoyed life immensely, and were as happy and as free from care as two able-bodied and healthy-minded young men ought to be.

'Shortly before Christmas we were at Moorabingle; and from there to the township of Drab is, as you know, a stage of forty miles. We were bound for the Drab Boxing-day race meet-

ing; and, provided everything was favourable, we wished to camp as near to the half-way as possible for a few days, rest the horses, and enable Frank at the same time to add to his collection. It is still a good country for game; but twenty years ago the whole place was teeming with bird-life, and so Frank was as happy as a king. We camped on the big reserve, just outside that thick clump of timber near the Big Plain paddock-gate, and next morning it at once struck us what a lovely natural training-track there could be formed just at the other side of the gate from the road. But word had reached us that Mr Chisholm of the Plains was an austere man, though a kindly, and required to be carefully approached and delicately handled; so immediately after breakfast I saddled the camp-hack and cantered over to the station.

'Mr Chisholm was sitting in his business-room, which was a picture of neatness and coolness, writing letters. He had a grave, serious Scotch cast of face, with clean-shaven upper-lip and chin, grizzled bushy whiskers, heavy eyebrows, and a large bald head. He looked over his spectacles at me as I entered, and in a deliberate, rather hesitating voice, with a strong north-country accent, he inquired, "Well!—what—can I—do for you?"

'I replied that I had come to inform him that I was camping on the reserve near his Big Plain paddock, and that I desired leave to work my horses there.

"But, oh—I did not catch your name—I have—at present—no desire to plough my paddock."

"Oh, I am afraid I have scarcely explained myself. My horses are race-horses, and I only wish to canter and gallop them on your land."

'I saw in a moment that my mission was a failure. He rose somewhat hastily; and, while arranging his papers and placing his pen on the inkstand, he looked at me once, but that once very keenly, and said, with none of the usual hesitation in his speech, "I regret I can give my land for no such purpose. I have no sympathy with the pursuit of horse-racing. I wish you good-morning."

'But a divinity doth surely shape our ends, hew them as ruggedly as we please. We still remained camped on the reserve, working the horses on the three-chain stock-road, though really they required but little galloping, racing pretty constantly as they were, and travelling in the intervals. One morning Frank had gone out as usual with his gun, the horses (in spite of the flies) were resting in the shady clump, Jim Webster was sleeping beneath a tree, and old Bill was busy with his pots and pans. I was reading the home-coming of Odysseus, and how old Argos rose from the heap of camels' dung in the yard, wagged his tail, looked up at his master in loving recognition, and then lay down and died. So deeply was I interested that I heard no step, and gave a regular jump when I saw Mr Chisholm standing in the door of the tent, his face very pale and anxious, and his hand dripping with blood.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but will you oblige me with a seat for a few moments, and a glass of water?" Then, after I had welcomed him, he explained that while foolishly attempting to assist the men, who were fencing some half a mile away, he had jammed his thumb, and was in much pain. He had an ugly, painful wound indeed; and, as I had a small stock of medical comforts in the caravan, I soon had the injury comfortably done up in a decoction of marigoldflowers wrung out of lint, gently bandaged, and the hand and arm lying easily in a sling. This was a pet recipe of a dear old aunt of mine at home, and I believe that it is now much used by the profession under the name of calendula. I gave the old gentleman a little drop of whiskyand-water, and left him for a few minutes lying on our one piece of luxurious furniture, a long wicker deck-chair.

"When I returned he was quite at his ease and himself again, and he remarked, with a slight smile and in his natural deliberate voice, "I perceive you are a naturalist. I envy you—your accomplishment;" and we had just commenced a conversation when the station buggy drove up with inquiries if Mr Chisholm had passed that way. The driver was a lady, and if she were not at your elbow at this moment I should describe her to you; but only put the hands of the clock back twenty years—and the hands have left few marks there—and you can understand what she was like. She has scarce altered, to my eye at least, by one single line.

"Mr Vincent, we have service at the station on Sundays at eleven. If you and your friend care to attend, we shall be glad if you will afterwards remain to dinner. This is my daughter.

—Marv, this is Mr Vincent."

'Then, at the first glance of her eyes, I fell down—metaphorically, I mean—I grovelled. I made no attempt to escape; I was enslaved, and I gloried in the bonds. I worshipped. Could no spirit of foresight step in and check the old man's generous speech? It was fated; it was willed. The divinity had shaped, at one touch, the rough and freehand outline of our ends.'

PART IL

HE following morning brought a short note from Mr Chisholm: "Mr John Chisholm begs to present his compliments to Mr Vincent, and desires to

say that Mr Vincent is at liberty to use the Plain paddock for the purpose which he desires. The key is enclosed."

'So far, so good; but it was with feelings of much impatience that I looked forward to the following Sunday. Frank thought the affair a bore, as there was a particular line of swamp the shooting of which he had appointed in his mind for the Sunday in question; but, in his good nature and friendship, he agreed to let the sport slide, and come to church. Service was held in a large, bare room adjoining the main buildings. Quite a number of station hands attended, all of them with Scotch voices and faces, even the children; and the form of worship was Presbyterian. For myself, I was supremely happy. With a frank smile and a slight bow, Miss Chisholm handed me a Bible, and I was so placed that I could gaze at her uninterruptedly for the hour and a half during which we listened to the portions of Scripture read by Mr Chisholm. and the somewhat long petitions to the Creator extracted from a very ancient book of prayers. The singing of several psalms in the metrical version was led by the gardener, whose voice was now a thing of the long past, and grated horribly on my somewhat sensitive ear. Finally, Mr Chisholm read a sermon from a book in a brightblue binding, and I can remember that the text and frequent refrain of the discourse was, "And the Lord sent the hornet." I know not what was the lesson to be gathered from the expounding of these words; but Frank and myself apparently acquitted ourselves, both at church and afterwards, in such a way as to gain the goodwill of the old gentleman; and before a week had passed we were frequent guests at the station for one meal or another.

'Can you wonder at the result? Mary had no mother alive to cry a note of warning, and I have reason to believe that the worship which sprang up so suddenly was mutual from the very first. Ere a fortnight had sped we were deeply, irrevocably, seriously in love. The race meetings all round the district came and went, and we still lingered in our happy camping-ground, for Frank was content to tarry where sport was so good, and Jim Webster had gone on with the horses to fresh fields in other towns. Chisholm was in Sydney on business, and had left Mary to entertain a houseful of guests. It was during those few days that the certain understanding made us both so happy. I did not propose. There was no love-making as it is generally understood, and I cannot quite tell how it all came about; but I knew that I would speak to Mr Chisholm as soon as he came home, and Mary approved. He was expected on the following night, and there was a little picnic arranged for that day beneath the cliffs at the lake. It was Mary's birthday.

'You do not know what the lake was like in those days, for there is no lake now; so let me tell you. You know that the house here stands on the first little knoll which rises from the plain, and the old house stood on the self-same spot. The stables now crown the second rise, but then they lay on the plain beneath the house, and away to the left, skirting the road; and the cottages for the hands were scattered on the rises some way back from the level lands beneath. Follow the garden path for a hundred yards down a gentle incline, go through the gate, and you gain the three-chain stock-route on the plain. From there across is about a mile, and then the country rises for a few hundred yards, until you suddenly reach what was called the Cliffs. It was more like a steep, rough scaur than a cliff, and it must have been quite eighty feet from top to bottom. At the base was a pretty clump of lightwood and she-oaks, and many great boulders lay there in fantastic shapes, like Druid stones. The ferns and grasses grew luxuriantly, fed by a trickle from the lake above. A little way on, each side the cliff broke off into a steep grassy slope, up which the sheep-paths ran, and a little climbing brought you to the summit and the banks of the lake. It was really the old crater of a volcano; and, with the exception of the end at the cliff, the edges rose steeply to a considerable height above the water-level. Away north from this out into the plains there are two extinct volcanoes, and the rises on which the house and stables stand are doubtless formed by

the stones and débris belched forth by them ages long ago.

'So we picnicked there in the shelter of the trees that hot January day: though I need scarce have mentioned it to you at all but that I wished to tell you how the land then lay, and also to tell you of a little incident which took place that day which explained, in a great measure, what afterwards befell. It was a dry season, and, except where the tricklet ran, the scaur was lined with many cracks and seams, a result of the great heat and drought. As we sat at lunch we more than once heard a patter overhead, and, looking up, saw a tiny avalanche of dust and stones hurl themselves down the cliff and land not very far away from where we sat. Frank made us laugh at the first shower by jumping up and shouting, "Hi, up there! Look out!" But Mary told us that her father had noticed the same thing every season since he had settled on the plains over five-andtwenty years before. So we thought no more about the avalanches that day, and every one, I think, was glad when we drove home out of the sun, except Mary and myself; we would have been happy in the same atmosphere that harmed not Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, provided that we endured it together. It was our last hours of happiness for many a day.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AS A CHURCHMAN.



T was inevitable that, being the great and good man he was, the creed of Sir Walter Scott should provoke much interest in the minds not only of his countrymen, but of all who value the noble heritage he

has bequeathed to the world. But his creed—or rather his own private and personal attachment to a particular form of religious belief, especially in its outward or material aspect—has not only provoked deep interest; it has created a considerable amount of controversy from time to time since his death in 1832. A further contribution to that controversy is here offered in the hope that—if not saying the final word upon it—it may at least demonstrate by means of facts not hitherto brought forward that he had a very material connection with the Scottish Episcopal Church.

Parcus et infrequens cultor deorum, he was wont to describe himself; and, although no reader of his Life or Journal can doubt his deep religious feeling and high Christian character, there is little evidence of his regard for public worship. His Journal extends from 1825, when he was fifty-four years of age, until his death in 1832; yet the attentive reader will fail to discover any mention of his having attended church on more than two or three occasions during these seven

years, and then merely when he happened to be from home and went to church with his host and family. True it is that he was then no longer a young man, and was weighted down with increasing infirmity. Still, during the same period we read of his attending not only private dinners but presiding at various social functions, occasionally attending the theatre, and even journeying to London and Paris. One would. therefore, gather that he habitually abstained from attending church not from want of ability but from lack of inclination. Brought up under a father whose religion was strongly Calvinistic, his boyish nature rebelled against the discipline of the Presbyterian Sabbath; and he tells how it was he turned to his beloved books 'to relieve the gloom of one dull sermon succeeding to another,' and the tedium annexed to the duties of the day. 'Eh, sirs, mony a weary, weary sermon ha'e I heard beneath that steeple,' was his remark when the spire of the Tron Kirk, where his father worshipped, perished in the great fire of 1824.* Possibly for a time he may have got more reconciled to church-going when he was wont to meet his first love-'the lady of the green mantle'-whom he first met in Greyfriars Churchyard on the dispersing of the

^{*} Lord Cockburn's Memorials, p. 422.

congregation on a wet Sunday, and whom he was afterwards in the habit of escorting home. Still, his objection to ministerial discourses he never got over, for he notes in his Journal, on 20th June 1830, how, when staying at Blairadam, they settled to go to church at Ballingry; 'but when we came to the earthly paradise, so called, we were let off, for there was no sermon, for which I could not in my heart be sorry.'

After his financial misfortunes he laboured Saturday and Sunday alike at his self-imposed task whereby he endeavoured to wipe off the load of debt by the never-ceasing labour of his pen. Indeed, he seems to have seized upon Sunday as more free from interruption than other days to pile up a greater number of pages. We also read repeatedly of his driving and going journeys on Sunday, of visits to neighbours, and entertainments of friends in his own house; and it is comparatively seldom that one can gather from the Journal any distinction between the occupations of Sunday and those of the other days of the week. While setting forth these facts, we do not for one moment suggest that Scott passed Sunday without regard for religious duties. Nay, it is well known that he was in the habit of reading prayers with his household and guests; and one would gather from an entry in the Journal that in absenting himself from church he may not have been altogether free from the sting of conscience: 'The ladies went to church; I, God forgive me! finished the Chronicles' (of the

Unfortunately there is a lack of data for forming anything like a decided opinion on the subject of Scott's churchmanship; and the following notes as to the connection between the great author and the oldest existing Episcopal church in Edinburgh may, therefore, be read with some interest.

St George's Episcopal Chapel is an inconspicuous building situated on the south side of York Place, and was built from the designs of James Adam, brother and partner of the famous Robert Adam, architect of the university and of the Register House, and the kinsman of Lord Chief-Commissioner Adam, one of Scott's most intimate friends. It bears over its doorway the date 1792, the year of its foundation, which, it is interesting to remember, was also the year in which Walter Scott was called to the Bar and began to walk the boards of the Parliament House. His name was linked with the congregation since its very inception from the fact that the first incumbent of the church, the Rev. Alexander Cleeve, B.A., had previously acted as tutor to Scott, 'when grown a big boy' and before he went to the High School. This fact he has himself recorded in his 'Ashestiel Memoir,' to be found at the beginning of Lockhart's Life.

Prior to the erection of the church, Mr Cleeve had ministered to the congregation in a hall or 'upper room'—over a pastry-cook's shop!—afterwards a printing-office, in West Register Street, and had published a collection of Tate and Brady's version of the psalms for its special use. He was one of the clergy who, on 1st October 1788, attended the notorious Deacon Brodie to the scaffold. Leaving Edinburgh in the beginning of the century, he was first appointed vicar of Wooler in Northumberland, and subsequently chaplain to the Duke of Portland and lecturer at Trinity Chapel, Knightsbridge. His death occurred in 1805; and in the following year there was published a volume of his sermons, dedicated by permission to Queen Charlotte, in the preface to which he is described as 'an admired preacher in the neighbourhood of the Metropolis.' From his connection with the author of Waverley, and as having done something to lay the foundation of Scott's wide knowledge of men and affairs, Mr Cleeve is entitled to some remembrance. Regarding his incumbency of St George's, it may further be stated that he resigned that position in 1800, prior to his leaving Scotland. His immediate successor was the Rev. Alexander Duncan, who held the incumbency till 1810.

About this time there is an interesting entry in the accounts of the treasurer of the church which directly connects Scott with the membership of the congregation. But in point of time anterior to this it is well to remember that Scott's three elder children were baptised in 1799, 1801, and 1803 by the Rev. Daniel Sandford, afterwards Bishop of Edinburgh, who had in 1794 reoccupied the meeting-house in Register Street, vacated by Mr Cleeve, and where he and his congregation worshipped until 1797—the year of Scott's marriage—when they removed to Charlotte Chapel, at the west end of Rose Street, a sacred edifice now famous for its interesting associations with not a few distinguished preachers.

The entry in St George's accounts above referred to bears that the treasurer had 'received from Mr W. Scott' the sum of three pounds three shillings, or the rent of three sittings in pew No. 81, for the year to Whitsunday 1811. It is impossible now to say when Scott and his wife became worshippers in the chapel, since the rentals during Mr Duncan's tenure of office are not in existence; but from the fact that Mr Sandford baptised their children from 1799 to 1803, the probability is that they worshipped in his church for some years after their marriage in 1797. There is, however, no doubt that at least from 1810 till 1823, when Abbotsford was completed, St George's was the church of the Scott family during the six or seven months in each year of their residence in Castle Street, Edinburgh.

When Dr Duncan resigned the incumbency of St George's there were several candidates for the office; among these was James Grahame, the author of the poem entitled *The Sabbath*. Originally a Writer to the Signet, and afterwards an advocate, he left the Scottish Bar, and—notwithstanding

his Covenanting proclivities-took orders in the Church of England. He could, however, only obtain a humble curacy. His application for St George's was warmly backed by Scott. On 7th May 1810 he wrote to Miss Joanna Baillie: 'James Grahame has returned to Scotland. His wife is now in town making interest to get him appointed preacher to the chapel in Queen Street [as York Place was originally named], and I am moving heaven and earth to help her; but I fear she has been too late in starting, as I find many of the most sweet voices are already engaged on behalf of others. He is a worthy, modest, and most ingenuous man, ill calculated, I fear, to beat up against wind and tide, which on this occasion seem to set in against him; but still I do not renounce hope of success.'* A month later he again writes to Miss Baillie: 'I have forwarded your letter to Grahame, and have done all the little in my power to assist him in his object. . . . What probability of success he has is at present uncertain; the vestry, in whom the election lies, are, like other solemn bodies, mysterious and oracular, and the individuals who compose that august Sanhedrim, when spoke to separately, say "Hum," "Go to," look wise, and make the most of their temporary importance; but we will keep a sharp lookout, and will do the best we can for the Sabbath bard, who is really a most worthy and amiable man and an excellent painter of Scottish manners and scenery.' †

Mrs Grant of Laggan gives an account of the trial sermon in St George's, whither she had repaired 'with many other curious people to see and hear the amiable, poetical, sabbatical, and once anti-prelatical James Grahame reading the Litany in a surplice, fearless alike of the ghosts of John Knox and Jenny Geddes.' We may assume that Scott formed one of the congregation on this occasion.

Notwithstanding Scott's influence, the choice of the vestry fell, not on Mr Grahame, but upon the Rev. Richard Quaile Shannon, an Irishman then recently ordained by the Bishop of Kildare. Mr Shannon—who always went to church attired in full evening clerical dress, with knee-breeches, silk stockings, and shoes with buckles—was an excellent reader and preacher, with a fine voice and dignified presence. The chapel soon became crowded to the door by the *lite* of Edinburgh, and his house in York Place was one of the resorts of the literary men of this brilliant period.

At this time the Scott family-pew was in the second row of the middle bay of the gallery entering from York Place. It was originally numbered 81; but, in consequence of certain alterations in the gallery about the year 1813,

the pew was divided into two portions, the Scotts retaining the westmost portion, which under the new arrangement was numbered 85. In the rental books the seats were entered in the name of 'Mrs' and afterwards 'Lady Scott,' with the exception of the entry in 1810 already referred to, and again in May 1820, when the entry, 'By Sir Walter Scott, £3, 3s., appears. Various explanations of this fact might be offered, the most likely one being that, since Scott had accepted office as an elder in Duddingston parish church in 1806, to which reference is afterwards made, he would naturally prefer his wife's name entered in the rentals of St George's; but there can be no doubt whatever of the fact that Sir Walter attended St George's from time to time as circumstances permitted. This fact is well vouched for by an interesting letter, first printed in St Mary's Cathedral Monthly Paper for May 1895, written by a lady who in her youth had been a worshipper in St George's Chapel, and had seen Sir Walter Scott there. The lady referred to was Mrs Mary Christie Wilson, who, writing from Cannes, on Tuesday, 23rd January 1893, when she was in her ninety-first year, to her relative, Captain Christie, Governor of the Calton Jail, Edinburgh, states that 'our pew in St George's Chapel was in the opposite gallery to Sir Walter Scott's; and, going early, we could see him descending a step or two carefully (for he was very lame) into his seat. St George's is octagon. His pew was close to the head of the stairs leading out to York Place, and ours was nearly opposite. I remember him perfectly well.' Sic sedebat. The details stated by Mrs Wilson as to the octagonal shape of the church, the situation of the seat, the steps to be descended, and Sir Walter's lameness are so entirely accurate that there can be no

doubt of the trustworthiness of her recollection. There is, besides this, other ample testimony, supplied by Scott himself, as to his leaning in matters ecclesiastical. On 3rd April 1820, in a letter to his daughter Sophia, Scott writes: 'I understand you and Anne [his other daughter] have gone through the ceremony of confirmation.' § Still more, we find that in 1820 his elder daughter, Sophia, was married to Lockhart according to the ceremonial of the Episcopal Church, and by Mr Shannon the incumbent of St George's. whose name has already been mentioned. In the archives of the congregation are still preserved the certificates of the proclamation of banns in St Andrew's and St George's parish churches respectively, which bear that 'there is a purpose of Marriage between John Gibson Lockhart, Esquire, Advocate, residing in No. 49 Great King Street, St Andrew's Church Parish, and Miss Sophia Charlotte Scott, residing in North Castle Street, St George's Church Parish, eldest daughter of Sir Walter Scott, Bart. of Abbotsford.' On the back

^{*} Scott's Familiar Letters, i. p. 176.

[†] Letters, i. p. 181.

[†] Memoir and Correspondence of Mrs Grant of Laggan, i. p. 243.

[§] Life (edition 1837), iv. p. 373.

there is endorsed a certificate by Mr Shannon in the following terms: 'I solemnised a marriage between the within-named parties on Saturday evening the 29th of April 1820, according to the rites and ceremonies of the United Church of England and Ireland.—RICHARD Q. SHANNON.'* The wedding was celebrated in Castle Street; and, more Scotico, in the evening. The marriage is also entered in St George's Register.

In 1826 the long-threatened storm-cloud burst; and Scott, overwhelmed by his financial troubles, with many regrets left the famous No. 39 Castle Street. Lady Scott died on the 16th of May 1826; and on the 22nd was laid to rest in Dryburgh Churchyard, the officiating clergyman being the Rev. E. B. (afterwards Dean) Ramsay, a man who holds a place in Scottish hearts only second to 'the Great Unknown' himself. Mr Ramsay had from January 1824 till about this time held the office of assistant at St George's, Mr Shannon being in poor health. Scott narrates in his Journal, 22nd May, how 'Anne had a return of her fainting-fits upon seeing Mr Ramsay, the gentleman who performs the service. I heard him do so with the utmost propriety for my late friend, Lady Alvanley, the arrangement of whose funeral devolved upon me. How little I could guess when, where, and with respect to whom I should next hear those solemn words!' Again, on the following day, the Journal tells how his daughter Anne 'desired to hear prayers read by Mr Ramsay, who performed the duty in a most solemn manner. But her strength could not carry her through. She fainted before the service was concluded.' On the same day Scott took advantage of Mr Ramsay's return to Edinburgh to send a letter to his friend Mr Skene of Rubislaw, in which he says, 'Mr Ramsay, who, I find, is a friend of yours, appears an excellent young man:' an opinion which came to be endorsed by an ever-widening circle as years rolled on.

Thus sadly closes the connection between Scott and St George's; but before the curtain is lowered it may be permitted to mention some of the other members of the congregation who group themselves round the great author.

First among these must be placed William Erskine, raised to the Bench as Lord Kinnedder. He first met Scott in 1792, and became 'the nearest and most confidential of all his Edinburgh associatea.' He it was who arranged for the publication of Scott's first attempt as an author; and, until his lamented death in 1822, Scott made constant use of his services as a critic upon whose judgment he placed the greatest reliance. The burning, by a too careful friend, of Scott's letters to Kinnedder, after the latter's death, lest

they should reveal the secret as to the authorship of the Waverley Novels—then the subject of intense interest—most unfortunately deprived the world of many of the author's views and sentiments as to his own work.

Among other seat-holders we find Lord Gillies of the Court of Session, the brilliant and witty Harry Erskine the Lord Advocate, George Joseph Bell the famous lawyer, Professor Playfair the well-known mathematician and natural philosopher, Lady Keith, and Lady Belhaven, to all of whom reference is made in the *Journal* and *Life*.

In pew 93, in a line with that of Scott, sat Mr and Mrs Henry Siddons, and in later years William Murray, her brother-all his intimate friends. Henry Siddons was the only son of the great tragedienne and nephew of Edmund Kean, for both of whom Scott had much regard. In 1809, upon the expiry of the patent of the old Theatre-Royal-which stood on the site, then called Shakespeare Square, of the present General Post-Office-Henry Siddons, at the suggestion of Scott, applied for and got the patent. his management began the brilliant history of the old house. From that year we find that Siddons held sittings in St George's till he died prematurely of hard work and anxiety in 1815. For many years his widow continued to occupy the same pew, which was afterwards shared by William Murray, her brother.

'His good friend William Murray' is repeatedly mentioned in Scott's Life. It was he who invited Scott, then 'the Great Unknown,' to preside at the first festival of the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund, instituted for the behoof of decayed performers. The dinner took place on 23rd February 1827, and at it Scott avowed himself as the author of the Waverley Novels.

Much has been made of the fact that Sir Walter Scott actually accepted office as an elder of the Established Church of Scotland, with its Presbyterian forms of worship. It is only fair to mention, however, the exact circumstances under which Scott accepted that office. In 1805 the Rev. John Thomson, the distinguished land-scape painter, was appointed minister of the parish of Duddingston, one of the most beautiful of the suburbs of Edinburgh. Thomson was an intimate friend of Scott, and on 24th December of that year he baptised his younger son, Charles, the three elder children having been baptised by Bishop Sandford, as already mentioned.

At the time of Mr Thomson's appointment the number of elders appears to have fallen low, and it was accordingly resolved to nominate for the office several gentlemen not resident in the parish. Scott's brother Thomas (himself an Edinburgh solicitor and at that time factor on the Duddingston Estate), Scott himself, his friend William Clerk, Advocate, and Thomas Miller, Advocate (sometimes erroneously described as a Writer to the

^{*} This certificate settles conclusively the date of the marriage, as to which there has been some dubiety. See Scott's Letters, ii. p. 75.

Signet), were selected to fill the vacancies. On 16th March 1806 all four, except Thomas Scott, were formally ordained elders.* On 1st April 1806 the Magistrates and Council of the Burgh of Selkirk unanimously elected Walter Scott, then the Sheriff-Depute of the county, as member and ruling elder at the next General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. He was also appointed burgh representative in the following year, and on both occasions he took up his He was likewise nominated to commission.† represent Duddingston kirk-session in the Presbytery. Too much importance cannot, however, be attached to Scott's action on these occasions. In his day, when there were fewer opportunities for young men appearing on public platforms, the position of representative elder was much coveted by junior members of the Scottish Bar, as affording them an opportunity of making themselves known in debate. None of the four new elders ever acted in an official capacity in Duddingston church; and the fact that all three who accepted office were advocates suggests that the motive in doing so may have been the chance of acquiring prestige in the Assembly. In Scott's case this presumption is increased by the proximity of the dates of his ordination and election as representative of Selkirk, pointing to the conclusion that the former had been arranged with a view to the latter. He no doubt would consider it an honour to represent his county; and he had the additional inducement of being of service to his esteemed friend Thomson, and also possibly of strengthening his own brother's connection with the parish. But whatever the reasons which prompted the acceptance of office, they did not prevent Scott from continuing his family connection with Episcopacy, and in all the more serious and solemn affairs of life and death receiving the consolations of religion through the ministry of its ordained servants.

However, to put the matter beyond all dispute, it is only necessary to refer to Lockhart's Life (vii. p. 414), where we are informed that 'he [Scott] took up early in life a repugnance to the mode in which public worship is conducted in the Scottish Establishment, and adhered to the sister Church, whose system of government and discipline he believed to be the fairest copy of the primitive polity, and whose litanies and collects he reverenced as having been transmitted to us from the age immediately succeeding that of the Apostles.' Again, in 1827, we find that Scott, in a letter to the Rev. Dr M'Combie, minister of Lumphanan, refers to 'our Church, for so I call that of Scotland, though I belong in form to the Episcopal persuasion of the same kingdom.' We also find in Lockhart's Life that Scott was accustomed to read the Church of England Service to his household. Even his dry Presbyterian neighbour, Laird Nippy, 'gradually subdued his scruples so far as to become a pretty constant attendant at his English printed prayers' on the Sundays, which, indeed, were by this time (1808) 'rather more popular than quite suited the capacity of the parlour-chapel.' ‡

On 21st September 1832 Sir Walter Scott breathed his last, the Church services in the Prayer Book having been of much comfort to him in his last hours.

At the funeral, when the company were assembled at Abbotsford, 'according to the usual Scotch fashion,' prayers were offered up by the Very Rev. Dr Baird, Principal of the University, and Dr Dickson, minister of St Cuthbert's. At Dryburgh the burial service of the Prayer Book was read by his friend Archdeacon Williams, and the grave closed over the great Scotsman to the solemn words of the liturgy of the Episcopal Church.

A BALLADE OF MEMORY.

I see thee in each bright spring morn
When idling in my garden fair;
While dewdrops still lie on the lawn,
And pale narcissi scent the air.
Some feathered songster breathes a prayer,
Sunshine and shadow come and go:
How glad life is! Yet I declare
Thou'rt sweetest in the firelight's glow!

I see thee in the mellow corn,

Now bright with many a poppy's flare;
I watch the frolic-loving fawn
Peep forth from out his shady lair.
The world is bright and debonair,
The wild bees honey-laden grow:
'Tis wondrous, dear! and yet I swear
Thou'rt sweetest in the firelight's glow!

I see thee in a land forlorn,
By wild and wintry blast laid bare;
Now gray and desolate the dawn,
And wan the garb the hedgerows wear.
'Mid blinding snow, in mute despair,
The cheerless herd drifts to and fro.
How drear! and yet I hardly care:
Thou'rt sweetest in the firelight's glow!

ENVOI.

Yea, though I see thee everywhere,
And hear thy accents softly flow,
At night-hour, when I draw my chair,
Thou'rt sweetest in the firelight's glow!
GEO. H. LUDOLE.

‡ Life, ii. p. 186.

^{*} John Thomson of Duddingston, by Wm. Baird, pp. 34, 35.

[†] History of Selkirkshire, by T. Craig Brown, ii. p. 133.



SCIENTIFIC TRAPPER. THE

By LINCOLN WILBAR.



HE successful trapper is born, not bred. Thus he resembles the poet, though there is no poetry about trapping, of which it may be said, as of gold-mining, that 'it pleasantly dilates the imagination in theory, but in practice

is desperate hard work.' It is, in fact, a life of unremitting toil, hardship, and bitter disappointment, the kicks outnumbering the halfpence by ten to one. Nevertheless there is a fascination about it which appeals irresistibly to certain natures; and so strong is the hold which the craft obtains on minds susceptible to the peculiar charm and mysticism of the virgin Spirit of the Woods that there are to-day many men of education, even of university training, who have embraced this life of toil, privation, and loneliness, in defiance of every prudential consideration of home, comfort, and gain.

It is among these men, who combine an intellectual interpretation of Nature with an instinctive understanding of woodcraft, that the most skilful trappers are to be found. Like all other pursuits, trapping is reducible to a science; and as the man who makes a scientific art of a primitive craft is the man who succeeds best financially, so the trapper who reduces trapping to a practical science is the trapper who decorates his camp with pelts. Luck, of course, plays a considerable part even in the most scientific trapping; but when in a trapper certain woodland instincts are combined with trained intellectual powers of observation and induction, the cometary career of luck, being pretty accurately gauged and arranged for, is only as a dash of spice, a piquant flavouring of chance, in what would otherwise be a life of lonely drudgery.

It is not, however, the purpose of this article merely to describe the life of the 'general practitioner' in trapping, for his career is already made known in scores of volumes. The specialist in the craft is he of whom I more particularly wish to write. That wise dictum, 'Specialise, young man,' has no more practical application than to the trapper. The habits of the various fur-bearing animals differ so greatly, and are so antithetical in susceptibility to modification by forces too subtle and diverse to be grouped or generalised, that no man could ever hope to do more than master the secrets of one animal's life, to know its nature so fully that the human mind no longer need reason as to what that animal would do under varying circumstances, but knows instinctively by virtue of that power of sympathetic intuition which results from perfection of understanding.

With such men the old clumsy and haphazard methods of trapping are out of date; new methods -flexible, elaborate, positive in application-have come into use. Thus the scientific trapper, while not disdaining the profits of 'general practice,' makes some one animal his specialty, and conducts his campaign with a swiftness and precision impossible to empirical trappers, whose methods of work in all cases are merely an adaptation of a general principle to the radical differences in the habits of animals. But salient traits lend themselves to characterisation, and methods based on this lead only to mediocrity when put into practice. It is insight into the most subtile workings of an animal's nature which sets the scientific trapper above his fellow-craftsmen and gives his calling something of the dignity of a fine art.

To pass a month in the woods during the trapping season with such a man is to obtain a liberal education in forest lore, to come so close to the heart of Nature that the mind sometimes thrills with a shock as of contact with some vital, pulsating essence. It is as if the Spirit of the Woods caressed you and then drew back coyly, doubtful of your worthiness for so great an honour-you who have sold your birthright of freedom for a mess of duties. You are conscious of some presence, invisible but coherent, soothing but palpitating with virile life; a mysterious power which tantalises you with the seeming simplicity of its enigmas. You can feel, but at first you have no intellectual grasp of, your sensations. Swifter than the lightning-stroke is Nature's assumption of dominion over the human soul; but to the unguided mind understanding is a growth of

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patient years. Welcome, therefore, to the heart dumbly conscious of Nature's sway is the companionship of one whose instinctive interpretation of natural phenomena has been mentally scrutinised and built up into intellectual formulas, readily expressible and readily understood.

With a man of this stamp it was my good fortune to pass several months of last winter in the vast evergreen forests which stretch far away northward from the headwaters of the Penobscot River in Maine. He was a graduate of Harvard University, a prizewinner in two branches of learning; but, growing dissatisfied with the social conditions of civilisation, and believing that a more natural life best befitted a man, he sold his few possessions, and investing the proceeds in the paraphernalia of a hunter and trapper, he hid himself in the wilderness of the Upper Penobscot, and settled down to comprehend the possibilities of trapping with that diligence and attention to details which are essential to success in any business. At the time of my sojourn with him he had been eight years in the woods, and his fame as a trapper was known to the sportsmen of New York and Boston. Though he did not by any means restrict himself to beaver-trapping, that was his specialty, and his income from this source alone equalled the net income of the average American or Canadian farmer during the six best agricultural months of the year.

To many persons, especially to those who have read the sorrowful tales of failure written by gentlemen who, for the fun of the thing, have tended lines of traps such as no self-respecting animal short of a felo de se would condescend to get caught in, this statement will appear incredible; but it is perfectly true, and it can be duplicated many times over in many places. There is no greater fallacy than the popular belief that the fur-bearing animals have been nearly all killed off. The simple fact is that they have grown too wary of late to be captured by the primitive methods which served sufficiently well in the old days, when a steel trap set on a clean pinechip, with a piece of meat tied to the pan by a pink string, was an object of curiosity rather than of suspicion to any creature that might be 'made beaver.' In most cases the intelligence of fur-bearing

animals has advanced faster than the intelligence of those who seek to trap them, with the result that the 'pine-chip' and 'pink-string' trapper is out of date. He is in the category with the farmer who still works on the principle that starving a hog one day and stuffing it the next will make alternate streaks of fat and lean in bacon. Such a trapper by sheer hard work may make from forty to sixty pounds by his season's trapping; but the average is from twenty to thirty pounds. To such men the woods may well seem dead; yet to those who employ the highest arts of the craft these same dead forests yield a comparatively rich return. Indeed, it is doubtful if any of the more orthodox methods of wresting a living from Nature give so large a return on the original capital as does trapping, rightly conducted. Certainly the respectable occupation of farming does not, and the farmer works the whole year through. Given an average year, the average Canadian agriculturist makes a gross income of from five hundred to one thousand dollars, and this on a capital of perhaps five thousand dollars. The trapper who is clever at his business makes as much on a capital of less than two hundred dollars, and is free during the summer months to tap other sources of income. Of course, these men are exceptionally skilful craftsmen, the highest product of nemoral science and nemoral instinct combined; and it may be urged that it is obviously unfair to compare them with the average man of another calling; but this is to obscure the issue. It is the returns on capital that are being compared, not the men themselves. Yet even in comparison of the men there is less unfairness than at first appears. The average farmer, being a man of fairly well-balanced mental capacities, would have risen to much the same level in almost any other pursuit if fate or opportunity had placed him in it, whereas the successful trapper, apart from the craft which utilises his peculiar qualities of mind and temperament, has no capacities which would lift him to an equivalent level in any other business or profession. The psychological chemistry which inspired the dictum, 'Once a thief always a thief,' is also responsible for the equally true but more innocent apophthegm, 'Once a trapper always a trapper'-or nothing.

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

CHAPTER X .- HE COMETH NOT.



HAT, nom-de-Dieu, is this?' said the idlers on the shore at Plenevec as the blunt nose of the lighthouse boat bumped up the shingle.

'It is Pierre's boat from Grand Bayou,' answered one.

'It is Alain run off with old Pierre's daughter,' said another.

'La Carcassone! Tiens, how pretty she is!'

'What a shame to hide her over there so long!'

'And where is Cadoual? Where is George? He is missing the treat.'

'Let George look after himself, mon beau. It is the one thing he is good at.'

Alain led Barbe over the unaccustomed shingle to the firmer ground above, and straight along the road to Veuve Pleuret's cottage, where he lived.

The old lady received them with many exclamations of surprise. 'This is Ma'm'selle Barbe of Grand Bayou. She is to stop here for a few days, Mère Pleuret, and you will take care of her. She will sleep in that other bed in your room.'

'Bien!' said Mère Pleuret. If Alain had asked her for her own bed she would have turned out gladly; he was so like her own boy who was gone.

'Now I will take back that boat, or the old hunks will be saying I have stolen it,' said Alain.

-'Take as good care of her as if she were your own, Mère Pleuret,' he said, and kissed Barbe with control, and in his exuberance kissed the old lady as well, which made her eyes swim with pleasure.

-'In two hours,' he said to Barbe, 'I will be back, and then we shall see. M. Gaudriol will tell us what is the truth.'

The two women watched him go along the road till he turned down the shingle, and then, as they lest sight of him, they looked at one another, and the eyes of both shone softly.

'A fine lad,' said Mère Pleuret, 'and a good one, and very like my own that was drowned. You are going to marry?'

'Yes,' said Barbe, full of faith and hope. And the old lady, having no idea of all that lay behind the pleasant face of things, questioned her discursively as to her father, and her life on the Light; and Barbe answered her with simple caution and gave no hint of the actual state of matters.

If only they had met Sergeant Gaudriol that day, how differently all might have gone with them, and what heart-breaking times they might have been saved! But Gaudriol was away at Plouarnec on official business, and did not get home till night, and then it was too late.

The hours passed, the storm of rain swept over them to the thirsty land behind, the sun drew down red and angry towards the rim of the sea, and Barbe Carcassone sat waiting for Alain to come to her.

She wondered what was keeping him. She wondered how the old man at the Light would get on without her. Mère Pleuret tried to draw her into conversation at times; but as the day wore on Barbe was too full of thought for talking.

The Light gleamed rosy white, then loomed gray in the eye of the sun with a glimmer of gold at each side, then stood cold and pale like a sheeted ghost; and while she gazed the golden rays burst out from the top so suddenly that she started. She had never seen them from the land before.

Still Alain did not come. What could be keeping him?

Mère Pleuret set her surprise to many words as she prepared the evening meal; but Barbe sat dumb with anxiety, and could eat nothing.

The night drew on and deepened, and still he did not come. When Mère Pleuret was ready to go to bed she expressed the opinion that Alain had come to an untimely end, with the outspoken frankness of one who had already suffered and knew the futility of hope. Then Barbe shut herself in behind the sliding panels of the other box-bed, and sobbed silently because of the exceeding strangeness of everything.

Fears and forebodings racked her all through the night. She fell into fitful sleep at times, and dreamed horrible dreams, and woke up in the cramping agonies of a sorely tried heart. Yet at the core of all her trouble there glowed a tiny gleam of gladness. Alain loved her; she loved Alain. Though all the world cracked and tumbled about her in ruins, as it seemed like doing, that was one thing to cling to and hold by, and she would never let go of it. She told herself hopefully that Alain would come in the morning, and then prayed earnestly, pitifully, that it might be so.

She said to herself that no harm could come to one so bold and strong and skilful; but she knew that the sea was stronger still, and still more cunning, and that the boldest and bravest go down into it and come back no more.

Her face was sharpened with anxiety, and her eyes looked larger than ever by reason of the dark circles round them, when she came out into the dawn to look for Alain. The boats were coming in one by one. A wild hope sprang up in her that he had had to go with the rest before he found time to come and see her again last night. It would not be like him, she thought; but there might be things she did not understand.

The other girls and women were there awaiting the boats also. They eyed her with curiosity; she had been scarcely more than a name to most of them for so long. They whispered among themselves. They were not openly rude; out Plenevec had never wasted its time on polishing its manners.

Barbe, accustomed to the wide solitudes of the Light, was greatly troubled by this sudden concentration of observation upon herself. She knew not whom to ask about Alain. She felt herself a stranger in a strange country. In spite of her anxiety for information, she was about to flee back to the shelter of Mère Pleuret's shadowy wing when her eye, casting wildly round, fell on a majestic figure in blue and white which had just come along the road, and was eyeing her steadfastly. Sergeant Gaudriol had heard of her arrival the night before. He had looked in at Veuve Pleuret's as he passed. He came up to her at once.

'Tiens, ma'm'selle! It is good to see you here,' he said.

She looked up into the old grizzled face, and liked it, and knew she could trust him; for, if the official mask was somewhat hard and grim, as became the representative of the law, the simple kindliness of tolerant age looked through the eyes—eyes which had seen so much in their time, and had come now to prefer the brighter side of

things, perhaps because they were growing dimmer themselves.

- 'M. Gaudriol?' she gasped. For Alain had spoken to her of the old man, and only last night he had said, 'Gaudriol will tell us the truth of it.'
- 'But yes,' said the old man delightedly. 'I am Gaudriol. And how do you know me, ma'm'selle?'
- 'I have heard much of you, monsieur, from Alain.'
- 'Ah yes, Alain! The fortunate Alain! And where is Alain, ma'm'selle?'
- 'But, monsieur, that is what is troubling me. He took the boat back to the Light yesterday afternoon, and he has never returned. And, oh, monsieur! I fear for him;' and her hand flew to her heart.
- 'He went to the Light yesterday afternoon, and never returned? Stay, I will inquire down there,' and he went crunching down the shingle to the noisy crowd round the boats.
 - 'Jan Godey, where is Alain Carbonec?'
- 'Mon Dieu! M. Gaudriol, that is what I would like to know. He never turned up last night, and left me short-handed! grumbled Jan

left me short-handed,' grumbled Jan.
'Who has seen him?' asked the old gendarme.

But no one had seen him since they all saw him row out to the Light after bringing ma'm'selle ushore.

How came ma'm'selle to be ashore? Gaudriol saw at once that the key to the matter probably lay there, and he strode back to Barbe.

'Why did he bring you ashore, ma'm'selle?' he asked quietly. 'What has happened?' He had a dim, far-down fear that the Light might possibly have been the scene of another tragedy not so very different from the one it had witnessed before.

Barbe hesitated, and Sergeant Gaudriol saw it.

- 'Tell me just what happened, my dear,' he said. 'Tell me everything, or I cannot help you.'
- 'Oh! I will tell you everything, monsieur. Alain said you would tell us the truth of it.'
 - 'Bien!'
- 'It is this way, monsieur. We love one another, we two, very dearly'——

Gaudriol nodded.

- 'And my father—that is, M. Carcassone—he did not want me to marry Alain'——
 - 'Why?
- 'I think he did not want me to leave him alone. He would not let Alain in; but he swam out through the Race many times to see me, and I spoke with him from the gallery. Yesterday he opened the door to Alain; and when Alain came in he called me down and told us about the—the murders—long ago, and he said we were brother and sister, and so we could never marry. But it is not as brother and sister that we love one another, I assure you, monsieur. I would give my life for Alain, and he for me. We did not believe it

because we do not feel to one another as brother and sister. But though we did not believe it, Alain said he would not let me stop there. Since he was my brother, he said he had the right to take care of me, and he brought me ashore. Then he took back the boat, and would swim to Cap Réhel, as he always did'——

'Mon Dieu! Cap Réhel!' ejaculated Gaudriol.

'But he had done it so many times, monsieur,' she said, with quick anticipation of her own fears, 'and he is so strong and bold, and nothing ever happened to him. He said he would be back in two hours. But he has never come.'

The old gendarme's brows knitted into bushes of perplexity, and he thought deeply and quickly. It might only be an accident. Alain might be lying, bruised and broken, somewhere about Cap Réhel. Though, ma foi! if it was at the bottom it was little they would ever see of him again, as the tide had come and gone since then. He might have dared the Race once too often, and gone under, strong swimmer though he was. And—and—yes, it would up in spite of him—it might be that either of these things—bad as they were; ay, even though they were final—would be the least of the things that might have happened; for it might be that the men had quarrelled on Alain's return, and that Grand Bayou Light had once more drunk hot blood.

Wait you, my dear,' he said to Barbe at last, 'with Mère Pleuret and keep your heart up. I will go to the Light myself and see if he is there. He might have hurt himself and been unable to come back.'

He spoke hopefully, and she was cheered somewhat.

- 'And the other matter, M. Gaudriol?' she asked anxiously, and with colour in her cheeks. 'It is not true that I am Alain's sister?'
- 'I have never heard it said till this moment, my dear, and I do not believe it. When Pierre came across that first morning after—when—you understand,' he said, with an embarrassed nod—'he carried you on one arm and the boy on the other. It is seventeen years ago; but I remember it all very clearly, for it was a terrible affair. He came up to me as I stood just about here where we are standing now, and he told me what he had done; and he said—but yes, I recall it all—he said, "This is my child, and this is his." Voilà!'
- 'God be thanked!' she said gratefully. 'I knew it could not be true. He said it just to part us. It was not well done; but I would sooner have him for a father than Alain for a brother. You are quite, quite sure, monsieur?'
- 'I am quite sure of what he said that day, my child; but we can make surer still from the records, and I will see to it.'
- 'I thank you with all my heart,' she said; and he gravely saluted her and crunched away down the shingle.

- 'Jan Godey, I want to the Light. Who will take me?'
- 'Bien, M. Gaudriol,' said Jan obsequiously. 'In two minutes I will be ready, if you can put up with the remains of the fishing. There will not be time to wash down.'
 - 'It will do, mon beau.'
- And presently M. Gaudriol, having settled himself comfortably on Jan's coat to save the spick and span of his blue and silver from contamination, and looking somehow monstrously out of place there, the bluff-bowed lugger was running swiftly seawards, bearing the Law to the Light.
- 'You fear something wrong, M. Gaudriol?' asked Godey, making play with so unique an opportunity of cultivating friendly relations with the great man.
- 'But no, mon beau, not at all. But accidents are always possible, and I want to find that boy.'
- 'A clever lad and a good fisherman,' said Jan. 'Cadoual was a fool to lose him. But, ma foi! it's not for me to complain.'

The tide was against them; but the wind was fair, and they made a quick run to the Light. The door was open and there was no one in sight.

'Wait for me,' said the gendarme, to Jan's disappointment, and began the laborious ascent of the perpendicular rungs.

It was not the easiest of matters for his stiff joints and harnessed limbs, but he drew himself up into the doorway at last, cocked hat and all, and disappeared within. It was almost an unknown country to him; for Pierre had never encouraged visitors, and Gaudriol's duty had always lain on solid earth, for which he had many a time-devoutly thanked God. He got all he wanted of the sea from the vantage-point of dry land, and he never even walked on the shingle if he could help it.

He glanced cautiously round the dim interior. He was not without his fears of what he might find there. He had a very definite recollection of what he had once found there; and what had been might be.

The lower story yielded nothing. He climbed the ladder. Nothing there, and no signs of life above. Up again, and still again, till he stood in the lantern, and passing out to the gallery, he looked down on Jan Godey lying apparently asleep in the idly rocking boat sixty feet below. To all appearances they two had the place entirely to themselves. So down again for more minute research, in great relief at finding so far no signs of any tragedy.

Some one had tended the light all night. The only question with him was whether it was Alain or Pierre, and which of them had murdered the other.

As he stood in the sleeping-room the rough breathing of a sleeper came to him through the closed panel of one of the bunks. He strode across and laid his hand on it. The answer to his puzzle lay behind it. He hesitated for one second, half-dreading what he might find there. Alain?—Pierre? In either case trouble. If Alain, then his worst forebodings would be realised. If Pierre, then he would fear much for Alain.

He gently rolled back the panel—Pierre, sleeping the sleep of the just and of the man who has kept watch while the rest of the world slept.

Sergeant Gaudriol had all his country's belief in the efficacy of the sudden surprise, the unexpected challenge, the endeavour to entrap, the assumption of knowledge, in dealing with a suspect. He laid his hand on Pierre's shoulder. The sleeper's breathing softened, his eyes opened, and he looked vaguely at the grizzled face and the imposing cocked hat bending towards him.

'Where is Alain Carbonec?' asked Sergeant Gaudriol, and Pierre sat up with a start. Gaudriol's eyes missed no slightest change in his face. He saw the startled look in the half-awake eyes, and he saw the colour ebb till the face was leaden under its tan. And he said to himself, 'Alain is done for, and this man knows.' And again to Pierre, and more harshly this time, 'Where is Alain Carbonec? What have you done with him?'

And Pierre knew that in the eyes of the law, as represented by Sergeant Gaudriol, he was already condemned unheard.

- 'What is it, then?' he growled. 'I do not understand.'
- 'Alain Carbonec is missing. He came here. He never returned. What have you done with him?'
- 'But, Sergeant, I know nothing of him. I did not even see him when he came back. We had had a dispute, and I had had enough of him for one day. He left the boat where he found it, and went his way.'
 - 'Ay. Where to?'
- 'How should I know? I tell you I never even saw him.'
 - 'And no one else has seen him since.'
 - 'Eh bien, that is not my affair.'
- 'Have you killed him as you killed his father?'
- 'Ah! That's it, is it? And why should I kill him, Sergeant Gaudriol?'
- 'God knows. Doubtless you hated him because he was his father's son, and still more because he loved your girl, and she him. First you try to part them with lies, and when that failed you make away with the lad.'
- 'But I tell you I never even saw him. I only knew he had been here by finding the boat in its place.'
- 'Eh bien! we shall see. If we find him, good. If not'——
- 'If not you will try to make out that I have made away with him. *Eh bien*, go ahead! A man can but die, and I am sick of it all.'

Whatever Sergeant Gaudriol's own suspicions

might be, he had nothing beyond them to act upon. Pierre might be telling the truth. Obviously the one thing to be done was to find Alain's body, if that were possible; but he had to acknowledge to himself that the chances of doing so might be small. If Pierre had gone the length of killing him, it was hardly to be expected that he would not have gone the further length of disposing of his body. Certainly on that other occasion he had boldly avowed his crime and accepted the consequences; but then the motives were, from a French point of view, not absolutely inadequate, whereas in this case no court in the country but would exact full payment for the crime, if crime there were.

The first place to search was Cap Réhel, in case the matter was simply one of accident. So Gaudriol went gingerly down the iron rungs and kicked the rope till Jan Godey woke, and they loosed and went in a wide curve through the run of the Race, and came in under the frowning Head. They landed there, and made careful search among the boulders; but their time was short by reason of the rising tide. They embarked again and coasted along close inshore, to and fro, till they had satisfied themselves that Alain's body was not there at all events.

Finally, Sergeant Gaudriol reluctantly gave the matter up for the time being, and went home, saying to himself that they would have to wait till the sea gave up its secret; for the scour of the Race sooner or later carried most things down to Plenevec beach. He had a faint hope that there might be some news of the missing man at the village; but a sight of Barbe Carcassone's eager face as she ran down the shingle to meet them showed him that the hope was futile.

The cocked hat wagged mournfully at her. 'No news, no trace, no nothing!' he said. 'But don't lose heart, my child. He'll turn up all right yet.'

In his own mind he doubted it; his tone carried no conviction; and Barbe's heart, which had buoyed itself on the Sergeant, sank hopelessly.

'He is dead,' she cried, 'or he would surely have

'If he is dead some one shall pay for it,' said the Sergeant.

'Ah, it is only Alain I want,' she cried.

Words are but poor medicine for a stricken heart; and vengeance will not fill the place of one who leaves an empty heart behind.

(To be continued.)

THE MOTOR-BICYCLE AND ITS FUTURE.

By ARTHUR CANDLER.



N the summer of 1901 I came across a gentleman with a motor-bicycle of well-known make which had broken down and could not be repaired on the spot. I was at the time thinking very seriously of buying one of that

make, so could not resist the temptation of trying to get a little information. The gentleman appeared rather cross; and on my venturing to ask if he found the motor-bicycle as a general rule satisfactory, he snapped out, 'I consider these machines the biggest fraud of the century.' After a little while he became calmer, and told me that, out of ten half-day rides he had taken on his machine, with the exception of one ride of twenty miles, he had always broken down completely. Another gentleman told me that his motor-bicycle cost him ten pounds for repairs in the first month. These were not encouraging reports, and I put off all idea of purchasing a motor until what seemed the experimental stage was past.

Early last year, after visiting the cycle shows and examining the many good makes of motorcycles, I decided to make the plunge, and have now my own engine; and in the course of more than four thousand miles riding in all parts of the country I have found such an extraordinary amount of interest taken in these delightful little machines, and have been plied with so many questions—such as about reliability, expense of upkeep, learning to

drive, &c.—that I feel sure an account of my experience will prove useful to many readers.

I will deal first with the most important question, and one that has been asked me literally hundreds of times-namely, Are they reliable? I unhesitatingly answer, Yes, provided you buy a machine by one of the first-class makers. Take my own case. I have only once had anything of the nature of a breakdown, and that was entirely my own fault. I had spent a day taking the engine to pieces and fixing it up again, so that I might learn something of its mechanism. I failed to put it together properly, so when testing it something gave way, and I had to pedal the machine home. With this exception I have never been delayed more than a minute or so in order to adjust the belt or screw up the terminals of the electric apparatus. In fact, I feel absolutely the same confidence in taking out my motor-bicycle for a day's run or a week's tour as I have ever done in the case of the common bicycle. As for the tires, I have had two punctures, which were repaired in a few minutes.

As to learning to drive the motor-bicycle, it is, indeed, very easy. Some patterns are so simplified that all the driving is done by one lever. My machine, a Quadrant, can be ridden straight away by any cyclist accustomed to the free-wheel, for all that is required is to set the air-lever to a mark, mount the machine just as if it were an ordinary bicycle, and pedal two or three yards; then turn

the lever, and away you go, increasing or decreasing your pace as you push forward or pull back the lever. You can easily cover one hundred and fifty miles a day, under average conditions, in eight hours' riding time. You can go as slowly as you like or up to thirty miles an hour, or more, on the level, with the standard pattern, one and a half horse-power. Any hill that a good cyclist can ride up on a common bicycle you can ascend on your motor bicycle very easily.

Now, as to the expense of running. There are three items of expenditure to take into consideration: (1) the petrol which supplies the explosive gas for driving the engine, (2) the electricity which explodes your mixture of gas and air, (3) the lubricating oil for the engine. I have kept a record of my own experience, and this is how I find it works out with my machine, and I doubt not that with other good makes the result will be the same: a gallon of petrol costs elevenpence, and will drive me, under average conditions, two hundred miles; the electricity costs sixpence for eight hundred miles; and the lubricating oil one shilling for one thousand miles. Thus you may estimate the cost of running one thousand miles as nearly as may be at a shade over six shillings, or something like fourteen miles for a penny. This is very wonderful when you come to think of it. A man can now possess his own engine which will carry him about the country at a ridiculously small expense.

I am not in a position to give accurate information as to depreciation and wear-and-tear, nor can I find any reliable data. I affirm, however, that after running four thousand miles my engine does not show the slightest signs of wear, and the bicycle itself looks almost as smart and in as good condition as on the day I bought it. The original outlay for such a machine, with the spare parts that it is desirable to carry, is forty-five or fifty pounds. One of the very best machines on the market can be purchased at the higher figure. The standard pattern for 1903 is two horse-power.

There is this very great advantage possessed by the motor-bicycle over the motor-car: if by any chance you should have a breakdown some miles from a repairing-shop or railway station, you can easily pedal the machine at an average rate of eight or ten miles an hour for fifty miles if necessary without feeling unduly tired. It is, moreover, easily stored, and can be put anywhere just like a common bicycle.

During 1901 the motor-bicycle was seldom seen on the road. In 1902 the number increased twenty-fold; and it may be reasonably expected, owing to the appreciation of the riders of all first-class machines, that 1903 will see a very great boom in the industry. There is undoubtedly a brilliant future before the trade, for all cyclists who can afford the initial expenditure, and who have once tried a hundred-mile spin, will never again undertake a long journey on the common bicycle.

Finally, there is one development of the motorbicycle which must have been remarked by most people, and that is the pleasure that can be given to members of one's family by taking them out in a trailer attached to the machine. Many an invalid wife or infirm mother may now share in the pleasure of cycling.

THE MOORABINGLE FLOOD.

PART III.



R CHISHOLM drove up in the bright, warm moonlight night about twelve o'clock—we heard his buggy pass the camp—and next morning I called immediately after breakfast. As at my first

interview, he was in his study; but this time he greeted me with a quiet cordiality. There was, however, no use in beating about the bush, and I abruptly began with, "Mr Chisholm, I wish to tell you that I have come to ask if you will consent to my marrying your daughter." I had commenced to dilate on her merits and my own unworthiness when he stopped me with a slight motion of the hand; then he sat still for quite a minute, with his finger-tips together, his eyes fixed on his desk, and with a grave, intensely serious face. At length he spoke:

"Mr Vincent, I regret this more than I can say. Were it not that I, in a measure, blame myself, I should be extremely annoyed. I dare hardly trust myself to speak. I feel that my anger may override my other feelings, and the less said the better. It is impossible, and the subject must never be mentioned again. Go, therefore, hence, and return no more; and, recollect, I shall allow no correspondence between yourself and my daughter. That will do. Now go!"

"But, sir—Mr Chisholm, at least allow me to say good-bye."

'Again he paused, in deep thought, and then rising, and averting his eyes, he said, "It is impossible. I cannot allow it. I wish you goodbye."

'So I went away, in sorrow and in anger. Our camp was broken up, and our jolly backwoods life was at an end. Autumn was coming on, and Frank flitted to town to set up his collection; the caravan was sold, and the tent stored in a Flinders Lane warehouse; one of the race-horses was well disposed of up-country, and the other, old Moro, I kept as a hack. I took rooms in the Royal Hotel, Moorabingle, for it

was my last thought in the world to give Mary up; though how I was to further matters by staying in the township I could not say. I was simply waiting to see what might turn up.

'Moorabingle is not a township in which an idle man can pleasantly or profitably pass his time. The bankers were elderly gentlemen with large families and little time or inclination to make new acquaintances. The doctor was a drunken fellow, with a great reputation for being clever when he was in liquor but no good when sober. Luckily for his character as a surgeon, he never was sober; and when, as was frequent, a patient went all wrong, he was excused on the ground that he was a little more "sprung" than usual, or a little less, as the case might be.

'It was a miserable time; and had the company, or the liquor, been better, or if I had had any taste that way, I must have taken to drink, or Heaven knows what. "Thus passed the winter days." At first I wrote frequently, and in desperation, to Mary; but these letters were all returned unopened, and readdressed in the old gentleman's handwriting. There were rumours flying about the township that a French count was staying at the station, and that a match was likely between him and the young lady there; that Mr Chisholm was inclined to be a tufthunter, and favoured him; that he was rich and titled, and so on. Thus I consumed my own smoke, in sorrow and in bitterness of spirit, all through the dark days.

'At length, one morning the count appeared in the township to catch the stage-coach through to the railway line, and he had such a self-satisfied, patronising air that I was seized with the determination to ride straightway to the Plains, see Mary and her father, and make one more attempt to break down his resolve. If I failed, why, then I'd make for England again, and pray to be ship-wrecked on the way, and all such folly as that. It is strange—is it not?—those feelings which are so real to the young, at which the middle-aged laugh, and which the aged do not acknowledge to exist! Whyte-Melville has somewhere a soliloquy upon that text, I think.

'It was the rainiest winter ever known since records were kept; and it was a morning of tearing wind and wet when I started early to ride to the Plains. From the moment you left the Royal Hotel yard, the three hills-they are called "The Sisters" of course-loomed far ahead, and it was a cold, lonesome, miserable ride. The rain fell in heavy sheets, swept by a north-west wind; and from the start my left cheek-bone was fairly frozen by the blast, and old Moro pegged along, his head on one side, his ears back, and now and again blowing out his nostrils in disgust. After a few miles I sighted the little rises on the right, and presently could make out the house, with the smoke rising, and comfort came to my heart, for was not Mary there! I repeated to myself, "Oh! I'm wat, wat; oh! I'm wat an' wearie O!" Do you know the lines?

'At last I was opposite the lake, and within a hundred yards of the garden gate. I had begun to funk it rather, I must say, and the prospect round did not raise my spirits. The plain was dull gray, with glistening pools of water, and the stone walls which fenced the paddocks there looked grim and dripping. There was no sign of life but for a mob of sheep near the yards, half over to the cliffs, and the gale blew their bleatings plainly to my ear. The solitary tree by the yards rose black, abrupt, and grim, like the plumes on a hearse; but up through the garden trees I could see the gleam of firelight through the study windows.

'The gale had risen to a howling tempest, and I was thinking with no pleasant feelings of my ride home again, probably in sorrow and despair, when a sound as of a very heavy clap of thunder made the horse start and throw up his head, and for a moment I had to attend to my reins. Surely, I thought, the wind was rising louder than ever, and never before had I heard thunder like that in winter. Then I glanced to windward. Good heavens! the lake had burst its banks, and, in a huge wall of water, came hurling to the plain. It was a foaming white mass where the cliffs had stood, and above hung a cloud of dust and débris like a pall. For a little while I gazed with interest, wondering, in a stupid sort of way, how the sheep would fare, and in a moment the water devoured them, even as a bush-fire consumes a dry leaf on the ground; then it reached the first wall. Now I realised what it was! The great wave towered above the stonework, tossing the waves on its summit up and down, as you see the waves in the Rip when the outgoing tide meets a southern gale, and it was roaring as it came. As it struck the stones a great spume of foam leapt high into the air, as when some huge roller strikes a rockbound coast; and at the sight my heart turned to water, and I knew what Homer's heroes felt when "their knees were loosened."

'In moments such as these thoughts fly like lightning. The wave would easily reach the house; Mary was there! If I rode to the gate and opened it, precious moments would be lost. Moro had never jumped in his life to my knowledge. He must do it now. I whipped him round, and set him at the garden fence. It was a post-and-rail, mercifully old, grown over thick with monthly roses and sweet-briar. I think he would have flown it had he but known what was desired of him-as it was, he tried to stop; but I struck him with my spurs, held him tight, and at the last moment he seemed to understand. He did his best, and breasted it. There was a crash, and he landed in the orchard on his head. My feet struck the ground, and I pitched far forward on his neck, and thought in that one moment of time to let go, slip off, and run on foot, when I heard him grunt and felt him rise. Then I scrambled back to the saddle; and on my pulling the old man together, we galloped up the garden, I shouting as we went.

'I saw Mary run out, and the first look across the plain told her all. "Quick! jump up in front," was all I said, and from the high veranda it was smartly done. Now we galloped down the drive towards the stables, almost facing the flood; but the gate was open, and before the torrent reached us we had turned the corner, and were racing up the hill. As we pulled up on the highest point, the waters swept round us with that seething swish familiar to us when, as children, we built sand-castles on the beach to wait the rising tide. The flood had reached its highest point, but we were dry shod; and as we turned our eyes towards the homestead, we saw the buildings there had gone down. Two chimneys still stood, and a few veranda posts and a little iron roofing were mournfully leaning in strange attitudes. It was as though a great fire had swept over it.

'By a most extraordinary combination of circumstances there was not a soul except Mary at the homestead at the moment of the flood, and presently our intense anxiety for her father was relieved when we saw him driving at a gallop from the paddocks beyond the stony rises. He was nearly unmanned by the dread of what might meet his eye at the station; but, controlling himself with a great effort, he simply wrung my hand, saying in a low voice, which trembled with feeling, "I can no longer fly in the face of a Divine Providence."

'We had thus mercifully escaped tragedy at the homestead; but on the plains they were not so lucky. Old Willie Scott, who had come out with Mr Chisholm years ago, was draughting the mob of sheep which I had seen engulfed, and with him were a young shepherd and a lad. Willie had taken it all in at the first roar of the bursting waters, and had run to the solitary tree, the lowermost branch of which was some distance from the ground. "Rin," he called to his mates in his Scotch voice, which was broken with excitement and breathlessness-"rin and loup on my shouthers, and I'll pit ye up. Haste 'e, haste 'e!" They needed no second telling, and as they climbed still higher they called aloud to him, "Sclim, Wullie, sclim; there's time yet!" Then they heard him cry in answer, "I'm owre auld to speil." Looking down, they saw the old man, his hands raised and clasped above his head, his gray locks floating in the wind, and a light as of the light of battle or of a great triumph glorifying his face. He was fronting the great wave; and as it leapt at him the waves upon its crest seemed to be clutching at him even as we sometimes see great hands and arms groping for us in an evil dream. Then, as they shut their eyes and held on, they saw him no more.

"Alas! the tragedy did not end here. Willie was a great favourite with Mr Chisholm, and the old man would take neither rest nor food until, after the waters had receded, the body of the old shepherd had been found and brought in. There was nowhere for us to sleep that night at the Plains, and we drove, late in the day, to Moorabingle. Mr Chisholm was very quiet and silent all the evening, and his face was deeply flushed, while twice during the interval between dinner and bedtime he repeated in a dreamy way that he could no longer "fly in the face of Divine Providence."

'I was awakened in the night by the landlady, who told me that Mr Chisholm had been seized with a severe pain in the side, and appeared to be very ill, and asked if I would see him. There was little doubt, even to a layman's eye, that it was pneumonia, and I knew that at his age there could be but a faint hope. I saw him no more for five days. A professional nurse had been wired for, and she and Mary did everything, under the directions of the drunken doctor. On the fifth day he asked to see me, and in a moment I knew that all chance for him had gone. He lay in a darkened room, his face streaming with perspiration, and the breath coming and going with painful rapidity, and with that hopeless rattle of mucus with each rise and fall of the chest which, I am told, is such a deadly sign. He took my hand gently between his, and with frequent intervals and distressing gasps—his voice now Doric, broad and unrestrained—he said, "Mr Vincent, you must take Mary, and be kind to her. Be a good man. I trust-I believe-you will be weel yokit. I do not ask you to promise to abandon racing. Promises made in moments like these are seldom binding. I hope you will give it up. I have made provision in my will. Now, I have yet much to do, and the hour is at hand, for the night cometh. Farewell."

'I pressed his hand. I knelt one moment and kissed his forehead. He smiled, and I saw him no more alive.

'Now, good-night, old man; that's how I came to the Ox Plains, and it hurts in the telling. Good-night.'



THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE GREAT DAM AT ASSOUAN.



HE first year of the new century has witnessed the inauguration of a remarkable engineering work, which marks an epoch in the history of the river Nile. Forty years ago Sir Samuel Baker suggested the forma-

tion of a series of dams across the Nile from Khartoum downwards, commencing with one at Assouan, five hundred miles above Cairo. It is this work, commenced only four years ago, that has now been formally opened. The mighty granite wall stretched across the river has a total length of a mile and a quarter. It is pierced with no fewer than one hundred and eighty sluice-openings, which are twenty-three feet high and six feet broad; and through these openings fifteen thousand tons of water per second can be discharged. The structure is built of local granite and Portland cement mortar; and in some cases the rock has been found so broken that foundations have had to be carried forty feet lower than was estimated for in the contract. This dam will bring an immense area of land under cultivation which for want of water has hitherto been barren; and it will form an almost imperishable monument of the beneficence of British rule in Egypt.

BALLOONS AND FLYING-MACHINES.

Of late years there have been so many conflicting reports and announcements as to the capabilities and achievements of certain flying-machines that one is glad to turn to the recent proceedings of the Aeronautical Society in order to seek authoritative information on the subject. In his presidential address to the society, Major B. F. S. Baden-Powell alludes to Count Zeppelin's monster air-ship, to the experimental trips made by M. Santos Dumont, and to other recent events; and he admitted that these achievements did not carry us very far beyond what was accomplished twenty years ago. He began to wonder whether we had now not nearly reached the end of the tether as regarded the propulsion of balloons. He believed that it would be quite possible to construct a balloon which would travel from twenty to twenty-five miles an hour, which would be sufficient to enable it to stem a light breeze. With regard to machines for soaring, some were of opinion that such machines could be made to soar aloft without help of motor or propeller, and were laughed at for their opinion; but as birds could do so, why not men? After alluding to the gliding experiments of the brothers Wright, he remarked that there really seemed no reason why such experts, having obtained efficiency in the delicate art of balancing themselves according to the various puffs and currents of air, should not be able to soar away on the wings of the wind and remain indefinitely in mid-air. In his opinion, the aeroplane was the machine which promised the best results. To attain free flight the only thing they wanted was to make a machine slightly better than those already in existence.

THE PATENT OFFICE.

The Patent Office, London, which has recently been enlarged, and has now a splendid new readingroom and reference library, must be extended still further to meet the needs of the Bill which has recently become law. Up to the present time the inventor who patented his idea had no guarantee that the same thing had not been patented before, and it was frequently the case that the department took fees from different patentees for the same invention. The new law provides that, as in America and many other countries, an official search shall be made, so that this injustice to the inventor may cease. It is estimated that at least fifty more clerks will be required to help in the extra work of this search. At present there are about a hundred applications for new patents daily, and this will be immensely increased. Many persons will gladly pay the initial fees for the advantage of ascertaining whether a particular idea is new, or whether it has already been patented. This work has in former times been done by agents; under the new law the department will do it without extra charge.

FOOD ADULTERATION.

An experiment which has quite a comic opera flavour about it is to be tried at Washington under the auspices of Dr Wiley, who holds the position of chemist to the Agricultural Department of that city. The object of the experiment is to ascertain definitely the effect upon the human organism of boracic acid, formalin, and other preservatives with which food-stuffs are now largely adulterated. For this purpose twelve men will be boarded at the Government expense, and we presume of their own freewill. Six will be fed on adulterated material for fourteen days, and the other six upon pure food. Then the parties will change places for another fourteen days. Every morning each guest or patient will be weighed, his temperature will be noted, and his pulse-beats counted. The results of the experiment will be embodied in a report to Congress in connection with the proposed Pure Food Bill.

MODERN WHALING.

Most of us have read of the manner in which whales used to be hunted in high latitudes. It was risky work, for small boats were employed; and when a harpoon had been thrown there was a chance of the boat being swamped by a stroke of the enormous mammal's tail, or of being dragged at break-neck speed for long distances as the poor

whale, alowly bleeding to death, endeavoured to escape. All this is now changed, as Mr Cutliffe Hine explained in his lecture on Arctic Lapland to the London Camera Club. The modern whaling-vessel is a steamer, with a powerful swivel-gun at its prow, which carries an explosive shell. The shock caused by the impact and explosion of this projectile kills the animal at one blow, and it is towed away by the steamer to the factory, where its body is cut up and its various parts utilised. The valuable 'right' whale is now all but extinct in these waters, and the whales now hunted, which were formerly let alone on account of their great strength and swiftness, are the common 'fin' whale and the so-called 'blue' whale.

ELECTRIC RAILWAY SIGNALS.

The safety of many thousands of persons daily depends upon the accuracy with which the business of signalling trains is carried out, and it must be conceded that the work is well done. The labour of pulling over levers which control the signals at a considerable distance from the signalman's cabin is very great, and it has long been seen that benefit would accrue if some form of energy other than that derived from a man's muscles were employed in the work. The South-Western Railway Company are about to follow the example of American engineers, and employ compressed air as a motivepower; while the London and North-Western Company have long had under trial at Crewe an electric system which is said to be almost perfect. By the touch of a small lever one man, without any undue exertion, is able to do the work of two, and the apparatus is so arranged that by no exertion can he put a signal at 'set clear' until the points are in proper position for the safe transit of the expected train. The system allows of no risk of collision unless an engine-driver deliberately disregards the signals. An electrical system of signalling was devised about twenty years ago; but it was crude in conception, and had other disadvantages from which this 'Crewe system' is quite free. apparatus employed is the invention of Mr F. D. Webb, chief mechanical engineer to the London and North-Western Railway Company.

MOSQUITOES AND MALARIA.

Major Ronald Ross, whose investigations into the connection between mosquito-bite and the spread of malaria have given him a world-wide reputation, recently gave some account of his work before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution. He remarked that although consumption caused more deaths, malaria was responsible for more sickness, than any other disease, a large proportion of the five million natives who died in India every year falling victims to it. Besides, malaria formed a barrier which closed some of the richest tracts of the world to human occupation. So long ago as 1880 Dr King suggested that infection was carried by mosquitoes, and fifteen years later Major Ross set himself to

test the truth of the story, with the grand results which are now well known. It appears that malaria is only conveyed by one kind of mosquito, the anopheles. The germs are developed in the stomach of the insect, then pass into its blood, and in minute thread-like forms make their way into the glands; thence they are conveyed to the proboscis, where they are in position to be injected along with poisonous saliva into the person bitten. The insects breed in stagnant water, never in running streams; and the first work in clearing a district of them is to efface these puddles. Much work had already been done in malaria-infested districts, and this had been made possible by the noble gift of a Glasgow resident of two thousand pounds. Sir William Macgregor, who has been lecturing on the same subject at Glasgow, pointed out that although the United Kingdom was practically free of malaria, Greater Britain possessed the lion's share of the malarial regions of the earth, and at the same time no other great power was so much or was likely to be so much, dependent upon its foreign possessions as we are. He spoke of the wonderful pertinacity of Major Ross in prosecuting the mosquito inquiry, and said that he had obtained the proud place of one of the greatest benefactors of our race.

RABBITS IN AUSTRALIA.

The plague of rabbits in Australia has for many years presented a problem which many have endeavoured to solve. These animals have multiplied in certain districts to such a terrible extent that large tracts of country, at one time supporting tens of thousands of sheep, have been entirely laid waste. The Government has offered large rewards for some efficient method of checking the rabbit-plague; but in spite of poison, of massacres on a wholesale scale, and of the introduction of an infectious disease among the animals, as suggested by Pasteur, the rabbits increase and multiply without limit. new plan, which is said to bring relief, has at last been tried by Mr Rodier, of Tambua, Cobar, New South Wales. His land, being rabbit-infested, is necessarily enclosed. He traps the rabbits, and while the females are immediately killed, the males are given their liberty, with the result that the balance of the sexes is destroyed, and the polygamous state in which rabbits naturally live gives place to one in which polyandry is secured. This causes the males to harry the females, the young are destroyed, and a process of self-extermination Mr Rodier rightly argues that if both males and females are destroyed, as used to be the case, the conditions of life are improved for those who remain, and there is actually an eventual increase instead of a decrease of numbers. Mr Rodier has published a pamphlet on his system, and it will doubtless be tried in other districts.

A SIBERIAN MAMMOTH.

Occasionally we hear of the body of a mammoth being discovered in Arctic regions, the flesh being

preserved by a kind of natural system of cold storage. Such a discovery took place about eighteen months back in Siberia, and news of the find made its way to St Petersburg, with the result that with great labour the body of the vast animal, divided into parts, was taken to the Russian capital, where it is now set up for exhibition. It is the most perfect specimen of the extinct mammal which has yet been found, and it is computed to be more than eight thousand years old. The legs and feet of the animal are like those of the elephant, except that the former has five toes and the latter only three. Unlike the elephant, the body of the mammoth is covered with a thick coat of brownishyellow hair, which must have kept the animal warm under all conditions. The skin was found to be about an inch in thickness, and underneath it was a layer of fat. In spite of great difficulties, the various portions of the huge carcass were conveyed, in a frozen state, over hundreds of miles of country where roads were non-existent.

THE VAPOUR-BATH.

It is curious to find how widely spread is the use of the vapour or Turkish bath. Visitors to Pompeii will remember that there are such baths in that city with the heating arrangements plainly indicated. Even in Arctic Lapland the use of a vapour-bath of very primitive form is common. Mr Cutliffe Hine, in lecturing on his recent visit to that high latitude, has described this bath, and other travellers corroborate him. The bath consists of a hut which is attached to every farm, and it is used on Saturday nights by the entire family and the servants. In the middle of the hut is raised a kind of beehive of rough stones, and in this a fire is lighted. When the stones become red-hot they are drenched with water, so that the place is filled with vapour. Then enter the bathers, who are armed with birch twigs, with which they belabour one another until all are in a profuse state of perspiration. Then they leave the hut and roll in the snow outside. This last function, it will be seen, is equivalent to the cold plunge or the douche which is the final experience in the Turkish bath as known to us all. In connection with this matter it is interesting to refer to an account of a domestic form of vapour-bath which we recently came across in a volume on distillation, dated 1653. The bather is shut up in a box, with his head only exposed, and steam is admitted to the box from a separate boiler. A rough woodcut of the apparatus is supplied; and the author, in referring to it, writes: 'I shall here commend to you a way of bathing by distillation, the manner of which you may see by these ensuing vessels.'

MENDING BROKEN LIMBS.

A novel remedy for broken limbs of trees is reported from Ohio. Two large trees, one being a maple and the other an apple tree, were recently much damaged by a storm, each having a limb broken, and only hanging on, as it were, by a mere shred. These broken limbs were carefully supported on struts, and bandaged up, much as a damaged human limb would be secured by splints. Then melted paraffin-wax was applied so as to stop all cracks, and in this way the sap was prevented from escaping, the intrusion of insects was prevented, and rain and moisture were excluded. The broken limb so treated gradually became once more firmly attached to the trunk, and the cure was complete.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN COLOUR.

Mr Sanger Shepherd, who some time ago perfected a system of producing lantern transparencies in colour by the superposition of three stained films, has now worked out a practical process of securing similar pictures on paper. Up to a certain point the two methods are identical. In the first place three negatives of the original-which may be a portrait, a landscape, a bunch of flowers, or anything else-are made under coloured light-filters. Positive images are produced from these negatives on bichromated gelatine, which becomes insoluble on exposure to light. The gelatine is supported on clear celluloid, and when, after exposure under the negative, it is placed in warm water, every portion of it dissolves away except a delicate but tough image in relief. The three images are stained respectively with pink, yellow, and blue aniline dyes, and when superposed and bound together they form a fully coloured lantern-slide. If, however, the three films, while yet wet from their dye-baths, are pressed in succession in contact with paper coated with a specially prepared soft gelatine, the latter absorbs all the colour, and a close imitation on paper of the original object is the result. This process, it will be seen, involves far more work than the production of an ordinary photograph, and the manipulations require great care. It is believed that it will be widely used; but we shall not be able to judge of this until after the dull wintry weather has given place to spring sunshine.

THE DRAINAGE OF THE CITY OF MEXICO, AND HOW THE MOSQUITO PEST IS DEALT WITH.

The mosquito—the transmitter of 'yellow jack,' smallpox, and malarial fever-has been referred to very frequently in the pages of this Journal, and various methods of extermination have been recommended. The writer—who has travelled extensively in Mexico, and is now employed there—believes that the experiment made in the city of Mexico to prevent the propagation of the pest has been very successful; but the difficulties to be overcome in effecting sanitary improvements are very formidable. The site of that beautiful and modern city was, in the time of Cortez, a large lake, lying in the basin of a circular chain of mountains, over which towers the famous volcano Popocatepetl, perpetually covered with snow. The Conquistadores, after having subdued the Aztecs, doubtless saw the advantages to be derived from draining the valley and utilising

the immense tract of wonderfully fertile soil, as also that, by providing an outlet for the water, they would be enabled to utilise the land for building purposes, which at that time was impossible owing to the changeable level of the lake. To effect this improvement they commenced the construction of an immense waterway through the surrounding mountains at the lowest and most feasible part. The result of the futile attempt is now pointed out to tourists travelling in the trains of the Mexican Central Railway, which run along the edge of the wonderful pass of Nochistongo, as one of the many evidences of Spanish pluck and cruelty. It is a gigantic drain, some three miles long and in some places hundreds of feet deep, dug out by the Aztec Indians, who were forced by the Spaniards at the point of the sword and by whip-lash: a work of which it is recorded that 'each cubic foot of earth extracted represents the life of an Indian.' The soil in and about the city of Mexico is soaked with sewage because of inadequate drainage-pumping apparatus; and, owing to the lowlying position and close proximity to smaller lakes, marshes, and stagnant ditches, water accumulates in some of the streets to a depth of two or three feet after rain. Therefore, in the vicinity of openings in the street for repairs the odours are very unpleasant, the death-rate in the district going up from ten per thousand to thirty

or forty. For some fourteen years the Government has been constructing immense drainagepumping plant and canals to run off the water and prevent the flooding of the streets; and latterly these works, which hitherto had not been carried on continuously, have been pushed forward. Until the opening of the first railway into the city of Mexico a few years ago, the mosquito was only found on the coasts, the east especially. However, with the first trains on the English-built Mexican Railway-a magnificent example of engineering, running from the port of Vera Cruz through awe-inspiring scenery—the mosquitoes began to arrive, coming up to the city as very unwelcome guests, playing havoc with the passengers, and some dropped off at the various stations to multiply and increase, so that now the pest has invaded almost every part of the country. In the city itself, at no time a very healthy place of habitation, the mosquitoes are present in such numbers and so much disease is rife that drastic measures had to be adopted to kill them off or at least to prevent their increase. The Mexican Central Railway Company directors were the first to take such steps, and, so far as the writer is aware, these have been very successful. A quantity of potassium permanganate was placed in the numerous pools and ditches of stagnant water, which were the breeding-places of the pest, and the chemical has proved very efficacious.

THE AFTERMATH OF WAR.

By FRED. J. Cox.



NTOINE VERDEAU, the cobbler of Angeldorf, sat smoking his long pipe at his cottage door. It was a pleasant evening in July, and the streets of the little town were full of people eager to get a breath of

cool air after the intolerable heat of the day. Some, as they passed, saluted Verdeau; but, as he either ignored their greetings or simply nodded his head with gloomy indifference, no one felt encouraged to stop and talk with him. Between himself and all the rest of Angeldorf there had long been a barrier of reserve; for what had he to do with the foolish, chattering township, its petty interests, its miserably short memory? His only concern in the few years of life that remained to him was to think, to brood, to remember.

Thirty years ago, and it seemed but yesterday! Thirty years: so long? He felt he was getting old, and the fear froze at his heart lest the shadows should gather round him ere his great dream was realised.

Yes, it was thirty years since the bombardment of Angeldorf. Verdeau, then in the prime of life, had been spared the barbarous spectacle. He was away at the time, far from wife and child, fighting

for his beloved France with the Army of the Loire. He received the awful tidings, which had turned the whole current of his life, from the lips of a comrade during the dark hours of bivouac: how his little Alphonse, then his only child, had been killed outright by a German shell; and how another missile had struck and shattered the wall of the new house which he had built with the hard-earned savings of his daily toil.

As he thought of it all again—when was he not thinking of it?—he became greatly agitated, and his eyes grew dim. It would drive him mad in time, this silent brooding. He must fly from his thoughts, if that were possible. Rising suddenly from his chair, he put his pipe aside, and hobbled down the garden path into the street. He tottered as he walked; he was getting more feeble every year.

Adjoining the cottage garden was a strip of land which he had bought for building purposes many, many years ago. It lay neglected and full of rubbish, for the misfortunes which had overtaken old Verdeau had paralysed most of his energies, diverting those that remained into one channel, concentrating them upon one great ideal: that of La Revanche!

At the extreme end of this fallow land stood the house which he had built, intending it for Alphonse when he grew to be a man-the house which the Germans had made a target for their cruel shells. The old man paused, contemplating the structure in silence. It was much larger than the cottage where he lived, having all the pretensions of a villa. But signs of dilapidation were everywhere; the windows were broken, the inside walls were damp and mildewed, and the mortar in places was crumbling away. The house was, as it had always been, untenanted, and the ragged aperture at the top of the outer wall, where the shell had pierced, went unrepaired. So it would remain as long as Antoine Verdeau had his way! As he gazed at the unsightly breach a look of bitterness came into his eyes; not the bitterness which a man feels for a particular enemy, but the large hatred which one whose spirit is unbroken by defeat might feel for a whole conquering race.

The gap should never be filled up! He had sworn it. Never, until La Revanche had come. Till then it should remain, to remind Alsace of her shame, France of her duty: a sign and a token, concrete, tangible, insistent!

Some fools in Angeldorf had many times advised him to repair the wall and put the house in order. Ah, they did not understand—those cravens! It would bring in rent—something for Victorine's dowry, they said. But he had always spurned their miserly advice—the German slaves!

Silently brooding, he retraced his steps through the growing dusk. The light from a lamp inside glimmered through the diamond-shaped panes of the cottage window; and on entering old Verdeau found the table laid for the evening meal.

A young woman, of twenty-five years or thereabouts, set the old man's chair near the table. Plump and well formed, with fair hair and grayishblue eyes, and an even, pleasant expression of face, she might have passed for a German maiden. So appearances can deceive; there was not a drop of Teutonic blood in her veins. She was Antoine Verdeau's daughter.

The old man sank into his chair listlessly, and sipped his glass of cheap wine, while the girl repeated rapidly the more important items from her budget of town gossip. A thin smile played round her father's lips as she rattled on.

'So that is what they say?' he remarked. 'You gather gossip as the bees gather honey, Victorine. Indeed, you hear so much, perhaps you can tell me if the new stationmaster is appointed yet?'

'The stationmaster!' she echoed, in a tone of surprise. 'Why, he came nearly two months ago.'

'I hadn't heard,' said Verdeau wearily. 'There is little to interest me in Angeldorf now. But who is the man? An Alsatian, I hope?'

From the eagerness of his look, Victorine knew that she was on dangerous ground.

'I think not, father,' she said. 'In fact'—his searching glance compelled the truth—'I—I know

'tis not so. The new stationmaster is Herr Bauer.'

A fierce expression leapt from the cobbler's lips. 'A German!' he cried, with supreme contempt. 'I thought as much!'

'But not a Prussian, father,' Victorine exclaimed.
'Herr Bauer is out of Bavaria.'

The old patriot looked at her with contemptuous pity. 'If a lion had attacked you, girl,' he retorted, 'would you ask what breed it was? Prussian or Bavarian, 'tis all the same. And how does the township take this latest insult to France? With its wonted servility, I warrant, smiling back its thanks for every lash of the German taskmaster!'

'Herr Bauer seems to be popular in Angeldorf,' the girl ventured timidly.

Her father shrugged his shoulders. "You have seen him?" he asked.

'He has been at the Berniers' once or twice,' she replied. 'Yes, I have met him there.'

She rose quickly from her chair.

'And of course you like him, with the rest?' he returned sarcastically. 'It would not be Victorine if she were not in the fashion!'

The girl reddened. 'He seems an agreeable man,' she said; 'but even if he were otherwise, I don't see how it can concern me, father,' she added naïvely.

'Pierre Michel should have had the job,' testily cried the old man. 'He is an Alsatian born and bred; but there was no one in the place to speak a word for him. Angeldorf fears the oppressor too much for that. It has come to believe that La Revanche is an idle cry—that she will never come. But she will come,' he cried, with wild intensity, lifting his eyes and talking to the ceiling rather than to Victorine; 'she shall come!'

'So you have always said, father,' was the girl's response; 'but how long the time seems!'

'Only to those who have lost hope and courage,' he replied solemnly. 'Thanks to the good God, I have both still, Victorine. Though I am sometimes impatient, I feel in my heart that the hour is not yet ripe. But that hour will come, child, and with it the Man—the new Napoleon, the saviour of France, the liberator of Alsace. Oh, if my boy had only lived, this glorious mission might have been his!'

Little Alphonse, whose death had first kindled and afterwards kept alive the idea of La Revanche in the old patriot's bosom, had become the very genius of the great event, so long delayed, which would stanch the wounds of France and recover her lost provinces. It was the cobbler's fond hope that this bright boy, inheriting his father's zeal, would have acquired the culture to shape its promptings. To Paris he would have gone in the flower of his manhood, no peevish railer at destiny, but the victor over incredible obstacles. With convincing force he would have rendered articulate the vague aspirations of the people for revenge, and perhaps—such was the fond parent's conceit—would

even have headed the attack against the hereditary foe.

The death of her brother, whom Victorine had never known, was the sole means by which she could obtain any conception of the central idea which dominated her father's mind. In all other respects La Revanche was unintelligible to her. Born a full five years after the war, she unconsciously accepted German ascendency as part of the established order of things: a French Alsace was historically too remote to be passionately apprehended. 'Why not let the matter rest?' she thought. Like her mother, who had died in giving her birth, she shrank from the idea of war between the nations. Of an eminently practical bent, she considered her father's preference for cobbling shoes in penury instead of repairing the house which the shell had shattered a sad piece of infatuation. To sum up the matter, there was little suggestive of La Revanche about Victorine except her name, which contained, as it were, the promise of the fulfilment of her father's hopes.

Immersed, as he so often was, in dreamy speculations, Antoine Verdeau was nevertheless keen enough to perceive that his daughter was no enthusiast. She had imbibed instead the lethargy of the township, and as a consequence he seldom spoke of his ideas to her. But that last blow to French pride—the appointment of a German stationmaster in a town so near the frontier as Angeldorf—affected him so acutely that he was obliged to talk.

'I saw Pierre Michel pass to-day,' he said a few days later. 'He should have had the post.'

'But is he a more capable man than Herr Bauer?' Victorine asked, somewhat needlessly, for she knew Pierre to be a hopeless ne'er-do-well.

'He is an Alsatian,' was the curt response.

The reason was much too sentimental to appeal to Victorine, and she found herself, before she was well aware of it, blundering into an advocacy of the Bavarian's claims.

'People say, father, that Herr Bauer is well up to his work,' she observed, with some warmth. 'He has been sergeant in the Eisenbahn regiment, and has a good record.'

'Where did you hear all this, girl?' Verdeau asked impatiently. 'Ah, I see—you have met him again?'

Victorine avoided her father's gaze. 'Yes—last night—at the Berniers',' she replied in a low voice.

Why does he go there so much?' he inquired fiercely. 'And what does old Bernier mean by encouraging him? As a lover for the fair Julie, perhaps? Ha! ha! 'Tis glorious,' he shouted. 'The Deutschers have made their conquest complete. We give them our sons for their army, our daughters for their wives! They have conquered us body and soul!'

At the conclusion of this outburst Victorine's cheeks were flaming red.

'What are you saying, father?' she cried. 'The

new stationmaster marry Julie Bernier? Eugene marry her? Never!'

The intensity of her voice caused him to look up suddenly, and the tell-tale flush on her cheeks was revealed to him. Victorine had betrayed her secret—that secret which she had so jealously guarded for a whole month!

Antoine Verdeau sank back in his chair like one smitten with the palsy. 'Victorine!' he said in a hoarse whisper, 'you yourself love this man—this Prussian?'

She threw herself at his feet. 'Not Prussian,' she protested vehemently, 'but Bavarian. He is different from all other Germans, for he hates the Prussians and admires France and her brave people.'

Apparently he did not hear this passionate protest, or even notice the distress which the sudden disclosure of her love had caused her. He simply looked down upon her sadly, reproachfully, as at some weak and unworthy object: such a look in his eyes as a schoolmaster might give a child who was unable to grasp a theme to him so simple. Then he left her to her tears, and slowly ascended the creaking staircase. When he reached his bedroom at the back of the cottage he threw open the window and looked out.

The white radiance of the moon rendered all the more prominent objects of the landscape plainly visible. He could see the clearing in the forest which ran up to the borders of Angeldorf, and near by glistened one of the white stones marking the frontier line. Suddenly, as if by magic, his illusion fell away from him, and the bubble of his dream was burst. He realised for the first time since the war the mad futility of it all. The landmarks yonder set by the Germans—the forest clearing, the white stones—were fixed and immovable. La Revanche would never come. He had been a fool for cherishing his hopes so long. France cared nothing for her lost provinces. Her glory had departed; she was supine and asleep. The occasional frontier troubles, the restiveness of a few Alsatians under the conqueror's iron decrees, Boulanger the charlatan, that overpraised alliance with Russia, the verses of Paul Deroulède, the stagey heroics of a few hot-headed Parisians: where did all these things lead? Nowhere! The ideal was burnt out, and these were the miserable flickerings from its smouldering embers.

He heard Victorine sobbing in the next room, and a great pity surged at his heart. He had never tried to understand the girl. Leaving her to her own devices, he had lived with La Revanche, and cared for no one else. Small wonder, then, that to escape his dreary society Victorine had thrown herself into the arms of the foe.

Before he fell asleep he had again become the Antoine Verdeau of the days before the war: the practical tradesman, intent upon affairs, eager to save and acquire, to benefit his family. What had worked the miracle? It may have been his

daughter's grief, or the strange immutable look of the frontier stones in the cold moonlight. He could not tell.

When he awoke he felt numbed and listless. The dream which had fed his vitality had departed. There was a marked change in the girl as well. Her vivacity was gone. She no longer gathered gossip as the bees gather honey; no longer lavishly retailed it. Subdued and careworn, she went about her duties mechanically; and when her father would have spoken with her, the mute appeal for silence in her eyes restrained him.

For a whole week she remained indoors, and then one balmy summer evening she went out of the cottage, leaving the old man still at his work.

She returned late, her eyes bearing traces of recent tears. Then it was that Verdeau found it within him to break the silence.

'You have been to the Berniers', Victorine?' he said.

'Yes.'

He hesitated a moment, and then inquired, 'You have seen him again—the stationmaster?'

'Yes,' she replied in a level voice. 'He asked me to be his wife.'

Her father showed no surprise.

'You consented?'

She caught her breath. 'No, I refused.'

'Ah!' He breathed heavily. 'But why?'

'I gave no reason,' she replied in the same monotone. 'But'—her voice now faltered—'I think he guessed. He says—he is coming to see you tomorrow.'

'He shall have his answer,' said Verdeau quietly. 'You love him, Victorine?'

The unwonted tenderness in his voice caused her to look up suddenly. There was a new light in her father's eyes, which showed him to be no longer the patriot busy with his dreams, no longer the recluse hugging his burden of bitter memories, but the man and the father eager to perceive and sympathise with the desires and weaknesses of a woman's heart.

She threw herself at his feet and kissed his hands with passionate energy. 'Father!' was all she could say through her tears.

When Eugene Bauer entered the cottage the next day, he found Antoine Verdeau very different indeed from the descriptions given of him by the Angeldorf townsfolk. He was courteously received, and encouraged to talk on matters dear to his heart: the hills of his native country, the glories of Munich, its art, its music, even its beer. He spoke with the fire and animation of the South German, and revealed no trace of Prussian stolidity. But when these impersonal matters were left behind, and the main business of his mission called for attention, his fluency forsook him, and it was only when Victorine entered the room that he summoned up courage to speak.

'But it was not to talk about Bavaria I came

here to-day,' he said hesitatingly, 'for there is another matter which affects me much more deeply. The fact is, Monsieur Verdeau, Victorine and I are in love with each other, and—and'——

'And so would marry?' said the old man. 'Ah, monsieur, when there are two willing parties to a contract, what right has a third to stand in the way?'

Victorine uttered a glad cry as her lover replied in a burst of fervour, 'You make me the happiest man in the world, Monsieur Verdeau. But I am not wholly selfish in my joy. I know what Victorine is to you, and I shall not take her far away. Why,' he cried reassuringly, 'from here to the cottage at the station 'tis little more than a stone's-throw.'

'She need not live so far away as that,' said the old man quietly. 'There is the house yonder. You see, monsieur, Victorine does not go to her husband quite dowryless.'

Victorine stared at the old man in amazement. 'But, father, that house was never to be repaired until La Revanche had come!'

Antoine Verdeau shook his head. 'La Revanche is dead, child. She will never come—now.—You see, monsieur'—he turned to the stationmaster—'it was my dream once.'

He smiled sadly, but there were tears in his eyes. The younger man bowed his head in respectful silence. He was a soldier and patriot too, and so understood.

And thus it was that Angeldorf lost that insistent reminder of its shame, and once more the havoc wrought through the hatred of the nations was repaired by the love of a man for a maid.

SUNSET ON PUGET SOUND.

A smooth expanse of water, darkly green;
On every side hills hid in lofty pines;
Against the sky, broken and clear-cut lines
Of a great mountain-range; and soon, between
Tacoma on its heights and the great sereen
Of foliage, Mount Tacoma looms and shines,
Snow-clad and mighty. Lo! a touch refines
The lovely landscape to a wonder-scene.
Behind the mountain-range the sun drops low,
Painting the sky a burnished, golden red
That flecks the waves with amber, and is shed
Softly upon the giant's veil of snow,
Transmuting it, from base to lofty crest,
To rose-hued semblance of the glowing west.

Virna Woods.

. TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANU-SCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



A CHINESE VENDETTA.

By HEMINGFORD GREY.

IN THREE CHAPTERS .- CHAPTER I.



HE bed on which Li Sing was sleeping was a piece of matting spread on the floor, and a Chinese pillow the shape of a large brick, made of porcelain and coloured green. As the clock struck six he

woke up, stretched himself two or three times, yawned once or twice, and began to put the shop in order for the business of the day.

After rolling up his bed and packing it away under the counter, he sprinkled the floor with water and swept it vigorously with a small broom of coir. He then dusted and put straight the opium divan, arranged the pipes in their places on the tray, lit the little wick under the bell-shaped glass at which the pipes were lighted and the opium heated and softened, and filled the little horn phial with sufficient opium for the day's use. The many cuspidors scattered about the place had then to be emptied and half-filled with fresh water, and the writing materials set in order on the counter.

Finally he attended to the little porcelain god which presided over the destinies of the shop from a niche in the wall duly ornamented with peacocks' feathers and little moral maxims in black or gilt characters on oblong strips of red paper. Before the niche stood a little bronze urn on three legs, filled with the ashes of numerous joss-sticks, and emitting a faint odour of sandalwood. Into this he stuck three freshly lit joss-sticks, which rapidly began to smoulder away, filling the shop with a pungent but not unpleasant odour of burning incense. Then the deity was propitiated for the day.

After taking a leisurely survey of the interior to see if everything was in order, he took from their sockets the six heavy wooden bars which represented the door, and hung outside the long wooden signs which informed the public, in gilded characters on a red ground, of the

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flourishing business done by the shop and the numberless blessings in store for the lucky people who had dealings with it.

All this occupied some considerable time, as the morning was very hot, and the rest of the staff, who resided in the upper regions, did not usually put in an appearance till about eight o'clock. At that hour Li was free for an hour to go and take his rice in the bosom of his family, who lived in a little cubicle on the top floor of one of the poorer-class Chinese houses overlooking the river.

It was in one of the many narrow, tortuous streets of the ancient city of Canton that the 'Chun on Hong,' or 'Shop of Ten Thousand Blessings, carried on a flourishing business as money-changers. The principal place of business was on the ground floor, a long room extending from the front to the back of the premises. In the front portion was the counter, on which stood the scales and various trays and baskets full of silver coins of different denominations; and a few blackwood and bamboo stools and a large round table for meals comprised the rest of the furniture. At the back was a small, dark room partitioned off by a lattice-work screen, where the bookkeepers pored over the pages of Chinese characters which represented the account-books of the shop; and in front of this room was the opium divan. On the first floor was a sitting-room overlooking the street, also furnished with a round table and a number of square-backed, marble-seated blackwood chairs; and it was here that the staff and their friends retired at intervals to discuss the topics of the day with the help of Chinese tobacco inhaled in short whiffs through metal water-pipes. At the back of this sitting-room were four cubicles partly used as sleeping-apartments and partly as private sitting-rooms. The top floor was partitioned off into numerous [All Rights Reserved.] FEB. 7, 1903.

cubicles and cocklofts, carefully designed to exclude light and air as much as possible, where the eight or ten coolies who made up the staff talked, gambled, or slept away the hours they were not employed in the business premises below. Above this there was the tiled roof, on which stood a number of old wine-jars supposed to be filled with water for use in case of fire. As the water had long since evaporated from those which remained entire and uncracked, they would have proved quite useless in the emergency against which they were presumed to be a safeguard.

Li, who was the shop-coolie and watchman, had hardly been waiting ten minutes before the staff made their appearance one by one; and, having seen them safely settled down to breakfast, he made the best of his way to his own home.

After finishing his meal and discussing with his wife the important question of whether or not she should adopt a daughter of about twelve years of age to look after the children and help in the house, Li returned to his duties at the shop, where he found a large sum of dollars done up in a bag of matting awaiting his arrival to be taken to a native bank and deposited there for safe custody.

With many grunts at its heaviness, he hoisted the bag on his shoulder and went out of the shop. His way lay through some of the narrowest and most crowded streets of the city, and he found himself pushed and jostled at every turn. He managed, however, to get along pretty rapidly at the usual dog-trot affected by coolies carrying heavy burdens, every now and then shouting to some one to get out of his way or abusing them for having got in it.

Li did not pay much attention to the passing crowd, his mind being chiefly occupied in enjoying in anticipation the feast which would take place after the death of his secondary grandmother—an event shortly anticipated, and for which considerable preparation had already been made. He was just speculating whether he could, without losing 'face,' make eighty cash (about twopence) represent the hundred he would be expected to subscribe on that occasion, when a man bumped violently into him, knocked him over, and, seizing the bag of dollars, ran rapidly with it up a by-street.

Li, rudely awakened from his pleasant speculations, quickly grasped the situation and gave chase to the thief. Having a considerable advantage in the weights, as the thief was now handicapped by the bag of money, Li gained rapidly on his quarry, enlivening the proceedings by shouting out, 'Thief-man! thief-man!' at the top of his voice.

No one took any notice of the pursuit except to stop and watch the runners, the occurrence being a very common one, as the city was infested with thieves and robbers who plied their trade in armed bands or singly, as in the present instance.

Faster and faster sped the thief, but faster still sped Li after him, until he was almost on the robber's heels, and near enough to recognise him as a man whom he had often seen loafing about the shop door. Hearing Li's feet clattering along in dangerous proximity behind him, the thief gave a hurried glance over his shoulder; and, realising that something desperate must be done if he wished to escape with his booty, he pulled a revolver from his waistband and fired three shots in rapid succession into that portion of Li's anatomy where he had contemplated stowing a large portion of his secondary grandmother's funeral feast.

Poor Li, by this unexpected assault, was brought up with a round turn. Giving two or three convulsive yells, he dropped to the ground, shouted, 'Save life!' once or twice, and then collapsed into unconsciousness.

A crowd of curious idlers rapidly gathered round him and volubly speculated on the cause of the assault and the probability of Li's recovery, most of them expressing an opinion that Li must have been a very bad man or certainly no one would have shot him.

No attempt was made to render him assistance or revive him in any way. Apart from a national apathy towards such cases, all were afraid to help him lest they should bring trouble on themselves or be brought into touch with the local magistrate or the yamen runners, officials whom long experience had taught them were very apt at getting all their money, and very slow at giving any redress. So they stood still, speculating, being curious to see what Li would do when he recovered consciousness.

After an hour or an hour and a half Li recovered his senses sufficiently to state where he came from, and asked to be carried back to the shop.

No one seemed willing to undertake the job of carrying him there; but at last two decrepit old coolies, seeing something to be gained, and having certainly nothing to lose, bought a bamboo and some rope from a neighbouring shop, which they paid for with the contents of Li's purse, and set about carrying him to the address he had given them. The method they adopted was a very simple one. Tying a piece of rope round Li's wrists and another round his ankles, they slipped the bamboo through the loops formed by the arms and legs, put the ends of the pole on their shoulders, and tottered off.

That there was any cause for haste never occurred to them. They staggered slowly along with their burden, occasionally stopping to buy a cup of tea, and far more frequently to rest. At last they reached their destination, and with little ceremony carried Li into the shop and dumped him down on the floor, where he lay

again unconscious and with every appearance of having already departed to join his ancestors.

To the inquiries made by the shop-people as to the cause of the accident the coolies answered that they knew nothing except that they had found Li lying in the street, and had brought him there at his request, for which service they required a remuneration of one dollar apiece.

This gave rise to a long argument, in which each side maintained their views with great vigour and loudness, and illustrated them with copious gesticulation. The shop-people said Li was only a coolie, and had very likely brought the trouble on himself; and, anyhow, he had lost their bag of money, and probably fully deserved all he had got. They even dimly hinted that the coolies themselves were interested in the theft, and made allusions to the magistrate and the pleasures of the canque.

The coolies, nothing daunted, gave back quite as good as they received; said Li must have been an important coolie to have been entrusted with so much money; and threatened the shop with the anger of the Coolie Guild, a powerful and widely dreaded body.

At last, just as things were reaching a crisis, one or two friendly bystanders intervened, and, by dint of 'talking peace' for some time, persuaded the parties to come to an amicable settlement. The shop was to pay the coolies seventy-five cents each, and they were to carry Li to his own home.

When the money had been duly paid over, counted, and tested, the coolies with great unconcern lifted Li with their bamboo as before, and staggered away again on their farther journey. Half-an-hour more of tottering brought them to the foot of the stairs leading to the little cubicle overlooking the river. With much difficulty and a great deal of chattering Li was

hoisted on the back of the least decrepit of the two; and so, carried in front and pushed behind, severely wounded, bleeding, and unconscious, he returned to his wife and his home.

After laying Li down on the floor and untying his wrists and his ankles, the coolies went their way, merely telling Mrs Li that the shop-people had told them to bring him there.

Mrs Li was a woman who possessed, in a minor degree, many of those strong-minded and vigorous qualities which several times in the history of China have raised one of her sex to the throne and to power unlimited. She wasted no time in useless waiting, but at once tried to restore her husband to consciousness. Finding that violently slapping his hands and loudly calling his name had no effect, she took a couple of cash, and began to carry out a series of pinching operations with them along the fleshy part of his arm, with the object of seeing if he had any sense of feeling left. Under this vigorous treatment Li gradually began to show signs of life, and eventually recovered sufficiently to ask for some tea, which his wife handed to him. She then questioned him about the cause of his accident; and Li, with a good deal of effort, gathered together his senses and gave her a pretty clear account of what had taken place. Having done this and told her of his assailant's home and where he belonged to, Li laid the strongest injunctions on her to have the thief brought to justice at all costs, and dwelt on the obloquy which would be cast on his ancestors and his descendants if the thief were allowed to escape unpunished. Comforted by her assurance that she would do everything in her power to bring this about, Li's spirit fled to his ancestors, and Mrs Li found herself left a widow with three children to support and a mission of vengeance to fulfil.

THE IVORY COAST.

BY W. B. ROBERTSON.



HE French colony of the Ivory Coast is now attracting a good deal of attention, and our interest is of a twofold character: political and private or commercial. The political interest is due to the activity of France in

West Africa, where she is establishing posts and building railways, and so acquiring a strategical position that is regarded by those who pay attention to these things as threatening British power there with extinction. The private or commercial interest is due to the reported discovery of gold in such quantities and formations that French writers are already naming the Ivory Coast 'the New Transvaal,' and the British speculator is

already to the fore with his sovereign 'in the hand for two in the bush.'

The Ivory Coast stretches in a fairly straight line for a distance of three hundred and forty-one miles along the northern shore of the Gulf of Guinea. Looked at on the map, it has the Republic of Liberia (the old Grain or Pepper Coast) on the left or west side, and the British colony of the Gold Coast on the right or east side. Inland it merges towards the north into the French Soudan, towards the north-west into French Guinea, and towards the north-east into Dahomey, which is also French. The course of the Cavally river was made its western boundary by an agreement with Liberia in 1894, and the course of the Tanöe river for a short dis-

tance from the sea was made its eastern boundary by agreement with Great Britain, signed at Paris on 14th June 1898, and ratified twelve months later.

The French claim to the Ivory Coast dates from 1842, when Admiral Fleuriot de Langle made a treaty with some of the native chiefs—notably with Amatifou, king of Krinjabo-whereby they placed themselves under French protection. The following year the French built Fort Assinie and Fort Nemours, in the vicinity of Grand Bassam, the capital, and so began to make their occupation 'effective.' In 1853 another fort was built farther west, along the coast at Dabou. These forts were, however, worse than useless, for the natives were too peaceful to give any employment to the garrisons; and the soldiers, condemned to idleness, gave way to every kind of self-indulgence (which kills anywhere, but especially in West Africa). The high mortality thus invited brought such discredit upon the country that all thought of its development was abandoned. Interest in it, however, was revived through the stimulating discoveries (1887-89) of the explorer Colonel Binger, who is now Governor-General of French West Africa. These discoveries, besides showing the Ivory Coast to be fabulously rich in mineral and vegetable wealth, proved what was of perhaps greater importance in the eyes of the French Government, with its aspirations for colonial expansion—namely, the practicability of linking up the Ivory Coast with the French Soudan and the other French West African possessions. Leading steps in this linking-up process were the occupation of Timbuctoo in 1894, the junction of the Ivory Coast with Senegal in 1896, the overthrow of the Soudanese chief Samory in 1898, and the junction of the Ivory Coast with French Guinea in 1899.

This last step—the junction of the Ivory Coast with French Guinea—is perhaps the most complete of any by reason of the excellent highway that connects the two colonies. In connection with this, we have to explain that on the confines of Liberia, in the bush of Tabou, dwell the Tepos, a warlike tribe, who early in 1899 exhibited hostility to French French officers accordingly led their Senegalese troops against them, and were met by a fire from the Tepos, pieces of pot-legs and of iron pots being used as bullets; and a French doctor and ten Senegalese were killed. To prevent the Tepos from following a custom attributed to them of eating their dead and buried foes, the French placed the slain Senegalese in a hut and set it on fire, thereby consuming the bodies. The Tepos defeated, and Grabo, their capital, occupied, the French burned four of their larger towns, imposed a fine of fifty bullocks, and also condemned them to two months' hard labour in making a road round the back of Liberia. This is the highway leading to French Guinea, which is destined to play an important part in the opening up of the rich region of the Cavally.

The character of the Tepos as reflected in the foregoing is quite different from the character attributed by travellers and prospectors to the natives generally. Winwood Reade, a celebrated West African explorer, considered his treasure-chest safer in the hands of the humblest Ivory Coast carrier than it would have been in England. Binger, too, found the natives not only honest but also peaceful and True, they are superstitious. inoffensive. believe, for instance, that the white man has an attraction for gold—that gold is drawn to him; consequently on approaching a mine they paint themselves white so that the gold may not run away, as it is supposed to do from a black man. Sometimes, too, in escorting prospectors they have prepared for the journey by sacrificing dogs, pigs, goats, and fowls. The natives number about two millions. Besides gold-washing, their employments include fishing (at which they are very expert), basket - making, mat - making, pottery - making, rubber-collecting, and palm-oil trading.

The coast tribes have a good smattering of English. Every white man is 'John,' and the generic name for food is 'chop.' This is easily accounted for when it is remembered that for over a century the bulk of the trade has been in English hands. Bristol mariners of former generations knew the Ivory Coast well. They used to freight their barques with trade-goods-cloth, beads, rum, gin, salt, gunpowder, and metal wares—to exchange for gold-dust, palm-oil, and other tropical products; the ships lying at anchor in the Gulf of Guinea, outside the fierce surf that rages all along that shore, till they had sold out. The British mariners, however, knew nothing of the interior, which is one vast forest, with cleared spaces round the native villages. There the banana-trees grow, each tree bearing a mark to indicate its owner; coco-trees abound everywhere; pine-apples are common, as are also oil-palms, almond-trees, rubber-trees, and mahogany. The exploitation of the forests for commercial purposes is, however, confined to the riverbanks near the sea, where the forest swarms with chattering apes, and its gloom is broken by multitudes of birds of brilliant and gorgeous plumage. Near the swamps are found crocodiles, hippopotamuses, serpents, and troublesome insects. The rivers, which are so numerous that the Ivory Coast has been likened to Japan, swarm with fish. The villages are rich in fowls, pigs, and goats; and well inland there are sheep and cattle.

The most striking physical feature is presented by the immense lagoons that line the shore from its eastern boundary westward for over two hundred miles; some of these run parallel with, and some at right angles to, the ocean. The superficial area of these lagoons—which are navigable for any craft, and have been termed a small Mediterranean—is about one thousand five hundred square miles. On the narrow spits of sand that separate them from the sea, and which never exceed half a mile in width, are the European factories or warehouses, the nut-brown villages of natives, and the dwellings and stores of the 'Jack-Jacks'—eager traders who

act as middlemen between the inland natives and the Europeans. The 'Jack-Jacks' are so named from their speech resembling the cry of the duck. Bosman, a seventeenth-century Dutch trader, called them 'Qua-Quaans,' and the part of the coast where they dwell the 'Qua-Qua' Coast; it was also known as the 'Tooth' Coast and the 'Five and Six Stripes' Coast. The latter designation was derived from native-made cloths that used to find their way, from far inland, to the hands of the 'Jack-Jacks,' by whom they were sold to the European factors. who in turn found a market for them on the Gold Coast. It is now known that the makers of these cloths live in the extreme north of the colony, near the watershed that divides the Niger basin from the area drained by the Ivory Coast rivers. These races, who have been for over two hundred years under the influence of Mohammedan civilisation, are skilled weavers and dyers, raise fine cotton and rice, breed stock, and dwell in roomy houses of rectangular shape, thatched with straw.

Previous to Binger's discoveries, European notions of the Ivory Coast hinterland were based on Mungo Park's descriptions. According to Park, the Ivory Coast was shut off from the Niger valley by an impenetrable mountain-range—the Kong Mountains.

But for these mythical mountains—which, had they existed, would have robbed the Ivory Coast of its strategic value—Great Britain would have secured the territory long ago, and that without violating any of the recognised principles under which modern communities advance; for all last century she was, and still is, the chief trader with the coast. Even Binger could not help remarking with some regret that, of the fifty sailing-ships he saw anchored in the Gulf of Guinea off Grand Bassam, two were American and the rest British. However, the territory is now French, and it was Frenchmen who explored it and demonstrated its true worth, though it looks as if British capital and enterprise were to develop it.

Binger showed that the divide between the rivers of the Ivory Coast and the Niger was much farther inland than had been supposed; and, what was of more importance, he found that that divide was formed not by a huge range of mountains but by rising ground of moderate elevation. In fact, he marched out of the Niger valley into the Ivory Coast, and down the valley of the Comöe to Grand Bassam on the Gulf of Guinea. These discoveries changed French colonial policy in West Africa, and led to more exploring and development work in the Ivory Coast.

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

By JOHN OXENHAM.

CHAPTER XI.-ANOTHER MISSING MAN.



LL that day, after Sergeant Gaudriol returned from his fruitless errand, Barbe haunted the beach, and the wistful hope died gradually out of her eyes, and left in them nothing but despair.

The other women, with but a dim comprehension of her trouble, offered her rough words of comfort, which comforted her no more than alien words can ever do. The despairing eyes in the dark circles of the eager white face evoked their sympathy and loosed their tongues. A discriminating reserve had no place in the Plenevec character, especially in the gentler—rather let us say the female—sex. They discussed Barbe to her face, and behind her back, long after the feeble lights glimmered in the tiny windows, and doubtless also when the panels of the dark box-beds were slid to. She paid no heed to them, but suffered none the less.

When night fell she found her way back to Mère Pleuret's cottage, and sat before the white ashes on the hearth, drooping and desolate.

'Ma foi! He is dead, without doubt,' said the old woman, with the stolid outspokenness of the peasant; 'but one must eat all the same.' She insisted on the girl eating some of the thin soup, out of the pot over the fire, and a piece of black bread which tasted to Barbe like ashes from the

hearth; and she discoursed reminiscently the while of Alain and her own dead boy, whom he now resembled more than ever.

Barbe sat there dry-eyed and silent. Fears wrung her heart into silent sobs of prayer to the Mother of Sorrows, whose own heart had been wrung beyond any heart in the world save one. In the shuddering darkness of that day and night she drew very near to the great heart of pity which is closed to none, and may be reached by many channels. She slept little that night, and rose in the morning white and worn and widowed; and when, during the day, Pierre came to the house and bade her come home, she followed him without a word.

Pierre spoke no word to her as they crossed slowly to the Light. He was in his grimmest humour, for the whisper had gone round Plenevec that Sergeant Gaudriol believed that Alain Carbonec had come to his death out there, as his father had done before him, and Plenevec was disposed to consider it not unlikely. They had forgiven Pierre Carcassone one crime because in their judgment he was justified; but this—if it were so—ch bien! you understand, this is another affair altogether. Such a fine lad was Alain, and the sight of Pierre's face was enough to make you shiver.

Pierre understood it all perfectly; but he gave them no gratification of a sign of it. He shut his face grimly and spoke no word to any of them.

They climbed the ladder in silence. In silence Pierre ate the morning meal, and then lay down in his bunk; and Barbe climbed up to the lantern, went out on to the gallery, and gazed with hopeless longing at Cap Réhel as if it could have told the secret of Alain's disappearance if only it could have spoken. In her anguish she raised her arms towards the frowning Head as though invoking its help or pity, and her action and her prayer were not lost.

It was hard at first to settle back into the old routine after so great an upheaval, and with every fibre of her being tight-strung for news of the missing one. Relief came to her by degrees, however, in the common round of her daily tasks, and she slaved over them as never before. The lighthouse rooms were so immaculate that it seemed like desecration to use them for the ordinary purposes of life. The reflectors in the lantern suffered such tribulation that no shadow of a speck remained upon them. Grand Bayou light shone with a brilliance that evoked half-damnatory eulogiums even in Plenevec.

'Eh bien! He may kill people, this monster of a Pierre; but he knows how to keep a lighthouse,' said they.

However, Pierre had little to do with it. He was rankling under the injustice of the general condemnation of a deed he had not done, and he was sick of it all. He rarely spoke to Barbe, and spent most of his time sulking in his bunk or sitting smoking with his eyes fixed gloomily on the wall before him. Was it not bad enough to have suffered when that had gone before which justified, and at the same time compensated, the suffering? Now he was suffering without reason. Thousand devils! That old fool Gaudriol ought to be drowned. And as for those other fools at Plenevec: let them think what they would; it was all one to him.

Once only, on the first night of her return, did Barbe speak to him of her own accord.

He was smoking gloomily before taking his watch up above, when she came silently down the ladder and stood before him. Her face was set like stone. There were even little ridges round the soft mouth showing white through the bloom of the tan. Her eyes burned in their hollows, and her words were the outcome of much anguished thought.

- 'Where is Alain?' she asked abruptly.
- 'I know nothing of him.'
- 'He came back here with the boat.'
- 'I found the boat at the beams. I saw nothing of him.'
- 'If you have killed him I shall kill you if the law does not.'

She said it very quietly, but in intensity of purpose she looked at the moment capable of it. This was not the Barbe he had been accustomed to; but he recognised what was in her as an old acquaintance of his own, and he showed no surprise. He

even looked at her for a moment with something like approval.

'I understand,' he said. 'It is in your blood. But I have no fear of either you or the law, my girl.'

'Bien!' said she, 'we shall see.'

When he turned in to his bunk at early dawn he left the sliding panel slightly open to show how little effect her threat had on him.

She was sitting in the gallery that morning, as was her custom when she had finished all her work below, when a boat turned out of the bay and made steadily for the Light. It was probably George Cadoual, she thought, and so sat and watched it stolidly and with disfavour; but a sudden shift of the helm showed her the gaudy plumage of Sergeant Gaudriol in the stern, and she jumped up and clung to the gallery rail with her heart fluttering in her throat.

News was coming—good or bad—in either case a certain end to uncertainty; and when one's heart has really given up hope even the certain worst brings a measure of relief.

For the time being—as the result of sleepless nights and overstrained nerves and lack of food, for she could not eat—she knew that Alain was dead. If he had been alive he would have come to her. He had not come, therefore he was dead; and here was Sergeant Gaudriol coming with the news.

She was waiting in the doorway when Jan Godey brought his blunt-nosed boat with a deft sweep up to the gangway; and, when he was satisfied that he could do so without loss of life or dignity, the old gendarme came slowly up the iron ladder.

'You have found him?' gasped Barbe.

'But no, my child, not yet,' said Gaudriol kindly.
'Is Pierre upstairs?'

'He is sleeping.'

'Good! I will go up. I like them sleeping;' and he ascended the ladder in front of Barbe.

Sergeant Gaudriol's mind was in a state of chaos, and he had come to see Pierre in hope of reducing it somewhat.

George Cadoual had been missing for three days past. Madame Cadoual was in furious distress, and demanded him of Sergeant Gaudriol with tears and invectives, and ceased not day nor night.

'Mon Dieu! mon Dieu! What is the good of you, then, you there, if you cannot find me my boy? What in the name of heaven are you here for but to keep things straight? Don't talk to me! Get up and do something, you great padded heap of blue cloth!—Tell me, some one, is it a man then, that thing in the laced hat that stands mopping and mowing like a gibbering idiot? Oh! let me get at him'—— and so on, and so on, till Gaudriol grew tired of it, and the neighbours dragged Madame Cadoual away, foaming and clawing, and fairly off her head.

The moment he had heard of Cadoual's disappearance the Sergeant had set to work searching for

clues and following them up to the best of his power. The matter connected itself at once, in his own mind, with the disappearance of Alain Carbonec. That was inevitable, of course; but what the connection was he had not so far been able to determine. In the meantime he organised search-parties and sent them out over the hills and wastes in every direction.

The community was roused out of its natural stolidity by this double disappearance. Mère Buvel drove a roaring trade each night, and the discussions that went on round her trestle tables were listened to by the old Sergeant with keen attention in hopes of finding a grain or two of corn among the windy chaff; but he heard very little that was not familiar to him. Cadoual and Alain had quarrelled and separated, and it was freely stated that they had quarrelled over Barbe Carcassone. Cadoual had gone away on a journey. On his return he had gone out to the Light, as he had been in the habit of doing. Then had come the quarrel between Alain and Pierre which resulted in Alain bringing Barbe across to Plenevec. Alain took the lighthouse boat back, and no one had set eyes on him again. That same day George Cadoual had started off to visit Landroel on business, but had never arrived there-or anywhere else in the neighbourhood so far as could be ascertained.

Gaudriol listened to it all, as it tossed about like a thinning bundle of hay among the smoke and the damp mugs of cider, and he racked his brains for the meaning of it. He had been certain in his own mind that Pierre Carcassone had made away with Alain. Was Cadoual also in that matter perchance? Had Pierre and Cadoual joined hands to get rid of Alain, and then had Cadoual—infinitely the weaker mind of the two—fied the country? Or had Pierre made away with Cadoual also? And for what reason? To rid himself of an accomplice? It was possible. In fact, anything was possible with Pierre Carcassone.

George's boat, however, was drawn up high and dry on the beach, and no other boat was missing; but, of course, Pierre might have taken him across from the Head in the lighthouse boat.

Then, as the result of one of Madame Cadoual's tempestuous visits, he extracted from her with infinite difficulty the fact that when George had been away that other week he had been to Brest. That set the Sergeant's ideas churning again.

Cadoual had been to Brest. Brest is just across the water from Plougastel, where Alain's boyhood had been spent. On his return he goes at once to see Pierre. Then comes Pierre's announcement to Alain that he is Paul Kervec's son, and his attempt to separate Alain and Barbe by the declaration that they are brother and sister. It was obvious that the information as to Alain's identity had been given to Pierre by George. Alain might have discovered that, and—

Yes, that was possible, but not like Alain. Still, he was a hot-headed boy, and there was no knowing.

A hasty blow following hot on provocation, and two lives may be wrecked in a moment—ay, three; and the thought of Barbe's suffering lay heavily on the old man's heart, for her beauty and her distress had touched him greatly. But there—given three angry men with love and hate thrown in among them, and the possibilities were endless. All the same, he would not believe that of Alain till he had more to go on than a remote possibility.

It was in this frame of mind that he climbed the ladder to Pierre's room, with Barbe at his heels.

Pierre was snoring peacefully, as he had been that other morning.

'But yes, I like them asleep,' said the Sergeant to himself as he laid his hand on the sleeper's shoulder; but his remark applied to Pierre as a suspect and not simply as a man, in which capacity he would hardly have claimed a prize for beauty.

'What, then?' said Pierre, opening his eyes and then sitting up with a jerk, and very wide awake indeed at sight of the Sergeant. 'Well, what is it now?' he asked gruffly. 'Whom have I murdered this time?'

'George Cadoual is amissing,'said Gaudriol; and Barbe, behind him, gave a startled jump. 'Have you seen anything of him?' He knew by his eyes, before Pierre answered, that he had not.

'Thousand devils, Sergeant Gaudriol! am I accountable for every fool that goes amissing in Plenevec? I know no more of him than I knew of the other.'

'When did you see Cadoual last?'

'Nom-de-Dieu! I do not know,' said Pierre, pondering. 'He came and went'-

'Did you see him the day Alain Carbonec was here?'

'I think not.'

'The day before?'

'Ah, but yes, I remember'-

'He came to you after he had been to Plougastel and told you what he had learned about Alain. Is it not so?'

'That's so.'

'And you told Alain how you got that information?'

'I think not,' said Pierre, thinking heavily. 'But la petite was there and heard all that passed.'

'The first time he came, yes. But when he returned with the boat?'

'I never saw him, as I told you already.'

'And you know nothing of Cadoual?'

'Neither of him nor the other. I should not wonder if the one has killed the other. They did not love one another, those two.'

Gaudriol had drawn blank, and he knew it. He turned to go, and met Barbe's anxious look.

'You have no word of Alain, then, M. Gaudriol?'

'No word yet, my child; but we do not give up hope. It is all a tangle at present, and I have not found the thread yet; but keep up your heart, my dear. Alain is a fine lad, and I do not fear for him.'

He did, though, and Barbe was not deceived.

'Tiens donc! Have you searched the Head?' said Pierre, as the result of his cogitations. 'When he brought back the boat he would swim ashore there, as he always did. It would be a simple matter for the other to drop a rock on his skull as he climbed'——

'I searched there after I left you last time.'

'Ah—çà!' He said no more, but seemed satisfied with his own thoughts on the subject.

Thereafter, whenever she looked at frowning Cap Réhel, Barbe had terrifying visions of Alain precariously climbing the Head, while George Cadoual bombarded him with rocks from the top. She saw his poor body lying bruised and broken at the foot of the cliffs, till the tide crept up like a stealthy beast of prey and dragged it silently away. She brooded over the ebbs and flows in case it should be passing, and more than once she sprang up and hung over the railing with fear at her heart, thinking she saw the white face tossing in the boiling Pot. She passed through many phases during those first dreadful days. Since Gaudriol's visit she no longer suspected Pierre; but, all the same, they rarely spoke to one another. The atmosphere of the Light was grim and dark; but the light itself shone brighter than ever.

All her suspicions centred now on Cadoual, and she hated the thought of him. Once only the idea flashed venomously across her mind that Alain had gone away because of Pierre's lying statement concerning their relationship; but her heart rejected it instantly, and chased it away whenever it showed head again. For herself she had no doubts about that matter, and Pierre's own words that other night when she threatened to kill him confirmed her in her belief.

'I understand. It is in your blood,' he had said, and she rejoiced that it was Pierre's bad blood that ran in her veins, for she did not want Alain Carbonec for a brother. Truly Pierre's words were translatable in many ways, but her understanding of them held comfort, and she cherished it resolutely, and closed her mind to any other.

By degrees, and broken-heartedly, she took up the old life again-outwardly; but life could never be the same to her, and gladly would she have laid it down. She felt bruised, broken, hopeless, and the thought of the long lonely years that lay before her brought her head to the rail many times a day, and her tears were silent prayers for help and succour. Of the possibility of Alain being still alive, and of her ever seeing him again, she gradually gave up hope. Hope dies hard; but there is a point at which the strongest cable snaps, and the time comes when the slender threads of hope, which are stronger than any handiwork of man's, reach breaking-point too. Alain was dead or she would surely have heard from him, and when he went all her life went with him.

She drooped like a waterless flower, and all her old interests became as dust and ashes to her. Minette and Pippo wrangled round her in vain. They went to extremest lengths of provocation without evoking so much as a single look from her. The dawns and the sunsets pulsed and burned unheeded, and as yet only pained her with their memories of happier days. The high-piled argosies sailed the upper blue in vain for her. Her thoughts no longer freighted them with glowing fancies; and the ever-changing sea below was no longer a friend, but a stealthy and inscrutable foe who perchance held the key to this mystery. At times, as she looked on the smooth, swelling waters through her tears, the thought of seeking rest beneath them came down upon her, and would not be driven off. Could she have been certain that Alain rested there, the temptation might have been too much for her; but the white seeds planted long since by the Sisters at St Pol were still in her. She had a simple belief in an after-life when this weary one was over, and her heart told her that that was not the way to enter it.

A time of weary, hopeless desolation, with only an eternity of the same in front of her! Verily love and Alain Carbonec seemed to have brought her anything but joy; and yet, deep down in her heart, at times she would cry, 'Alain! Alain!' in a voice that was love itself, though her hand was at her side to still the pain that beat there.

METALS MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOLD.



ANY people imagine gold to be the most precious of metals because it is the standard of currency. The number of metals at the present time more valuable than gold, however, exceeds the number of

those of less value.

This earth which we inhabit, and all contained therein, is made up of about eighty simple substances or elements. An element is a substance which has not been reduced to two or more simpler substances. For example, brass is not an element. A chemist can resolve it into copper and zinc; but by no means at his command can he resolve copper into any simpler substance. When he commences he has got copper, and when he has finished he has the same copper with which he began. Copper is an element.

Of the elements, between sixty and seventy are metals; the rest are non-metals. The number of the metals is not exactly known, as some of the elements which are on the border-line between

the metals and non-metals possess some of the qualities of both divisions, and chemists are not quite agreed as to the class to which they belong.

The cheapest but not the most plentiful metal is iron. Then follow in succession, according to value, lead, zinc, copper, arsenic, tin, mercury, aluminium, and nickel. The price has now risen from a few pence per pound for those first mentioned to three shillings per pound for mercury and aluminium, and three shillings and sixpence per pound for nickel. Antimony, cadmium, sodium, and bismuth, each worth about six shillings per pound, follow: and then the price rises sharply to fifteen shillings per pound, which is the price of cobalt. Rising higher in the scale of prices, we find magnesium, manganese, tungsten, silver, thallium, and molybdenum. These are sold by the ounce, the prices varying from one and sixpence per ounce for magnesium to seven and sixpence per ounce for molybdenum. The price now increases suddenly to sixty-four shillings per ounce for chromium, a metal whose ores occur somewhat abundantly in the Shetland Islands, but which is somewhat difficult to procure in the free state. Gold, as represented by the metal of the British sovereign, comes next. sovereign weighs 123.27 grains, it follows that a troy ounce of such gold is worth about seventyeight shillings; but if we require the absolutely pure metal we shall have to pay seven pounds per ounce for it, that being the price of 'precipitated gold.'

We now come to those metals with which this article shall more particularly deal—namely, metals more precious than gold.

On the slopes of the Ural Mountains, and in Brazil, California, Australia, Canada, and many other countries, a peculiar substance known as native platinum is found. This is an alloy of the metals platinum, palladium, iridium, osmium, rhodium, and ruthenium, together with a little gold and iron. All of these, except the last mentioned, are 'noble' metals. They do not tarnish in the air, and are not soluble in any single acid. Their values per ounce are: platinum, ninety-five shillings; palladium, one hundred and ninety-shillings; osmium, two hundred shillings; iridium, two hundred and fifty shillings; rhodium, four hundred shillings; and ruthenium, four hundred and fifty shillings.

The most plentiful metal occurring in native platinum is that from which it takes its name. This metal is of a grayish colour, and, with one exception, is the heaviest substance known. Its fusing-point is extremely high, and this property, together with its freedom from tarnishing, causes it to be largely used for the manufacture of crucibles and other vessels required by scientists to stand a very high temperature. It is also sometimes used as a substitute for gold in photography; and when deposited in a thin film on

the interior of the tubes of telescopes it forms a dead-black surface which prevents the light from being reflected by the polished sides. The demand for platinum largely exceeds the supply; hence the metal is yearly advancing in price.

Palladium is of a lustrous white colour. It is the most easily fused of the metals found in platinum ore, and can even be volatilised. A curious quality which this metal possesses is that when heated to redness it is porous to hydrogen gas, allowing it to pass through somewhat in the same manner that blotting-paper permits the passage of water. The silvery-white colour of palladium and its freedom from tarnishing render it useful for making scales and division-marks on scientific instruments. A mixture of this metal with mercury is sometimes used for stopping teeth.

Osmium is a metal which possesses two remarkable properties: it is the most refractory of the metals, resisting fusion at the most intense heat; and it is also the heaviest substance known, being almost twenty-two and a half times heavier than water. Together with iridium, it occurs principally in a peculiar variety of native platinum called osmiridium. This mineral differs from ordinary platinum ore in that it contains a larger proportion of osmium and iridium than platinum. Osmiridium is found in small particles varying in weight from one-sixth to one-third of a grain. These particles are extremely hard, and are used for pointing non-wearing pens. For this purpose as much as thirty ounces of osmiridium are used annually in the United States. This mineral is a source of much trouble to the officials of the Russian Mint, who find it extremely difficult to separate small particles of it from the gold used for coinage.

Metallic iridium possesses a white steel-like appearance. The knife-edges of delicate balances and other bearings which require extreme hardness are often made of it. An alloy of 10 per cent. iridium and 90 per cent. platinum has been found to be very little affected in volume by changes of temperature, and is the substance of which the standard metre, kept in the International Metric Bureau at Paris, is made.

Rhodium and ruthenium are metals of little practical use. The former occurs in platinum ore to the extent of '5 per cent. to 6 per cent. The latter is found only in osmiridium, and averages about 5 per cent. of that mineral.

These six metals have been treated of together because of their resemblance to each other; but the metal which ranks next to platinum in price is zirconium, which occurs in hyacinth and some other rare minerals, and is worth about six pounds per ounce. Titanium and uranium, whose ores are found in Cornwall and some other places, are each worth six pounds ten shillings per ounce. Uranium is remarkable for its high atomic weight, the heaviest known.

Another metal found in Cornwall is lithium. At Wheal Clifford near Redruth, and also near Huel Seton copper-mines, mineral springs occur which contain respectively sixty-one and eighty parts of this metal in one million. Its salts are widely distributed, being found in very minute quantities in the ashes of many plants, especially tobacco. They impart a magnificent crimson colour to an otherwise colourless flame, and by this means the minutest traces of lithium can be detected. This property of lithium was taken advantage of by an expert some years ago in order to decide whether or not the water of a spring was contaminated by the water which percolated through the soil of a neighbouring gravevard. He first examined the water from the spring for lithium. Finding it absent, he buried a quantity of one of its soluble salts a few feet below the surface of the graveyard, and after a few weeks again analysed the water. On this occasion traces of lithium were found, and the spring was accordingly condemned. Lithium is the lightest solid known, being only half as heavy as water. It is worth about nine pounds per

Vanadium, the ores of which are also very widely distributed, occurs, Dieulefait says, in all primitive granite rocks, but in small quantity. It is difficult to obtain in a state of purity, and is of very little use in the arts. It costs eighteen pounds per ounce, or about tenpence per grain.

The next metal is barium, concerning the appearance and properties of which much difference exists amongst chemists. It is variously described as a silvery-white metal, as resembling iron in appearance, as occurring as a yellow powder, and as having a bronze-like appearance; and doubt has been expressed whether it has ever yet been seen except as a metallic powder. Barium, or what is sold as such, is priced at one shilling and threepence a grain.

As has been stated, iron is not the most abundant metal. This distinction belongs to calcium, a metal which occurs in limestone to the extent of almost 40 per cent. As whole mountain-ranges are composed of limestone, some conception may be formed of the quantity of calcium stored up in this ore. The metal is light yellow in appearance, and as it is both ductile and malleable, it would be of the greatest sarvice to mankind were it not for one property which renders it useless: it is rapidly and violently converted by moisture into slaked lime. Although calcium is so abundant, the difficulty of isolating it is so great that at present it costs two shillings a grain. There can be no doubt, however, that were it able to resist moisture, means would be found for its rapid and economical production.

We now come to strontium, a metal somewhat resembling calcium, being also of a light-yellow

colour. Its ores are scattered over the whole globe; but as it is somewhat harder to isolate than calcium, it costs a little more, being two shillings and sixpence a grain.

It may be noted here that strontium and calcium, together with gold, copper, bismuth, and possibly barium, are the only metals whose colour is not intermediate between the dull gray of iron and the shining appearance of polished silver.

Beryllium is a metal occurring in emerald, beryl, and a few other rare minerals. It is of a bright-white colour, and occurs both in powder and in crystals. The former variety costs three shillings a grain, and the latter variety five shillings.

Rubidium and cæsium were the first of a number of new elements whose discovery was directly due to the introduction of spectroscopic analysis in the early sixties of the last century. They are widely diffused, but in such small quantities that their presence had been undetected by the methods of analysis previously in use. The mineral spring at Wheal Clifford in Cornwall, previously mentioned, contains about one and a half parts of cæsium in one million. A similar spring at Durkheim in Bavaria contains one and a half parts in ten millions, and these were regarded as the richest sources of cæsium until both it and rubidium were found in Vulcano, one of the Lipari Isles. Rubidium occurs as silver-white globules of metal. Cessium is also of a silver-white colour, and is soft at ordinary temperatures. They cost respectively two shillings and eightpence and three shillings and threepence per grain.

Another metal whose discovery we owe to the spectroscope is gallium. It is bluish-white in appearance, and is easily fused; in fact, it can be liquefied by rolling between the fingers. When rubbed on glass it forms a mirror much superior to the ordinary mercurial ones. Although gallium was not discovered until 1875, when it was obtained from an ore found in the Pyrenees Mountains, its existence had been affirmed and its properties described long before by a Russian chemist named Mendeleeff. The chloride of this metal costs fifteen shillings a grain; but the metal itself is not found in commerce.

We now come to a group of fifteen metals, usually known, from their analogy to the most important of their number, as the cerium metals, many of which are extremely rare. They are cerium, yttrium, lanthanum, phræseodymium, neodymium, terbium, ytterbium, erbium, holmium, thulium, dysprosium, decipium, samarium, scandium, and victorium. Of these the first three alone are on the market. Cerium and yttrium cost about one shilling and threepence a grain, lanthanum two shillings. A mixture of phræseodymium and neodymium, known as didymium, is also to be had, and is priced at two shillings a grain. The others exist merely as chemical

Some of them have not yet been curiosities. isolated from their earths, and are known only by the peculiar properties of their salts and compounds. The existence of scandium, like gallium, was foretold by Mendeleëff some years before it was actually discovered. The cerium metals are chiefly found associated in groups in minerals which occur in Sweden, Greenland, and some parts of Siberia. Three metals which sometimes accompany them are thorium, niobium, and tantalum; but they are not classified with them, because of the dissimilarity of their properties. These metals do not occur in commerce, and, like most of the cerium metals, are only known as chemical curiosities. Tantalum and niobium are also found in some parts of the United States.

There is a rare mineral found near Freiberg in Saxony which contains a metal called germanium. This metal was first isolated in 1886. Like scandium and gallium, germanium had been described and its properties foretold by the learned Russian Mendeleëff some years prior to its actual discovery. It does not occur in commerce.

The latest candidates for admission to the catalogue of metallic elements are named radium, actinium, and polonium, whose existence had remained unsuspected until scientists began to experiment with the Röntgen and Becquerel rays. It was then found that salts of some of the elements obtained from certain sources possessed the property of fluorescence to a much greater

degree than the same salts obtained from other sources. An examination of these fluorescing salts showed that their peculiar properties were due to the presence of traces of hitherto unknown substances, three of which are said to have been isolated and named radium, actinium, and polonium. Their claims to the rank of elements have not yet, however, been admitted by all scientists, and therefore they may be looked upon as being still in a state of probation.

In conclusion, it may be stated that although many of these metals are at present more expensive than gold, yet in a number of instances there can be no doubt that, were there any demand for them, means for their economical production would be forthcoming. The metal aluminium may be taken as an illustration of this. Aluminium occurs abundantly as a constituent of clay. When first isolated the operation was a work of such difficulty that the product cost several times its weight in gold, and for many years it was one of the most expensive of the metals; but it was found that it possessed many valuable properties, being both light and malleable, and also free from tarnishing. Processes by which it could be cheaply produced were therefore sought for, and with such success that the price has gradually been lowered until at present it costs only three shillings per pound, and there seems to be every probability that in the future it will largely replace iron in the service of mankind.

A MORNING IN THE OFFICE.

By ALGERNON WARREN.

..IN TWO PARTS .- PART L



R GREGSON rounded the corner for his office. So had his junior clerk just half-a-minute before. He knew the time the governor's train arrived; and the fact that he was paid to be at his desk half-an-hour earlier didn't

trouble his conscience: it very seldom does if the youngster would prefer to emigrate, or turn policeman, or go into the navy rather than into an office. The four seniors had preceded him by at least five minutes, and were beginning to think of work; but they were married men with others to consider besides themselves, so this greater punctuality was more pardonable from their point of view.

Mr Gregson was an oil-merchant in a moderate way of business. His warehouse clerk brought him the morning's orders. There was one from the secretary of a hospital. The writer begged to remind Mr Gregson that a wing was shortly to be added to the building. He also mentioned that the next year's supply of oil for the institution would soon have to be tendered for, and that if Mr Gregson's price was as low as that of any other firm,

he might, in consideration of having given satisfaction hitherto, have a good chance of securing further orders. Enclosed was a request by the matron and nurses for a contribution for their next Christmas-tree. Mr Gregson smiled grimly as he noted the demands on his pocket, and thought of the 1½ per cent. which was all that he was clearing by the last contract, now expiring, which had been accepted with a flourish of trumpets by the Hospital Board, in the knowledge that, cut him down as they might, he could not bring himself to supply them with other than a genuine article; and cut him down they did with a vengeance.

Amongst the letters was an order: 'Please send me four gallons of sublime olive-oil at the very lowest possible price. Try and do it at ——, which was the figure your traveller quoted when last here.'

'Unconscionable being!' was the reflection. 'Now, that fellow knows perfectly well that he asked my traveller for a quotation for a hogshead of the oil; and the mean beast, unless we write him first, will knock the difference off the invoice price when he

comes to settle if we execute his order even at only fourpence per gallon over the cask rate.'

Then he turned to another missive:

- 'The oil you last sent me has proved thoroughly unsatisfactory. I return it herewith. Please send a similar quantity of good oil. I have lost two valuable customers by having this stuff from you.'
 - 'Johnson!'
 - 'Sir.'
 - 'See when Mr H. last had oil of us.'
- 'This time last year, sir,' was the answer after a brief reference.
 - 'Was it new oil that he bought then?'
- 'No, sir; last year's oil, and charged and invoiced accordingly.'
- 'I guessed so,' said Gregson to himself. 'That fellow, to save himself a few shillings, ordered old oil instead of new; and now that what he has left of it is beginning to turn "off," after being in his back-shop instead of a proper cellar, he wants to force it back on me, and get new oil at the same price in exchange, although the market has advanced. Shouldn't wonder but he will have the impudence to want to divide the cost of the carriage of his second consignment, if I send it.—Don't execute this order,' he added aloud to his warehouse clerk, 'till I see by the books whether his account is worth having.—What's this. An order from Newport.—Johnson, isn't our traveller, Mr Brenson, due at Newport in two days?'
 - 'Yes, sir.'
- 'Here's an order from Shuffleout. Isn't his account a bit overdue?'
- 'Yes, sir. He sent an order the week before Mr Brenson waited on him last journey, and got it executed; and when he was called upon, didn't pay the account due, but said he would remit it and the amount of his fresh order altogether very shortly.'
- 'Well, he wants to try the same game again. Here's his letter:
- "Please send me a quarter-cask of oil same as last, by first conveyance. Could not wait for your traveller to come round. Please use all despatch, as I am quite out, and customers are waiting."
- 'I am afraid they will have to wait, so far as we are concerned,' said Mr Gregson, and then ordered that this slippery individual should be written to thus:
- 'DEAR SIR,—We are in receipt of your esteemed favour, which we shall have pleasure in executing after our account, which is somewhat overdue, has been settled.—Your obedient servants,' &c.

Mr Shuffleout, after receiving the answer, so far forgot himself as to vent his rage on the traveller, when he presented himself, with 'Look at this from your governors. Obedient servants! Sanguinary idiots I call them!' Strictly speaking, his language was even less polite.

Another missive read:

'DEAR SIR,—Please send on my order given to wait forwarding instructions a fortnight ago. Please

charge your very lowest prices, as I have now to compete against that bane of the trade, H——Co-operative Company, which has started a branch here. I have warned your traveller against calling on them, as I feel sure that you will not help such a firm to compete against one of your old customers.'

'Now, how can this man really think that he is justified in dictating in this way? Because he has sent us orders to the value of ten pounds per annum for about ten years he really seems to think he can forbid our doing with a company able to order as much in one month as he can in twelve.' And Mr Gregson positively groaned at the thought of the hopelessness of convincing such an individual that his notions of commercial equity were erroneous.

The next letter he turned to was no whit pleasanter to read, being:

'You sent me a tin of oil about a fortnight ago. I now find that there is a hole in the tin, as if a nail had been run into it; and a considerable amount of leakage has taken place, as on measuring what is left I find it to be six gallons short. This is, no doubt, owing to the carelessness of the railway company in transit. Will you therefore send me on a six-gallon tin to make up the deficiency, and claim against them for the loss?—Yours truly,' &c.

'That's it! Trying to foist the matter on to our shoulders as usual. He knows perfectly well that he ought to have signed for the tin as "leaking" when he took it in in the first place, instead of leaving it without examination for a week or more; and he ought to know by this time that he alone, as the party who pays carriage, is legally entitled to make a claim. But he won't do it, and so we must have all the bother and work of passing one in on his behalf, with the chances fifty to one that it won't be recognised owing to the delay in reporting the loss. Then, at the least, he will ask us to divide the loss, which will mean knocking off all the profit we have got from his petty orders for the last two years or more. That's the sort of thing we middlemen have to put up with, while all the time we are accused of extortion and imposition.'

Fortunately the next letter perused was a more satisfactory communication. It was from a really good fellow:

'GENTLEMEN,-Kindly send me on two more casks of oil, size and quality as last, at your early convenience. I am pleased to tell you that the last gave great satisfaction, and I have got through it much quicker than I expected. Several tradesmen in our town have been summoned under the Food and Drugs Act for selling adulterated oil, and the inspector called at my shop about a fortnight ago and obtained a sample of the lot you sent me, and then let me know it was going to be analysed; but I did not write to you about it, because I had perfect faith in your article; and now he has gone as far as to tell me that in his experience of the last twenty years he never met with a better sample. Now, gentlemen, I am sorry to hurry you; but you will oblige me more than ever if you can see your way to immediate despatch of the further quantity, as if the run on what I have got left continues I may be awkwardly placed, seeing I don't feel that I can trust neighbours to supply me with anything equal to your article to go on with.'

This letter was quite refreshing. Mr Gregson inspected the rest of the orders in a more cheerful spirit, and then turned to the other portion of his correspondence.

He took up one marked private. It was from a working foreman of a firm that had recently commenced doing business with the house, enclosing his private address, and requesting that some little acknowledgment of the orders now being given might be sent to him there. But Mr Gregson was not that sort of man. 'This is sickening,' he thought. 'I'll see if I can't frighten the brute!' So he dictated this letter:

'Messrs Gregson & Co. are in receipt of the request from the manager of Messrs F. to the effect that something shall be given to him in consideration of the orders recently forwarded from the firm, which same he desires to be forwarded to his private address. Messrs Gregson & Co. beg to inform him that they have under consideration the feasibility of laying his communication before his employers, as they feel sure that such an application would be strongly discountenanced.'

Then he called in his working manager, told him what he had done, and impressed upon him the necessity for taking every possible precaution in executing any further orders from the firm employing this individual with the itching palm, 'for, depend upon it,' he said, 'if by any accident that fellow discovers the slightest ground for complaint he will be sure to magnify it.'

Then he unfolded one of those ominous officiallooking papers with which commercial men are only too well acquainted, and read the old, old story: offer of composition of two and fourpence in the pound. Debtor commenced with borrowed capital; claims of relatives partially secured; failure attributed to increased competition and bad debts.

'There!' muttered Mr Gregson, 'I told my traveller there was no possible kindness in giving that man extended credit, and this is what comes of it. He said, "Well, sir, he is a respectably connected young fellow, and he ought to do there." If we had firmly refused to trust him with more goods when he began to get behind in his payments we shouldn't have been let in like this.'

Next he read a request from a trader in an outlying district that he should be allowed an extra 2½ per cent. if he remitted orders and money instead of requiring a traveller to call upon him for either.

'Well, that's cool!' commented the merchant.
'He calmly demands that we should pay him money for the privilege of keeping away from his neighbourhood, thereby lessening the chance of our supplying any of his competitors about there. What next, I wonder? I wish men who take shops

would learn commercial laws, and understand that when the term of credit has expired they are legally bound to pay for goods supplied, and that the sending of a representative to them to collect a debt is only a matter of expediency and not of necessity.

The letters received by that morning's post were too numerous to be particularised. They included requests for situations from young men who were perfectly confident that, although they had had no previous knowledge of the oil-trade, they could master its details in a few weeks so as to give There were also several complete satisfaction. applications for subscriptions. Men who went in for lay-preaching, and were wont to thunder from the pulpit about the necessity for Disestablishment, had no scruple in asking for money to help them to maintain their crusade against the Church of England without taking the trouble to ascertain previously whether Mr Gregson belonged to that Church or not. That they sent him business was, in their opinion, a sufficient justification for their demand. Others wanted contributions for athletic clubs, and proffered tickets for smoking concerts, intimating that if pressure of business prevented Messrs Gregson & Co. from travelling fifty miles or so to attend them it would be a favour if they would return them, with a donation towards the expenses.

There was a letter from a country tradesman saying that his assistant was coming to town on the following day for a holiday, and that, as he had never been over a large oil-warehouse, he trusted that Messrs Gregson would take him thoroughly over theirs, and that perhaps they could spare somebody to go out an hour or so with him and show him the leading sights; ending with: 'My assistant does not often have the chance of going away so far. He is a married man, and I feel sure if you see your way to a little help towards the expenses of his trip you will not lose by it in the long-run.' Again Mr Gregson groaned as he thought how little the dwellers in small country towns, where time was only a consideration on marketdays, realised the value of it to busy city merchants. He knew he would be expected, however pressed for time, to interview the caller, and that he would have personally to hand him over to one of his employés to get rid of as soon as he decently could.

He hastened to look at the *Public Ledger* to post himself up in the market changes, for well he knew he would soon be called upon to give audiences to a host of callers whose visits, five out of six of them, would be profitless to him; and soon they began to come, some of them using every artifice to avoid the regulations given to his clerks to stop intrusion.

'Mr Reu, sir!'

'Don't know him, if you have his name right.'

'I asked him for his card, sir. He said he believed you knew him, and that his business was private.'

'Tell him I am very much engaged; but if his business will only take a minute or two he can come in.' Enter a picture-dealing Jew. Mr Gregson took him in in a moment, and wished him out again.

'My clerk said you thought I knew you. I don't, and am very busy.'

'Well, sir, I know of you, and, knowing you was partial to pictures, thought as I was in the town I'd just show you two or three sweet water-colours I've got here.' Here he began unpacking.

'I'm not open to look at them, and don't expect to be called on here about that sort of thing,' said Mr Gregson in such a curt, decided tone that even the persevering Hebrew saw no chance of a deal, and took up his package of works of art, saying, 'Well, sir, you needn't be offended. It's generally gentlemen as has taste that like these things.'

Mr Gregson held open the door for his departure; but ere he could close it another man stepped forward with a hand-bag and a business card.

'Good-morning, sir. I have the pleasure of waiting on you from Messrs H. No doubt you know the firm: one of the largest importers of mineral oil in the kingdom.'

'I don't do in mineral oils; in fact, by the terms of insurance of these premises I am prohibited from having any of them.'

Any one unacquainted with the genus 'seller on commission' might naturally expect that this intruder would now depart; but instead of doing so he undauntedly and pertinaciously renewed the attack

'Sorry to hear that, sir; but dare say we could arrange to stock a few barrels for you, and then you could take orders from your customers and send them on to us for despatch. I am quite sure your customers would be pleased with our oil. I assure you, sir, it's beautiful. Just look at this;' and he produced a sample from his bag.

'Now, I've told you I cannot stock mineral oil here, and it would not be worth my while to sell it in the way you propose. What are your terms for paying carriage, and what is the smallest quantity you send out?'

'We pay carriage on ten-barrel lots and upwards, and would send out as little as a single barrel if required.'

Very well. Now I think you can see you are only taking up your time and mine to no purpose. I've told you I don't deal in mineral oils. If I did after a great deal of trouble secure an order or two for single barrels, my customers would not pay the extra carriage from your stores up in the north, which would be as much again as if they got it from mineral oil wholesale houses in this town, who not only supply single barrels but smaller quantities in tins if required.'

'But, sir, I'm confident that with a connection like yours'—this was his first call, and he had only made inquiries about the firm of Gregson & Co. three days before—'you could venture on a little lot of ten barrels.'

'I've given you my answer; you must excuse me saying more.'

'Won't you give me a trial line? I assure you, sir, you won't repent it. Are you quite sure you couldn't make some arrangement with your insurance company?'

Mr Gregson held the door open.

'Supposing I say eight barrels for the first time, instead of ten. Customers always order our stuff again, sir, when they've had it once. I've done remarkably well in your town so far.'

Argument, Mr Gregson knew, would be purposeless. What would this fellow care if he perilled the value of his buyer's whole stock so long as he earned his commission? Could a man of such mental calibre possibly be brought to understand that the statement—such statements in business have to be taken cum grano salis—that he had sold well to all the neighbours was no inducement to a buyer to purchase, inasmuch as he was apprised thereby that plenty of competition would come into his selling channels? Mr Gregson determined not to say another word, but looked at his watch and again motioned the intruder out.

'If I can arrange to divide up a lot, sir, and send you four barrels'——

'Williams!'

'Yes, sir.'

'Show this gentleman out, and let me know who are waiting.'

'Three or four are waiting, sir, and your friend Mr G. was here. I knew you would like to see him. He said he would wait a few minutes; but as he had to catch a train he has just gone.'

'All because of that idiot,' thought Mr Gregson, 'I miss a man who really could have given me information worth having, and have my time wasted. That class of man ruins the road, and spoils the chances of many a good, bond-fide commercial.'

The next interview-seeker was a canvasser for advertisements for a colonial newspaper. One constantly sees in the press that active and energetic young men are required for this sort of work, and active and energetic they very frequently are; but, alas! a large number of them are lamentably lacking in the power to impart really useful information, and this one was no exception.

'I've called, sir, to solicit your advertisements for the Canadian E—— Gazette. Your name has been given me as a large dealer in oil; and I am quite sure, sir, if you only give our journal a trial you will find it will lead to increased orders. If you will glance at this list you will see the districts through which it circulates. There is room for a great opening up of trade in them. Our terms are only ten shillings an inch, sir, for a series of six advertisements and upwards. I don't mind telling you in confidence that I've just taken one order for a trial six from an old firm near you.'

Mr Gregson cut him short as soon as he could by handing him a price current.

'What's the exact import-duty on these three kinds of oils'—indicating them as he spoke—'in the parts of Canada where your paper circulates?'

'Well, sir, I—that is—well, I can't say off-hand; but you've only to write to our editor, and he will find it out for you; or if you prefer, I'll write for you. But if it suits your neighbours, it is pretty sure to suit you to advertise in our columns. Won't you give me a trial six advertisements? You could get quite enough to begin with into a two-inch space.'

'When you've got your facts at your finger-ends you can call again—not before. I cannot listen to

you a minute longer.'

'Now, I wonder,' soliloquised the harried merchant after the canvasser's departure, 'when our Government means to move in the matter, and get our young men to acquire tariff information properly. As if a fellow like that would ever care to spend his money on subscribing for the Board of Trade Intelligence. It ought to be drummed into them as boys in every commercial school in the country. Just think of the damage done. I know very well the import-duty in those parts where that paper circulates is heavy enough to make the price of my oil utterly prohibitive there; but he never told that young Green, my competitor, a word about it when he secured his advertisement. When old Green was alive he would not have got such an order from them; but that son of his, in his feverish desire to push trade, jumps at conclusions without a moment's reflection. Then, look at the harm he does. Because his is considered a respectable firm of old standing, other simpletons will be told of his advertisement, and will likewise waste their money to no purpose. Oh, it's disgusting!'

A clerk now came to tell him that somebody was waiting to see him with a letter of introduction from a customer. With a faint hope that it might be about buying goods, he said, 'Show him in.'

THE DOCK DIVER.



VERY dock of any size has a diver or two in its employ. As the need for their services is variable, when not engaged in diving they are employed upon some of the many other duties pertaining to a dock,

such as attending to the entering, leaving, and berthing of vessels, seeing to the good condition of ropes and chains, cleaning, painting, and so on. When anything goes wrong under water—a sluice refusing to open or a gate to close—down the diver goes to see what is amiss, and to rectify it. Vessels also sometimes need minor survey or repair below the water-line that it is not worth while dry-docking for. The dock company provides the dress and pumps, and the diver gets as a rule ten shillings for each descent, or, if the work be continuous, that amount as a daily wage.

The dock diver is a more prosaic individual than his professional brother of the 'Magazine.' Encounters with sharks and devil-fish, and adventures amongst the ribs of rotting treasure-galleons, are not his. Indeed, when asked his opinion of these he frankly calls them impossibilities and lies. His own adventures, although they lack the orthodox glitter of the diver who drops into print with apparently as much ease as he does into water, are nevertheless interesting enough.

Referring more particularly to work in a South Wales coal-dock, it is much like working in a vat of London porter or a huge reservoir of ink. None of the kindly light of heaven penetrates below the surface of the black, muddy water. Nothing is done by sight, but everything by feel. If a nail has to be knocked in, the head has to be felt for, and the direction of the blow guided by judgment independently of the aid of the eye.

To realise in some measure what it means, let the reader try driving a nail into the cellar wall after dark. A diver under such peculiar working conditions acquires an additional sense of localising. He carries a kind of dead-reckoning of his movements in his mind. Otherwise, if he were to put a hammer down it would take him some time to find it when next needed. As it is, he makes notes in a subconscious way of his movements—a half-turn to the right, two steps forward, a full turn to the left, and so on; and by reversing these he can get back to any desired point, and place his hand down upon his hammer, for instance. A simple way out of the difficulty seemed to be carrying the tools suspended from a leather girdle; but when it was suggested to the diver he would have none of it. The hammers used are larger than those used above water, so as to give more force to the slower, steadier blow only practicable. An upright position is also extremely difficult to maintain in the water, and weights slung around the body, trailing at different angles with it at every movement, would make it more difficult still.

An omission in making the notes referred to as the alternative practice led upon one occasion to a diver's being placed in a situation of extreme peril. In many coal-docks, to save initial cost of construction, the sides are built up roughly on a slope, and the shipping-hoists, together with the railway lines leading to them, carried out upon massive timber staging a distance of thirty or forty feet to deep water, in which the vessel lies. Upon the occasion referred to the diver was engaged in some work or other amongst the submerged portion of the supporting piles. When he came to give a thought to returning to the surface, he found that his air-pipe had got

entangled by his movements in the timbering, and that he was a fast-bound prisoner. Rather a gruesome situation for indoor nerves; the blackness and chill of the water pressing in upon him on every side, the slimy feel of the piles, a full consciousness of the frail connection between himself and the life of the upper world, and the impossibility of any outside help. However, there was nothing for it but to pull himself together and set to disentangling himself. Had he kept a mental count of his movements it would have been an easy matter; as it was, any further movement might be one in a wrong direction, and mean a firmer binding. A sudden slip might also throw such a strain upon the pipe as would either break or close it. It took him over an hour and a half of anxious and careful work to free himself. Strange to say, the time seemed much shorter to him upon a checking later on.

An interference with the air-pipe is the danger that all divers most dread. Something of a similar case to the foregoing happened in Bilbao a good many years ago. A vessel had got sunk in the river there, and English divers were employed-sent out from England, if we remember rightly, by the English firm most interested-to salvage the cargo. The work of sending up the cases, owing to the danger of entanglement of the air-pipes, was slow-so slow that Spanish divers on the spot offered to do the work much more quickly. The offer was accepted. They took over the work, and up came the cargo very much more briskly under their efforts, as promised. they worked so recklessly that in the course of a few hours they were hopelessly entangled, and the Englishmen had to be hurriedly sought for to descend and free them. This they did, fortunately without any loss of life; and, needless to add, finished the work in their own way at their own rate.

To return to home waters, a diver of our acquaintance once mentioned a lucky hit in a minor way which he made in a dock. An officer of a ship lying in it was hurriedly passing along the ship's side, when a projection of the rail caught his watch-chain, tore it and the watch in his pocket free, with the result that both were whirled into the dock. As the watch was a highly prized and valuable gift, he engaged a diver the next day to make a descent and attempt its recovery. Not an easy matter even though the spot could be approximately localised, taking into consideration the foot or two of soft mud at the bottom of every dock. He went down, and the first touch of his fingers upon the bottom rested upon the chain. He pulled gently upon it, and up came the watch, still attached, from the mud into which it had sunk.

Reference to mud brings to mind another peculiar accident met with by a diver. He was walking along the dock-bottom, groping in the mud for a small portion of machinery which had been

carried away from the front of a coal-hoist, when he suddenly dropped into a ten-foot hole. it is sufficiently disconcerting to drop unexpectedly into a ten-foot hole of water in the open face of day, but to drop into one with thirty feet of water already above must be still more so. The strangeness of the thing startled him beyond méasure, for he knew that there should have been no hole there. The ridiculous thought that flashed through his mind as he tumbled was, that he was 'going to knock the bottom of the dock out.' However, he did not, and came to no harm, for his attendant above, a true and watchful man. had paid out the additional pipe and line as he felt him go, although mightily surprised at the sudden demand. Upon recovering himself at the bottom of the hole, he found that the mud knocked about by his descent had clogged the outlet valve for the air in his helmet, and had to immediately signal to be hauled up. He was so dirty that his mates, after hurriedly unscrewing the eyepiece of the helmet upon the appearance of his head above water, and finding that he was all right, insisted upon scrubbing him down with a hard brush before they would admit him into the pumping-punt. The commonplace explanation of the hole turned out upon inquiry to be, that the dock grab-dredger, instead of working with the usual loose moorings, had been doing so with fixed, with the result that in place of clearing the mud from a wider area it had been digging a hole in the dock-floor.

Whether there is anything in the occupation of a diver to promote geniality, or whether it is that only genial men can advantageously undertake the work, we cannot say, but the diver is almost invariably a genial man. He is also stout, as is clearly befitting, for a lath of a man would lack the weight and steadiness necessary to a proper descending into and working in water. By the way, they attribute their characteristic avoirdupois to breathing so much condensed air, upon similar grounds to condensed milk proving fattening food to babies.

FAREWELL AT DAWN.

Dawn on the harbour, wan and very still,

A glimmering gray upon the quiet deep,

While the great headlands seem to crouch, and creep
Closer beneath the shelter of the hill.

All the night long we sat and talked our fill

Of boyhood days, the faith we vowed to keep;

We thrust aside the wooing arms of aleep,

And vagrant memory wove our words at will.

One hand-clasp more, a step upon the quay,
And the light boat goes springing through the foam,
Leaping with joy to greet the freshening gale.
Then, as I turn to seek my lonely home,
Athwart the black ships' fretted forestry
The sunlight flashes on your far-horne sail.
Walter Thacewell.



MEMORIES OF HALF A CENTURY.

By R. C. LEHMANN.

PART II.



own memory of my grandfather, Robert Chambers, is, with the exception of one interview, somewhat vague and indistinct. He died when I was fifteen years old; and during the latter part of his life we, who

were living in England, had not been able to see That one interview, however, him frequently. stands out in my mind with a startling distinctness. It must have taken place in 1864, when, as a boy of eight, I had just begun learning Latin with a tutor. This great intelligence had been communicated to my grandfather, and I can remember my feelings of mingled pride and apprehension when the towering and dignified figure took me by the hand and began to question me: 'So, my little man, you're into Latin?' 'Yes, grandpa.' 'That's good; that's good. Now then, can you go through mensa, a table?' 'Please, grandpa, we call it musa, a muse, in our book. I can do that for you.' And I did, without in the least understanding why my grandfather gave a Homeric shout of laughter. The consequent gift of a shilling was, however, thoroughly intelligible, and served to impress the little incident indelibly on my mind.

It is evident that Robert Chambers fully understood and practised lart detre grandpère. In July 1858 my mother was on a visit to her parents in Edinburgh, and had taken me and my brother, aged respectively two years and a half and seven months, with her. She writes from 1 Doune Terrace:

'Papa is quite fidgety in the morning till I bring down the boys. Then he lights up, opens his arms, and clasps the laughing Frederico Jocoso, as he calls him, cuddles him, raves about him, foretells his future career of genius extraordinary and distinction generally; admires his nobly shaped head, his waggish eyes; calls him pearl of boys, the prince of babes, the dearest, funniest, wittiest child on earth; and allows him to pluck at his No. 272.—Vol. VI. [All Right

whiskers, disturb his shirt collar, and catch hold of his nose.'

And again a day or two later:

'You should have seen us at breakfast this morn-Papa with Rudy on his knee getting bites of egg, sups of tea, and crumbs of roll. Freddy on Jan's knee, dadding on the table with his two chubby hands with all his might-a little giant, papa says, not knowing upon what to expend his strength; papa all the time keeping up a chorus of "What a splendid babe! Oh, he is the prince of babes, the king of babes! Good heavens! I nev-v-v-er saw such a babe in my life." Then, in a kind of rapture, he takes him in his arms, hugs him, kisses him, fondles him, says, "Always smiling, always laughing-oh, the captain! happy boy!" and enjoys him to the full. Then he gives Freddy jumps in the air, and makes him into a clock; and Rudy is passionately fond of him; and as for Freddy, his whole face is one grin when grandpapa appears.'

My grandfather, no doubt, had a right to such little compensations as a visit from his grandchildren could give him, for the life of a philosopher in the midst of a family of cheerful daughters is not always an easy one. The following letter, written to my father in 1855 by my mother's sister Mary,* gives an account of some of the trials endured by the author of Vestiges of Creation at the hands of his girls:

'I must tell you such a good joke we keep up to frighten papa. Well, you must understand that we have an imaginary lover named "Charles," and sometimes on an evening when the curtains are drawn and papa comes abruptly into the room we all make a kind of underhand fuss, then make signs

^{*} Mary Chambers, known to her family as Mollie, was a beautiful and brilliantly gifted girl, who did not live to fulfil the high promise of her early years. She married Dr Alexander Edwards, and died quite young.

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to each other, then look anxiously towards the curtains, and whisper loud enough for pa to hear, "Keep in your feet, Charles; the tip of your boot is seen," &c. Then of course papa looks suspicious, and goes and examines behind the curtains, amidst our shouts of laughter.

'Well, to-night he came in as usual to read us some philosophical work or other; and Tuckey, who cannot endure when he begins to read, and who generally acts as Charles on an emergency, went out of the room. Presently there is the sound of a guitar heard outside in the garden, and we all look at each other and whisper, "Oh! there's Charles at last. Good gracious! I hope papa won't hear him. Oh, heavens! I wish he would be quiet until papa goes out of the room. Annie" (in a despairing tone), "go to the window and sign to him to go away just now." Then papa, who has heard it all of course, looks up quite angry and says, "Dear bless me, what's the use of my reading to you if you all go on making signs to each other in that way?" However, he goes on again. Presently the door hastily opens and a head pops in, but the moment after disappears again on seeing papa, leaving nothing but a general impression of tremendous black moustache, a hat, and cane; then, of course, we are all in fits of laughing. Oh, we have such fun with the darling papa! He is the best man in all the world. I just adore him. He takes us walks three times a week along the Dean Bridge, and entertains us with the most charming, intellectual, and at the same time amusing conversation. These are the greatest treats we have, and we tell him that it is very bad policy on his part to make himself so fascinating to us, as we will never leave him to be married. . . .

'It was my birthday yesterday, and I was twenty, and none of them gave me a present (although I gave them all due warning some days before so that they might have sufficient time to prepare the presents) except mamma and Annie. Mamma gave me a pair of scissors, a thimble, a lovely coral stud for my neck, and a beautiful ring. Annie gave me a very pretty jug, Bob gave me his blessing (wretch!), and pa gave me a long lecture on the Dean Bridge, to the effect that although I had passed twenty years without seeing any misery and without experiencing any cares, yet I must often think that there are such things in the world to the extent of which I have no idea, &c.'

My grandmother, Mrs Robert Chambers, has been already mentioned in the passages I have quoted from my father's note-book. She was a musician of no common skill, and played beautifully both on the harp and on the piano. Not only was she the very soul of kindness, but she had a charming gift of humour, sometimes conscious, sometimes (in appearance, at least) unconscious—humour always radiant and amiable, but often, too, of a detached and unworldly kind that made her society delightful to all who knew her. My mother, who was once

more on a visit at 1 Doune Terrace, writes to my father in 1860:

About twelve o'clock I saw mamma hurrying up lunch, and asked why it was to be so early. "Oh," says mamma, "I want to get lunch over, as Miss Y. said she would come in to-day, as she waited an hour and a half yesterday for me to come in, while I was sitting upstairs, and she had to go away; but she left a message saying she would come back to-day, which I think is probable, as she has left her teeth behind." "Her teeth?" I said. "Yes; they were found on the ground, just where she had been sitting, by cook when she did out the room this morning." It gave poor mamma quite a turn, being the first thing she saw on coming down to breakfast this morning, and she has been on the sofa ever since. Well, we hurried our lunch, and got it over; after which mamma prepared to vanish safely out of the ken of Miss Y. or any other visitor, first turning to Margaret the tablemaid, and saying gently, "Margaret, if Miss Y. calls say we're all out, and that her teeth are on the dining-room mantelpiece." The fits you are perhaps taking over this are nothing to what I am going into at this moment as it all comes back to me. There was the double set, eight-and-twenty of 'em, on the centre of the mantelpiece, covered decently by mamma with the Scotsman of yesterday, but exposed to view every now and then by everybody in turn taking up the Scotsman intending to read it. Papa can't get over it; he goes into tranquil fits over and over again, and says they were left as a ghastly reproach by Miss Y. because she had no lunch vesterday.'

In 1862 Mrs Chambers paid us a visit at Shanklin, in the Isle of Wight, and brought with her her youngest daughter Alice, a little girl who, though she was my aunt, was my senior by only a few years. In the following letter my mother describes a memorable incident of this visit:

'Mamma and Alice took a bedroom near, and lived with me till yesterday, when they took a parlour and bedroom next door; but of course we are always together, and Alice's cheerful voice rings about the house all day, pitched at such a height that one would think it must fall. Mamma enjoys the place in her own way immensely, and has already sniffed out all the drains and condemned them, particularly the Chine one by Sampson's. The Sampsons [the owners of the bathing-machines] are greatly impressed by her presence and dignity. She goes about in her white dressing-gown, regardless of crinoline and all existing fashions, spends small competencies on shrimps, never takes a meal at the time we take it, and retires to her couch at about 6.45, leaving Alice to spend her evenings and sup with us. Yesterday she announced with an air of the deepest mystery and importance that she was going to give a concert-Alice prima donna; admission, by ticket, one halfpenny. She intended giving it in her own room, but came round and asked if she might give it in mine, as the fact was

the upper notes of her piano were slightly defective, and most of the lower ones wouldn't sound at all. So I gave my consent. Alice wrote the tickets, and we were all obliged to purchase. The boys came clamouring for halfpence—the free list was suspended—Liza [the parlour-maid], Julie [the German nurse], and Matilde [our German governess] were commanded to disburse. Julie plunged a great brown paw in her pocket, and finally cleared the required coin from a miscellaneous collection of crumbs, local diamonds, nutmeg-grater, grimy pocket-handkerchief, small hard apples, and safety-Liza drew hers forth with more delicacy from an old purse of yours where she keeps a small fortune of halfpence and fourpenny-pieces. Then mamma said in a grand voice, "Let Mrs Colenutt* know of this. I desire she may come too." "Free list?" I whispered. "By no means. She must pay for her ticket." So poor Mrs C. had to buy her ticket; and finally, when we were all seated, she knocked at the door, held her ticket out timidly, and stood, without a smile, at the back of the door the whole time. Mamma had got Matilde to make a wreath for Alice, who looked like a midge in the sunshine with it on; and all the boys had sprigs in their hats, and sat with the greatest solemnity the whole time. The concert consisted of mamma and Alice playing three duets, and before each mamma always turned to Mrs Colenutt-who was ready to sink with awe—as being the principal feature in the audience, and said impressively, "Scotch-Lowland;" "English-very old;" "Favourite air of Sir Walter Scott's-supposed to be Highland." When it was over Mrs Colenutt curtsied and said it was "beautiful, and well worth the money." Hopie and I retired after the whole thing, and actually danced with laughter. Mamma was, on the contrary, as serious as a judge; and Alice subsequently confided to Hopie on the sands that she had made fourpence halfpenny by the affair, having sold nine tickets. Mamma said afterwards to Hopie and me, "Now, that is a thing Mrs Walnut will never forget. She was deeply impressed."'

I must now pass on, reluctantly enough, from these intimate family reminiscences, and next in order I call up from the past the figure of our dear old Wilkie Collins, the kindest and best friend that boy or man ever had. Wilkie-we never called him by any more formal name, even when we were little fellows-had known my mother before her marriage, and to us boys and to our sister he soon grew to be what he ever afterwards remained: not merely the grown-up and respected friend of our parents, but our own true companion and close associate. He took our young imaginations captive with stories of Tom Sayers, with whom he had often conversed, whose face-destroying hand he had shaken, whose awful arm he had felt. "He hadn't any muscle to speak of in his forearm," said Wilkie, "and there wasn't any show of biceps; but when I

I can see him now as I used to see him in those early, unforgotten days: a neat figure of a cheerful plumpness, very small feet and hands, a full brown beard, a high and rounded forehead, a small nose not naturally intended to support a pair of large spectacles behind which his eyes shone with humour and friendship; not by any means the sort of man imagination would have pictured as the creator of Count Fosco and the inventor of the terrors of Armadale and the absorbing mystery of The Moonstone. Yet he was, in fact, a very hard and determined worker. In one of his letters to my mother he describes how he finished the writing of The Guilty River: 'You know well what a fool I amor shall I put it mildly and say how "indiscreet"? For the last week, while I was finishing the story, I worked for twelve hours a day, and galloped along without feeling it, like the old post-horses, while I was hot. Do you remember how the forelegs of those post-horses quivered and how their heads drooped when they came to the journey's end?'† It must be remembered that for many years he had to struggle against attacks of rheumatism, and later on of gout in the eyes; but neither the acuteness of his pain nor the remedies he was forced to take in order to abate it could quench that indomitable spirit or freeze the genial current of his soul. His conversation was easy and delightful both in English and in French. 'I don't care a fig for the accent,' he used to say, and he certainly spoke truly. 'The French are a polite people, and they don't trouble to think about accent if they understand you. They understand me.' peculiarities in his English I can remember: he always pronounced the words 'really' and 'real' as if they had been spelt 'raily' and 'rail,' and he gave to the word 'obliged' its old-fashioned sound of 'obleeged.'

I have said that Wilkie Collins knew my mother before she was married. The earliest specimen of his handwriting that I possess is a piece of verse addressed by him to her. It accompanied a gift of

remarked on that, he asked me to observe his triceps and the muscle under his shoulder, and then I understood how he did it." This story was told to us some time before Wilkie set out to denounce athletes and athleticism in Man and Wife-of which, by the way, he wrote a considerable part in our home near Highgate. The book is dedicated to my father and mother; and though, as budding cricketers and football-players and runners, we felt ourselves wounded in our tenderest places by its severity towards athletes, we were generous, and forgave the erring author for the sake of the unvarying friend. Not very many years after, so great is the force of kindness and inconsistency, he congratulated me on having rowed in an eight-oar on the Cam and made some bumps!

^{*} The landlady.

[†] I am indebted to Mr A. P. Watt, Wilkie Collins's literary executor, for permission to publish here some of Wilkie Collins's letters and verses.

toffy sent in return for a similar gift from her. Here it is:

'Miss Chambers has sent me a very sharp letter,
With a gift of some Toffy (I never sucked better!).
'Tis plain, from her note, she would have me infer
That I should have first sent the Toffy to her.
I will only observe on the present occasion
(Thinking first gifts of sweets so much sugar'd
temptation),

That, in tempting of all kinds, I still must believe The men act like Adam, the women like Eve. From mere mortal frailties I don't stand exempted, So I waited, like Adam, by Eve to be tempted; But, more fitted than he with "The Woman" to grapple,

I return her (in Toffy) my bite of "the Apple."
'W. W. C.

' March 27/52.'

Wilkie Collins's novels left him no time for sporting with the lighter muse; but it is plain from these playful and polished lines that he might, had he cared for the task, have set up as a frivolous rival to Mr Locker or Mr Austin Dobson in the writing of vers de société.

In my next article I shall give some of the letters of this prince of letter-writers.

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

CHAPTER XII.-STRUCK DOWN.



LAIN CARBONEC, when he parted from Barbe and Veuve Pleuret that afternoon, rowed gaily across to the lighthouse, hauled the boat up to the beams, and left it as he had found it. Then he stripped and

twisted his blue cotton duds in a rope round his waist, and cast himself into the tide, just as the raincloud burst and whipped the sea all round him till it hissed.

He was in the highest of spirits. He did not, indeed, see the end of the matter quite clearly yet; but Barbe was out of Pierre's hands and in his own, which was all to the good. He would see Gaudriol when he got back to the village, and get his opinion of this sister-and-brother story—which, for himself, he did not for one moment believe. Gaudriol would certainly help him, for he had shown his liking in many little ways since he came to Plenevec. How they were to get married without Pierre's consent he did not quite see; but they would manage it somehow, and then he would be the happiest man on earth, and Barbe should be the happiest girl. Dieu-de-Dieu-de-Dieu, how beautiful she was! The blood leaped through his veins at thought of her, and he shot through the waves at double speed because each strong stroke was taking him back to her.

Scrambling ashore under the frowning headland, he found his clothes in the nook where he always left them. They were soaked with the rain; but that was a very small matter. In an hour he would be sitting with Barbe before the fire in Mère Pleuret's cottage. He twisted the blue cottons round his neck, since they would not be needed there again, and set off on his precarious climb round the granite shoulder of the cliff.

It was perilous work; but his fingers and toes found holes and holding, as though by instinct, where holding seemed impossible. The rain hissed on the rocks and beat back in his face. The birds shrieked and whirled around him in a way that would have flung a less hardy climber to his

death; but Alain was accustomed to them, and there was that in him now that made him feel as though he had wings himself. He let them scream their fill without hindrance or annoyance, and drew himself up at last among the scant herbage of the cliff-brow, and lay panting his lungs full of it, the smell being so sweet after the nauseous passage of the roosting-places. Then he rose and swung down among the great standing-stones that the ancients had left, and through the clumps of gorse by the path his own feet had made.

Then—as he passed swiftly along, full of Barbe and the gladness of living—a figure rose suddenly behind him out of the shadow of one of the great stones. An arm swung, a ragged piece of rock flew at so short a range that it was almost a blow and failure was impossible, and Alain lay bleeding on the grass. George Cadoual bent over him, as Cain bent over his brother Abel. It was the abc of murder—the most primitive form of vengeance: the ambush and the stone.

Alain, however, was not dead. Cadoual had hardly hoped for so much, and his choice of hiding-place had provided for it. He looked down for a moment at his work: the horrid wound in which the blood welled, and gathered, and trickled down through the yellow hair to the grass, and stained it purple-black for a moment, till the rain washed it off; the slackened limbs, a minute ago springing with full life.

Cadoual had no compunctions, however. The man had been in his way. He had to go. George stooped and gripped the body by the shoulders, and dragged it out of the path, and along till he came to a burrow hidden by a clump of furze at the foot of one of the stones. He backed into this on his hands and knees, and drew the body in after him, bit by bit, till it disappeared, as the rabbit disappears down the big snake's throat. The shaft widened in its descent. The air grew cool and moist, and at last he stood in the damp darkness of a wide chamber with the body of Alain Carbonec at his feet. His work was not done yet: this

was only the ante-chamber. He paused for breath, then struck a sulphur-match, which gave him the appearance of a corpse looking down at another one. He lit a candle-end and stuck it on a boulder, and quieted his twisting mouth with a cigarette while he rested from his labours. Then he crept up into daylight again to make sure no traces were left there. The rain had already washed away the blood; and he picked up Alain's blue stocking-cap and crept back with it in his hand.

Then he laid hold of the body again, and dragged it with loose-kicking heels over the rough floor to a corner where another dark passage yawned. He went back for the candle, carried it down the passage, and then came back for the body

body.

And now he went warily, for there was that hereabouts which might be the death of him; he came to it at last: a fault in the rock, where the

bottom of the passage slipped away into darkness. He kicked a stone down; it fell, and no sound came back. He had discovered this place when he was a boy; it had given him many a nightmare, and he had never been there since.

Without a moment's hesitation, he pushed the body of Alain Carbonec down into the darkness. Consciously, or with the instinctive grasp that never leaves the sailor till the final grip is loosed, the sliddering hands of the wounded man caught at anything that offered. Cadoual's feet were plucked suddenly from under him, his shortcut shriek echoed along the vaulted passage, and the two men disappeared into the darkness together.

Up on its ledge in the passage, the candle licked its sharp tongue to and fro as though thirsting after knowledge, and burned slowly to its death.

JOHANNESBURG.

A REVIEW AND FORECAST.

By the Author of The Coming Rush to South Africa, &c.

IN TWO PARTS .- PART I.



HAT Johannesburg is destined to become one of the leading cities of Greater Britain is a contention more moderate than ambitious. Remarkable it has always been, and is; famous it is certain to become, and

that early in our generation. Dowered by nature with almost every conceivable requisite essential to commercial potentiality, it is difficult to see how—if as much energy is displayed in the future as in the past in the development and exploitation of the latent resources of the Transvaal—Johannesburg, by reason of its topographical situation, can miss achieving the glorious position among the world-centres of industry to which it has so obviously been predestined by nature; and the prosperity of Johannesburg and that of the Transvaal—of South Africa itself—go hand in hand.

This land of promise remains as yet under the cloud that has obscured its fortunes and smothered its attempts at progress since 1896. The inquiries: How is this so? What prospect is there of an early resumption of commercial activity and industrial progress which alone can justify the tide of immigration allowed to flow unrestrictedly Randwards? and What demand will such commercial progress and expansion create for a newer and larger white population from oversea?—these will come within the province of this article.

Depression, like prosperity, is no new experience to Johannesburg. It has revelled for brief periods in the rich meadows of prosperity; it has also pined for years in the desolate wastes of depression, with its misery accentuated by the knowledge that the

causes which combined to withhold its former prosperity-to which its title was long since incontestably proved - were well known and removable. All that was needed was fair and equitable government in which the people had a voice, an abolition of monopolies, a customs tariff bearing lightly on the necessaries of life and the necessities for the prosecution of the industries of the country, together with uniformly low railway rates and greatly increased railway facilities throughout the coast colonies and inland states of South Africa. What chance, however, was there for the attainment of such necessitous, if ideal, conditions during the existence of Krugerism, a despotic oligarchy which laid the axe of retrogression unsparingly to the roots of the tree of progress? To their shame be it said, certain phases of that policy were supported by the British colonies of the Cape and Natal. In their unwise haste to make present profit out of the oversea importations of the Rand, and with no thought for the future, they fixed the railway rates at exorbitant figures, and levied indefensible and usurious transitdues on all goods consigned to the Transvaal passing through their ports. The railway rate from these ports-one a thousand miles and the other four hundred miles distant—was a very important

That under the old régime money was to be made freely—although by methods not always creditable—is undeniable. Even to-day one occasionally hears the lament, 'Give us back our grievances;' but neither in prosperous nor dark days was there any real or general disposition on the part of Britons—who, after all, always constituted the bulk of the

Johannesburg population—to barter their claim to political and personal freedom and a voice in the management of their own affairs for increased wealth or office under a Government which they despised, and at whose unjustifiable restrictions they revolted. A rupture was unavoidable. On the one hand was a population ever agitating for reforms and clamouring for elementary justice, and to whom 'Civis Romanus sum' was the be-all and the end-all of national existence; and on the other hand was an autocracy determined to resist such agitations and silence such clamourings by every means in their power, just or unjust.

Finally, after years of muttering and threatening, the war-cloud burst on the 11th of October 1899, when, on the expiry of the time limit fixed in their insolent ultimatum, the Transvaal Government caused the fateful word 'Oorlog' (war) to be flashed along the wires to the eager and expectant commandoes. Naturally, the majority of the Uitlander population had not deferred their departure till this psychological moment. The inevitable conclusion had been foreseen and discounted months before; and few recollections will linger longer in the minds of old Johannesburg residents than that of the exodus from the Rand of the Uitlander population. Within a space of about five months some thirty thousand to forty thousand persons left Johannesburg; and the daily and nightly scenes at the station, as the trains for Delagoa, the Cape, and Natal left, with their closely packed human freight, were such as to beggar description. It seemed like the ebbing of a huge tide, sucked backwards by some irresistible power, and leaving the ground which it had recently covered deserted, uninhabitable, unproductive. For with the receding population went the brain and the sinew, the capital and labour, the sagacity and energy, which had built up Johannesburg; and the Boer Government, with their Continental parasites, were left clinging like barnacles to the side of the ship whose progress they had done so much in the past to retard, and from whose sides the sustaining tide had now receded.

The town of Johannesburg during and after the exodus presented a truly unique spectacle. The Uitlanders found it impossible—so hurried and crowded was the forced flight—to take any but the lightest baggage. It was in most cases impossible to arrange for a caretaker, for those who remained when the blow fell would be the sworn foes of those who had left. Everything had therefore to be sacrificed for what it would fetch-when so many were selling few were anxious to buy-or property was left in deserted homes, with no better safeguard than a key turned in the door lock, and perchance corrugated-iron barricades to the windows. Whole streets were suddenly almost deserted, and within a few weeks miles of houses presented blank and dusty fronts to the few passers-by left to notice them. The shops were in as bad case. Bereft of customers, the proprietors could only take careful

note of all stocks, discharge employés (with in some cases a retainer on their future services), close the deserted establishments, betake themselves to the coast towns, and wait till the storm had expended itself, and it was possible to return and gaze on the ruins it had left in its track.

This, then, is a transient glimpse of Johannesburg as it was immediately prior to and at the outbreak of war. It is not our intention to describe the dreary lives of Uitlanders during the war, or the state of the town during that period. The past is past; our concern is with the present and future. We will therefore take up the threads of our investigations at the time when the populace commenced to return to Johannesburg.

A considerable portion of the Uitlanders-or refugees, as they had now become-found means of ascertaining immediately after the British occupation in what state their deserted homes and possessions were; but a very great number had to remain for the whole period of their exile in suspense, ignorant whether they still had a home towhich they could one day return, or if-with businesses ruined, possessions looted, and homes destroyed—they had become to all intents and purposes homeless wanderers. One regrettable fact in connection with the hardships suffered by loyalist refugees was that by far the greater part of the damage to houses and property was done after the British occupation of Johannesburg. In stating this no charge is made against any specific body; no attempt is made to fix the blame on any section of the community, civil or military, who occupied the town from the entry of Lord Roberts till the return of the refugees; but the fact remains that, without considering by whom it was done, 75 per cent. of the damage was committed whilst the town was under British protection and subject to British military law. The Boers-whatever their many faults, however callous and brutal their treatment of the flying population—appear to have to a considerable extent respected absentees' property. We have heard much of what they intended to do at the last minute to private and public property; but we cannot condemn them for alleged intentions; we must be guided by results, and these go to show that in the majority of cases the damage that had been done before the entry of the British troops was comparatively as a mere drop in the ocean to that which was committed in the following months.

An ounce of personal experience is worth many pounds of hearsay evidence, and this must be my excuse for relating my experience of how my property was treated in my absence, and what measure of satisfaction and reparation I subsequently received. Prior to leaving my home on 4th October 1899, I caused my entire possessions to be inventoried, appraised, and the value sworn to by a professional valuator. The most valuable of my effects I then placed in a small room, which I caused to be securely and permanently closed up; after-

which—comforted in the knowledge that I had done all that was possible—I left Johannesburg in a cattle-truck, reaching Natal vid Delagoa Bay, the direct Natal line having been closed down some days previously. Immediately Johannesburg had been entered and occupied by the British forces under Lord Roberts I wired an urgent inquiry through to a burgher acquaintance who, I had good reason to believe, had not gone on commando, being past the age-limit, and his most welcome reply informed me that my house was quite intact.

My satisfaction, however, was doomed to be shortlived. Little as we thought it—providentially for our peace of mind-two weary years had to elapse before we could return to our homes; and during this interval I caused frequent reports to be sent me as to the state of my home. The reports received were most depressing, and trebly so to one in exile. No sooner had the British occupation begun than looting followed, and within three months my house was thrice broken into and robbed. From most of my friends I received similar accounts. It was impossible to do anything, which rendered it the more galling. Letters frequently took weeks to reach Johannesburg, and then only after the most autocratic censoring, which possibly was necessary, but none the less irksome to loyalists. Houses were commandeered right and left by the military, or permission given to favourite civilians to reside in them, regardless of the wishes of the absentee owners. The Military Compensation Board was a solemn farce in one act, and that a brief one. Curt notices appeared in the South African papers calling upon refugees immediately to submit claims for damage that had been done, or for ever after hold their peace. Such claims, it was stated, must be supported by sworn evidence as to exactly when the damage was done, by whom, and precisely to what extent. How refugees, debarred from instituting any inquiries of such a nature as would justify them in swearing to the accuracy of information received in reply to inquiries, could conscientiously comply with these conditions the proclamation unfortunately omitted to state. Failure to submit such sworn statements by an impossibly early date resulted in a hectographed and misspelt notification being sent to the claimant, when his belated claim did arrive, in which he was informed-if he had been favoured with a legible copy—that his claim being late, insufficient, or otherwise out of order, it had been rejected, and would on no account receive any consideration whatsoever. These billets-doux must have been sent out by thousands, whereby the labours of the Military Circumlocution Board were cut down to vanishing-point, and the members enabled to relapse into the calm slumber from which they had been so cruelly aroused.

On my return to Johannesburg in June last, I found that furniture worth over two hundred pounds had been looted; that permission had been given by the military authorities for my house to be let to another tenant; and that my furniture, or rather the

remains of it, had been roughly packed and hastily removed to a Government store. Worse, however, was to follow. A certain General, whom the grant of a free house had imbued with a desire for free furniture for the same, paid a visit to the store where refugees' furniture and effects were supposed to be lying in trust pending their return, and selected such as seemed good to his eye. Unfortunately for me, mine was among that honoured with approbation, and to his free house it was accordingly removed. My request for prompt return was complied with, a month later, by the return to the store of what, on a cursory examination, seemed to be a load of very roughly and imperfectly chopped firewood, but which a closer examination revealed as my mutilated furniture. My application to the gallant officer for compensation or replacement resulted in a charmingly naïf letter being sent me by his A.D.C., in which the General expressed his conviction that, as a Britisher and a loyalist, I could not possibly object to his having taken and used my furniture. Considering that it was in a place of trust and safety when taken, the cogency of this argument was not apparent to me; but my brief notification to this effect elicited no reply from the officer. Considering that my knowledge of his character was, after all, some equivalent for the damage done, I let the incident drop, being fortified in my decision by the fear that if I protested too much I might find my hard-gained permit withdrawn, and myself placed across the border on an untried charge of lèse-majesté, 'assisting the enemy,' 'conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline,' or something else equally heinous and foreign to the point at issue.

The experiences of others were even more trying, and in some cases almost dramatic. One householder of my acquaintance, by virtue of his position on one of the Transvaal railways, received a summons and his permit to return as early as July 1900. On arriving at Pretoria he secured a cab, and, with his thoughts blithely dwelling on the delights of home-life so soon to be resumed, drove off to the house which he had left nine months previously. To his astonishment and horror, the vehicle stopped at a heap of charred ruins. The house had been burnt to the ground after—as it subsequently transpired—having been completely looted! This, it is only just to add, was done during Brother Boer's rule.

On my return journey I found the country between Ladysmith and Johannesburg wearing a most depressing aspect. Peace had been declared a few days previously, and the blockhouses bordering the railway line were being subjected to a vigorous process of demolition which in no wise improved the foreground of the landscape; though it did one good to see the cheery Tommies—no longer wistfully watching the passing trains for the chance gift of a bundle of old papers—labouring to dismantle the structures which for months past had been but little better than tombs to them. On both sides of

the railway-track the ground was littered with the bones of horses, cattle, and mules. The numberless specks floating and hovering far above earth in the blue ether showed that the aasvogels had not yet realised that the banquet which had for the past three years been spread with such lavish prodigality for their benefit was drawing to a conclusion. It was early winter, and the parched veldt, blackened by fire as far as the eye could see, formed a sombre garment for the country-side.

Many of the blockhouses possessed the most bizarre, fancy names, such as Fedupfontein, or were embellished with notices expressive of the feeling of their occupants—as, 'This commodious blockhouse for sale or to let; the owners, who are going to England, having no further use for it.'

Recollections, painful and pleasant, thronged through the mind as Johannesburg, after an absence of nearly three years, was reached, and I have a distinct recollection that old Omar Khayyam's lines...

They say the lion and the lizard keep
The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep—

kept recurring to me with most persistent monotony. The town wore a deserted-village appearance most unbecoming to an important mining-centre.

The roads had fallen into the most ghastly disrepair, resembling long-drawn-out toboggan-tracks; while the exposed tram-lines, projecting above the road-level, were an eyesore by day and a snare for the feet of the unwary by night. Such shops as were open dealt almost exclusively in military requirements. Liquor could only be obtained in quantities strictly defined by proclamation and by permit, the latter only granted when the authorities were satisfied that all regulations had been complied with, and that, above all, the applicant had joined the Rand Rifles, a unique volunteer organisation remarkable because of the fact that all members were pressed men. With the advent of peace, however, the various severities of martial law were relaxed like the grip of a dying octopus; and at the time of writing, in early November, although martial law is still legally in force, it would be difficult to find any manner or direction in which it is operative.

The way has now been cleared for the consideration of the two last phases of our review: Johannesburg as it is, and as we hope it will be; why we find it in the condition in which it only too assuredly is, and what hope there is that it will ere long cast its slough and emerge in the cloth-of-gold which we know full well is underneath.

A CHINESE VENDETTA.

CHAPTER II.



HE first thing to be done was to lay out the corpse in a corner of the cubicle. Having done this, and sent the children to play in the street in charge of one of the neighbour's children,

Mrs Li set out to find and consult her father, who was the owner of a small native boat plying for hire on the busy waters of the river and the creek separating the European settlement from the native city.

She made her way to the water-front, and, making inquiries from the owners in the numerous craft tied up to the bund, learnt that her father had just taken a couple of passengers to catch the evening boat to Hong-kong. To the wharf of the steamboat company she accordingly went, where she found her father's boat just about to return home. She stepped on board, related everything that had occurred, and asked what was the best thing for her to do to carry out her husband's injunctions.

After a good deal of talking, a plan of campaign was decided on. In the first place, recourse must be had to the shop to see if they would move in the matter. If they could only be persuaded to do this, a good deal of worry and anxiety, and, what was more important, a good deal of money, would be saved. Moreover, as the

shop was an influential one, and in a large way of business, the authorities would be more likely to pay attention to their representations.

To the shop accordingly Mrs Li went, and, with many chinchinings and salaamings, besought them to bring her husband's murderer to justice.

Unfortunately the shop had had a previous experience of the manner in which the native authorities administered justice, and knew that it meant a great deal of squeeze-money being paid to all the officials of the court, much worry and trouble for themselves, and very little likelihood of any satisfactory result. So they told Mrs Li that they had already lost a large sum of money owing to the robbery, that business was very bad, and that they did not see their way to incur any further loss, especially as there was no pecuniary advantage for themselves in prospect. The widow pleaded very hard with them to alter their decision, but to no purpose. Finally, being wearied of her talking, they told her that her husband had never been of very much use, and plenty of men could be found to fill his place; and then added insult to injury by suggesting that it was through his own carelessness and neglect that the robbery and assault had occurred.

Being a woman of energetic temperament, and

having an extensive command of Chinese vituperation, acquired during her early life on the river, Mrs Li, thoroughly roused by this gratuitous slight on her late husband's abilities, let fly at the shop-people to the utmost of her powers. She reviled their ancestors, cast aspersions on their fathers and mothers, cursed their living relations, and made pointed and fairly accurate remarks about their habits generally and their vices in particular. As this took place in the presence of a large crowd of neighbours and onlookers, she had the satisfaction of knowing that, as far as lay in her power, she had successfully discredited the 'face' of the shop in the eyes of the neighbours, and had heightened her own by vigorously doing her duty to her dead husband.

She then returned home to her garret, called the children out of the street, gave them their evening meal, and despatched the eldest to her (Mrs Li's) father, calling him to a further council of war. The next step was, without doubt, to apply to the native magistrate, an official who had a great reputation for justice and fair dealing, but who was surrounded by a crowd of satellites and time-servers who occupied various minor posts in the court, and with whom justice was less than the dust in the balance when compared with the money they could extort from the parties to a case by promises of forwarding the suit of one side or delaying that of the other.

Nothing could be hoped for in this direction without money; and of money Mrs Li and her relations were peculiarly short. They were all poor people, living a hand-to-mouth existence, knowing few luxuries except at feast-times, and having few pleasures except simple ones; content to work on from day to day, happy if they could make enough to buy rice for the daily meals and to make occasional purchases of cloth to repair the wear and tear of their well-used apparel.

A very large proportion of the Chinese, however, belong to money-loan societies, and the deceased was no exception to the general rule. The principle of these associations is generally a very simple one, and the one to which Li Sing belonged was one of the simplest. He and nine other friends had met together, and each contributed the sum of five dollars to form a fund. They had then drawn lots as to who should have the first use of the fifty dollars; when this was decided, the money was handed over to the drawer of lot No. 1 for him to use for one year. At the end of the year they all met together again, each bringing another five dollars, and the fifty dollars was handed to the drawer of lot No. 2 for his use for the year; and so on till all in turn had had the use of the capital sum. At the end of the ten years every man had contributed the sum of fifty dollars in ten payments, and had had the use of fifty dollars in a lump sum for one year. Fortunately for Mrs Li, her husband had drawn a high number, and had already contributed eight payments without yet having had the use of the principal sum. So she went round to the members and requested them to call a special meeting with the object of getting them to pay her the fifty dollars which would at the next meeting have come to her husband. As she failed to get them to do this, she persuaded one of the members to purchase Li's interest for thirty-eight dollars; and, being given this sum, she went away quite contented.

By dint of importuning her friends and with the help of her family, she made this sum up to fifty dollars; and then, having exhausted every possible avenue of credit, she went to the magistrate's court. By making a small payment to one of the clerks she got him to draw up a petition setting out the facts. Several more payments to other officials enabled her to get the petition laid before the magistrate, who appointed the next day for her to appear before him. On the morrow she duly made her appearance, stated her complaint, and the magistrate, after a short conference with his clerk, to whom Mrs Li had previously paid a sum of five dollars to ensure his co-operation, made an order directing the yamen runners to apprehend the murderer and bring him before the court at once. But before any move was made by the officials further inroads were made on Mrs Li's little store, which made a serious hole in its proportions.

Unfortunately for Mrs Li and her hopes, the murderer's family happened to have a little more money at their command than she had. Surreptitious five-dollar notes handed to the yamen runners at once made them aware that the man they were searching for had fled into the country, and that none of his relatives had the slightest knowledge of his whereabouts. They accordingly made a report to this effect to the magistrate.

Mrs Li knew well enough what the real state of affairs was. Whispers had already reached her that, notwithstanding the yamen runners' report, the murderer was still to be seen in the eatinghouses and streets of the quarter in which he lived. Still she did not give up hope. A further petition to the magistrate, with a heavy fee to ensure immediate presentation, stating her belief that he was still to be found, led to a further order for his immediate arrest. She doubled her fees to the runners, and promised them the whole of her fast-dwindling balance if they would only arrest him; and this these far-seeing officials at length determined to do. They knew Mrs Li had reached very nearly the end of her resources; but they strongly suspected there was money still to be made from the other side. So they set off again, and, notwithstanding all the protests and bribes offered to them, put on an air of incorruptible integrity, seized their prisoner, and marched him away to jail.

Then followed, as they expected, a petition by his friends for him to be set free, accompanied with the proper monetary tributes so inseparable from its due presentation. Mrs Li counterpetitioned in vain. Her resources were at an end. What small payments she could make were far outweighed by those made by the other side. At last she could pay no more, and the officials, after extracting a more than usually heavy fee from the murderer's family, presented their petition for his freedom. The magistrate made the order usual in such cases, calling on Mrs Li to come forward and substantiate her case—an order she was very willing to obey had the officials but informed her of it. But this, knowing there was nothing more to be got from her, they carefully refrained from doing. On the contrary, they went to the other side, told them a day was fixed for the hearing, and could only with great difficulty be postponed; and, having worked on their fears to great profit and advantage, finally arranged that the case should be called without notification to Mrs Li.

The appointed day came, and the case was laid before the magistrate. He was a busy man; and, although striving to do justice to the best of his lights, he had so many of these petitions and counter-petitions presented to him as a matter of course that it was impossible for him to attempt any sifting of the truth of the allegations contained in them unless the parties were actually before him, and even then it was an almost hopeless task. After asking whether Mrs Li were present, and being told by his subordinates that she could not be found, he made an order dismissing her petition and the prisoner from custody, and finished by dismissing the matter from his mind.

All these proceedings, owing to Mrs Li's persistent energy, occupied but five or six days. During this time the dead man lay awaiting vengeance before burial; and at the end Mrs Li found, notwithstanding all her efforts, that her funds were exhausted, that the murderer had been set at liberty, and that her husband's injunctions still remained unexecuted.

What was now to be done? Another family conference was called, and long and anxious were the deliberations. It would have been an easy matter for some one to have shot the murderer iust as he had shot Li Sing; but that was not the kind of retribution she was seeking for. It would have entailed no public disgrace; it might even have enlisted popular sympathy on his side, and made him a martyr instead of a criminal. What, then, was to be done? She had no money now, and no influence. How could she hope to bring to book the murderer who was well supplied with both? Nobody at the conference could suggest any solution of her problem for a

long time. At length her father said, slowly and cautiously, and as one who makes a statement not expecting it to be believed, that he had heard that the foreign devils who lived apart over the creek had influence with the magistrates; and, further, that they would, so he had heard, sometimes help other people, even Chinese, without asking for any payment for it.

A silence fell over the little gathering after this statement. They knew that the foreign devils were all mad and often did mad things; but that they should do so mad a thing as this had never entered into their contemplation. For why should anybody, they argued, interest himself with other people's troubles, and run the risk of making them his own, unless there was some great profit to be gained by doing so? They shook their heads and said it sounded very nice, but it was too absurd to be thought of. To Mrs Li, however, the idea presented itself as a straw to be clutched at-a weak and impossible straw perhaps, but still a straw; and, what was a good deal more, a straw which wanted no purchasing, no petitions, no bribes-just clutching, and that was all. Long after the meeting had broken up she pondered over the idea and how it could be made to shoot into effect and intoretribution. At length she fully made up her mind, and decided when the straw was to be clutched at, how long it was to be held on to, and when it was to be left to be floated down the stream towards the little haven into which she wildly hoped it might safely enter, there to be noticed and gathered, or to be left unheeded as the gods might direct.

By the following morning she had thought it all out, and at once proceeded to put her design into execution. She went to her father, and arranged with him that she should have the use of his sampan for a week or ten days. She took possession of it, had it brought round to the creek, and moored at the back of the house where her cubicle was situated. She then made an inspection of the size and capacity of the damp, evil-smelling hole under the deck where the pots and pans and all the miscellaneous rubbish of the occupants were usually kept. These she carefully removed and stored them in her attic. Then, with the assistance of a friend, she carried the body of her husband to the boat, and carefully deposited it in the hole, put on the hatch, collected her family together, and made every preparation for a week's stay on board. Finally, she got on board herself, took command of the large steering-oar, and slowly rowed the boat in the direction of the creek which divided the European settlement from the native city. Up this narrow waterway, choked with boats, muddy-coloured, and filled with floating garbage of all descriptions, the boat with its gruesome cargo slowly made its way until it reached the back of the compound belonging to the Commissioner of Customs. Here she carefully moored it to one of the many rotting posts sticking out from the bund, and sat down to wait the course of events. For two days she stayed there, patiently waiting and attending to

the wants of her little household. On the third day, no notice having been taken of her presence, she unfastened her moorings and rowed a little higher up the creek to the back of the residence of the English consul. Here she again moored her boat, and again sat down to wait.

A MORNING IN THE OFFICE.

PART II.



NTER an uncouth young Welshman of about twenty.

'Good-morning, sir,' said the merchant.

'Good-day to you. It's from Wales I've come this morning by

the excursion. You know Mr Davies'—naming the town he came from. 'He said you would be able to help me to a situation. It's a letter I've got from him for you.' Here he stepped backwards, did not drop his hat (because he had kept it on), but let his stick fall with a crash, backed against a chair and nearly overturned it, set a hanging file of papers in motion by a jerk of his elbow, then handed over a letter which read:

GENTLEMEN,—I am sending the bearer to you to see if you can help him to a situation. Perhaps you have a vacancy for him in your own establishment; or, if not, will you give him a note to one of your friends in the town? He may not have drawing-room manners, but he is a hard-working young fellow. I have known him from his boyhood. I think you did business with his uncle, Mr V., for many years. Anyhow, I know you would like to oblige a customer.—Yours, &c.

Mr Gregson remembered that he had done business with the merchant referred to, and that he had been done when Mr V. died hopelessly insolvent, owing him fifty pounds odd.

'Johnson!'

'Sir!'

'Just see how this account has stood for the past three years,' he said, handing over a slip with the name of the letter-writer pencilled thereon. Then he addressed the youth, who—completely indifferent as to the disorder he had created by his recent lurching—was standing expectant, humming a tune, and shifting from one foot to the other noisily and self-assertively.

'I am afraid you will have some difficulty in obtaining a situation here, as the class of trade is very different from that which you have been accustomed, if, as I suppose, you haven't had any experience of the oil-trade other than in the town where you were brought up.'

'Oh! it's regular sharp I am, I can tell you. We don't let folk who come to us get the better of us—no, we don't. I know my way about. There's not many will take me in even if I haven't been all over England. Our minister said last Sunday,

"Trust a Welshman for seeing through English dirty tricks."

Mr Gregson's business experience with 'gallant little Wales' had certainly convinced him that dirty tricks did not emanate on his side of the border only. He did not comment on this, however, but merely said, 'I am sorry I can't assist you. We have no vacancy here, nor do I know of any. Why do you wish to leave your present employer?'

'Well, he went away for a fortnight to see his father; and his son William—he's a traveller, and he was home for a holiday—came to the shop to help with things, and he said to me one day he thought his father would like to have things more tidy than I was keeping them; and I said, "It's a liar you are." And he up with his fist and hit me; and when the old man came home I told him I wasn't going to stay in his dirty shop to be treated like that. And I went to Mr Davies, and he said I'd better come to your town, and try for a situation, and that you would be sure to help me.'

Hereupon in came the clerk and gave the required information. This Mr Davies had been a customer of the firm in a small way, but he had done no business with them for the last three years. There was a memorandum that he had told the traveller that he was offended because he had not received a subscription for some local object when he had demanded it. Yet this man, with all the assurance in the world, though getting his supplies of oil elsewhere, did not hesitate to demand a favour.

Mr Gregson did not explode. He only informed the confident young Cambrian that, although it was not in his power to assist him, he would recommend him to find out from Mr Davies the names of the parties now supplying him, as perhaps they might see their way to rendering the desired service. The upshot of this was that three days later he received a note from his former customer saying that he was surprised that under the circumstances more trouble had not been taken, and concluding: 'Although I have not done business with you for some years, I am not more likely to do so now.' Any one—even a long-suffering business man—would consider such a letter as an unparalleled piece of impudence.

A whistle from the warehouse speaking-tube

made Mr Gregson give ear to an inquiry from his working-manager as to whether he might send a hand in to him who needed special reprimand for having come to work on the previous day in an inebriant condition.

'Send him in at once,' was the reply, 'or my time will be occupied.'

Presently a shamefaced man was admitted.

'Now, Thompson,' said his employer, 'how comes it that a man like you, so many years with us, came in such a disgraceful state yesterday? A man of your age ought to know better.'

'Well, sir, I'm downright ashamed; but, please sir, I hope you will overlook it just this once. It was this ways: my daughter she went and got married yesterday, and that's how it were.'

'Oh! So you thought you would set a good example to your son-in-law?'

Thompson had the good sense to hold his tongue and look penitent, and Mr Gregson dismissed him with a stern, 'Now, just you take care that it does not happen again, or else the consequences will be serious to you.'

Fortunately for Mr Gregson's peace of mind, the next-comer was not unwelcome. He was an experienced commercial traveller, whose call proved both pleasant and profitable. He was well up in the state of the market, and had tact enough not to make suggestions as to advantageous ordering until Mr Gregson had finished dictating his requirements. That there might not be any mistakes or misunderstandings about quality or quantity, the traveller read out the order he had booked. Then he quietly pointed out that certain commodities, being unusually low in price at the moment, were worth special consideration; and gave some valid reasons for expectation that they would shortly become dearer. His statements immediately induced Mr Gregson to increase some of the quantities ordered. The traveller had his pocket-book at hand, containing particulars of previous orders for some time past, so that the trouble of reference to the firm's books was saved. Thus the business was satisfactorily and expeditiously transacted, as both men knew and trusted each other. Valuable information was next exchanged regarding the financial position of a third party with whom they both dealt, whereby a doubt as to his stability was removed. Thus the traveller booked a satisfactory order, received and gave information, and had two or three minutes' chat within a shorter time than some of the undesirable callers had occupied.

It was now close upon one o'clock. Mr Gregson felt rather sorry for the next caller, a hard-working, well-meaning young commission agent, who came expecting to make a big sale of foreign goods. His principals had written to him from southern Europe saying that circumstances were such that there was positively no one in the district who could offer such inducements as they did. Poor young man! He little thought that twenty letters of similar tone, at the very least, from other prin-

cipals in the same district had reached their agents that morning. He came in armed with his quotations, confidently believing that Mr Gregson would be so favourably impressed that his orders would be given to him on the spot without consideration for the firm with whom he had dealt satisfactorily for many years. 'My price is ——' he ingenuously said. 'I don't think you can be paying as low as that, sir.'

Then pitiably did his face fall when Mr Gregson quietly intimated that a consideration of a fractionally lower quotation would not be an inducement for him to make a change, as he had every reason to be satisfied with the houses at present supplying him with that special class of goods.

The call made the merchant think of his own youthful inexperience, and of his experiences when, at the age of nineteen, he had been sent out travelling on horseback to the Welsh hills. His first unrequited attempts at business had so depressed him that a kindly tradesman, seeing that he was down in the mouth, had said, 'Look here! You take my advice: just you go back to your hotel and have a pint of port, and then you'll feel all right.'

So he dismissed the young fellow with a few words of advice. After telling him that, although he could not give him an order at present, he would be quite ready to see him on future occasions, and hear what he had to say, provided he would remember to be concise and brief in his statements, he added a few words of encouragement. So far as he had observed, he said, an earnest young man who showed that he thought more about his business than himself, and who did not lay down the law to older men of twice his experience, generally got on as a salesman. 'There is always hope,' he said, 'if people get to like you. Why, I called five years on a chemist in a large way of business, trying to get his oil-orders, and at first I had very short answers; but I stuck to it, always taking care not to come in on him when he appeared to be busy, waiting my opportunity and watching outside his shop for more than an hour sometimes. Well, one day when I went in he said, "Now, Mr Gregson, I'm going to give you a trial. I've done business with the firm I told you of for a good number of years; but they have been sending a traveller here whose manner is most objectionable. He never seems to care whether I am busy or engaged with anybody else, but comes bustling in with his 'Good-morning, sir. Here's my account, which I'll leave with you. When will it suit you for me to call again?' Well, I've given him a hint more than once about such impertinence; but there has been no change in his conduct. For example, this morning a respected lady-customer of mine called to ask me for something to relieve a swelling of her gums. I said to her-of course I've known her for years, and she has often come to me for advice about small ailments-'Will you allow me to look into your mouth? Perhaps I shall be

able to tell you if it's a tooth that's troubling you.' Well, she opened her mouth, and I was making my examination when that fellow came in. He didn't stop—not he!—but marched right up to the corner of the shop where we were, and begins his 'Good-morning, sir.' I don't know when I've felt so annoyed with a traveller. So now, Mr Gregson, I'm going to give you the order I intended for him; and when his firm write and ask why I've dropped them, I shall just reply that if they will send out such a thoughtless and disagreeable man they must take the consequences. To think of disturbing a man when he is looking into a lady's mouth!"

'Well,' concluded Mr Gregson, 'we satisfied him, and he stuck to us till he gave up business. So don't you be discouraged; you don't know what you may get if you keep on trying.'

The young man went out somewhat comforted, and Mr Gregson began to prepare to go for a hasty lunch and a visit to the commercial salerooms, when he was informed that the Reverend Mr K. wished to see him, and had promised not to detain him for more than a minute. His request for an interview being backed by a card of introduction from a minister who lived near Mr Gregson, the latter informed his clerk that he would see him if his business was not an appeal for a subscription, as he had no time then for considering the merits of the case.

'He says, sir, he is not making a collection, but that he feels sure you would like to see him,' said the clerk.

'Show him in, and after he goes I must not be stopped again.'

A seedy-looking individual in a squash hat and long frock-coat now entered, with an ominous volume under his arm. Mr Gregson recognised the book-canvasser, and he had reason to do so.

'Good-day, sir. Allow me to introduce myself as the Reverend Mr K. The Reverend Mr T.'— mentioning the name of the Dissenting minister

whose card he had handed in—'is well known to you, I believe.'

'I know something of him,' said Mr Gregson, who happened to be a Churchman. 'But excuse me, as my time is valuable, will you kindly state the object of your visit as briefly as possible?'

'Oh, I hoped you would be good enough to subscribe for this splendid work that Messrs Stimkins are bringing out very cheap. It is an admirable work, I assure you, in twelve volumes. This is a copy of the first. It will be sold at twenty-five shillings per volume when it is completed, but the price is only a guinea per volume to subscribers who give their orders now.'

'But I thought you were a minister of the Gospel.'

'So I am—that is—I had a chapel; but owing to unforeseen circumstances I had to give it up. Your neighbour, the Reverend Mr T., will assure you that I was not really in fault; but'——

'I have no time to discuss that, sir; but I buy all my books through my bookseller, and do not require the work you offer,' said the worried merchant.

'May I not show it to some of your people?'

'I must ask you, sir, to be good enough to leave the office.'

'You will excuse me, sir; but really—I am in an unfortunate position. A loan of five shillings would greatly'——

Mr Gregson without further ado cut the exminister short by ordering a clerk to show him out. Then he left some final directions for the day's work, and actually managed to start out; but even then he was haunted by the uncomfortable reflection that on the morrow he might probably have to suffer a repetition of that morning's worry and annoyance.

'I wish,' he ejaculated, 'that we masters could form a trade union to strike against everything save legitimate business in business hours. The others wouldn't find me turning blackleg in a hurry.'

ON THE TRAIL OF THE FOX.

By D. MACLEOD.



HE coming of the fox was on this wise.

It was a long and severe winter in the Glen, a crofting township in Sutherland. We had a green Yule; but the New Year was ushered in by a heavy fall of snow, and during

the next three months the whole landscape was enshrouded in white. Even the lakes, the sky-blue lakes of summer, slumbered cold and still beneath a double covering of ice and snow. The waters of the Cronan flowed sullen and dark, adding a sombre touch of variety to the scene, until they lost themselves under the ice-bound surface of Loch Cama. Here and there in the distance the precipitous face

of a towering crag loomed black and threatening amid the snowy waste. All else was weird, uninviting, interminable. Among the shrouded tops of the mountains to the north storms raged with a fury unknown in the Glen; but now and again a blast of icy coldness would sweep down the slopes, tearing along the lower valleys, screaming past houses and hedges, until, with a long-drawn wail, it died away on the cheerless moors. And ever and anon the snow came down in blinding myriads of large downy flakes, falling silently but steadily, filling up footprints, blotting out stray shapes of man or beast, and ever adding freshness to the never-changing scene.

There was, however, a sublime beauty about it all. We had days when the rising sun tipped the mountain summits with vermilion, when at noon an overpowering light scintillated from countless millions of tiny snowy facets, and when in the gathering shadows a rich purple glow tinged the upland corries and the low-lying valleys; and then on clear moonlight nights the view to the west and north was superb. The mountain masses of Coulmore, Sugar-loaf, and Cannisp reared themselves like phantom giants into the blue of the starry heavens.

About the beginning of March, when every green thing had been hidden from view for fully two months, some of the furred and feathered denizens of the moors and mountains, driven from their usual haunts by cold and starvation, began to make their appearance in the Glen. This invasion by the untamed creatures of the uplands was a gradual process. One evening a stag and several hinds were seen reconnoitring the position from the summit of Knockbraec, a hill nearly a thousand feet high overlooking the Glen. Next morning they were discovered gorging themselves in a hay-rick. Moorfowl had made their presence known in the neighbourhood by their hoarse cackle for nearly a week, when one morning a crofter's wife found a cock-grouse and his mate feeding with the poultry. These raiders, however, if on robbery or thieving bent, were regarded with considerable toleration, and even sympathy, by the good folks of the Glen; but there were other creatures, more stealthy, more elusive, and of a more bloodthirsty disposition, that found themselves driven out of their lairs by the rigours of that inclement season. Martens, polecats, and other carnivora made constant and mysterious descents on the Glen in the dead of night, and played havoc with the poultry. Many a goodwife on her morning visit to the henhouse was horrified to find the bodies of some of her best fowls lying stark and stiff at her feet. Within a week there was scarcely a house in the Glen that had not suffered from the deadly visitation. A close inspection of the victims revealed the manner and cause of death. So traps were cunningly set, watches were kept, and in due time a round dozen sleek and sinuous animals of the weasel family made a speedy exit from this world. Thus the ruthless slaughter of poultry was for a time checked; and the Glen, lulled into a false sense of security, slept the sleep of the innocent.

It was then the fox arrived on the scene. The course of events now took even a more mysterious turn. The dead carcasses of fowls no longer startled the housewife in the early morning; but birds were missing: one, two, and sometimes three had disappeared during the night without leaving a trace. Several households suffered from this new terror. It was remarked, however, that the thief allowed some time to elapse before paying a second visit to the scene of former operations. Excitement had reached its height when a young

lamb-the offspring of the gamekeeper's pet ewe, which, regardless of weather conditions, she had dropped while yet the world was in winter's icy grip-had been spirited away from the pen in which, with its proud though rash mother, it had been sheltered. The door of the pen-a temporary and somewhat fragile affair, it is true-had been burst open; and that fact, taken in conjunction with the disappearance of such a heavy object as a lamb, went to prove that the robber was of considerable size and strength. A closer watch than ever was kept, and next night a crofter surprised a fox of unusual proportions prowling about the cow-shed in which the hens were kept. He obtained only one glimpse of the animal, which took to his heels on being discovered. Now that the mystery was solved, every effort was put forth to cut short the career of the daring and bloodthirsty author of the latest raids. Traps were ingeniously set; but in vain. Reynard would not be coaxed. The few guns the Glen possessed were put into the hands of the best shots; but to no purpose. As if he divined where danger lay, the elusive fox refused to be shot or captured. He invariably appeared where he was least expected, and his wonderful escapes were worthy of a De Wet. He became the chief topic of conversation in the Glen; and every day added to his reputed size. Timid women and children dared not venture out alone after dark. Such a ferocious and resourceful creature, now driven to desperate deeds by sheer starvation, was capable of anything.

Then suddenly the long-looked-for thaw came. The heavens opened and the rain descended in torrents. A gale from the south-west sprang up; and within twenty-four hours the hilltops and more exposed slopes showed themselves once more to the delighted eyes of the Glen folks. The fox ceased his depredations, and the current of events turned into ordinary channels.

Not for long, however, did Reynard grant a respite. The young lambs were now arriving daily; the treble note of their cries filled the Glen and the more sheltered nooks among the surrounding hills, but it was soon evident that a mysterious thinning process was going on among them. A lamb that looked hale and hearty one day was gone the next: it disappeared as if the earth had swallowed it. The long-suffering crofters bore this new calamity for several days; but as the depredations continued, they discussed the matter at length, and came to the conclusion that their old enemy the fox was again active. Their surmise was soon proved to be correct when the local shepherd, astir betimes one morning to look after his young charges, perceived in the gray dawn the ubiquitous Reynard scampering up a long, rocky ridge, a spur of Cannisp. This mountain had always been the haunt of foxes; and, as these animals are very destructive to game, various attempts had been made by the keepers to exterminate them. Though many were killed, a few

succeeded in making their escape; and these in course of time returned to their stronghold, and, in obedience to Nature's first law, multiplied after their kind. As now the snow threw no obstacle in the way, the Glen decided that the war should be carried into the enemy's country, and Colin Mor the gamekeeper was entrusted with the commission. He was to beard the fox in his den, and by hook or by crook—in other words, by gun or by trap—extirpate the whole colony. No quarter was to be given. Nothing loath, Colin accepted the task, and at my eager request readily granted me the favour of accompanying him. The preliminaries were settled there and then, and we decided to set out on our novel expedition that very night.

It was an hour past midnight, and we still sat in Colin's cosy kitchen, where a large peat-fire blazed merrily in the wide, open fireplace. The Glen had retired to rest two hours ago. The clock on the 'dresser' shelf ticked away the silent moments while we smoked pipe after pipe, Colin meantime relating some of his 'hill' experiences during the thirty and odd years he had been gamekeeper; and interesting experiences they were. His knowledge of the habits and habitat of birds and beasts was exten-'We had sive, and he excelled as a raconteur. better be off now,' he said at last, glancing at the clock, which showed the time to be half-past one. So, wrapping ourselves up, and each armed with a muzzle-loader charged with No. 4 shot, we set out, accompanied by two Scotch terriers, Jockan and Flossie, veterans both, and bearing the scars of old wounds received while waging many a fierce combat with the wild denizens of the mountains.

Our plan of attack was a simple one, and, it must be confessed, not specially daring. Colin calculated that the walk to the mountain would occupy three hours. On arriving there we were to conceal ourselves among the boulders scattered about the spot where the keeper concluded the fox's lair was to be found, but in such a position that we could command all the approaches to the place. Judging by long experience, Colin was certain that the fox would be absent on a foraging expedition, from which he would return at dawn to the vixen and cubs; and it therefore behoved us to lay the ambuscade before daybreak. If our strategy succeeded, Colin was to make the fox his special concern, whilst I, relegated to a more subordinate position, would keep a sharp lookout for the vixen in the event of the sound of firing bringing her out into the open.

It was a clear, bracing, moonless night. The stars twinkled merrily overhead, the Milky-way showing as a white track across a background of sapphire. A cold breeze from the east blew in our faces as we covered the first half of the hilly country and broken moorland that lay between us and our destination. Occasionally a grouse rose from a clump of heather, and with a hoarse cackle disappeared into the night. The scream of

a curlew reached us now and again from the shores of Loch Cama; and once a hare started up at our feet and scampered off towards the silent moora. Save these odd sounds and movements, and the sighing of the wind among the heather, all was still. After a march of more than two hours we came to a sheltered gully that my companion judged to be half a mile from our journey's end, and here we sat down and indulged in a pipe, for it might be hours ere we could venture on another. The wind now blew right across our track, so we resolved to make a slight detour to the left to enable us to approach the den against the wind; for if, as we surmised, the fox was in the neighbourhood of the Glen on his customary freebooting expedition, he would probably make a bee-line to his lair, and his keen scent would not apprise him of an enemy lurking about.

It was shortly after four when we reached the scene of operations, and there was as yet no appearance of the coming day. Having reconnoitred the position as well as the darkness permitted, we cautiously lay down behind some boulders which lined a small ridge overlooking a mass of loose rock that had in course of ages broken off from the rugged slopes of Cannisp towering darkly overhead. Somewhere in the midst of this chaos of tumbled rock, Colin assured me, was the ancestral home of the notorious Reynard. The terriers, contrary to their usual habits, had conducted themselves to our entire satisfaction during the journey. Colin now placed them in a capacious pocket in one end of his shepherd's plaid, his constant companion; and, apparently influenced by a few stern words of command muttered in Gaelic, they curled themselves up as if convinced that as far as they were concerned the business of the night was finished. As for us, we lay down at full length, facing the rocky heap, with our guns ready for instant action, and our eyes trying to pierce the darkness for signs of the enemy.

It was a strange scene. On all sides the black masses of the mountains reared themselves into the starry vault of heaven; between, all was dark and indefinite save where far below on the right the surface of Loch Cama glistened dully in the surrounding gloom; a mountain tarn babbled merrily somewhere near, and the morning wind moaned eerily in fitful gusts. We must have lain thus for half-an-hour before a pale tinge in the east heralded the approaching dawn. We spoke but little, and that in whispers. Gradually the pale glimmer stole across the sky, and objects around us loomed ghostly and indistinct in the gathering light. The wind chilled us to the bone. companion, with a cautious half-turn of his body, produced from a pocket a length of brown 'twist, took a bite off the end, and passed the remainder on to me. I also bit. There was now sufficient light to enable us to see things more clearly; so we watched and looked, and looked and stared, but to no purpose.

Then, suddenly, as I was beginning to despair of success, there was a low, muffled growl from one of the terriers, instantly suppressed by a touch of Colin's foot, and at the same instant my companion's body stiffened itself out, while he lowered his head by an inch or so, and noiselessly hugged his gun closer. I followed his gaze, and there, about forty yards distant, the head of a fox, with ears erect, appeared in a gap between two boulders; the eyes, expectant, were looking past us to the left. For a few seconds the animal stood motionless; then he uttered a low whine with a wistful, pleading note in it. There was no response. A second cry produced an answering one from among the rocks on our left. Then the head ducked, and next moment Master Fox vaulted lightly through the gap, holding between his gory jaws the lifeless body of a fine blackfaced lamb. A muttered expression, not often found, let us hope, in parliamentary records, escaped Colin's lips at the sight. The words were so low as to be almost inaudible to me, but the effect was instantaneous and unexpected. The plunderer dropped his booty as if it were red-hot iron, and stood staring in our direction, with pointed ears and wild, alert eyes. Clearly he scented danger. Then a whisper from Colin reached me: 'Now; but don't stir till I fire.' As he uttered the words there was an explosion, and I saw the fox leap in the air as he gave vent to a piercing bark. Next moment I was half-standing, half-crouching with my gun levelled in the direction from which the countersign had issued in response to the call of the returning freebooter. I got a glimpse of a brown body disappearing behind a boulder, and fired; but it was too late, and I missed. 'Steady, now,' I heard Colin say; 'she will come in sight again in a moment.' She did so. 'Don't fire till she shows her side,' The vixen was running was the next order. straight away from me; but a large boulder that stood in her path compelled her to turn for a second to the right, exposing her flank. At that instant I pulled the left trigger; and, with a howl like that of her consort, she toppled over, and rolled down among the stones. 'Well done!' shouted my companion, bringing his heavy hand down with a thud between my shoulders; 'we have got both. Now we'll have a smoke.'

Meanwhile the terriers had escaped from their retreat, and taken part in the fray with all the fuss and fury of which they were capable. Colin, however, quickly restraining their new-born enthusiasm, led them to the spot where the vixen made her startled exit, and urged them by voice and gesture to 'seek.' Jockan, without any preliminary sniffing, entered the cairn, and Flossie, after several futile attempts to penetrate elsewhere, followed through the same opening. In a few minutes a series of yelps and barks, apparently issuing from the bowels of the earth, was succeeded by the appearance of Jockan with his pointed ivory teeth embedded in the throat of a young cub, the hind-quarters of which were firmly gripped between the grim, strong

jaws of Flossie. The cub was dead. Knowing the bloodthirsty propensities of Jockan, Colin sent Flossie alone back to the den, and she brought out two live cubs in as many visits. These, with the skin of the fox—that of the vixen was not in a condition to be useful—were wrapped up in the ever-serviceable plaid, and carried to the Glen as trophies of the expedition. The cubs were ultimately sent to England, where, pursued by hounds and hunters, they have probably ere now proved themselves worthy of their birthplace and ancestry.

On the hearthrug of my little study there extends a fox's skin noted for its unusual size and beauty of brush; and as its glassy eyes, with a look of something like reproach in them, meet mine, I am again carried back to the scene enacted in the chill darkness of that morning in early April, under the shadow of Cannisp.

SHADOWS.

Life is but a shadow-scene.

All the forms that pass us by
Flit as shadows o'er a screen;
We may hear them laugh or sigh,
But their substance ne'er descry.

Shadows are we all.

Half the thoughts we have of others
Are but mere hapharard guess.

Byen they that be as brothers
Know that we must each confess
That the other's fathomless.

Shadows are we all.

Sad to have a shadow-lover;
Strange to love we know not what.
Yet we never can discover
What's behind the veil. Sad thought
Life with mystery is fraught.
Shadows are we all.

Ah! so sweet some shadows are;
If the screen were rent in twain
Would the real our vision mar,
Would our loving wane?
Then let dear delusion reign—
Shadows be we all!

W. A. RUSSELL

. TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANU-SCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



TETUAN: THE ALHAMBRA OF MOROCCO. A POTENTIAL WINTER RESORT.

By E. A. REYNOLDS-BALL, F.R.G.S.



HE recent disturbances in Morocco certainly seem to indicate that the solution of the much-talked-of 'Morocco Question' cannot long be deferred. It is, of course, inevitable that the reforms of the com-

paratively enlightened young Sultan should excite the most determined opposition on the part of the official classes pecuniarily interested in maintaining the old abuses of administration. Hence the tribal dissensions and local risings, probably fostered by French intriguers from Algeria. Whatever the cause of the crisis, the more enlightened Moors are no doubt beginning to realise that a hotbed of Oriental barbarism cannot long be tolerated on the very door-step of Europe. Indeed, the horrible cruelties practised in the interior by local kaūds, or governors, in the collection of taxes could only be equalled in China or in the Soudan under the Khalifa's rule.

It is not only in the inland cities that we find this chronic reign of terror. Even in Tangier, the 'European capital of Morocco,' the oft-described horrors of his Shereefian Majesty's prison system are known to every casual globe-trotter who pays a flying visit to the land of the Moors. In fact, the Tangier guides and interpreters apparently regard these abominations as one of the legitimate sights for their patrons! Nothing brings home more vividly to the English tourist the startling anomaly of the existence of this barbarous despotism within a few hours of English territory than a visit to these Oriental prisons. The cruelties practised on the prisoners are, it is true, more passive and negative than positive, as at the prisons of Fez or Mequinez; but still the hardships are real. For instance, the authorities do not consider themselves bound to supply food to the inmates, who have to depend for a living on the charity of their friends, the European residents, or even casual tourists.

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Had Tangier remained an English possession—and everybody knows, or is supposed to know, that it was part of the dowry brought to Charles II. by his Portuguese bride, and afterwards renounced—there is no doubt it would now be a second Riviera, as it possesses one of the finest winter climates in the world; but the barbarous character of the Government, the general insecurity of the country, and the chronically disturbed state of the interior, combined with the jealousies of the Great Powers, have effectually checked its development.

Tetuan, which is of especial interest to English people at the present juncture, is perhaps the most picturesque city in Morocco. It is situated on the slopes of an outlying spur of the Riff Mountains, some forty miles south-east of Tangier and about six miles from the Mediterranean-Marteen, its harbour, being the only Moorish port on the Mediterranean (for Ceuta is, of course, a Spanish possession) and has a population of some twenty-five thousand, including several hundreds of Spaniards. Tetuan is said to be threatened at the present time by the turbulent Riff tribes, always ready to take advantage of disturbed conditions in the Sultan's dominions; but as it is, for a Moorish city, fairly well fortified, the situation does not seem so serious as if it were not walled.

The town has a chequered and romantic history, and its fortunes are more closely bound up with those of Spain than any other North African city. Perhaps this accounts for the fact that many modern maps boldly assign Tetuan to Spain, as if it were another *Presidio* like its neighbour Ceuta, or Melilla on the Algerian frontier. As a matter of fact, Tetuan was taken and occupied for a short time by the Spaniards in 1860, in the famous Moorish campaign of O'Donnell (created afterwards Duke of Tetuan); and it was restored to the Moors in the following year. The Spaniards were inordinately proud of this barren conquest, and there is hardly a city in Andalusia *Reserved.*]

which does not possess a street (Calle Tetuan) named after the Moorish stronghold. A considerable number of the inhabitants claim descent from the Moors expelled from Granada by the fanaticism of Ferdinand and Isabella. Indeed, it is said—and it is none the less worthy of credence because it is one of the stock legends of the guide-books—that some of the descendants of these noble refugees still cherish the hope of returning some day to Andalusia; and because of this aspiration they carefully preserve the title-deeds and even the keys of their ancestors' homes in Granada.

The scenic charms of this African Alhambra are undeniable; in fact, it is one of the most picturesque cities in the world. The tourist from Tangier gets his first view of the city when some fifteen miles off. With its prominent walls and towering minarets and dazzling white houses lifted high on a mountain ridge, apparently overhung by precipitous mountains, it presents a magnificent spectacle, as it suddenly comes into view when the rider tops the last hill just before entering the Tetuan plain.

Considering that a ride to Tetuan is one of the stock excursions of visitors to Tangier, long a favourite winter resort with English people, it is curious how little is known about the place. Some years ago I remember seeing a sensational picture of the route to Tetuan in a well-known illustrated weekly, in which the artist had carefully placed telegraph-poles, and to give the requisite Oriental touch he had bestrewed the route with skeletons of camels! As to telegraphs, there are none in Morocco; and the track is far too stony and rough for camels; indeed, they are not often seen on this route except when the track crosses the Fez caravanroute. As for the so-called road, it is a track of the roughest description. In fact, there are no roads, as Europeans understand the word, in the whole empire, with the exception of the remains of a military road from Ceuta to Tangier, built by the Spaniards in the 1860 expedition. The route from Tangier to Tetuan varies with the season, as is customary in uncivilised countries. The whole country between the two towns is gridironed by lines of wandering footpaths, some of them deeply worn by centuries of donkey, mule, and horse

The scenes in the Tetuan market-place are, if possible, even more Oriental than the market-scenes in the Tangier soko. Indeed, the soko is almost commonplace in comparison, owing to its having been so much described with pen and pencil. Here the scene is far more fascinating and picturesque, and without the disfiguring element, from an artistic standpoint, of the European tourist. Very few knickerbockered tourists are to be seen, armed with the inevitable kodak. The pictures shift like the bits of glass in a kaleidoscope; and it is at first difficult to pick out the salient features. There are groups of camels squatting in the dust, moving their ugly necks with a peculiar snake-like action, attended by villainous-looking Riffs in dirty em-

broidered robes. Donkeys loaded with vegetables or charcoal, water-sellers, and sweet-sellers push and elbow their way through the throngs of dignified-looking Moors, stalwart negroes, gaily dressed Jewesses, and swarms of half-naked children. On the fringe of the crowds sit imperturbable money-changers; and hawkers of fruit and vegetables are squatting in front of their stock-in-trade piled up in heaps on mats spread on the ground, flanked, perhaps, on one side by a seller of charms and on the other by a dealer in couscous (very small balls of minced meat and flour, fried in oil). Then, just outside the main throng, in the centre of an admiring ring of idlers, will be seen a snake-charmer or a professional story-teller.

The men outnumber the women by ten to one at least; but occasionally the observant traveller will notice, among the few women to be seen, one wearing curious leggings of morocco-leather. These are really survivals of the fascia of their Roman conquerors, which were formerly worn by the Moorish women of Granada, as is shown in a curious picture in Granada Cathedral representing the baptism of the Moslem women after the conquest of Granada.

The quaint booths and covered alleys which serve as the bazaar of Tetuan are far more picturesque than those of Tunis or Cairo. Here, too, it is possible to pick up curios which were not made in Birmingham or Paris! Some of the dealers have wares which have come direct from Mequinez, Marakesch, Fez, or even Timbuctoo. Here will be found barbarous embroideries and other curiosities. Tetuan is famous, also, as a manufactory of red and yellow slippers and bags of the soft leather named after the country of its manufacture.

The ordinary tourist rarely has an opportunity of seeing one of the most interesting features of Tetuan: a genuine Moorish interior; for the 'showhouse' of the guide is hardly representative of one of the hidden palaces of the rich merchants of Tetuan. The studiously plain exterior gives no hint of the splendour within. You enter, by an insignificant door in what seems like a blank wall, a large open patio suggestive of the Alhambra, with fountains and fish-ponds; all round is an arcade with lavish tile ornamentation, and with galleries above opening into cool recessed apartments. For spaciousness, elegance, and sumptuousness there is nothing in Tangier to equal this typical specimen of a Tetuan house, whose glories, to the passer-by, are masked by a forbidding blank wall.

For those who consider Tangier too Europeanised, Tetuan should make a delightful wintering-place, with a climate as sunny and mild as Tangier; and it will specially appeal to artists, being purely Oriental, with no admixture of a bastard European element. At the same time, excluding Tangier and Mogador, it is the only town in Morocco tolerably easy of access, while its surroundings are far more interesting. Then within the last few years it has possessed a very fair Spanish hotel, an English vice-consul is stationed there, and the services of the

English doctor attached to the important North African Mission Station are available in an emergency. Therefore, as a potential winter resort, there is much to be said in favour of Tetuan.

Unlike Tangier—where the game in the vicinity of the town has been appreciably thinned by Gibraltar sportsmen, officers on leave, &c.—Tetuan makes a convenient centre for the tourist of sporting proclivities. There is very good snipe, quail, and duck shooting, in their respective seasons, within a few miles of the town, and partridges abound in the interior. Trout-fishing is to be had

in the vicinity, and also a certain amount of seafishing at Port Marteen. Except near Tangier, there is no close-season, and nothing is preserved except storks and monkeys, which are held as sacred by the natives. However, tourists, and especially sportsmen, would do well to remember that it is impossible to hire good horses or mules, or even guides or attendants, at the time of the annual visit of the legation to his Shereefian Majesty at Fez or Morocco city, which generally takes place in the spring, as all the best mounts are engaged for those attending the various missions.

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

CHAPTER XIII.-BURIED.



HEN Alain came to himself it was to a sense of sickening pain, oppressive darkness, and an odour so evil that he could scarcely breathe. He could not remember what had happened, for his head was still humming from

Cadoual's blow. He could not make out where he was, nor how he came there. He had no present inclination to rise and find out; and that was just as well, for, as he discovered afterwards, a too enterprising curiosity might have led to a broken neck. When he tried to lift his head he turned sick and faint. He was lying on something soft and evil-smelling, and about him there were strange, low sounds; and, though the smell was nauseating, he lay still because nothing else was possible to him.

He must have lain there in a semi-conscious state, with intervals of sleep which made for healing, for a very long time. The next thing he was aware of was a ghostly light which glimmered up at him from below. He rolled over on to his chest and crawled towards it, sneezing and coughing and half-suffocated with the effluvium of his passage.

The light sifted dimly through a ragged archway of natural rock which lay below him. He dragged himself to it slowly, for the ground sloped sharply, and he had no idea where he was getting to; then he pushed his head and shoulders through the opening, and saw a sight that almost took his breath away. It was as though he had come out suddenly into one of those hidden galleries which run round inside a cathedral just where the tall shafts branch up into the roof, and was looking down into the great silent interior: a cavern so vast and dim that his eyes could not penetrate its immensities. Strange, tapering columns, some long, some short, hung like mighty icicles from the darkness of the roof; their spectral white points alone being visible in the dim light. Below him, on his own side of the cave, other similar white columns raised their smooth points, like stricken pines clinging precariously to a steep hillside. Below them was misty darkness which his eyes could not pierce.

As Alain gazed with wonder and a touch of awe at the vastness and the solemn silence of the place, the light which filtered in through several narrow slits in the wall opposite to him grew suddenly stronger; it deepened and mellowed till it was pouring through the narrow horizontal slits, as through the openings of a Venetian shutter, in slabs of glowing gold, moteless and unquivering, majestic in their solidity. They struck the wall above him and crept slowly up towards the roof, and for all too brief a time the upper part of the cavern gleamed and glittered like a treasure-house.

As a boy he had spent many a day in the caves at Morgat, just across the bay by Crozon, and their wonders could never be forgotten; but, compared with this, Morgat was a fisherman's hut, and not to be named in the same breath, lest this mighty roof should fall and grind him to powder.

Far away below him another solid bar of light stretched across to his side of the cavern, like the single beam of a golden bridge. It disappeared as he looked, and in a moment came thrusting in again and again, as though in vain endeavour to penetrate the solid rock against which it struck. The sun, he knew, must be just dipping into the sea out there. When it was gone the cavern would be in darkness. He drew back into the chamber in which he had been lying, and looked carefully round. Since he had got in, there must be a way out; but it was very dim, and he could see nothing in the The thin screen of rock nature of an outlet. between him and the larger cave glowed with soft colours, red and green and yellow veins running through a ground of tender rose-white. They paled as he looked, with the fading of the light outside.

He scrambled through the opening and began to descend the steep rock-wall. It was perilous work, even for a whole head. To a less hardy climber it would have been impossible. The upstanding white pillars helped him. He slid down from one to another, and they were clammy-cold to his embrace. The narrow golden bar below was thrusting up to meet him. It stopped and grew ruddy as he

neared its glow, and almost at once it began to fade. He scrambled on till he leaned, panting, with his back against the rock and his face opposite the opening through which the golden shaft came. It was a ragged round hole at the end of a cleft like the archers' windows in a castle wall, a cleft that widened inwards—a funnel rather, for it seemed to him that its inner opening into the cave was not wider than his head, while the outer hole might be the size of his fist; and where it opened into the cave the rock had fallen away and left an overhanging arch up which he could not swarm. As the golden dazzle flickered and died, he saw, as through the small end of a telescope, the rocks of Grand Bayou and the tall white shaft of the light-Then a bird waddled across the outer openhouse. ing and shut it all out. In a moment the obstructer was hustled away by another, and he could again see sea and rocks and sky; and then once more it all disappeared as another plump body filled the hole. He shouted, but the birds were quarrelling too much among themselves to heed so feeble a

The light within the cavern grew dimmer every moment. The position was one of much discomfort, though whether he would improve matters by continuing the descent he could not tell; but in any case he could not remain there like a fly on a wall. So, slowly, and with infinite precaution, he slipped and scrambled downwards, down and still down. till it seemed to him that he must be getting into the bowels of the earth, and then his feet came suddenly on rocks and he could go no farther. Groping with cautious hands and feet, he found a flooring strewn with broken débris from the roof. Now and again he came on the smooth conical pillars, some whole and tapering to a point, some shattered by the falls from above. In the silence he heard the gentle drip, drip of water, and everything he touched was cold and clammy. He felt suddenly and strangely tired with his exertions, and became aware of an aching void beneath his belt which surprised him, since he did not know that he had lain unconscious for nearly twenty-four hours up there in the little chamber where the rockdoves nested. He wanted food, and he wanted rest. The first he saw no means of obtaining, and his broken head had no suggestions to offer beyond the desirability of lying down again as soon as possible, and keeping quiet.

How came that aching hole in the back of his head? He remembered walking among the ghost-stones on the cliff as he always did. Then had come a crash, and then darkness and the slow awakening amid that evil smell which clung to him still; but where he was, how he came there, and what it all meant he had not the remotest idea.

He licked the top of one of the conical pillars to quench his thirst, and when that was licked dry, found another and another. When at last he came upon a hollow which seemed drier than the rest by reason of an overhanging ledge, he crawled in, curled round like a tired dog, and fell asleep again.

Up to a certain point sleep may take the place of food to a hungry man; but the time comes when the groaning stomach demands food, food, food, and nothing else will satisfy it. Food of some kind it must have, even though the quantity be small and the quality unusual. The philosopher may argue, the Stoic may endure; but sooner or later hunger will bend or break them. Alain was neither philosopher nor Stoic. He was wakened by the lamentations of his empty stomach, and for the time being his whole mind was bent on filling it.

It was twilight still in the cavern, and that puzzled him at first. He quickly came to learn that it was always twilight there, except during those brief moments when the sinking sun drew level with the infrequent openings. Far above he could dimly see the threatening white pendants which hung from the obscurity of the roof; the little light that trickled in seemed to strike full upon them. He became aware of a continuous low murmur up there in the roof: Coo-roo! coo-roo! coo-roo! He knew it too well to be mistaken; and in a moment, with the spur of hunger within him, he was scaling the rocky height down which he had come in the sunset.

The ascent was much more difficult than the descent had been. The wall rose up before him with little more of a sheer at the base than the lighthouse had; fortunately it was not smooth like the side of the Light. On the contrary, it was like a mat of twisted white ropes hanging down the side of the cave; again, it was like the clinging tendrils of a gigantic creeper laced against the rock, all pure white and slippery with the constant dripping of water from above; and in places it was as though a mountain torrent, flowing down a steep slope, had frozen instantly into solid white rock.

When he came opposite the hole through which the golden bar had shot, he saw that it was broad day outside; and, since the sun shone full on the light, he argued that it was still morning.

While he looked, a broad-based figure came out on the balcony and stood gazing steadfastly towards the cliff, and he knew that Barbe was back at the Light. For the moment he forgot even his hunger, and stood straining eyes and heart through the narrow cleft. She was nearly a mile away, but the air was very clear and the sun shone full upon her. It seemed to him that her face was sad and anxious, and she stood so long, and looked so earnestly at the cliff, that he could almost believe that she knew he was there and could even see him.

'Barbe! Barbe!' he cried in his craving for her, and it seemed to him that she heard the cry and raised her arms beseechingly towards him.

Not until she went inside the lantern, and left the gallery bare and friendless, could he tear himself from the hole, though his stomach was ravening like a winter wolf. As soon as she had gone he set his face to the rock again, and climbed slowly up towards the opening through which he had first looked down into the cavern. Hunger and the cooing of the rock-doves pricked him on, and at last he crawled through into the chamber where he had found himself lying when first his senses came to him. The cooing of the doves was all about him. The concentrated smell of their droppings of thousands of years almost suffocated him. The nearer birds scurried past him through the opening into the outer cave. He felt quietly about till his knowing fingers lighted on the little round eggs lying in couples in the flat plates of the nests. He felt them till he found one still warm. In a moment its contents were slipping down his watering throat, and the angry ones inside him leaped at their prey and growled over it as loudly as they had growled over the lack of it. Another and another followed till he had eaten his fill.

Then, to provide himself another meal without that arduous climb, he wriggled out of his jersey, made it into a bag by tying the arms tightly together, and slowly filled it with eggs which he selected with care and judged by the feel. Then, with his bag in his teeth, he let himself slowly down the slope again.

He stopped opposite the lookout; but Barbe was not in sight. From the shadow of the Light he judged it to be close on midday. She would be inside preparing breakfast. The climbing had tired him unwontedly. He said to himself that he would rest a while, and then, after another meal, he would find the way out of this hole and get home again.

On the whole he was glad Barbe was back at the Light. She was safe there, at all events, in Pierre's keeping—safer than ashore with George Cadoual prowling about, and no one to look after her but Mère Pleuret. She must, he knew, be sorely perplexed at his absence; but he would go straight to her the moment he got out. But how in Heaven's name had he ever got in? He thought and thought till his head grew dizzy with thinking, and yielded nothing by way of return.

Then his thoughts went surging back to that strange statement of Carcassone's that he and Barbe were brother and sister. But he would not have it. He laughed it to scorn, and his laugh rolled up into the roof and echoed there tumultuously till it seemed as though the sound of it would never die away.

It was still muttering hoarsely in distant hollows when another sound caught his ear—a sound so faint that at first he took it to be but a further freak of the echo. Then he got up and stood listening intently, every nerve in his body straining towards the farther darkness out of which the sound had seemed to come. For full five minutes he stood as motiouless as one of the rock pillars around him, and stilled his very breathing lest it should come between him and that faint sound again. Unless

his ears or some trick of the cavern had deceived him, the sound he had heard was a human voice. Very faint, very far away maybe, but—— But then, he said to himself, one never knows in a cavern. It might be only the wind fluting in some hollow pipe or setting some nice-poised tongue a-humming. A cavern such as this holds mysteries more than a man can learn in a lifetime; and he had heard tell of strange and monstrous things that lived in such places—spirits even. How he wished he was well out of it!

He was about satisfied of his mistake, and the keenness of his vigilance was beginning to relax, when the sound came hollowly out of the darkness once more. It was but a groaning breath, a sigh of pain; but it was surely human, and he cried at once, 'Who is there?' and started into the darkness in search of it.

As though in answer to his call the sound came again, and then again. It led him round an angle of the rock, and he stumbled blindly among roughstrewn boulders. He followed the sounds, groping with hand and foot, till at last his retractive fingers lighted with a crinkling chill on the hair of a man's head, and a hollow groan came up out of the darkness.

'Who is it? Who are you?' he gasped in mortal terror; but another hollow groan was his only answer.

He bent over the head, and his hands told him that the hair was stiff with blood. It was too dark to see anything; though on looking back he could distinguish the dim outline of the rock-buttress, round which he had come, standing out against the glimmer of the larger cavern. His first impulse was to drag the man to the light, such as it was, for he could render him no assistance in the dark. His own safety might depend upon this man, since a man who could get into the cavern would probably know the way out again, though indeed it was not so with himself.

Alain put his hands under the man's arms and tried to lift him; but the heavy body hung so brokenly in his hands, felt so like falling to pieces, and groaned so dolorously that he was fain to let it lie. He would have given money for a match—his own had been soaked and were useless, but this man might have some—so he bent again and searched in the man's pockets, and found matches, a bundle of cigarettes, and some money.

Striking a match, Alain held it down to the man's face to lose no fraction of the short-lived illumination; and once more the one man looked down at the other in the ghastly, sulphurous glow, like a corpse looking at another corpse. But this time the men's positions were reversed. Half the match was wasted before the clear flame broke out and lit up the face of the helpless man; and, bruised as it was, clotted with blood, and warped with pain, there was no mistaking it.

'Cadoual!' and the match dropped from Alain's burned fingers. The wound in his own head throbbed with sudden pain as he stooped, and it came upon him with the startling inconsequence of a flash of lightning at midnight that there was some connection between his presence there and Cadoual's. The meaning of it was beyond him. He understood it no more than the forest trees understand the lightning; but the thought had cleft the darkness and left its mark.

'Water!' murmured the broken man, and speculations as to how he came there and in that condition vanished before his immediate needs.

Alain struck another precious match in order to learn, if he could, if there was any water obtainable in the immediate neighbourhood; but the light glimmered on the near ragged roof of a tunnel-way, which accounted for its dryness.

'I will get you water,' he said, bending down to Carloual.

'Water! water!' came the husky whisper; and Alain started off the way he had come, racking his brains for something to carry the water in when he should have collected it.

When he had groped his way back to his own lair his hand came upon the bag of eggs. Picking up a half-dozen, he returned with them to the wounded man, and, having chipped off the tops, poured the contents carefully down his throat, wasting not a little in the process, for Cadoual was burely conscious, and it was too dark to see. However, eggs were more plentiful than matches in that place.

'Water! water!' said Cadoual, with an accession of energy after this meal.

So Alain gathered up the egg-shells which he had kept for the purpose, and went back once more to his own territory to procure the needed water.

After some cogitation he saw how to get it; but it would take time and some labour, and Cadoual would have to wait.

The white side of the cave, up which he had scrambled to get his eggs, was damp with the drippings from the roof. Each drop, no doubt, had its little duty to perform in the slow building of the white columns and mushroom growths and corded muscles of the cave-side. Much of it ran apparently to waste, however, and the white face of the frozen torrent was beaded with moisture, cold and damp to the touch but almost invisible to the eye.

However, Alain had noticed an occasional drop slip suddenly across a smooth slab here and there with the suddenness of a falling star. It might have been gathering for an hour, a day, a week—he could not tell; but it was water, and water was life. For himself, indeed, he could lick the shorter pillars and the frozen torrent itself, and so keep his thirst within bounds; but that was obviously impossible for the wounded man, and even for himself it lacked the full satisfaction of a flowing drink.

Back once more round the angle of the cave, where his previous passage had impressed him with the fact that the floor was strewn with sharp granite boulders. He returned with a handful of splinters, and set to work scoring a slanting groove across the bottom of the smoothest damp slab he could find, a tiny runlet for the capture and safe conduct of the rock-sweat into an egg-shell, which he deftly propped with stones where the channel broke the edge of the slab.

He worked upwards, and when he looked into his egg-shell after an hour's hard scoring, he was cheered by the sight of a few drops of water in the bottom of it. A careful downward sweeping with his hand increased the supply to close on a teaspoonful, and he carried it at once to Cadoual, whose groans he had heard at intervals all the time he was working.

It was no easy matter to get the precious drops into the wounded man's mouth in the opaque darkness. He could only feel his way, and every touch of his creeping fingers brought forth fresh groans. At the first taste of the water Cadoual raised his hand eagerly to increase the supply, and crushed the egg-shell to pieces against his lips.

'Tiens!' said Alain impatiently. 'Now you've done it, and now you'll have to wait till I can get you some more.'

'Water! water!' craved Cadoual, and Alain left him, to tap the rocks wherever a smooth slab offered and an egg-shell could be propped.

All the time, as he worked, his brain was groping vaguely after the meaning of things: how he came to be there; how Cadoual came to be there. Both were more or less damaged, though it was evident that Cadoual's wounds were much worse than his own.

It was quite certain he had not wounded Cadoual, for his own recollections left him tramping through the dripping gorse-bushes, anxious only to rejoin Barbe as quickly as possible. After that all was blank till he found himself lying in the doves' chamber, with a broken head and the smells of the ages all about him. Some one had broken his head and conveyed him to the cavern; and some one had apparently done the same for Cadoual. If Cadoual had not been there, and in as bad case as himself, or worse, he would have felt sure it was Cadoual's doing, for Cadoual was the only enemy he had. Then he thought suddenly of Pierre Carcassone and the violence of their last meeting, and it seemed to him that Pierre was the most likely solution of the puzzle. Pierre was slightly mad; of that he felt sure. What more likely than that, in his desire to keep Barbe to himself, he had hit upon the plan of waylaying them separately, felling them from behind, and flinging their bodies into this great grave?

Eh bien! When one murders a man one should make sure he is dead before burying him. If Pierre could get them into the cave there must naturally be some way out, and the only thing was to find it. A broken head was of no great account, anyway.

He was inclined to think Cadoual's injuries went further than that; but he had had no opportunity so far of examining him. The thing to do was to find the way out, and he could not conceal from himself that that might be no easy matter.

The roof of the cavern gleamed suddenly iridescent in the rays of the setting sun, and the golden bar came pulsing through the round hole above him, and glowed like a fiery eye on the slabs and whorls of the frozen torrent. He scrambled up at once, with careful avoidance of his egg-shells, to get another look at the outside world, and possibly of Barbe, before the sun sank out of sight.

The Light stood there with the golden glory streaming round it, and, as he watched, Barbe came slowly round the gallery and stood looking longingly towards the cliffs. He clung there, with his back against the damp white wall, till the sun dipped and the lights faded out of the roof, and the world outside began to grow cold and dark; but until he could no longer distinguish her, Barbe stood looking out towards Réhel, and he knew that she was thinking of him, and wondering why he did not come.

It was with a choking in the throat, between a sob and a curse at his helplessness, that he let himself down again to the level. He made another meal off his eggs, and administered another half-dozen to his fellow-prisoner. He also took the opportunity of endeavouring to ascertain the extent of Cadoual's injuries, and came to the conclusion that at least one arm and one leg were badly broken. What more he could not make out; but, from the man's groans whenever his body was touched, he

feared there was damage there of still greater moment.

The lair Cadoual had chosen was drier than his own, and he lay down beside him to sleep; but the wounded man's groanings and his incessant husky demands for water made sleep impossible, and at last Alain crept back to the hole he had occupied on the previous night. He fell asleep to the sound of Cadoual's groans; and when he woke once in the night he heard him groaning still, and in the morning he was still at it.

The egg-shells he had placed here and there below his grooves all contained more or less water. He carried the fullest at once to Cadoual, and took care this time that it was not wasted. He gave him the last half-dozen eggs, and then climbed the side of the cave for his own breakfast.

The light was still shining in the lighthouse, and the lighthouse itself gleamed like a pearl against the dark western sky in the purity of the early dawn. Even as he watched, the first rays of the sun flashed in the glass, and the feeble light inside showed no more. While he hung there feasting his eyes on it, and grinding his teeth at his impotence to get at it, Barbe came slowly out of the lantern, leaned over the gallery-rail, and gazed earnestly at the sun and at him.

'Barbe! Barbe!' he cried as he raised his futile arms towards her, and came near falling headlong down the treacherous slope.

Not until she went in again did he turn to his climbing, and then he scrambled up resolutely, determined to break out of his prison that very day, and follow his heart to Grand Bayou.

JOHANNESBURG.

A REVIEW AND FORECAST.

PART II.



OTHING could have been more glowing than the hopes which animated every one when, after nearly three years of devastating warfare, peace was declared and a rich jewel added to the Imperial

crown. Johannesburg, that new El Dorado of South Africa, was the theme of every tongue, the lodestar of every ambitious, youthful mind; and, but for the wise limitations of martial law, what adventurous streams of emigrants would have crossed the ocean and poured themselves over the country and into the town which, still quivering under the shock of recent warfare, was as yet so unfitted to receive them! Few traits in a man are so objectionable as those that prompt him, on every possible occasion, to say, 'I told you so;' and yet, when considering the disappointed hopes of those who had thought to see prosperous days dawn at once for Johannesburg, it may be permissible for

me to point out that, in an article on 'The Coming Rush to South Africa,' in this Journal for August 1902 (vol. v. p. 519), I said to intending emigrants: 'Do not be in a hurry. Rest assured that everything will come, improved and mellowed by the delay, to him who waits.' To all who knew, and had the true welfare of the country at heart, it was obvious that a lengthy interval must elapse before a settled and permanent prosperity could pervade the country. I say permanent prosperity, for nothing short of that will ever be of service to South Africa. We cannot, dare not, and will not consent to large numbers of emigrants breaking off old associations and crossing seven thousand miles of sea to participate merely in feverish bursts of commercial activity and share-market booms. Our house must be in order before we give the housewarming, and at present it is not. Commercial and economic cankers still exist, and these must be probed deep, and if necessary cauterised; thorny

questions remain unsettled, and these must be carefully and patiently handled and divested of all elements which could subsequently give rise to danger or irritation. No rearing of a glittering but inherently rotten superstructure on a narrow and unsteady foundation will serve South Africa's needs. The commercial and industrial future of the country must rest on a broad and secure basis, the foundations of which have been laid with deliberation and integrity; and it is precisely because this operation is now in progress to-day that South Africa pauses.

There are two causes which, more than all others, are militating against all efforts Johannesburg is making to battle against adverse circumstances. Others there are, indeed, dating from long prior to the war, which are vital enough considered by themselves, and these will be referred to later; but these two are so urgent that it is fitting that they should be explained first. They are the amount which the Transvaal will be called upon to contribute towards the cost of the war, and the native labour question. With regard to the first, the country is, I am compelled to say, entirely misunderstood at home. Money-seekers it may be we are, by force of circumstances as much as inclination; but the men who rallied to the Empire as South Africa did are not the men to cry off when it comes to paying the bill for the war that was fought equally for them and the general welfare of the Empire. Some few there may be among those who direct the affairs of the Witwatersrand mines who would evade even just taxation; but their attitude and wish have no bearing on the merits and justice of the case. At present the expansion of the gold industry is being retarded not merely by the fear of a heavy tax, but even more by the paralysing feeling consequent on not knowing what amount is to be demanded from it, and, above all, how and when it is payable.

[Mr Chamberlain, in the course of a speech at Johannesburg, said he intended submitting to the Imperial Parliament a Bill guaranteeing a loan of thirty-five million pounds on the security of the assets of the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies. The loan would be raised as soon as Parliament should signify assent. The money would be used in paying the existing debts of the Transvaal, buying and building railways in both colonies, and providing for public works and land settlement. As soon as the first loan had been placed on the market another loan of thirty million pounds would be issued, payable in annual instalments of ten million pounds each. This loan would be considered a war debt, and the security would be the assets of the Transvaal. African financiers had undertaken to subscribe the first ten million pounds without preferential security.]

A highly technical dissertation on the mining possibilities and probabilities of the Rand would not be appropriate here; but to make the position

clear to the uninitiated, it is necessary briefly to say that the mines of the Witwatersrand fall naturally into two great classes—namely, the outcrop and the deep-level mines. The former, as they were the first to be discovered, were the first to be worked, and will be the first to run out. Their lives are known practically to a year, their yield and what it will cost, under normal conditions, to extract it almost to a pound. It is apparent, therefore, that it is not to the already exploited 'outcrop' mines, with their rich but extremely limited 'lives,' that Johannesburg has to look for its future prosperity and stability. It is necessarily on the 'deep-level' mines that the town relies; and when these are threatened the future of Johannesburg is imperilled. The deep-levels stretch, roughly speaking, in parallel lines behind the outcropping reef. As their name implies, the gold embedded in these reefs has to be sought at depths increasing with the distance they recede from the 'outcrop,' and in some cases (as instanced in the Turf Club borehole) as low as over four thousand feet. These mines have, in consequence of the enormous expense of mining at this depth and frequent lowness of ore-grade, to be worked with the utmost economy and managerial ability. Many hover eternally on the border-line separating a profitable output from working at a loss; and a fraction per ton increase in the working costs is sufficient in many cases to depress the scale to the latter state. Thus it can readily be seen that the subject of taxation is viewed with the utmost suspicion, and fear on all sides is freely expressed that the Home Government, in deference to the exigencies of party government, may yield to uneducated popular clamour, and impose a wartax that will doom vast mining areas - which under lenient taxation could be rendered productive—to remain so much waste ground. should be no misunderstanding when the subject of taxing the Transvaal is under discussion. Taxing the Transvaal means taxing the mines—the fifty miles of reef which stretch east and west of Johannesburg-and nothing else. At present there is nothing else worth mentioning to tax! Given lenient treatment, either on the basis of all sums derived from taxation being devoted to internal development or a complete immunity from taxation for five years, with no subsequent retrospective penalising in the shape of accumulated interest, and it is safe to predict that twelve months would see capital poured into the land like water. New gold-mining properties would spring into life as at the wave of some magician's wand; the prospector would be abroad penetrating into the almost inaccessible fastnesses of nature, and exposing her richest and most secret stores; factories for the manufacture of all kinds of raw materials would be established. In a word, industry and the boundless prosperity and content which follow in its train would spread themselves in a fructifying and enriching stream over the length and breadth of the land. This is no chimera, but the certain effect which would follow on the heels of the indicated cause.

The second vital question which has to be faced and solved before South Africa can expect internal domestic peace and prosperity is the native question. This is a problem which affects every part of, and every person in, South Africa; but here we only propose to deal with that phase of it which most concerns the mining industry.

In spite of all that has been said to the contrary, the result of recent practical experiments conducted on certain of the mines of the Witwatersrand clearly goes to show that white unskilled labour for the development of our mines must, under existing or any conceivable future conditions, be a failure from an economic point of view. The point at which such a scheme would break down would be when it came to tackling the new deep-level propositions, where every fraction of extra expense tells. The standard rate of pay to natives prior to the war was from fifty to eighty shillings per month. A white man will not and cannot be asked to work under an irreducible minimum of twelve pounds per month, and few indeed would be procured at this figure, and none who could be regarded as desirable permanent workmen, as they would largely be drawn from the 'dead-beat' class. The work is such as can be easily and advantageously performed by natives; and if they are carefully taught, properly treated, and intoxicating liquor sedulously kept from them, or its issue strictly regulated and supervised, they make excellent workmen. with the white man, the native has his rate of wage below which, from a variety of contributory reasons, he will not work. It must be remembered that by natural inclination and temperament he is lazy. He would, at any time, infinitely prefer living in idleness on the barest necessaries to providing himself with comforts and improving his moral and physical status by hard work.

For years past it has been found that, for the wages mentioned above, 'boys' would come freely to the Witwatersrand from all parts of South Africa; and if a lengthy stay were not the universal rule, the majority trekking home with a year's amassed wages, there were always fresh supplies coming up to fill the places of those going down. Therefore, when the minimum wage for which the native would work had been determined, common-sense and sound policy would seem to direct that such rate of remuneration should be adhered to by the mines, and on no account tampered with, least of all in the direction of reduction. Yet what do we find being done on the reef at the close of hostilities? At the very time when every nerve should have been strained, every effort and even sacrifice made to secure the services of a vast army of natives to restart old mines and develop fresh ones, the captains of the mining industry, by preconcerted and united determination (as was evidenced by the simultaneity and unanimity of the action), reduced the scale of payment for mine Kaffirs to an average of thirty shillings monthly per head. Such a sensational drop could and did have but one effect. The 'boys' immediately began and continued to leave by hundreds. Within a few weeks the mines, practically denuded of native labour, were compelled to close down. The sharemarket—the pulse of the town—slumped and slumped, business drooped and languished, enterprise and the flow of capital stopped short, and the confidence which had been shyly peeping forth curled up, thoroughly scared. From that moment Johannesburg entered on the down-grade which has brought it to the low level on which it finds itself to-day.

In the case of the former of the two headings into which I have subdivided the latter half of this article—namely, the question of taxation—the mining industry is far more sinned against than sinning; but it is impossible to truthfully say as much for the latter.

Let us consider the question dispassionately and on its merits. The men who made the mining industry what it is, who snatched Johannesburg from the slough of despond of the slump of 1890 and created the Witwatersrand of to-day, are no novices at the business whose destinies they control with such acumen and ability, one might almost say genius. On the contrary, every phase, every conceivable condition, which could possibly arise is intimately familiar to them; and when at one stroke they reduced the native wage-sheets by 50 per cent. they most certainly knew what they were doing, and what would be the immediate and inevitable result of their action. In a word, it is impossible to avoid coming to the conclusion arrived at by all earnest, thinking men, that, frightened at the idea that such a tax was about to be imposed on the profits of the mines as would cripple all but the wealthiest, and absolutely kill the low-grade properties, the mining houses, acting on the principle of the end justifying the means, determined that there should be as few profits as possible to tax until such time as the question of the amount to be levied from the mines was definitely and irrevocably settled. As it could not be denied that the gold was there, and as white skilled labour in plenty was available, even if it had been policy to interfere with men who could and would combine for the protection of their common rights, the readiest means to secure the desired end was the practical temporary elimination of the native labourer, so indispensable to the carrying on of the mining industry. To do so by open and direct dismissal would have been to court suspicion, and might even have defeated its own purpose; so the equally certain but more indirect method of reducing the native wage, on the pretence of thereby effecting vast economies, to such a level as past experience had clearly shown would not be accepted by the natives was adopted. The idea worked to perfection; while the thought that a corollary of such action would be that the town would be plunged into depression, progress delayed, and confidence shaken never for one moment weighed with or deflected from their determined course the men on whom the responsibility of the present depression largely rests.

Such a policy cannot be continued indefinitely; an industry like the exploitation and carrying on of the mines of the Witwatersrand cannot be perpetually stifled by a handful of financiers, however powerful they may be. Kruger pursued this policy, and to-day he is not. The future of the country, the livelihood of thousands of families, depend on the gold industry being earnestly and energetically developed, and developed it will be.

Thus, as a satisfactory arrangement can only be arrived at by the settlement of the foregoing questions, it may be safely concluded that settled they will be, and that ere long. When this consummation, most devoutly to be wished, has been attained, the first effect will be the release, coincident with the restoration of confidence, of vast sums of capital, already destined for and devoted to the exploitation of new mining areas. Within two years the existing number of mines will be doubled, and in place of the present row of outcrop mines fifty miles long, with their parallel line of deep-levels, there will be two or three additional rows of the latter, each contributing its quota to the wealth of the country, and employing its scores of white men and hundreds or thousands of natives. As the general prosperity of Johannesburg is dependent on and keeps step with the development and progress of the mines, the town will expand to an almost unimaginable extent. This ever-increasing extension of its boundaries will necessitate the presence of thousands of artisans; the growing volume of business will provide stools for a similar army of business men; and, in short, a period of commercial activity utterly beyond anything in the history of the country, in that it will be legitimate and permanent, will have been ushered in.

The gold industry, though the chief, is not the only staff on which the Transvaal leans. The land is rich in minerals of all kinds. Coal and iron there are in plenty, of excellent quality and in close proximity; and there is no reason why, when the last ounce of gold has been won from the Transvaal soil, and the last ton of iron from the old country, miles of blast-furnaces, supplanting the stamp-batteries of a former generation, should not demonstrate that, in the person of one of the youngest of her children, England has revived her commercial strength and supremacy.

Other irrefutable proofs which deal with the present are not wanting that an upward and onward movement cannot long be delayed. For a radius of at least five miles round Johannesburg, ground which prior to the war was lying idle and unproductive has now been surveyed, laid out into townships, and cut up into 'stands'—allotments, usually fifty by one hundred feet—every one of which has been put up to auction, and realised an average

initial price of a hundred pounds per 'stand.' The majority, it is safe to say, have been bought, not for speculation, but by those who, having perfect confidence in the stability and staying-power of the country, intend to build their own residences and live under the shade of their own fig-trees.

To revert to the mining industry, from which it is impossible for a Johannesburger to escape for long, the best indication of the extent to which it is more than probable that the gold-mining industry will be extended in the near future is the sensational introduction to the public of what is at present known as the Coronation Syndicate. The entire kudos of this truly portentous discovery is due to the acumen and energy of Mr Carl Hanau, the representative in South Africa of the house of Barnato. Anxious for fresh reefs to conquer, Mr Hanau cast his eye on the Heidelberg district of the Transvaal as a likely spot for his purpose, and shortly after announced and proved the existence of a new gold-bearing reef thirty-five miles long, to which he gave the name of the Coronation Reef. Of the possibilities and probabilities of such an announcement it is early as yet to speak with the voice of authority and certainty; but that the syndicate shares, issued but a few months back at a hundred pounds, stand to-day at six hundred pounds, with only an occasional seller, speaks eloquently as to the confidence reposed in the new venture by a section of the community who have an extraordinary genius for being right, and who are at no time given to investing their money in 'wildcats.' Perhaps, to the average Rand man, one of the surest indications that the Coronation Syndicate has come to stay lies in the fact that Mr Harry Johns, manager of the famous Ferreira Mine since its inception, and in this the holder of one of the richest prizes open to mining men, has relinquished his position to assume that of consulting engineer to the Coronation Syndicate. Should the Coronation Reef, to employ a sporting phrase, 'turn out trumps,' the scope of the mining industry will have extended to invisible horizons. It is interesting to learn that the market value of all the mining companies in the Transvaal is two hundred and twenty million pounds, of which 81 per cent. is held in Great Britain and the remaining 19 per cent. on the Continent.

There are other questions which are in importance hardly secondary to the two to which I have given such prominence, and the principal of these are, as stated, greatly reduced railway rates and immensely increased railway facilities, both as regards passenger and goods service; uniformity and reduction of customs tariffs on all articles which may be described as bearing directly or indirectly on the cost of living; and last, but not least, a whole-hearted effort on the part of each of the South African ports to render themselves really fitted to cope with the enormous volume of inland traffic which will shortly be pouring through them in a never-ceasing and ever-increasing stream.

These, however, are matters which can safely be left to time and Lord Milner's wise and far-seeing statesmanship.

It is intended to hold an 'International Peace Exhibition of South Africa' at Johannesburg in 1904-5. The classes of goods to be exhibited will include mining and mining machinery; products of South African mines (gold, silver, platinum, diamonds, coal, iron, lead, and copper ores); also, African native work, sculpture, oil paintings, and jewellery. Then there will be all manner of gas and steam engines, hydraulic machines, ironmongery, clothing, drapery, and examples of women's industry. The prospectus has it that Johannesburg is the best centre in the world for a large industrial exhibition. Its distance from the various ports, in miles, is as follows: Delagoa Bay, 397; Durban, 483; East London, 668; Port Elizabeth, 715; Capetown, 1015.

One of the latest circulars from the Emigrants' Information Office states that the supply of skilled mechanics at Johannesburg and Pretoria is already more than sufficient, and they are warned against going to the Transvaal at the present time unless they have already secured employment there, or take one hundred pounds to meet the very high cost of living. The Women's Immigration Department, 29 Plein Street, Johannesburg, has lately arranged a scheme, subsidised by the local government, by which domestic servants in England may have passages advanced to them on condition of their repaying twelve pounds of the expenses out of their wages, at the rate of one pound a month. Application should be made to the South African Expansion Committee, 47 Victoria Street, London, S.W. Such emigrants go out under the protection of a matron, and are received into a hotel at De Villiers Street, Johannesburg.

Enough has, I hope, been stated to enable those interested in South Africa to grasp the salient points of the situation as it presents itself to-day, to determine the causes which are at present retarding progress, and to appreciate the underlying qualifications which must ultimately carry the federated South Africa of the future to proud pre-eminence among the great nations of the world.

A CHINESE VENDETTA

CHAPTER IIL



ER Majesty's acting vice-consul at Canton, A. C. B. Jordan, Esq., was a young but energetic man who was temporarily in charge of affairs during a visit of the consul to Hong-kong, where he had entered

a pony for the races: a course which led to a not unnatural desire to see the animal perform, and, incidentally, to indulge in any social festivities which might be going on in that enterprising port. So the acting vice-consul found the whole burden of maintaining the prestige and protecting the commerce of the Empire at Canton thrust on his shoulders, if only for a short time. Fortunately, or unfortunately-Fate will not tell us which - no burning questions arose calling for instant decision and prompt action during this short period, though he felt himself quite equal to dealing with them if they had arisen; and had even, in speculating on such a contingency, contemplated cutting the cable connecting him with the outer world so that he might not be hampered with instructions from home.

On the second day of his reign he came down to breakfast in that state of mind and health which rendered it dangerous for any one to speak to him without having been first directly spoken to: a not uncommon condition amongst many residents in the Far East. A late night, a good deal of bad luck at cards, a good many cocktails at the club before dinner, and a good many whiskies-and-sodas after had all borne their share in the generation of his present violent headache

and irritable frame of mind. He sat down to his breakfast with the usual repugnance to consume anything but hot tea, inseparable from his physical condition. He turned away from his porridge after taking a spoonful, and eyed with distrust the fried bacon his cook sent up as the next course. Finally, he fell back on a couple of boiled eggs. He had hardly opened the first before he made up his mind that it was bad; and, if the first was bad, it was only natural he should imagine the second was bad also. As a matter of fact the eggs were in a very fair state of freshness, not even having acquired that condition in which they are known as 'monsoon eggs.' But to his irritated senses they appeared veritable electioneering eggs, to say the least of it. He was confirmed in his opinion by an indefinable suggestion of some horrible smell which became apparent to his olfactory nerves just about this time, and which he thought proceeded from the eggs in front of him. Loudly calling for his servant, he used some very strong language to him about his carelessness in allowing such eggs to be set before him, and ordered him to take them away and inform the cook his wages would at the end of the month be diminished by the deduction of twenty-five cents for each egg.

When the servant returned the smell still seemed to linger about the room, and he ordered him to open the windows and doors to purify the atmosphere. Instead of this proceeding having the desired effect, it seemed only to intensify the

smell, which grew stronger and stronger every minute. Again was the long-suffering servant called in, and told by his irritated master that the cook must be concocting some filthy Chinese mess in the kitchen, and that if the smell went on he would sack him at the end of the month. The servant returned with the information that nothing was being cooked, and that the cook had even emptied the fire out of the chatties. He then added in that curious pidgin-English adopted by the Chinese, so expressive and often so condensed, 'I think so that smell belong one sampan.'

Further inquiries from his master elicited the information that a sampan had been moored to the consulate posts for the last twenty-four hours, and that the smell had its origin from somewhere or something on board it. The consulate clerk was sent to make inquiries, and returned in a little while and informed his master, 'Have got one piecee dead man that sampan. Some man have shootum he. Makee die long time. Too muchee smellum.'

Jordan, moved partly by a sense of curiosity and partly by the oppressiveness of the smell, which became stronger and stronger, swallowed his tea and set out accompanied by an interpreter to make inquiries for himself. Not feeling equal to boarding the boat, he sent the interpreter to fetch Mrs Li, who was seated on the little deck. From her he learnt the whole story. Beginning at the beginning, as all Chinese do, she told him of her marriage, of her husband's position, of the birth of the children, and finally of the theft, the assault, the fatal result, and of her unavailing efforts to obtain redress.

Jordan listened gravely to her story, told her she must move the boat away from his premises, and said he would see what he could do for her.

Going back to his office, he called in the head clerk and had a long discussion with him on the merits of the case. As a result of these deliberations, he determined to go and see the magistrate himself. So he ordered out the consular official chair, a huge and cumbrous vehicle covered with green silk with black fringings, and carried by four coolies dressed out in official livery, and wearing little round straw hats with a small red button at the top and a long red tassel hanging from it, as though they were descendants of the great Panjandrum himself.

Through the narrow streets of the great city the chair made its way: past the fish-sellers' quarters, where live fish are always being chopped up into shining, sticky masses on huge blocks of wood; past the pork and duck shops, where whole candied pigs gazed fixedly into the street, and ducks split open and pressed flat hung in unsavoury rows from long strips of bamboo; past the clothes-shops, smart with mandarins' jackets and gay embroidery hung out to entice the passers-by; down the street of the carvers in

blackwood, through the booksellers' quarters, and on, through many a tortuous alley, till it finally came to a stop before a rickety-looking building which formed the court of the Nam-hoi magistrate.

Here the chair was set down, and a coolie despatched to the magistrate with a message that the acting vice-consul wished for an audience. In a little time an official came out, who said the magistrate was highly honoured by receiving a visit from so honourable a personage, and would he condescend to enter his insignificant abode?

The temple of justice, as represented by the magistrate's court, was a low, dark, evil-smelling room redolent of Chinese tobacco, of an unwashed multitude, of sickly, clinging opium. The magistrate's seat was one of the carved blackwood chairs with a marble bottom so commonly found in Chinese interiors. This was placed on a small raised dais at one end of the room. Over it was a dingy canopy in yellow and red silk, fantastically embroidered with dragons and peacocks and other emblems of the throne of the 'Son of Heaven.' In front was a small table, at which, seated on small stools, two clerks were busy recording fines and punishments in oblong, dirty, tissue-paper-coloured books. Two or three runners, with red hats on, lounged about the court; and in the background was a chattering, struggling, spitting crowd of the great unwashed of Canton.

Elbowing his way with some difficulty through this unsavoury multitude, Jordan almost fell over a wretched culprit who was kneeling with bare knees on a piece of old sharp-edged chain as an inducement for him to make the admission of guilt requisite before he could be sentenced to death. Whether the admission, when obtained, was true or false was quite immaterial so long as it was made.

The magistrate raised his head as Jordan approached, and signed to one of the runners to conduct him to a seat on the bench. There, after the inevitable flowery and meaningless compliments had been exchanged, Jordan told his The magistrate listened attentively, and remarked that it was no doubt correct; but the widow had not appeared when summoned, and so of course the case had been dismissed. The fact that she had never been told of the summons was quite immaterial. He had ordered her to appear. She had not appeared. There was an end of it. Jordan pressed him to order a fresh hearing, and guaranteed to produce the widow. Finally, he stated that if the case were not reheard he should report the matter to the British Minister at Peking, petitioning him to request the Viceroy to see into the matter. Having the usual dislike of Chinese officials to have any act of commission or omission of theirs inquired into by any one but themselves, and foreseeing that any such inquiry, whatever the result, must necessarily mean trouble to him and equally necessarily expense, the magistrate reluctantly appointed an hour for the rehearing on the following morning, and sent off his runners to arrest the murderer; while Jordan, half-stifled by the fetid atmosphere of the court, gladly made his way back to the Consulate.

Having some slight experience of the ways of native justice, he returned the next morning to see that the matter was not again allowed to be delayed or obstructed. He found all parties duly present, and the evidence just concluded. As he entered two grave-looking Chinese doctors were holding a post-mortem on the body in the middle of the court. This consisted in rolling up a piece of paper in the form of a pipe-light and inserting it in the wound to see if it was deep enough to be the cause of death. After much consultation they pronounced that it was, and the prisoner, seeing he had no further hope, and wishing to escape torture, confessed his guilt to the magistrate, who promptly made the order for his execution. The runners took their prisoner back to the cells, and several days later the final cereinony took place. The execution-ground was a narrow strip of land left unbuilt on in the heart of the city, and when not required for the purposes of justice was used by a potter for drying his wares. There Jordan betook himself on the appointed day to see the thing through to the end.

A small space had been cleared amongst the pots and pans, and the prisoner, with his hands bound behind him, was made to kneel down in the middle of it while the executioner made ready. That official, after testing the keenness of his sword—a heavy weapon with a blade about two feet long and six inches broad, made very thick and heavy at the back and having an edge as keen as a razor-gave two or three preliminary flourishes in the air, and, stepping up to the prisoner, knotted his queue up in a bunch on the top of his head, and affixed to his back a small piece of paper setting out his crime. Ordering the prisoner to stretch out his neck, he slowly raised the heavy sword in the air, and just as slowly let it fall on the outstretched neck. There was no force used, no striking, no sense of concussion. The knife was simply lifted in the air and then let fall as by its own weight; slowly it fell till it reached the prisoner's neck, nor did it pause there for an instant; slowly it fell, the prisoner's head falling with it. The vendetta of Li Sing was accomplished.

Over Jordan's mantelpiece hangs a heavy Chinese executioner's sword, which he obtained at a cost of thirty dollars. If asked its history, he says it is a souvenir of the first time he had sole charge of the interests of the British Empire, and that with its aid he succeeded in obtaining justice for a Chinese coolie.

NATURAL SOURCES OF WEALTH.

COAL AND WATER-POWER.



UR coal-supply is of great national importance, as that mineral is our greatest natural source of energy, being so largely utilised in its transformation into mechanical power.

The other two important natural sources of mechanical energy are water and wind power; and these have been, and still are, utilised to some extent. Before Watt's time the steamengine was used only for pumping water from mines; but his invention of the separate condenser and many other improvements and additions to the working parts rendered it really serviceable for machinery requiring a steady movement.

For a long period there was great waste of fuel; and it is only in comparatively recent years that the reduction in the amount of coal consumed for the power developed has been notably obtained in the raising of steam, and that largely through efforts to improve the efficiency of the marine engine. Much waste has also resulted from the careless and extravagant consumption of coal in works and houses both in town and country, the atmosphere being often vitiated by the products of imperfect combustion.

Fortunately for this country, rich seams of coal

lie at not too great depths below the surface in the great coalfields of England and Scotland; but the constant heavy home and foreign demand has caused such a continuously increasing output that, during the last century, statisticians were impelled to devote some attention to the calculation of the probable duration of our supplies from certain coalfields and from the whole coal area. Royal Commissions have also considered the matter, one having been appointed quite recently; for the fact of our coal production having risen to nearly two hundred and fifty million tons per annum is sufficiently startling when we remember that about forty years ago the output was little over one-fourth of that amount. That the outlook even at that time was far from reassuring we find from one of the late Professor Macquorn Rankine's songs, entitled, 'What shall we do for Coal?' He says:

For countless ages forests dark
Grew thick o'er Britain's isle;
For countless ages wood and bark
Lay deep beneath her soil.
The old black diamond may appear
As though 'twould ne'er give o'er;
But seventy million tons a year
Will soon exhaust the store.

Then forge and mill must all stand still, And trains no longer roll, Nor longer float the swift steamboat; Oh, what shall we do for Coal?

It is now recognised that water-carriage by canals is an item in our industrial system which has been too much neglected. The introduction of railways about 1830 threw this slower method of transit into the background, very much as the earlier introduction of the steam-engine for driving mills caused less attention to be given to the value of waterpower. Doubtless in many districts of our own country where there is suitable water-power, overshot and breast wheels, or the later forms of waterturbine, have been established for the carrying on of various industries; but the steam-engine during the greater part of the past century has been our most important prime mover on land, and during the last fifty or sixty years our mercantile marine has been almost entirely changed from sail to steam. Nor are we likely to see steam-power replaced by any other form of power to drive our ships; but on land there is every likelihood of greater attention being paid to our natural sources of power in the lakes and mountain streams. Electrical energy is coming into use for certain manufacturing processes where an inexpensive power to drive the dynamo is an important factor if we are to compete favourably in the markets with other nations. A few years ago extensive works were established at the celebrated Falls of Foyers for the purpose of reducing by electricity the clayey material largely brought from the north of Ireland so as to obtain aluminium, the water-power of the district being utilised; and there is now a probability of other works being set up which will utilise the waste waters of the lochs lying among the mountains and on the moors of the West Highlands.

The production of electricity by that wonderful machine the dynamo is now quite familiar to all; but, although the dynamo is a most efficient transformer of the energy imparted to it, dependence has still to be placed upon some prime mover of more or less efficiency to give the rotation which determines the flow of the current. For this purpose, in our country, the steam-engine is almost universally applied. In our best steam-engines, however, only about one-eighth of the potential energy of the coal can be transformed into actual energy. Thus, if we could transform all the heat-energy which lies in, say, two pounds of coal into mechanical work we should have about eight horse-power; but as our combination of steam-engine and boiler only gives about one horse-power for this consumption of fuel, the efficiency is only one-eighth, or about 12 per cent. of the original heat-energy transformed into mechanical work in the driving of machinery. Besides the steam-engine, we have hot-air-engines, oil-engines, and gas-engines. These are all fairly efficient; but the hot-air-engine is large and unwieldy, and as yet the oil and gas engines have been mostly used for small powers. The dynamo itself may be taken as utilising nine-tenths of the energy imparted to it; but, as it must be driven by some form of engine, the question arises, What form is most efficient? The older types of water-wheel gave from 60 to 70 per cent. of efficiency, and the best forms of water-turbine give about 80 per cent. of the energy of the fall of water; we have, therefore, in water-power a valuable means of driving machinery, and it now becomes a commercial and engineering problem how best to adapt it to the special requirements. Wind-power does not offer the same advantages, as it is variable in its action, and the windmill does not yield much more than about 30 per cent. of the energy of the current of air impinging upon the sails.

In some countries where coal is not found, or is scarce, or of poor quality, nature has been lavish in water-power. Norway and Italy are in this position, and it is likely that any changes from steam haulage-power on railways to electric motors will first come into use in these countries. America, with its abundance of coal and water-power, has utilised the energy of both to a great extent; and in Germany the flow of the Rhine, whether in river or waterfall, has for long contributed to the production of power for driving machinery.

Our own country has, on its western side at least, a high rainfall, amounting in parts of the mountainous districts to fully a hundred inches annually. That a large part of this rainfall runs to waste is obvious after every storm, as we see our rivers coming down in flood, and in many cases some of our larger lakes rise from two to three feet after a day or two of heavy rain. Even this stormwater, if it could be suitably stored, would give many thousand millions of gallons, which might be turned to account.

In former days it was often inconvenient to place the desired machinery near the water-power site; but now, since the great development of electrical transmission, we may place the turbines and dynamos at the site and convey the electrical current by wire for miles from the source. The advantage of any store of water depends upon the elevation of the site, so as to give what is called 'head' or 'fall.' It is on account of the small head generally obtainable from tidal action that so little has been done in the utilisation of this change of level of the sea around our coasts. To most of the lakes in the hilly districts this difficulty does not apply, and it is the business of the engineer to design suitable means to take advantage of what fall can be got. The temptation to use coal has been very great, as through its combustion and the raising of steam we can, by the burning of two or three pounds of coal, get a power known technically as a 'horse-power,' or five hundred and fifty pounds raised through one foot in one second; whereas, in general, the finding of a suitable site and gatheringarea or stream whereby water-power may be obtained is often difficult.

If water-power is to be made commercially

serviceable in this country the storage reservoirs must be inexpensive. We must, therefore, look to the lakes and streams lying in the wilder parts of the districts of high rainfall; the lakes being preferably narrow at their lower or outlet ends, so

as to reduce the expense of wall or embankment, and situated so as to be as near to the site of the proposed working centre as possible in order to lessen the distance over which the power is to be transmitted.

MY ROOK.

By CLARA BENSTED.



BLACK winter's morning, all the earth bound in frost that had lasted a week, and now a piercing wind carrying small, sharp hail.

Standing by a blazing fire looking idly across the room out of the

French window, I saw something blown along the path. To me then it seemed like a small bundle of draggled black alpaca; but I had a suspicion that it was some feathered creature, and I was soon out by the glass doors and running along to the end of the path. There, entangled in the hedge, was the object I had seen. As I bent down I saw there was a large beak and a feeble movement of long feathers.

Soon it was in my hand, and I was back again in the warm room. I found I was the possessor of a rook: one wing between his legs, and both wings heavy with ice, icicles hanging from his breastfeathers, his feet swollen, the toes without nails, and they had been bleeding. I gently moved the wing from between the legs, and found it was broken.

The bird lay quietly on his back in my hand; and, after examining his starved body, my eyes encountered his—wide-open, deep-set, and shrewd. He had watched all my movements, and now we gazed at each other.

'Poor dear chap!' I said; and, talking to him softly, I carried him to the kitchen for food.

His icicles were melting, and water was dripping from my hand. As luck would have it, our cook was cutting up meat for beef-tea. He saw what she was engaged upon before I did, and made a sudden movement, his eyes fixed on the meat. I gave him several pieces, he taking them from my hand and swallowing eagerly. The strange part was that he seemed perfectly tame.

Drying him in a duster, I went from the kitchen, and met a member of the family coming in at the front door. He looked at my very dilapidated rook, and urged me to let him kill it; but the shrewd, bright eyes so full of vitality were looking into mine, and I turned, taking him to my bedroom to have him to myself.

When I put him on the floor the broken wing got between his legs, so I picked him up and cut the feathers quite short, and again put him down. He scuttled under the bed, and I sat down quietly awaiting events. Soon I heard a movement; and at the head of the bed, pushing the valance on one side, came the large beak and bright eyes—very out

of place, of course, I knew. In a little time he came into the middle of the room, but not with the jaunty straddle of his kind; he seemed to tumble over and over, then lay on his side, and I said in my heart, 'Ah, yes; death will be the kindest thing.'

I took him up; but, instead of having him killed, I put some zinc ointment on the sore feet and laid him on soft flannel in a basket, giving him also a little more meat and some biscuit. I must tell how hurt his beak was; it closed just at the tip, but arched up at each side so that one could see through. The mischief was done by hammering on the frozen earth.

In the morning, after resting passively in my room all night, he took food from my hand and water from a spoon that I just put in at the side of his beak; but, finding he was thirsty, he opened the beak for me to pour it in. I could see it was not looking quite so out of shape, and eventually it became as it should be.

Coming to my room about noon, I found him huddled up on the edge of the basket and making a feeble attempt at preening. The next day he sat in the palm of my hand and ran his beak between each finger in a caressing manner, and I have no doubt whatever he meant it for a caress. I stroked him and called him Jim; and later on, when we were real friends, he used to make a noise to attract my attention—a sound without opening his beak, a sort of croak, but pleasanter, and I got to know it well.

Some months passed, and he lived in a blackbird's cage. He could sit on a perch, but never very firmly. I carried him about in my hand in the garden and took him to visit a raven kept in a disused stable. They used to play with each other's beaks; but I mistrusted the raven. I saw he had a strong inclination to get hold of Jim's body; and when his feathers were not raised on his head I could see in his flattened skull the cruel bird of prey. So I held Jim in my hand; but, at the earnest solicitation of my brother, who pleaded the loneliness of Jack, I allowed Jim to be put in a wired-off part of the stable. He lived there two months, a most wretched bird, and I took him away and put him in his cage again, hanging it often in the sun. He was content; but he was happiest in my room on a table by the window; and one day when I was downstairs I heard a curious guttural sort of chortle, something like a starling's note; and, stealing to the door of my room, I looked in, and there

was Jim on his perch with neck outstretched and his still very dilapidated figure in joyous attitude.

I watched him, and felt that my bird was happy. Then, drawing near, I put my hand in the cage. He was on it at once, caressingly putting his beak between the fingers.

Besides this, I have only once heard a rook make a similar chortle—a song, I suppose; it was in an elm-tree near the house, and he was in the attitude of a singing-bird.

Now comes the time when Jim distinguished himself, and claimed the gratitude of the elder members of the house, who had always slighted him, and taunted me with his ugliness. Yes, Jim saved the silver and put the thief to flight.

One night I placed him on a table that stood on the landing near my open door. I was roused from sleep by Jim calling me with his peculiar sound, not opening his beak—the sound I knew so well. It was not loud, but as I did not fully rouse myself it became more emphatic, one note following quickly on another. At last, becoming quite awake, I sat up in bed and called out, 'Jim!'

Then in the lower part of the house there was a confused sound, a rushing of wind; finally a door banged, and all was still. I heard cook get up and strike a light; but she evidently returned to her bed. Jim was silent. I slid down in my bed again, and went to sleep.

I was awakened in the early morning by cook rushing into my room very excitedly, crying out that the house had been broken into; the plate that should be in the dining-room was lying on the kitchen floor half rolled up in a towel, food was gone out of the larder, and other things were on the scullery floor.

So my rook had heard the stealthy creeping about that we had not, he had roused me, and my calling 'Jim!' had frightened the burglar. He acted as sentinel to us, as he had done for many years, I should fancy, to his flock of comrades.

Then the end of Jim? It was a cruel and violent one: the raven got him at last. His jealousy at seeing the gentle bird loved and petted often put him in a rage. He was, and is still, a treacherous creature, nipping my finger till the skin is cut and bleeding.

I am often reminded of Jim, for at some time every day a flock of rooks settle near the house, and they busily hunt for acorns under the oaks: over a hundred I can count. I love to see them; but a rook's face is not pretty, for at the base of the bill, extending half-way down, is a grayish covering, described by ornithologists as a 'warty scurf'—not a nice description—and also called a scaly skin. There are no slender feathers covering the nostrils; those of the raven are like bright black threads an inch in length, growing downwards on the polished black and curved beak. Then Jack is very handsome, and Jim was not; even under his chin this disagreeable whitish skin occurred. But the rooks are lovely in their plumage: black with

blue and violet reflections. Their walk, too, is so quaint.

They appear very much at home here, and last spring a pair of them began to build a nest in one of the big oak-trees. The nest was built in spite of great opposition and much good advice from mere experienced couples. The oak is not thought the right tree to build in by rooks; the elm and beech are better on account of the twigs being more pliable, I believe.

A little distance away across the road were eight or nine elms, and a couple were building in one; this couple were most anxious to get our pair away, and were constantly flying over to reason and argue. One afternoon they appeared to pull at the nest, although the hen was on it. In the morning I went out to see if they were still there. I saw the hen on the nest, but she was not sitting down close; the husband was perching quite near, and both looked most dejected. As I gazed up at them he uttered a caw—a very cheerless caw: there seemed a sob in it.

I longed for them to stay and found a rookery; but I thought if they were going to be so depressed they would soon depress me. I walked thoughtfully away to the house. Scarcely had I got to the garden when I saw the elm-tree couple bustling over, with quick flapping of wings and loud caws. They settled beside my pair, and their reasonings and arguments were this time crowned with success, as all four sailed away to the elms, and soon another nest was built beside that of the elm-tree couple; and the four spent a happy, busy summer.

The nest that was built in folly and ignorance remains in the oak.

HIS MAJESTY THE BABY.

His eyes of clear and cloudless brown,
His hair a soft and silky down,
His face the sweetest, all must own:
You recognise him, maybe?
We know but one such words could suit,
But one whose will is past dispute,
Whose sovereign law is absolute:
His Majesty the Baby!

No mightier monarch e'er was known,
His right divine we gladly own,
For it is based on love alone:
A right which knows no maybe.
A sceptre this we gladly kiss,
And own our saddest moment this:
When for the briefest space we miss
His Majesty the Baby.

We know not what before him lies,
What shall await him—smiles or sighs,
A stormy path, or sunny skies:
These things may not or may be.
Whate'er the great Unknown shall bring,
We fear it not while we can sing
With trustful hearts, God save our King,
His Majesty the Baby!

A. CHARLES HAMILTON.



THE POACHER.

By ALFRED WELLESLEY REES.

PART II.



ETURNING homeward along the rugged moorland road after a day spent among the grouse, I have often looked far across the wide expanse of bog and upland, veiled in the gathering gloom, to count the glim-

mering lights in the distant, scattered farmsteads; but for miles on my way not a single human being have I met. Sometimes, however, as I journeyed on under the starlit dome of the August night, the greeting of a solitary shepherd or keeper has come from the surrounding darkness of the moor, where, among the dim forms of sheep grazing on the skyline or resting in the shelter of the rough, uneven banks and ridges of the heathery waste, the figure of the watcher has loomed ghostlike and indistinct. At such times the loneliness has strangely oppressed me. To my mind, indeed, the characteristic melancholy of the Celtic temperament has seemed the natural outcome of a life spent in the great solitude of a moorland wilderness.

Our villagers, living in the distant valley, do not lead a monotonous life. Even while labouring during the day they often enjoy each other's companionship; and when work is over they generally collect in large groups about the roads and lanes, or on the bridge, to discuss their own affairs and criticise their neighbours' doings. In the long winter nights the cottage homes of certain notables in village society become gossip-shops, such as Marged's cnwcy-glap, 'the mound of the tale-bearers,' where the women's tongues are ever busy; while their husbands gather in the cosy kitchen of the inn, and, over a favourite local measure known as a 'blue' of beer, indulge in lengthy arguments on varied topics: horses, sheep, sporting dogs, fox-hunting, otter-hunting, salmon-fishing, ploughing, cricket, preaching, the last Calan Hên concert, and the last big funeral-feast, where an ample supply of cwrw restrained or stimulated the grief of the assembled Each member of the community is No. 274. - VOL. VI.

a public character; he cannot move in secret. He fondly imagines, however, that he is but an ordinary individual, exciting no unusual interesta nonentity as far as his neighbours are concernedand therefore takes little pains to conceal his movements and his opinions. Not that it would make a difference if he were more discreet. There are eyes behind every hedge, behind every windowblind, at the keyhole of every door; for the soul of

village life is gossip.

The folk of the moorland district where Philip lived spend an altogether different existence from that of the villagers. Either because of force of circumstances or by their own predilections, they dwell in almost untrodden wilds. It is not difficult for the observant eye to detect these lonely people when they arrive in the valley for one of their periodical market-day visits. They seem to be of a race different from the folk of the lowlands. men are generally tall, gaunt athletes, with black hair, thin lips, and dark, mysterious eyes; the women are proud and reserved, as if conscious of superior birth, and yet painfully aware that their gowns are not made by the little dressmaker who expounds the intricate laws of fashion to all and sundry of her sex in our immediate neighbourhood. Rarely, whether at home or among their friends in the market, do the moorland farmers display a love of animated talk. No gossip-shop exists on the hills; and the public-house at the cross-roads is beyond the outskirts of the moor. Sometimes a shepherd on his rounds will lift the latch and come into the kitchen of the farmstead for a basin of warm broth and an hour's desultory conversation; and, more rarely, a keeper will call for his weekly supply of butter and cheese, or seek refuge from a driving storm.

The life of the moorland farmer is hard and strenuous, leaving little time for recreation, except in the long winter nights, when the hours drag slowly by. Then the lonely man longs for some [All Rights Reserved.] FEB. 28, 1903.

indoor hobby which might be to him an additional source of income; and, thus longing, falls asleep before the crackling fire. His farm is extensive; the land is poor; so he must needs walk many miles each day to look after the welfare of his stock, and must delve unweariedly to secure an average yield of corn and root-crop. As the years pass, the solitude gradually claims him for its own. He becomes a child of Nature, like the hare or the grouse-a wildling of the sunshine, the mist, the tempest, and the snow; and while he roams over the heather or follows the plough he is for ever turning some problem over and over in his mind: the solitude teaches him to think. Take him from the furrow. seek to show him the beauty of a pure and simple religion, send him into the heart of some great city: if all this could be accomplished he might become a great social reformer, with a voice crying from the wilderness, filled with the charm of the simple life back yonder on the moorland, filled also with the store of his lonely musings, and, plain of living, a constant, vehement rebuker of the luxury and recklessness and artificiality of modern life.

Such were the people among whom Philip lived, or rather whom he occasionally visited in their homesteads. If he borrowed an idea, it was from them, or from Ianto the old gillie, or from the little girl whose innocent friendship—belonging to a later part of my story—was the joy and solace of his declining years.

For many the name of poacher has a sinister meaning, and is applicable only to a certain class of men who are among the dregs of society, the unscrupulous enemies of the game-laws, the dreaded foes of even the stoutest-hearted keeper. These men are supposed to enter the coverts prepared to resist, at any cost and without the slightest compunction, all attempts at capture. They are branded as criminals of the lowest type, akin to thieves and house-breakers. Unfortunately, near large manufacturing towns, landowners are generally right in maintaining such harsh opinions; their keepers contend against frequent raids organised by men whose daily work is so monotonous that it fosters a craving for violent excitement. These men delight in law-breaking, and regard a poaching affray as sport, just as they would a prize-fight or rabbit-coursing for a wager. They are treated sternly by the law, and deservedly so. There is, however, a wide difference between them and even the worst of the poachers to be found in an agricultural district.

As far as experience has taught me, Philip occupied a unique position. He was a poacher first of all because he loved the night-side of nature with a consuming passion. Doubtless by some bitter fate that in early life had warped his finest feelings, his soul had been driven in on itself. A strange melancholy had veiled his character. He, who might have been a genial, broad-minded squire and an idol of the country-side, was an outcast. The current of events had been too strong for him,

though, withal, he possessed the instincts of a fighter, battling courageously against adversity, persistent and wary to the very end. Some heart-string had been strained, and then snapped, and from that one great mortal pain he had never recovered. At all events, when I arrange and examine the trifling details gathered almost instinctively from certain incidents in his later life, I can come to no other conclusion: the world had dealt harshly with him in his youth.

The success which well-nigh invariably attended Philip's raids on well-stocked coverts was due not only to his intimate knowledge of the poacher's craft, but also to a keen and calculating insight that frequently discovered in apparently the most awkward predicament the surest chance of escape.

On the largest and most vigilantly preserved estate in the valley, the cottage of the head-keeper stood in the heart of the woods, beneath a precipitous slope covered with oaks and beeches that formed a belt between the fir spinney reaching on one side to the mansion and on the other to the entrance-lodge. The loamy soil of the little grove was honeycombed with burrows. A long, narrow clover-field stretched from the highest point of the hill to the hazel hedgerow on the margin of the wood, scarcely more than a hundred yards from the keeper's cottage.

One summer night Philip, having watched the keeper return home from his rounds, determined to make himself familiar with the 'lay of the land' in the immediate vicinity. He found no beaten pathway in the wooded belt on the slope; every sign indicated that the place was seldom disturbed. He climbed the ascent, picking his way leisurely and quietly between the holes of the warren, and peered over the hedge. The field was alive with rabbits feeding on the succulent herbage, or playing in and out between the grass clumps. Retreating to the copse, he carefully examined the warrens. They were too extensive to be netted thoroughly without aid; and, though he had a dozen purse-nets with him, he decided to do nothing that night but reconnoitre, and if possible devise some scheme for a further expedition.

Creeping back through the wood, he gained the far hedge, and then, making a detour in the shadow of the hawthorns, reached the brow of the hill. On his way he looked everywhere for signs which should influence his future movements; but the hedges exhibited no trace of human footsteps. To all appearance the hurdle in the gap had never been disturbed; and not a single twig had been broken. Philip felt along the upper cross-pieces for some scar to indicate that an iron-shod boot had scraped away the thin bark of the hazel wands as the keeper might have leaped from the top of the hurdle; but everything seemed as smooth and well-arranged as if the hedger had only that day completed his task. The hedgerows skirting the field were so thick and thorny that only from the hurdle, the

wood, and the gateway at the far corner on the breast of the hill could a proper view of the clover-field be obtained; the nearest pathway into the spinneys led from a stubble about three or four hundred yards away. Abundant evidences could be adduced to prove that hereabouts the land was kept strictly private, as a sanctuary whither both furred and feathered game might resort without dread of interference.

With interest more than ever aroused, Philip again passed quietly through the wood. On the lower branches of the trees roosting pheasants had taken up their quarters for the night. As the poacher moved through the fern-brakes on the outskirts of the wood, the clear, musical call of the partridge, like a provokingly scornful challenge to all prowling enemies, reached the wanderer's ears from the stubbles beyond the clover. Though the temptation to secure a pheasant or two could hardly be withstood, Philip, having by this time almost matured his plans, dismissed every thought of a raid that night, and resolved that he would run no needless risk of spoiling the chances of a future expedition. One thing only was necessary to ensure the success of his project: he must find out the 'run' of the rabbits when disturbed.

The warrens extended from end to end of the grove. Some years ago each burrow had been thoroughly ferreted and 'stopped' by the keepers on account of an outbreak of disease among the rabbits; but the estate had exchanged ownership, and the grove had been restocked. Though, as far as Philip could judge in the darkness, the entire warren was inhabited, his knowledge suggested that some favourite spot might be found more closely tenanted than any other part of the wood. He again crept along the hedgerows, entered the clover-field from the gate, and walked across the hill towards the wood, keeping well within the shadow of the hawthorns. At intervals he stamped heavily on the ground, bringing his heels down sharply and almost simultaneously. The reverberating blows were not unlike the alarm-signals given by the bucks to warn their companions, and the rabbits hurried away, invisible but for the white scuts that gleamed everywhere in the gloom. Philip's observations in the cloverfield were now complete, since he had thus made the discovery that nearly all the disturbed creatures had fled for safety to the far corner of the grove. The rabbits were far less numerous in the adjoining fields; but there also the poacher, as he trudged homewards, carefully noted the direction of their flight.

At dawn next day Philip set out for the nearest country store, where he purchased some thin but strong calico, a reel of coarse thread, a skein of thick white silk, a few stout needles, and a knot of whipcord. In his cottage, during the greater part of the morning, he worked hard. With fingers unaccustomed to the task, he made the calico into bags, each of which might contain from

fifteen to twenty rabbits. When finished these were stained with damp earth to a neutral colour, and afterwards placed on the garden hedge to dry. He overhauled his large silken sweep-nets, mending them wherever necessary, and joined three together at the ends so that one large net, sixty yards long and six feet wide, was formed. Such nets he was accustomed to use singly for capturing partridges as well as ground-game. Three other nets, with larger meshes, through which the body of a rabbit might easily pass, were also united in one of sixty yards length; but this big-meshed net, used exclusively for the special purpose for which it had now been prepared, was only four feet wide. A yard or so of whipcord was fastened to each of the corners of the nets; and other pieces of cord, twenty feet long, were made into miniature guy-ropes for steadying the supports to which the nets would be attached. Everything being now in readiness. Philip wound the two silken nets around him beneath his coat, folded the bags and placed them in his voluminous pockets, laid his fire ready to be rekindled on his return, and, snatching up some food for a meal on his way, set out for the distant wood.

On leaving the moorland, he avoided the roads and travelled straight across country till he arrived in the grove, just two hours before dusk. To make his raid a complete success it was necessary that the nets should be placed in position before the rabbits came out to feed, so the task was immediately begun. He cut down four strong ash saplings from the hedge, and carried them to the cover of a dense furze-brake above the spinney, where he lopped off the twigs-which he afterwards made into pegs for the guy-ropes-and tied the upper corners of the nets to their supports in such a way that if alarmed he could easily sever the cords and make off with the most valuable of his belongings. He now proceeded to satisfy himself that no enemy was likely to interfere with his plans, and soon ascertained that the keeper was busy in the garden of the lodge, and that no farm-labourer was in the upland fields. Returning to his operations, and entering the cloverfield near where the rabbits had disappeared when alarmed, Philip placed the big-meshed net in such a position that the ash poles supporting it could hardly be distinguished from the surrounding branches. The net with the finer mesh was set up twelve inches farther away from the wood, and parallel with the other. Both were parallel with the hedgerow skirting the wood. The lower edges of the nets were then untied, thrown back over the top, and held up by forked sticks thrust into the ground, so that the rabbits might pass into the field from the grove; and the small-meshed net was allowed to hang rather more loosely than the other. Everything was done as quietly and expeditiously as possible; and last of all the bags were laid out ready for immediate use in the thickest recess of the furze-brake.

Philip now hid himself in the middle of a bramble-

clump within the wood, and kept a strict lookout on the gate, on the hurdle in the gap, and on the road by the keeper's cottage. Soon the rabbits began to steal from the grove into the clover, past the nets, till, when the dusk drew on, more than a hundred were feeding in the field. Still Philip waited; the time was not yet ripe for his purpose. Presently the door of the cottage was heard to open, and 'Velveteens' appeared on the road. Taking the path to his left, he turned into the fields below the grove, and walked down the valley, straight away from the hill. This indeed was luck; and Philip, though knowing that the utmost caution must still be observed, laughed quietly as he thought how little his enemy imagined what preparations were in progress not a hundred yards from his home.

At last the night grew dark. The crescent moon and the twinkling stars were hidden by the drifting clouds. The poacher's opportunity had arrived. Slowly and silently he descended the steep, turned, and came back to the hedgerow near the nets. On hands and knees he crawled into the field, and inch by inch moved towards the spot where two of the ash poles stood. There he loosened one end of each net and allowed it to hang free. Retracing his steps, he crawled along the ditch and loosened the other ends. Back again he crept into the wood, then made the circuit of the hedgerow, filled his pockets with stones, and entered the field by the gate.

Running straight towards the nets, and throwing the stones in all directions as he ran, he drove his prey into the toils, till the nets were alive with helpless, struggling rabbits which, having bolted into the first net, had by the momentum of their flight thrust the small meshes through the large openings in the second net, and so were caught in a trap from which escape was impossible. Philip now gained the hedgerow, passed behind the nets, and proceeded rapidly to kill the rabbits. When this gruesome task was over, the ash poles supporting the ends of the nets were laid on the ground, and the work of removing the spoil was commenced. Load after load was borne to the furzebrake, till more than eighty rabbits lay in heaps beneath the bushes. This being done, Philip wound the nets round his body, removed the ash poles to the thicket, and then set about 'spreading' the legs of his victims before they grew cold and stiff. The task was lengthy, but there was little call for haste: he was not likely to be discovered in his wellchosen retreat. The remaining hours of the night were spent by him in conveying his well-filled bags to a covert on the borders of the main road.

Just before dawn a carter with a laden wagon from the country store appeared in sight—whether by accident or arrangement it matters not—and on the following day the rabbits were exposed for sale outside the shop of a dealer in a distant town.

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

CHAPTER XIV.-LIFE BELOW GROUND.



HE rock-doves were still abed when Alain crawled into their chamber; but he went so softly and slid his hand so cautiously among them that even the robbed ones scarcely murmured. In order to carry with him

a larger supply he breakfasted on the spot, chipping the eggs against his teeth and sucking down their contents gratefully; and as he sat and sucked a new idea came into his head. He wanted light down below to explore with. Here to his hand was fuel in any quantity. His fingers, as they sought the still warm eggs, travelled lightly over the twigs and dried grass of the nests, which felt like the top of a haystack. The pungent bed on which he lay was composed of the same, mixed with the droppings of countless generations of birds, layer on layer, from the time of the Flood. The thought of a fire suggested the idea of cooking. In a moment his cunning hand had a bird by the neck, and before it could utter a cry the warm little body was in his bag. He captured four without moving his position, and with as little disturbance to the rest as came natural to one who had been cragsman before he was sailor. He lay and waited till the birds woke up and flew out for their day's work, and then he set to work himself, scratching out and hurling down the slope great masses of the tightly packed accumulations of the years. The dust came near to smothering him, and the smell to choking him. He sneezed and coughed, and tore and flung, till he could do no more without a rest and a drink, and then he followed his plunder down the slope.

The avalanche had polluted all the whiteness of the rock-curtain, all his tiny channels were choked with dirt, and all his egg-shell reservoirs smashed. It did not matter. He would get out of his prison that day. So he sought a clean cone and licked it dry, and then another and another, till his thirst was quenched. Then, taking an armful of fuel and his bag of eatables, he carried them to Cadoual's hollow. There he started a blaze, hedged it round with stones, and in a very few minutes one of the plump little rock-doves was toasting over the red-hot core of the oven. His fuel, so far as it was composed of dried bird-droppings, burned with a dull, smouldering glow and a most villainous odour. When a flat nest of twigs and grass was burning the flames shot up into a crackling flare, which died all too speedily into the dull-red glow again; but the very sight of the fire and the smell of the cooking were inspiriting after a three days' dietary of raw eggs and calcareous water, and he found himself so ravenous for meat, now that it was in sight, that he could hardly wait till it was properly cooked.

The disordered senses of the wounded man seemed to be stirred by these things also. Once, when Alain turned from the fire, he found Cadoual's eye fixed on him with a look which he did not understand till later.

'Thou!' groaned the wounded man, then closed his eyes to shut out the sight, and broke once more and half-unconsciously into his husky murmur for 'Water! water!'

'Have an egg,' said Alain, chipping one and pouring it down his throat. 'When we've had something to eat I'll see if I can find water. Do you know the way out of this cursed hole?'

Cadoual only groaned and closed his eyes the tighter. It was beyond belief and altogether intolerable. He had killed this man and flung his body into the bottomless pit, and here was the victim waiting on his murderer, and tending him as if he were his own brother. But even that was nothing to the pains he suffered. Every bone in his body seemed broken; every attempt at movement was an agony past the bearing; every breath a horror of sharp knives piercing his chest and rending his sides. He groaned because silent endurance was beyond him. He cried for water because his throat was hard and dry as a board. The bitterness of living was so great that death would have been a relief; for it was not to be believed that anything that might come after could be worse than the agonies he was suffering. Nothing that could happen to his soul could equal the tortures of his mangled body.

Alain divided the rock-dove with his knife, and inserted some choice morsels between the sick man's lips. His grinding teeth sucked them in, but his throat could hardly swallow them. They had no taste to him; but there was nourishment in them all the same. Alain, understanding something of his difficulty, broke another egg down his throat, and he got on better; but he ate mechanically and without enjoyment, and only because nature and hunger were stronger than the feeble will that was in him. The stirrings of life that the food awoke in him served only to increase his sufferings.

'Water! water!' was his ceaseless murmur.

As soon as he had sucked the bones of his feast, Alain got up to search for water—and the way out. He flung an armful of fuel on the dying fire and went back into the front cavern. His eyes were becoming accustomed somewhat to the dim light. It was as though a great cathedral were lighted only by a few narrow slits away up in the roof at one end, and as if even those narrow slits were shaded by Venetian shutters with the slats turned down. In the other direction the vaulted roof and massive sides melted away into the darkness. He could not tell where the roof and sides ended and the darkness began. They might end abruptly just beyond his sight. They looked as if they might run right into the bowels of the earth.

He shouted to get some idea of the size of the chamber, and the tumult that followed startled him as it had done when he laughed. The sound seemed as if it would never die away. It bellowed down the vast hollow and rolled among its hidden arches, and died, and rose like a new voice, and changed its tone and its key, and started new sets of sounds that buzzed and hummed like ghostly organ-pipes. Therefore Alain decided in his own mind that the place he was in was a very large place, and that, unless he hit upon it by chance, his search for the outlet might be a matter of considerable time.

However, he went to work systematically, carrying armfuls of fuel over the rough strewn floor, past the tunnel where Cadoual lay, to the farthest point from which he could catch the glimmer of the dim light in the outer cavern. The window itself he could not see; but the outline of the great rockshoulder round which he had turned was faintly silhouetted against the twilight beyond, and would always enable him to find his way back. A dullbronze glow streamed across the cavern from the fire in Cadoual's tunnel behind the shoulder; but that might die down, and could not be counted on as a landmark.

Alain lighted a bundle of the slow-burning punk at his fire, carried it to the great pile he had collected, and stood back, transfixed at the amazing sight that started up all round him in answer to the flames. Morgat had been the wonder of his boyhood; but Morgat was a cockle-shell compared with this. Such magnificence of domes and arches and fluted columns had never even entered into his imagination. Columns that sprang from the floor and reared themselves beyond his sight, smooth and white and regular as the deftest chisel could have made them; columns that hung like gigantic icicles from the darkness of an invisible roof, in awesome sympathy with those that sprouted from the floor to meet them; and it seemed to him that they grew and neared one another as he looked. Some were solid throughout their whole length from floor to upper darkness; some were joined by the narrowest thread, so that the whole upper structure seemed to stand upon a needle-point; and some had not yet met, but were divided by no more than a hand's-breadth. The latter were perhaps the most awful to look at; for, their upper lengths being hidden, they seemed to swing in the dancing light and threatened to fall at any moment.

The side-walls here also were clothed with strange, wild growths of the same white stone: huge corded mats, festoons of ropes, delicate lacery of creeper and tendril, all interwoven and overlapping in fantastic profusion, all growing downwards out of the upper darkness, and where they reached the floor spreading out over it, as though by the superincumbent weight, in rolled-up waves and ridges. Here and there the matted growth crept from pillar to pillar, and in places the walls broke away and showed great black gaps which doubtless led to other caves. As far as his sight could travel, those

wonderful white pillars stood ranged in solemn silence, some in groups and some in stately solitude. He wondered vaguely if his were the first eyes that had ever lighted on them.

Then, suddenly, as he gazed eagerly round, he was startled by an impression of stealthy flittings among the distant columns; but a moment's observation told him that they were only the shadows of himself and the nearer pillars cast by the fire upon the more distant ones, and he pushed on eagerly to see what more he could before the light died out. He went on and on through the pillared aisles till he was brought to a stand before a sight more wonderful than all the rest. From side to side of the cavern ranged a series of narrow columns, for all the world like the great organ-pipes in St Louis' at Brest. They were all blood-red, and set so close together that he could see no way through. He travelled from one side of the cave to the other without finding an opening large enough to squeeze through, but with a growing desire to see what lay A moment's consideration would have told him that, since the barrier seemed impenetrable, there could be no egress that way; but he did not stop to think of that, and time pressed.

Passing his hands round one of the lower cones which was not yet fully married to its mate, he pulled with all his strength against it; but it resisted all his efforts. He raised a hand to the pendent pillar above, and it trembled at his touch. A swift pull and a run from under, and it broke off up above with a sharp crack, falling with a crash and strewing the ground with splinters.

He crawled over the cone, and found himself in a wide-open space without a pillar in it. The light of the fire behind him set the great organ-pipes pulsing red as though they were filled with blood. The echoes of the breaking pillar were still crashing in the roof when, in the darkness in front, there came a sudden splash as of falling water. He stopped instantly with a thirst upon him which he had not felt a moment before. He stood listening, with bated breath and craving throat, but heard no sound except the sharp cracks that still rang in the distant hollows of the roof; and yet he could have sworn to that sound of falling water, and the sudden thirst was in him still.

He pushed on again across a rougher floor. A sudden leap of the flames mirrored the red organpipes, with bars of fiery gold between them, in a great black pool in front. He ran forward, fell on his knees, and drank greedily. The water was sweet and cold, and he was grateful.

The sudden fading of the light told him he must hurry back; so he drank again, then turned and made his way through the rent in the screen. One of the objects of his search was attained. Here was sweet water in abundance; and, moreover, it was evident that the way out of the cavern did not lie in that direction. The fire had sunk into a glowing heap, and he had to make his way back to it with caution, lest a fall against some slender pillar should bring it down upon his head.

Cadoual was still murmuring huskily for water when Alain came up to him; but he had nothing in which to bring water, and all he could do was to crack a couple of eggs down his throat, and then he went on to bring up a fresh supply of fuel.

Then he clambered up the slope to get a cheering glimpse of the Light, and his heart leaped at sight of Barbe sitting in the gallery where he had so often sat with her. She stood up suddenly as he looked, and leaned over to watch something; and presently a boat-Jan Godey's boat: he knew it by the new white patch in the brown lug-floated across the narrow disc of his view and made for the Light. He could distinguish Sergeant Gaudriol's uniform, and he knew that the search was afoot. If only he could have done something-anythingto attract their attention! But he was as helpless as a man in his coffin, and he ground his teeth and clenched his fists at his impotency. Mètres of solid rock lay between him and the face of the cliff, with only that God-given hole as a connectinglink. His chief feeling was one of regret that the hole was not larger.

He saw Gaudriol climb like a great blue beetle up the iron ladder, and he saw Barbe waiting to receive him in the doorway. He could not see her face, indeed, but he knew that it was clouded with grief and anxiety. He watched till Gaudriol clambered slowly back into the boat, and the boat skimmed swiftly out of his range.

(To be continued.)

TURKEY.

Constantinople, Saturday, January 24th.—The Grand Vizier has instructed the Treasury to cease all payments until further orders.'—'Times' Telegram.



ANKRUPTCY is the only word that describes the financial condition of Turkey to-day; and this state of affairs has been chronic ever since 1876. What few sources of revenue remain free for the use of the

Government are not sufficient to show a balancing Budget; and when the Government needs even

paltry sums to make up some deficit or to pay pressing petty accounts, all sorts of machinery have to be set in motion to raise the money. Sometimes the difficulty is overcome by the readjustment of some small surplus of an already mortgaged tax, or a conversion scheme is worked up by the banks. So, somehow, the Treasury coffers are replenished, and things go on as before, 'till next time.' One TURKEY. 199

corner in the crooked road of Turkish finance has been turned; but the road is a cul-de-sac—'No Thoroughfare' is writ large on its sign-post. This road which Turkey is travelling is leading to disaster. That the country is in this state is an acknowledged fact; but how she reached the stage of bankruptcy may be worth inquiry, so that, perchance, some means may be devised to permit of a gradual recovery.

Before the Crimean war Turkish finance was fairly sound, money was plentiful in the country, and public credit and trade were good. At that time it cannot be said that Russia was in a flourishing condition, either financially or industrially; she had to depend on Europe for almost all her manufactured articles. To-day Russia can take her place with European nations both as regards her credit and her industrial enterprise.

Why is it, then, that Turkey has fallen so far behind Russia? It cannot be that the inhabitants of Turkey are less intelligent than those of Russia. The real reason may be found in the fact that, whereas Russia has been free to impose any protective duties she thought fit, Turkey has been bound hand and foot by treaties. By reason of these treaties, Turkey has been unable to foster a single manufacturing interest as Russia has succeeded in doing. The result is, Russia to-day is almost independent of Europe for manufactured goods, being herself the manufacturer, and by this means she has created a large industrial class of her own subjects. Turkey, because of the restrictions mentioned, has not been able to develop her vast resources; and, what is of greater importance, she has not been able to form a technical class.

It may be said that the Turk, being indolent by nature, would not take kindly to any industrial pursuit. That the Turkish peasantry in the country are, as a class, indolent there is no gainsaying; but this does not apply to such subject-races as the Greeks, Armenians, &c., people of great energy and intelligence who, with very little training, would soon become skilled workmen.

The European Powers being interested in supplying the Turkish markets with their goods, it can easily be understood that they would not do anything in Turkey's special interests; thus all the treaties were made in the interests of Europe only. As with Pharaoh of old, who did not wish the Israelites to become great, so Europe did not wish that Turkey should become powerful. To the English public any proposal having a semblance of protection is forthwith condemned, if the effect is not even like holding a red rag to a bull; but when dealing with an undeveloped country such as Turkey, the methods which suit Great Britain are not applicable.

We have seen many examples of commercial and industrial progress in other countries fostered by protective tariffs and subsidies; therefore the conclusion is forced upon us that if Turkey had the same free hand as Russia, Germany, Greece,

Roumania, and even Bulgaria, her financial position might become very much improved. All these Continental nations have been able to protect their industries, having raw material to work with and cheap labour, which only needed training. The labour market in Turkey is even more advantageous than on the Continent generally, and under other conditions we might have seen British firms planting their factories in Turkey instead of in Germany, Italy, and Russia. The 8 per cent. ad valorem duty on imports is so low that it does not leave a sufficient advantage for capital to be invested; but if a protective tariff could have been put in force on such manufactured goods as, say, cotton and wool, in a very few years remunerative business would have been worked up, the people would have become accustomed to industrial work, and the country prosperous. No doubt some inconvenience would have been felt for a time; but the solid progress of the country would have been assured. This progress would have conduced to the social and political advancement of the people, and we should probably not have heard of the late disturbances amongst the Armenians, Albanians, and Macedonians. The old adage still holds good: 'Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do.' In all probability the different races, through common commercial interests, would to-day have been loyal, united, industrious, and contented subjects of His Imperial Majesty the Padishah.

It is the fashion to say that it is an impossibility for Christians to live happily under Mohammedan rule, and that religious differences are at the root of the discontent. There may be some grain of truth in this; but the difficulty is not insurmountable. The Turks are very tolerant; they only demand that the religion should be *ketabli* (based on a book). Their tolerance is witnessed by the innumerable schools and churches of all sects and creeds flourishing in the country: Roman Catholic, Protestant, Orthodox, and Semitic.

What may be considered as the greatest stumblingblock to the natives is the administration of justice, and this department certainly requires drastic reform. The law is good, being similar to that of the French Code Napoléon; but the delays and the devious procedure of the law-courts in deciding questions requiring immediate settlement cause great dissatisfaction, and frequently result in the abandonment of just claims. Rumours are current that 'palm oil' is the cause; but industrial progress in the country would soon put a stop to such abuses. The circumlocutory process could not be tolerated when the judges had plenty of business on their hands; and with increased court-fees and their salaries paid regularly, there should be no inducement to continue the practices complained of.

Besides the central question of treaty duties and restrictions imposed on Turkey, there are many other things which militate against her progress. Their name is legion; but I will only cite a few—for example, the land laws, bad roads, the farming

of the tithes, and the tobacco monopoly. These are all very great hindrances; but perhaps the greatest is the land laws.

As the larger portion of the land is the property of the State, the freehold cannot be bought. It can therefore be easily understood why people are loath to invest capital in agriculture, and millions of acres of virgin soil lie untilled. If a good title to these lands were granted to foreigners, immigration would at once take place, and the now desolate tracts of country might become a smiling garden. With immigration, the road question would soon be solved; for the immigrants would make them if Government did not do so.

The farming of the tithes is a terrible scourge. As the farmer of the tithe only undertakes the business with a view to profit, it is evident that the poor agriculturist is in his power. The tithefarmer is armed with full authority by the vali (governor) of the district, and this is backed up by soldiery in case of need. The agriculturist may not lift his crop off the field, nor thrash it, unless the tax-gatherer is present, and it often happens that in the interval rain comes on and the crops are sadly damaged. To avoid this the peasant has recourse to bribing the tax-gatherer, by offering to pay him more than his just due in order to secure his crop. This is one way; but there are many others known to the wily extortioner.

The tobacco monopoly has done no good, but an immensity of harm. It has not increased the revenue, but has trebled the price of tobacco. The grower, however, has not shared in this advance in price; and many growers have been obliged by the monopolists to stop the cultivation of the fragrant weed. Now, in order to grow tobacco, the land must be specially prepared at great cost, just in the same way as for vineyards. The value of such land

is five times that of arable land, and all this extra value is lost to the owner, who receives no 'compensation for disturbance.' It is said that 'a coach-andfour can be driven through an Act of Parliament.' Well, as under the 'capitulations' monopolies in Turkey were abolished, how is it that this gigantic monopoly has been permitted? That coaching feat has evidently been performed here, and a skilful driver has been on the box tooling the team! By this monopoly thousands of skilled men have been thrown out of work, and hundreds of merchants have been obliged to give up the tobacco trade. If the State were receiving great benefit by this monopoly, say in enhanced revenue, there might be some argument in its favour; but in the past this has not been the case to any appreciable extent. As to the shareholders in the company, their position can be gauged by the fact that the shares which were issued at five hundred pounds now stand at three hundred and fifty, and this after twenty years of monopoly.

These are some of the causes for the prevailing state of affairs; but in making these statements I do not wish to imply that the Turks themselves are not mainly responsible. I only wish to point out that they are not solely to blame, and that outside pressure has contributed in a large measure to the troubles and embarrassment of the country. It is believed that it would not be long before Turkey could resume payment if the Government enjoyed the same freedom in exacting import duties as the other Continental States, and if, in addition, the State lands were freely sold to immigrants for agricultural purposes.

Unless considerable changes are effected, a collapse may be expected; and that calamity would lead to much serious trouble, in which Europe will inevitably be involved.

'CRIF COLUMBUS.'

By Louis Tracy.



H Crif!' cried the small boy when the topmost crab of a barrelful fell out on the fish-quay, and crawled stiffly amidst the rows of cod, haddock, and ling slowly gasping their lives away.

'What do you mean by that, Phil?' demanded his amused mother.

But a live crab and a squirming codfish were too immediately interesting to the small boy to permit him to speak; here was wonderland spread out before his big blue eyes. He had previously seen the sea only from the deck of a P. & O. steamer on the homeward voyage from India. Eyes, ears, and mouth were inadequate to-day; their utmost capacity would not permit each new sight and sound to be assimilated at once. Marvels abounded—gaily painted fishing-cobles, gloriously

striped in red, white, and blue; lumbering fishermen in sou'-westers, oilskins, and big boots; stout old women in short skirts and knotted shawls; the auctioneer with his quick patter: 'Now-then; nice-lot-o'-whitin'. Who says-two bob? Two-an'-three, two-an'-three, two-an'-six, two-an'-nine; three shillin'. Any advance on three? Mrs Verrill'—— Could it be expected that any youthful Briton, aged seven, would find time for mere words in the midst of this whirl of sensation?

The fish-market soon came to an end. The unwilling crabs and heedless fish were packed in crates and carried off to the railway station; and a man with a hose swabbed quay and loiterers with impartial skill.

So Phil and his mother walked away down the pier, to look at the great steamers turning close round the Nab, on the ocean highway 'twixt north and south. Then the small boy found speech.

'Do they all come from the island, mammy?' he asked.

'What island, dear, and what are you thinking of?'

'Don't you know?' he cried, with the quick petulance of childhood. 'I mean the island daddy told me about. A man named Crif Columbus once sailed out into the sea and found it. Daddy said that every man, when he's growed, goes out to look for an island. Some finds nice ones and some finds nasty ones; but everybody finds an island.'

'I wish daddy wouldn't talk such nonsense to you,' laughed Mrs Somers; whilst three ladies who were passing heard the boy's eager explanation, and agreed with each other that he was 'a dear little fellow.'

The tiny harbour was a delightful place, a narrow inlet pent within stone quays and jetties, with ropes and chains swinging from the low wooden rails, with steep ladders let into the huge tiers of masonry, and with flights of worn steps, bright yellow on top, and dark green where the tide washed them, leading to the strips of sand laid bare by the ebb. Fishing-cobles and smaller boats swung idly on the water. Phil wondered how the men got into them, until he saw a white-haired fisherman pull steadily on a rope reeved through a block fastened to the stout railing, when, lo! one of the heavy boats commenced to move, all by itself, to the side of the pier. In half-a-minute it bumped against the stones beneath, and the fisherman, now holding both strands of the rope, let himself down into the coble. Then he untied a short cord which fastened the boat to the cable, got out the oars, and pulled rheumatically up the harbour until he disappeared beneath the swingbridge.

So that was the way to do it, was it? Phil was deeply interested.

Mrs Somers had met a friend, and the two ladies gossiped.

'It is so delightful to be home again!' exclaimed Mrs Somers. 'We came back last year; but my husband was sent at once to the Transvaal, and all my plans were spoiled. I had so looked forward to a quiet life in England after eight years in India. But his battalion was ordered home two months ago, and here he is now, safe and sound. Philip retires as soon as peace is declared, so I really believe my troubles are ended.'

'I hope so, my dear,' agreed the other woman, 'though I am older than you, and I haven't reached that stage yet.'

'Mammy,' cried the small boy, 'where does the tide come from?'

'I am afraid I must follow your father's example and tell you it comes from the island,' she said smilingly.

Her companion took up the parable.

'The island out there is called Holland,' she said. 'Holland, where the Boers come from.'

'Oh!' said Phil, upon whom a great light broke suddenly.

Then the ladies fell to discussing the increasing difficulty of obtaining good servants.

At luncheon, in the big hotel on the cliff, Phil wrestled with a problem. At last he propounded it to his father.

'Daddy,' he said, 'if a man takes a Unionjack and sticks it on an island—after he finds the island, I mean—that is England, isn't it?'

Several people laughed.

'Pon my honour,' agreed the major, 'I don't think Mr Chamberlain could have stated the method more precisely.'

A sour-faced person, who was noted in the hotel by reason of his ostentatious perusal of the Daily News, quoted severely: "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings shall ye learn wisdom."

'You seem to have deferred the operation,' said Mrs Somers sweetly.

A grin went round the table.

'Your little boy is a smart youngster, no doubt, madam; but you would hardly contend that his policy should be that of Great Britain,' was the answer.

'My little boy has seen the British flag flying in so many parts of the world that he naturally believes in its power,' came the quick retort.

An American visitor broke in with a staccato comment: 'It appears to me that the only place where Englishmen are shy about waving the Union-jack is in England itself.'

Phil wondered why this cut-and-thrust argument had arisen so suddenly. His active brain was filled with a great undertaking, and he had no room for further thought. The day passed, and the child was so unusually thoughtful that his mother would have experienced some alarm were it not for the undiminished vigour of his appetite. At bedtime he explained that he might be 'hungry in the night.' With a smiling protest, Mrs Somers allowed his governess-nurse to give him a stock of apples and biscuits. Phil kissed them all 'good-night,' and snuggled up in his cot, whilst Major and Mrs Somers, followed by the maid a few minutes later, went to the saloon to hear the band.

They remained there two hours, and by chance the nurse accompanied them to the hotel. It was a fine evening, though dark, for there was no moon, and the heavy banks of cloud scurrying to the south-east showed that a stiff breeze was blowing from the land, though the town itself was screened by the high moors. The tide was going out. The sidelong glint of the toy lighthouses at the entrance to the harbour showed that there was yet sufficient depth of water to float any of the coasting craft or larger fishing-vessels which frequented the port. Many miles

away, in the black void of the sea, an occasional tiny speck shone like a star. Mrs Somers knew that these were the mast-head lights of steamers.

'How strange it is,' she confided to her husband as they stood for a little while in the porch of the hotel to permit him to exhaust the better end of a cigar, 'to picture up beneath each of those glimmering dots the great hull of a vessel, full of men, machinery, and cargo, steadily ploughing its way through the pathless water, depending solely on a trembling needle in the compass, and regarding the mass of the land as we regard the ship: an invisible certainty, marked only by an occasional lantern!'

The soldier smiled. 'You are dreamy to-night,' he said. 'I know now where Phil gets his quaint fancies from.'

'By the way, that reminds me'-

A white-faced nurse rushed to them, fluttered and tremulous. Master Phil was not in his room. He had risen and dressed himself, taken his apples and biscuits, and no one knew where he was. Inquiry among the hotel servants made them no wiser. An agonised search of the corridors and public rooms elicited no new fact. Soon the whole cliff was aroused. Even the sour-faced gentleman was eager for tidings, and was the first to hint that the police should be informed. Mrs Somers, livid with anxiety, discovered that the boy had taken with him a Union-jack, purchased for sixpence a few days earlier, and her mother's heart suggested a tangible possibility. Phil's references to the island, the question he addressed to his father during lunch, put a dreadful idea into her mind. Perhaps he had gone down to the harbour and endeavoured to climb into a boat. Poor lady! she had not paid heed to the ways of fishermen. Even yet she was far from guessing the terrible truth.

Her surmise put the searchers on the right track. A policeman started the pier loungers on an investigation, and it was quickly discovered that the coble *Endeavour*, No. 313 WY, was missing from her moorings. The men of experience scouted the idea that a boy aged seven—the child of a visitor—could have hauled the boat to the quay-side, slid down the ropes, and cast the coble loose.

'Why, ma own bairn couldn't ha' done it,' exclaimed the owner. Yet his own bairn was soundly thrashed on the following Tuesday for a successful effort.

Whatever the explanation, the *Endeavour* had vanished, and what was more, she must have drifted out to sea. The maritime population was rendered much more alert by this fact than by the disappearance of a youngster. The coble was worth over fifty pounds, and here was a frenzied stranger offering any money to those who found the boat, for Mrs Somers's theory now possessed her husband.

Within five minutes half-a-dozen craft were manned and had hoisted their brown sails before the favouring wind, whilst a steam-tug was casting off from the wharf behind the bridge in response to the fierce energy of her stokers.

Out into the night they went, until a growing gale forced the cobles to run back for safety. They dropped in singly during the small hours, each with the same negative result. The town, cliffs, and sands had been scoured long since, and hope now centred in the efforts of the tug. At dawn she was sighted on the horizon, battling against heavy waves, but helped somewhat by the incoming tide. She drew near, and the chief officer of the Coastguard turned sympathetically to Major Somers, after a prolonged stare through a telescope.

'The coble has not been found, sir,' he said, 'nor have they any news, or they would have whistled long since.'

The unfortunate soldier waited until the steamer entered the harbour and answered the hail of a Coastguard-man; then he walked slowly and sadly to the hotel and put his arms around the sobbing woman he found there.

Phil was really surprised by the ease with which his adventure progressed. He was out of bed before his nurse quitted the hotel. He dressed himself quite carefully in his sailor-suit, secured his store of provisions, grasped his Unionjack and a toy sword, and waited a favourable opportunity to slip out of the hotel unseen, by way of the servants' door.

After that he had no difficulty whatever. The particular coble he selected for his enterprise was moored close to an unfrequented pier. At first it seemed that the heavy boat would never yield to the pull of his sturdy little arms; but it is in pulling that a child can exert its maximum strength, and at last the Endeavour began to creep close to the wall. It was ever so far beneath, and very dark down there; but the brave soul never faltered. He tied flag and sword to the white cord of his whistle, grasped both ropes, and essayed the descent. He learned immediately that the rough stones might be made to serve as steps with the support of the rope. Really this was so simple that nurse might do it, though she was so dreadfully afraid of sliding down banisters. The knot, too, that tied the rope in the boat to the cable stretched across the harbour could be unfastened as quickly as a shoelace. All you had to do was to pull the end, and-behold !--you were off.

The coble soon caught the pace of the tide, and drifted out into the fairway. Her mast was not lowered, and her sail lay all ready for hoisting. Her heavy oars rested along the thwarts, and a six-foot rudder-board was placed close to the stern. Phil neither knew the nature of this appliance nor could he ship it were he a

fisherman's son; but the sail and oars he quite understood. By hauling at a rope with all his might the heavy canvas began to rise, and the wind, getting beneath, helped the efforts of the youthful navigator.

By this time the coble was nearing the entrance to the harbour, and several people who saw the boat and noted the slow hoisting of the sail imagined that some fishermen were going out, though the observers were surprised, as it was a Saturday night.

Soon the Endeavour was travelling at a spanking pace. Try as he might, Phil could not get the sail higher than one-third of the way up the mast, and it bellied out in front like a flying jib. At last he fastened the rope to a seat, and tried to mend matters by hauling on another rope fastened to the bottom of the sail. But, in the absence of the rudder, this manœuvre only served to slew the boat round on to the port tack, and caused her to heel over considerably. After scaring himself somewhat, Phil decided to let the sail behave in its own way, and the coble promptly straightened herself before the wind. The child did not know that his attempt to control the heavy sheet probably saved his life. Right in the track of the speedy craft lay the Bell Buoy and a huge reef. His chance deflection of the course carried him safely past these obstacles; and now, indeed, he was bound direct for the 'island of Holland,' distant two hundred and fifty miles as the crow flies.

The Endeavour was, of course, a splendid seaboat, roomy, deep, high forward, and well ballasted with heavy stones. The extraordinary manner in which her sail was set kept her straight before the wind, and also kept her nose well down. At two miles from the coast Phil looked back and saw the rows of lamps on the saloon, the small red lanterns that marked the two piers, and the two great eyes of the lighthouses lower down the coast marking the headland round which the steamers turned. Suddenly these latter, being red like those on the piers, became white. Now, wasn't that funny? Of all the odd things a boy could see, this rapid change in colour of the big lamps was the oddest!

Then he heard a loud splash in front. It couldn't be the island! Perhaps it was a fish! Was he already among the cods and the crabs? Oh, this was fine! What a story he could tell to daddy when it was all over, and the British flag waved over the Boers! The splashes became regular and angry, for the Endeavour hit the rising sea viciously. Alongside the racing boat, driven forward now as no fisherman would have cared to drive her, white things jumped up quickly and vanished in the darkness. Once the coble dipped heavily, and a cloud of spray dashed over her, drenching the child to the skin. It was very cold. What a pity he had not brought his overcoat! Mother always told him to take an

overcoat if the weather threatened to be bad; but it was quite fine when he left the hotel.

How far was it to the island?

Four miles from land the *Endeavour* was exposed to the full force of wind and wave. Any ordinary boat would have needed bailing by this time; but the gallant coble was scarcely wetted throughout, so beautiful were her lines and so high her prow.

At last the whistling of the gale, and the crash with which the boat ploughed her way through opposition which the rig of her sail would not permit her to climb, awoke in the child an uneasy consciousness that things were not right. He looked shoreward again. The white lights of the headland were dimly visible through the spindrift snatched from the surface of the sea. All the other lights had vanished. Then there came to him from out the trembling darkness the demon of doubt; and with doubt came fuller remembrance. His daddy had said that a man always found the island 'when he was growed.' Phil was not growed yet. Perhaps little boys never found an island; and mammy must have missed him by this time. Could he ever get back to her? How should he control this leaping, quivering thing, darting so fast into the awful mystery of night and ocean that already the lamps on shore had passed from sight? But his was a brave little heart. With desperate fingers he strove to undo the knot which fastened the sail-rope to the seat. He failed. The spray and the stiff strain of the mast had welded the strands in a manner that would have defied a sailor. A knife alone could solve the difficulty.

'Oh Crif!' he cried when he realised that he was helpless.

Of death the child knew nothing. He understood quite clearly that his father had been engaged in a war in which men fought and were killed; but the words had no real meaning for him. When he slew a tin soldier with a wooden shell from a spring cannon, the stricken warrior was soon fit for duty again. But to be dead—to cease to be—was a possibility not within the cognisance of his busy existence. Nevertheless, with a new-born fear of the unknown in his heart, he recalled his mother's words: 'Whenever you are in sorrow or suffering, Phil, you must learn to pray. As you grow older, the more need you will have of God's help. You cannot begin too soon to ask for it.'

So now he sank on his knees, close to the seat to which he had been clinging, and his childish voice mingled with the rush of the wind and the clatter of the restless water. His repertoire was limited. It consisted solely of the Lord's Prayer, followed by a set formula: 'God bless daddy. God bless mammy. God bless me, their little boy.'

Then a fierce blast rushed madly upon the *Endeavour*, a wave rose up under her graceful bows, and the pressure of the gale combined with

the resistance of the sea to snap the iron ring of the pulley at the top of the mast. Away flew the sail over the fore-part of the boat. The yard dropped into the water and checked the coble's way as a powerful brake stops an engine. More than this, she instantly swept round before the wind, and for one dreadful moment Phil was in the very jaws of death. But the blind god refused to strike, and the Endeavour was not swamped as she lay broadside on. Then she turned her lofty prow to the pursuing giants; and Phil, to his thinking, was in worse case than ever, for clouds of spray spat at him, wetted him, and chilled him to the bone.

His prayer being ended, he felt that he deserved better of Providence, and, being of true British stock, decided to help himself somewhat. The present position of the big canvas sheet converted it into an awning spread over one-third of the splendidly built boat. With some skin-rubbings and nasty bumps, Phil managed to crawl forward until he was under this friendly shelter, and the sudden shutting off of the keen blast made him feel quite warm by contrast. With that, being in good heart, his faith in the nearness of the 'island' revived, and he tackled an apple and two biscuits.

Most happily, the wind decreased in force; but with the turn of the tide arrived a fresh peril. The two monsters were now snarling at each other, and each half-hour the waves grew higher. As if in derision of the inferior fiends who must obey his behests, the wind beheaded them, with the result that the Endeavour, suiting herself with admirable precision to each vagary of her adversaries, nevertheless shipped a quantity of water. It swished about in ever-increasing volume, reaching Phil's nook at each dip of the boat's nose, and making him miserably cold once more. The increasing rocking, too-or was it the apple?brought on sickness. Then the poor little fellow broke down, and gurgled piteous appeals for his mother to come and help him.

The hours passed. Half-dead with fright, sickness, and exposure, and with some chance of being suffocated by the forward rush of the many gallons of water now aboard, the boy did not notice the gray light which rendered dimly visible the leaping stern of the *Endeavour*, nor the steely blue expanse of ocean which came into view when the cruel rush of water gave him a momentary breathing-space.

Then all at once the motion of the boat became markedly less. Even he, numb with misery, felt that this was so. A vague memory lit up his wearied eyes. Could this be the island at last? Something fell into the coble with a bang. He saw four queer-looking hooks, all turned outwards and fastened in the middle, with a rope attached to the iron shank. The hooks jumped up, and two of them gripped a seat. The *Endeavour* went bump, bump, bump with her

side; and, peeping out, Phil saw a great iron wall sticking up out of the water, and big round balls like knotted ropes bobbing up and down in the effort to keep the boat from striking the iron wall.

Good gracious, what a queer sort of island!

The boy was about to crawl stiffly out from beneath his shelter when another odd thing happened. A man—a big, oilskinned, bearded man—dropped into the boat from nowhere, and began to lash some stout tackle to the after-part. Was he a Boer? Phil crept out, and the man saw him.

'Well, I'm ---!' shouted the man.

Phil thought this was a very rude remark.

The man came towards him, and bent down to peer under the sail.

'Are there any more of you in there?' he roared; but Phil, who knew a great number of big men, realised that the voice was a kind one.

The boy tried to speak; but his tongue was swollen with salt and thirst, and he failed. All at once, too, he felt very tired and sleepy. The huge iron wall fell on top of him and the coble and the roaring sea, and crushed all things into a blank. He knew no more until he woke up in a nice little room, spotlessly white and clean, with several funny-looking clocks, and one quite extraordinary object right over his head—it was beautifully painted in black and red, and had points sticking out on all sides. On top of one of them was a crown, and all the others had letters, whilst the two hands moved at the same time, only much more quickly than those of a clock.

'Well, kid, are you better?' said somebody.

Phil looked at the speaker. His twenty-one days' experience of the P. & O. told him instantly that he was on board a ship, and that this was the captain.

'Right as a nail,' he replied. People always laughed when he said this, and the answer did not fail in its usual effect.

'Oh, are you? Then perhaps you can tell us where you came from. Were you alone on board that boat?'

Phil was conscious of a great soreness in his tongue.

'Why does my mouf hurt me so?' he inquired. 'That's nothing. Give him a drink of coffee, Simpson.'

Then the boy felt that another man, a steward, raised him in the bed and held a cup to his lips. He sucked in the contents like a sponge.

'Here!' cried the captain. 'Go easy, my young spark. Now, see if you can talk.'

By degrees the master of the steamship Esther, bound from Rotterdam to Hartlepool in ballast, heard the full, true, and particular account of the voyage of the Endeavour, which sailed from England the previous night, with a crew of one, the object of the crew being to plant the Unionjack on the island of Holland.

Most fortunately, the gallant coble herself was

at that moment safely housed on the deck of the *Esther*, and the 'crew,' when his clothes were dry, was outrageously petted by the entire ship's company.

A few minutes after a certain post-office on the Yorkshire coast opened for business on the Sunday evening, the following telegram was received, addressed to the Chief of Police:

'The coble Endeavour, No. 313, of your port, was picked up at 5.30 a.m. to-day, seventeen miles S.E. by E. of Whitby. Boy on board named Phil Somers, aged seven. Kindly communicate with parents. Boy quite uninjured. Will be well looked after until receipt of instructions.—WILLIAM ERSKINE, Master s.s. Esther, West Hartlepool Docks.'

Next day, when Phil was brought to the hotel by his father and mother, he was lionised to an extent that might have turned many an older head. But he had seen that in his mother's face which awed him; and once, when he caught her weeping, he burst out in passionate protest that he would never, never do such a thing again.

A week later the sour-faced man relaxing for a moment, handed him a huge box. Inside it was a most remarkable model of the *Endeavour*, and Phil promised his parents and the donor that any experiments made with the craft would be conducted under strict supervision.

'After all is said and done, Philip,' said Mrs Somers to her husband, 'you are to blame. You should not fill the child's head with such nonsense.'

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

VENTILATION.



R T. GLOVER LYON, physician to the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, has recently issued a pamphlet entitled *Ventila*tion for Crowded Places; and as we have had an opportunity of seeing

the system in action, we are able to testify to its merits. The method may be thus briefly described: Air, warmed by electric radiators or by hot-water pipes, is forced into the room to be ventilated by means of a fan; but, instead of entering the apartment directly, which would give rise to draughts, the air is let in through perforated screens, the apertures of which are so arranged that where the pressure is greatest the openings are contracted. By the adoption of this device the air is evenly distributed throughout the room. At the other side of the apartment the vitiated air is drawn out by means of exhaust-fans, so that there is a continual circulation and constant change of atmosphere. The system is eminently adaptable for the use of hospital wards, where it is the practice to allot a certain number of cubic feet of space to each patient. It is obvious that if in such institutions an efficient system of ventilation were installed the number of patients could be trebled, or even quadrupled, to the very great benefit of suffering humanity.

THE OXYGENATOR.

This is an apparatus for the easy production of oxygen gas for medical purposes, metallurgists, users of the limelight, and others; and it has the merit of being portable and safe. In action the apparatus may be compared to a generator of acetylene gas, where calcium carbide is brought into contact with water. In the oxygenator, oxylith, which is a preparation of sodium peroxide in the form of solid cakes, is brought into contact with water, with the result that an abundance of pure oxygen

is evolved, which only requires filtration through cotton-wool to rob it of its moisture before it is ready for use. For years past compressed oxygen has been supplied in steel cylinders, and for large users of the gas no better system can be devised; but where only small quantities are wanted and the demand is intermittent, the oxygenator possesses advantages. Its use would also be profitable in places where communication with the oxygen works is difficult. The London agents are Messrs L. Gaumont & Co.

MARTINIQUE AND ST VINCENT.

Dr Tempest Anderson, one of the commissioners appointed by the Royal Society to go to the West Indies in order to study on the spot and report upon the recent terrible volcanic outbreaks there, has been lecturing in London, at the Camera Club, illustrating his remarks with a series of photographs taken under the most hazardous conditions. The outbreak at St Vincent had not ceased when the commissioners arrived there, so that many of the pictures showed the eruption in actual progress. As to St Pierre, Martinique, the pictures gave an awfully vivid idea of the terrible destruction wrought there, hardly a wall being left standing, and everything combustible being reduced to ashes. A hot blast of incandescent ash and mephitic vapour seems to have swept over the doomed city, and to have destroyed every living thing in a few seconds.

AN ELECTRIC PYROMETER.

A method has been recently described of gauging the heat of a furnace by comparing the light given by it with the light afforded by a small electric glow-lamp. The latter is mounted inside a tube which points towards the furnace, and by means of a lens the condition of the filament is easily seen. When the lamp is cold—that is, when no current is passing—the filament is seen as a black thread upon the glowing mass of incandescent fuel

beyond; but when the current is switched on it becomes invisible after a certain point of incandescence is attained. If more current be applied the filament will be seen to be brighter than the glow from the furnace, and is therefore apparent as a bright thread as compared with the darker glow of the furnace. The strength of current necessary to bring about these changes can be read upon a scale attached, and the furnace temperature can be deduced therefrom. The readings, however, are limited to a temperature between three and four thousand degrees Fahrenheit.

COLONIAL PRODUCE.

According to the St James's Gazette, a scheme has been formulated which aims at a wider distribution of Coionial produce in the British markets. It has long been felt that foreign countries have had an undue advantage in this respect; but now that, by scientific methods, provisions hitherto regarded as perishable can be stored for long periods without deterioration, it is felt that, with a better method of handling and distributing produce, trade with our Colonies can be largely increased. A company, to be known as the Imperial Food Supplies Association, is to be established, with a capital of half a million sterling; and depôts in connection with it will be erected in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, &c., and throughout Great Britain. The company will not supply Colonial produce direct, but will make use of existing agencies; and by arrangement with one of the principal railway companies, depôts will be built close to the lines, so as to save much of the handling of goods which is at present unavoidable. At the outset some thirty of these depôts will be established at the principal towns and cities, and advisory committees will be formed in provincial towns throughout Great Britain.

ARTIFICIAL MARBLE.

The United States consul at Copenhagen states that, in consequence of the lack of natural marble in Denmark, many attempts have been made to produce an artificial substitute, but until recently without success. A master-builder at Copenhagen has now succeeded in producing a stone with such delicate transitions of colour and play of tints that it is difficult to distinguish it from the real article. The process of manufacture is said to be simple and easily learned, and the necessary plant is very cheap. The artificial marble can be produced in the form of slabs, columns, capitals, &c. A slab of half-inch thickness will cost about sevenpence per square foot.

FAST RAILWAY TRAVELLING.

Since the day when George Stephenson stated that it would be possible to travel by railway at a speed of twenty miles an hour—a speed which would 'be bad for the cow' if it ventured on the metals—much progress has been made in railway engineering. The longest run now made without a stop is from London to Exeter, a hundred and ninety-

four miles, which is performed at a speed of fiftyfour miles an hour; and the North-Western Railway
runs a train between Euston and Stafford at over
fifty-five miles an hour. These high speeds are
beaten in France, where the Mediterranean special
boat train between Paris and Calais pier has an
average speed of over sixty miles an hour; but a
stop is made at Amiens, the troughs for picking up
water as the train flies along not being found on
the French railways. Our Great Western Railway
has now ordered a locomotive from France, and the
result of its working will be watched with keen
interest.

WATER-SUPPLY.

As a city grows in size there generally comes a time when an adequate supply of water becomes of pressing importance. This time came for London a good many years ago, and the question was seriously discussed whether or not the distant Welsh hills should be tapped for the necessary supply; but the Royal Commission appointed to deal with the matter decided that the Thames would be sufficient for many years to come if the surplus water which in the winter months floods the river-valley were stored in reservoirs to meet the demands of the summer. Works were therefore commenced, and are now nearly completed, at Staines near Windsor, with reservoirs covering the enormous space of four hundred and twenty-one acres. John Aird & Co., whose completion of the great dam on the Nile has recently brought their name into prominence, are the contractors. The Staines works-the largest of their kind in the world, and costing a million and a quarter sterling-comprise a huge pumping-station, with five pumps, each having an output of sixteen and a half million gallons in twenty-four hours. An aqueduct conveys the water from the river to the reservoirs, and the pumps are necessary to raise the water from the one to the other. The water so stored is distributed to three companies, who are each entitled to draw twelve million gallons per day, the supply being regulated automatically.

NEW TYPE OF SANATORIUM.

The open-air treatment of consumptives has led of late years to the establishment of numerous sanatoria in this country after the model of those in Switzerland and elsewhere. It is not always practicable to erect a stone or brick building for this service, both because of the cost entailed and the time necessarily expended in the erection of a solid structure. On the other hand, there is a natural prejudice against the use of buildings of a flimsy and temporary character, which are the reverse of comfortable to their unfortunate inmates. The Glasgow District Lunacy Board have recently opened a much-needed sanatorium at Woodilee near Lenzie, Scotland, which, it is stated, affords all the comforts associated with a stone-built house, although it is composed of wood and iron. It contains eighty-two beds, and was erected by Messrs Speirs & Co., Glasgow, in the short space of sixteen weeks, the cost being one-third that of a stone building. The novel feature about it is the construction of the outer walls, which consist of galvanised corrugated iron resting on a layer of felt, behind which are air-locked chambers separating the felted iron from the woodwork or other material which forms the inner surface. This construction ensures an equable temperature and freedom from vermin; and it is sufficiently strong to remain in good condition for a period of half a century or more. This method of construction has met with the approval of the Local Government Board.

FOG-SIGNALS AT SEA.

A large proportion of the disasters at sea are due to fog, and any method by which the whereabouts of a vessel can be ascertained in thick weather must be regarded as a great boon. A system is now under trial at Fame Point, on the Gulf of St Lawrence, a place where fogs occur frequently. To understand the nature of the new fog-signal, let us suppose that at a certain place there are four powerful fog-horns, spread out fanwise, so that each points in a different direction. Each has its distinctive speech, so many blasts, long or short, sounding every minute or so. These sirens can be heard, under favourable conditions, at a distance of from fifteen to twenty miles. An approaching ship, when it comes into the zone of sound, will hear all the sirens; but one will be much plainer than the other three, for the vessel will be within its particular arc of sound. In a short time, as the ship moves onward, it will come within the influence of the next siren, and so on. As the captain of the ship possesses the key to each set of signals, he soon notes which is the siren whose sound-waves are most distinctly audible; and, as he knows the exact direction in which it points, he can get a very good idea of the position of his ship.

WIRELESS TRANSATLANTIC TELEGRAPHY.

It was a proud moment for Mr Marconi when he was able to send a message to King Edward VII. by his wireless method from Newfoundland, a distance of over two thousand miles. This remarkable achievement has had the natural result of lowering the value of submarine cable shares, for the uninitiated are apt to jump to the conclusion that the new method, on account of its cheapness, is bound to oust the old one. According to the views of experts this is not likely to be the case. and certainly not under present conditions. They hold that there is a want of reliability in the new system; that it is possible to 'tap' the messages sent, with the consequent loss of secrecy; that the rate of transmission is too slow for commercial purposes; and that, taken as a whole, the wireless method labours under inherent and inseparable disadvantages compared with cable telegraphy. It has been asserted by a representative of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company that it is a daily practice to send messages from the London Stock Exchange to

that of New York within one minute, and in that short space of time a hundred words can be transmitted. It was not an uncommon thing for a London stockbroker to be reading a message which had been handed in at the American office only ten minutes previously. It is for the Marconi company to show that they can send messages with this astonishing speed, and at the same time guarantee both accuracy and secrecy. In the opinion of one expert, the Marconi apparatus may be regarded as a valuable supplement to the methods in use, but not more. When all is said and done, every one must agree that the Marconi system is most useful for communication between moving ships and between ships and the shore. Circumstances might easily arise under which such a mode of communication would be of priceless value.

LOMBARD STREET SIGNS.

The time is not so very long past when the houses in London were not distinguished, as they are now, by numerals, but by signs; and it is common to find in books little more than a century old a notification that the volume was published 'at the sign of the Bible,' or 'the Angel,' or 'the Griffin,' and so on. During the preparations for decorating the City in honour of the recent Coronation, it was resolved to revive the old bankers' and goldsmiths' signs in that somewhat sombre but picturesque thoroughfare known as Lombard Street; and the happy idea was carried out in a most artistic manner, the old signs of 'Adam and Eve,' 'the Artichoke,' 'the Black Boy,' and the others, about two dozen altogether, being reproduced in brass and wrought-iron. Many persons have visited the City for the purpose of viewing these interesting revivals of a bygone day, and it was hoped that the old signs would become a permanent feature of the historic street; but the Corporation of the City are bound by certain bylaws and regulations, and in answer to the petition addressed to them for the retention of the signs, state that they are unable to grant the necessary permission. Unless, therefore, the regulations can be made so elastic as to cover these signs, which are in nobody's way, and do not impede the perspective of the street, these picturesque ornaments must disappear, to find a permanent home, possibly, on the walls of the Guildhall Museum of Antiquities.

TRAIN INDICATORS.

Mr David Wells, assistant telegraph superintendent at the Waverley Station, Edinburgh, has invented an improved electrical indicator, which the signalman can operate from his cabin, for notifying the particular platform at which an expected train will arrive. This is a boon to both the perplexed public and to the much-questioned officials. Train indicators should be established at every large terminus; but we only know of one where the system is carried out to any degree of perfection. This is at the Waterloo terminus of the London and South-Western Railway Company.

This indicator takes the form of a huge frame having three or four vertical compartments. A passenger arriving at the station has merely to glance at one of these upright columns, and he can ascertain that the next train starts at a given time from a certain platform, and that it is timed to stop at stations which are plainly specified. It is interesting to watch the working of this useful appliance. The official in charge inserts at the base of the instrument a numbered cardboard slip which represents a certain train. In this slip are perforations which correspond with the stations at which the train will stop. The turn of a handle causes the names of such stations, together with the starting-time and the number of the platform, to appear in white letters on a black ground in one of the vertical columns.

ENERGY RUNNING TO WASTE.

In one of Professor Hele-Shaw's Christmas lectures at the Royal Institution, dealing with the subject of 'Locomotion: Past, Present, and Future,' he showed how certain sources of power in nature were to a great extent untouched. The pictures he exhibited on the screen, illustrating the way in which the mighty Falls of Niagara had been harnessed to the service of man, were full of interest; and no doubt much surprise was excited at the statement that only one hundred thousand horse-power was at present utilised of the ten millions which were available. It would also be a revelation to many to learn that the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi were twice as high, and that the water which came over was twice the volume of that at Niagara. lecturer gave the available horse-power of these falls as thirty-five millions—a vast amount of energy which was now, and had been for untold ages, running to waste. Some day these falls will be made to churn out vast volumes of electrical energy, enough to feed a network of railways which will cover a no longer 'dark' continent. It was most interesting to be reminded by the lecturer that in that very theatre in which he was speaking the great Faraday showed the initial experiments upon which present methods of converting motion into electricity are based.

A PIONEER IN MUNICIPAL LIBRARIES.

Mr Thomas Greenwood has published (through Scott, Greenwood, & Co., London) a Life of Edward Edwards (1812–86), the chief pioneer in the establishment of municipal libraries. Mr Greenwood has also presented the collection of volumes which he had used in the compilation, many of them bibliographical rarities, to the Manchester Free Library. The writer points out that the Public Libraries Acts of 1850 and subsequent years had their first inception, origin, and real authorship in the labours during 1847–49 of Edwards, and in his five or six examinations before parliamentary committees. William Ewart and Joseph Brotherton did the political part, while Edwards supplied the

He was, as was quite fitting, appointed chief librarian of the first important Free Library, that of Manchester; and, although never endowed with over much of worldly goods, made a brave struggle for himself and those dependent upon him. 'Viewed as a man, he was not a success,' says his biographer; 'and his career is a striking example of how persistently a man may stand in the path of his own advancement. His efforts on behalf of libraries will bear fruit through countless years to come, and generations of readers unborn will have cause to bless his name.' Besides encyclopædia articles, reports, and pamphlets, he was the author of Memoirs of Libraries, of Museums, and of Archives. It seems almost a pity that such a man as Mr Carnegie, who has poured out his wealth without stint on behalf of Free Libraries, could not have come to the rescue of Edwards, who in his last days had but a bare subsistence from a small pension.

THE 'INDIAN LANDS': CANADA.

Harl! foster-home of stern, unyielding races;
Hard won, hard held, still bearing
Upon thy post and lintel sombre traces
Of evil-faring.

Traces of deeds when through thy timbered border,
Where now no forest stands,
Rough strangers gave to bloodshed and disorder
The 'Indian Lands.'

Yet they were worthy even of thy resources,
Those pioneers undaunted—
Camping beside thy mighty watercourses,
With shadows haunted—

Who now themselves are shades. Silent, unknowing,
They stir nor feet nor hands;
While, in their room, a younger race is sowing
The 'Indian Lands.'

Bravely they strove with heat and cold and foemen Where now contentment reigneth, Where now are heard the songs of men and women Whom love constraineth.

Past are the ancient feuds; but many waters
Quench not love's sacred brands;
Loyal to England are thy sons and daughters,
Far 'Indian Lands.'

ALFRED WOOD.

. TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANU-SCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



LUCIA В. POTTS.

By Mrs J. H. NEEDELL.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS .- CHAPTER I.



dear Calderon, I am more than delighted to see you! It is just one of the triumphs of telepathy, for my spirit has been en rapport with yours ever since I made the discovery two days ago.'

'May I ask what discovery?'

Lady Evelyn laughed; and when she laughed she showed pretty dimples on both cheeks, and a perfect set of small square teeth by no means impaired by her admitted age of forty years.

The Earl of Calderon, who had taken his seat opposite to her, and was nursing his hat in an absent-minded way, thought her one of the pleasantest women of his acquaintance, and knew her to be the most loyal of his friends.

'What was the discovery of two days ago, my dear Lady Evelyn?' he asked again, with his habitual air of languid indifference.

'So far, it is a profound secret—that is, I should like to be able to keep it a secret till you have had your chances-or rejected them. But you won't do that, my dear! I had not an inkling she was coming to town till I saw her riding in the Row, with the neatest of grooms behind her; so you may imagine my surprise. I don't know anything that could have given me more pleasure, for I was always fond of the girl. We talked over the rails for half-an-hour. Forgive me, Calderon, if I say that I knew you would be specially interested.'

The young man smiled faintly.

'I accept your assurances implicitly; but may I venture to ask again to whom they refer?'

Lady Evelyn made an expressive pause, and threw up her chin. Then she said, with deliberate emphasis: 'They refer to Lucia B. Potts. She is in town again for the season.'

Unquestionably, the composed features of her auditor quickened.

'She is not, then, under your roof, as before?'

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suppose the contrary. You will own, Calderon, I did my duty by her last season, and if she were a success she owed it to my tact and perseverance. It is not every one who could have floated the daughter of a Chicago carcass-butcher.'

He winced involuntarily; but his companion rattled on unmoved.

'You will remember she kissed the dear Queen's hand-or was it the Princess? Anyway, I had no end of trouble about it.'

She glanced at him curiously, and added with a little warmth, 'You agree with me? She cost me many sleepless nights; but I thought you looked dissentient.'

'By no means. Your exertions were beyond praise; only, it occurred to me that they were perhaps a little lightened by the charming personality of the young lady herself.'

Lady Evelyn nodded acquiescence.

'I know,' she said, 'you always liked her, and that is why I have sent for you. I mean'-laughing—'that I should have sent for you had you not forestalled my intention.'

There was a little pause in the dialogue, which he broke, speaking with a certain reluctance.

'You have not told me if you found her as-as charming as ever.

'Quite, only more so! She is prettier than ever, and has acquired an air. I was disgusted with her plans, and yet she won me over to them. My dear Calderon, it is five millions, not two, that girl has for her fortune. I have it on the best authority.'

The young man flushed a little—a very little.

'A girl like Lucia,' he said, 'would be well endowed if her face-or, we will say, her gifts and graces-were her only fortune. I won't pretend to misunderstand you, my dear friend; but the thing is-impossible. It would take half her fortune to build up our dilapidated House.'

'And if it would,' she ventured quickly, 'you 'She is not, though it is natural that you should | have a splendid equivalent to offer. Why has she MARCH 7, 1903. [All Rights Reserved.]

come back to us if not to make a brilliant marriage? We all know the goal of an American girl's ambition. Besides, you are adding bay-leaves to the strawberry ones; your speech last night—every one is talking about it. I am told the Premier himself congratulated you.'

He shrugged his shoulders.

'The credit is not mine, but Noel Erskine's. He has more brains in his little finger than I in my

whole big body-poor Erskine!'

'There is not the slightest occasion in the world to pity the man,' she retorted sharply; 'he has the most generous patron in the world, who pushes his merits to his own disadvantage, and society at large is only too kind to him. You, my dear Calderon, are an athlete, and therefore think too much of his physical defects; but you lose sight of his equivalents. The head that is sunk between those shoulders of his is a very noble one, and there is a most insinuating quality in his voice. Mind you,' she continued eagerly, 'I would not trust Noel Erskine near any woman I wished to win.'

The peer slightly raised his eyebrows; it was a movement of which he was scarcely conscious.

'I confess, much as I think of Noel, it has never occurred to me that he might stand in my light as a rival,' he said; 'but if such a thing should happen, all I should ask for would be a fair fight and no favour.'

'On all lines you are worth twenty such! If Lucia Potts only knew you as I do, and you yourself were more amenable to your true interests—But there! I will not allow you to be unreasonable. You will remember I have lost no time in giving you the mot d'ordre.'

'I am fully sensible of your kindness.'

'But will you turn it to instant account?' she asked impatiently. 'No woman is to be won without wooing, and there will be plenty to woo. Round this pot of honey, my friend, the bees will swarm.'

Again the young man coloured.

'I cannot make up my mind,' he said; 'and even if I could, I am not sure that Lucia would think the bargain a fair one. She has inherited mercantile instincts, and I have it on your own authority that she has refused a Russian prince.'

'And what of that?' retorted Lady Evelyn contemptuously. 'No American girl would compare a Russian prince with a British peer; not to mention, as Lucia herself said, the fear that she might find the Tartar under the polished skin. You are at least a gentleman, my dear Calderon.'

'That would be at most,' smiling; 'and I sometimes doubt it, and never more so than when I am computing a woman's millions. But under whose roof is Miss Potts living now? It seems a little ungrateful. She could not have had a more indulgent chaperon.'

'Lucia has dispensed with chaperons! She is living under her own roof-tree—a spacious flat, splendidly appointed, in Victoria Street, with her own staff of servants, and carriages and horses out at livery, on the most exorbitant terms. It is fortunate that there must be considerable staying power in five millions.'

Lord Calderon looked perplexed.

'But who, then, has managed her affairs?'

'It seems that she sent an agent before her from New York, fully instructed and financed. She tells me he has done his duty creditably.'

'And who is living with her? She must have a friend or companion of some sort.'

Lady Evelyn laughed. 'So I said to her, but she answered that she did not admit the necessity; and when I pleaded the resistless force of les convenances she shook her pretty head in derision. "Les convenances and I," she averred, "have never been on speaking terms. What is the use of being young, rich, and independent if you can't do as you like?" It is evident she means to do as she likes.'

'We can scarcely conceive of one with a better right.'

'Ah, my dear! but I have something to add to the story. I fancy she saw that I was vexed, for as I went downstairs she flew after me, put her arm about my shoulders, and whispered in her coaxing way, "I am not so bad as you think, dear Lady Evelyn. My kind old aunt Patience is good enough to be house-mate with me." I felt so relieved.'

The door-bell rang.

'One moment, Calderon, before the others come in.' She put her shapely hand on the young man's sleeve, and looked into his face with solemnity.

'I want you to consider,' she said, 'the dangers to which this girl will be exposed, and to save her from—herself. I have arranged to take Lucia on Saturday to the private view at Burlington House. May I depend on your meeting us there? More, will you call upon her in the interval?'

'The dangers to which she is exposed!' he repeated, smiling. 'I gather that you refer to the attacks of unscrupulous fortune-hunters, and I shall not fail to lay your counsel to heart.'

She shook her head at him; but at the same moment other visitors were announced, for Lady Evelyn was 'at home' that afternoon, and further confidences were impossible.

Calderon stayed a few minutes longer, during which he received more compliments about his last night's speech, and then he took his leave, walking home thoughtfully through the budding freshness of the Green Park to his house in Brook Street.

CHAPTER II.



HEN Lady Evelyn's victoria drew up in the fine courtyard of Burlington House, her companion looked about her with sparkling animation.

'It is fit for a Royal residence,' she said, 'if it were only thoroughly cleaned up, swept, and garnished. Isn't it a shame to give it up to so many acres of daubed canvases?'

'Ah!' returned Lady Evelyn, laughing, 'I see that art is not a primitive instinct; but, take care! It's all right to poke a little fun at the Academy; but in the winter these same walls exhibit superb collections of the old masters—a privilege granted to the public by the generous owners of the pictures.'

'The old masters!' repeated Lucia pensively. 'I suppose I am outside the pale of salvation, for I have toiled through most of the picture-galleries of Europe, and I have never yet seen more than about half-a-dozen paintings that I should have liked to have for my very own—to live with day and might.'

'You should pray for more grace, my dear,' said Lady Evelyn lightly. 'Keep close, Lucia; it is more crowded than I expected. Never mind the catalogues; we shall have little chance of getting near the pictures to-day.'

When they had passed the turnstiles into the central hall Lucia recognised the truth of this. The palms and blossoming shrubs in the circular parterre were in their first beauty; but the space was already crowded with fashionable women, many of whom seemed, to the American girl, to emulate the flowers themselves in bloom and freshness. They were exchanging greetings with their friends, male and female (the former showing to advantage in morning-dress), in the high staccato voice which was at the moment the note of smart society. The last thing they seemed to remember was the pictures they had come to see.

'We must get inside,' whispered Lady Evelyn, after stopping at every step to recognise her acquaintances and to present her companion to the most influential. 'I want to make our way into Gallery III. for a glimpse of the President's great picture. The Earl of Calderon says it is superb; you must follow close, and not mind pushing.'

Lucia obeyed, her bright eyes taking in every point of the scene; she had missed this function in her first season. She knew that most of the women before her were distinguished either by rank, beauty, or intellect, and many of their costumes were so picturesque that it seemed to her as though they themselves had stepped out of some old canvas, with the priceless advantage of vital warmth and colour. As a matter of fact, she cared very little for the President's picture, and was perversely disposed to traverse Lord Calderon's judgment.

'Dear Lady Evelyn, there is room now to sit down for a few minutes,' she cried, pointing to a couch from which two ladies had just risen, 'and I do so want to stay here and look at the pretty frocks and faces. Besides, I see some one I know, only he can't get near.'

Lady Evelyn turned sharply to look at her, for there had been a curious vibration in the voice of the speaker; she saw finshed cheeks and eyes alight with eagerness.

'Who is it, my dear?' she demanded. 'Some one that you know and that I do not?'

'How can I say?' returned the girl impatiently.

'I never met him last year when staying with you, though I always hoped I might. I knew him in New York before poor papa died, and I must speak to him. I am so glad, so very glad!'

'Ah, a compatriot!' and Lady Evelyn raised her tortoise-shell double-eyeglasses and looked keenly in the direction in which Lucia was not only gazing and smiling, but waving her hands and beckoning with uncompromising friendliness.

The elder lady dropped her eyeglasses almost as though they had burned her fingers.

'Do you mean that little man with the big head and the high shoulders?' she asked. 'Did you know him in New York, Lucia?'

'It is a wonderful head!' returned the girl resentfully. 'You should have heard what Professor Wilkinson said about it, and no one who did not know could have believed it possible for any human being to be as good as he was to that miserable sick lad, Frank Jocelyn.'

'I think we will sit down, my dear, and wait till Mr Erskine manages to get near enough to speak to us. I had no idea you were friends, and I never heard of Frank Jocelyn. It is a little odd, isn't it? And may I suggest that you should not show quite so much anxiety?'

By this time the young man had made his way to their seat. Lady Evelyn beamed upon him with an affability which took Lucia rather by surprise, and held out a cordial hand.

'I find that I need not introduce you to Miss Potts,' she said graciously.

'I should rather guess not, unless Mr Erskine has forgotten me;' and the beautiful girl stood up, straightened her tall, svelt figure, and threw back her head defiantly.—'You have forgotten me, I see, and I am—disgusted. Three years, Mr Erskine, don't break down my memory!'

She sat down again with something very like tears of anger in her eyes.

The young man, who possessed, without controversy, a very fine head sunk between high shoulders and an undersized and insignificant figure, maintained his composure perfectly. He looked down upon her with a smile of unruffled equanimity.

'You are right,' he said; 'I was not sure it was you. My impression was that you were curiously like the young American lady who was so kind to poor Jocelyn, only that there was a difference.'

'What difference?' she demanded sharply.

Lady Evelyn laughed softly; but he answered with the same complete freedom from embarrassment: 'Just the difference between promise and fulfilment, when the one has outrun the other beyond even a grateful man's memory.'

Lucia frowned. 'The compliment is nicely turned; but, after all, it is only a cunning excuse for forgetfulness.' Then, turning quickly to Lady Evelyn, 'How strange that you and my old friend, Mr Erskine, should know one another!'

'No, my dear; the strangeness is on the other side. I know him through our mutual friend, the Earl of Calderon.—Is he here, Mr Erskine? He arranged to meet us.'

'I am here to make his excuses. He was summoned by telegram this morning to his great-aunt, Mrs Moberly, who has had a seizure.'

Lady Evelyn's brows contracted. It seemed the very spite of Fate.

Lucia, however, brightened under the intelligence. 'In that case,' she said serenely, 'Mr Erskine can show me the President's picture instead of Lord Calderon. He has explained things to me before to-day. You will not mind, dear Lady Evelyn? You have so many friends here, and we will come back to you again.'

She rose, intimating that she was prepared to proceed to the investigation, and Lady Evelyn saw that there was nothing to be done but to smile acquiescence. All the same, she watched the retreating figures with considerable irritation.

'My dear Calderon is a fool,' she said to herself.
'He might have offered his apologies in person.
An hour or two more or less don't count for much in these seizures. At all events, he need not have sent Erskine. The man has a tongue that could coax a bird off the bough, and when you look in his face you forget his figure. How unlucky that Lucia and he should know each other!'

The discontent was broken in upon by two of her friends: a certain distinguished artist and a critic perhaps still more distinguished. Each of these had recognised the beautiful American heiress of the previous season, and were full of complimentary speeches.

'She is prettier than ever,' said the one. 'The turn of her head as she walks and looks about her is bewitching, and we are all bewitched. I should like to paint her portrait.'

'I see,' said the other, 'that Calderon's secretary has got hold of her. It is a case of Beauty and the Beast.'

Lady Evelyn, who was the most loyal of partisans and a diplomatist by instinct, smiled benignly.

'Yes,' she assented generally, 'Lucia is more charming than ever, and Erskine is here for no other purpose than to bring a message from his patron. Do you know,' she added with an air of smiling candour, 'it is borne in upon my conscience to mention—lest any moth should flutter too near the candle—that our heiress has already thrown the handkerchief. It is a profound secret at present; but the engagement will certainly be announced before the end of the season.' She got up from her seat. 'Let us go and find her; Mr Erskine has taken her to see the President's picture. I am dying to see it too.'

She looked at critic and painter, who smiled and responded, and they all moved forward in the same direction.

The picture hung on the line in Gallery III., opposite to the door of entrance. At the moment there was a vacant space in front of it, and a sudden gleam of sunlight falling on the canvas brought out

in magical distinctness the beauty of design and colour.

'Ah,' cried Lady Evelyn, with a little gasp of sincere admiration, 'it is perfect!'

The critic slightly shrugged his shoulders.

'Yes,' he assented, 'it is perfect—too perfect for full perfection in art. Forgive the paradox.'

'Ah!' sighed Lady Evelyn again, with an accent of alert receptiveness, 'I think I understand; but I should like you to explain. Shall we go a little nearer?'

She had discovered Lucia and Erskine standing together on one side of the picture, engaged in earnest conversation; or rather that the man was speaking and the girl listening intently. This kind of thing was not to be allowed. She quickened her steps, remarking casually to her companions who followed her, 'Leighton's pictures can always bear to be seen at close quarters.'

The picture was The Garden of the Hesperides,' and Erskine was telling the legend to Lucia as Ovid and Hesiod tell it, and adding, even to theirs, a seductive charm of his own. Lucia's fascinated gaze was wandering between the picture and its exponent, and soft with receptive intelligence.

Oh, how heavenly beautiful it all is! she said in her extravagant way, addressing Lady Evelyn as she drew near, and holding out a hand of cordial recognition to her companions; 'it is quite too, too lovely!'

The critic bowed in smiling agreement.

'Your intuition is faultless,' he said. 'It is just as you say—too lovely.'

'What does he mean?' she asked, puckering her brows. 'Is he finding fault?' She had addressed Erskine.

'Mr Anstruther is a great authority,' he answered, 'a master in the discriminating art. I have no doubt he will be willing to tell us what he means.'

Again that gentleman slightly shrugged his shoulders.

'I mean,' he said, 'that the picture has not a flaw, and that Nature under all her forms is never flawless. Did you ever see a woman's face, however beautiful, that was absolutely perfect? You have not; there is always some line more or less out of drawing. Here there is not the divergence of a hair's-breadth from accurate symmetry. The colouring, you say, is exquisite; so it is, but it is the colour you see on the skin of a delicately ripened peach or the petal of a flower, not on human flesh. As for the pose and draping of the figures'—— But here the critic was interrupted by an involuntary exclamation from Lady Evelyn.

'Dear friend,' she cried, 'if only a woman's clothes would hang like that!'

'There you are!' retorted Anstruther, smiling; but Lucia frowned and turned away in displeasure.

'Come away,' she whispered, putting her hand on Erskine's arm; 'I don't want to hear any more. He would see something to find fault with in the very angels of God.' Lady Evelyn, who was watching them closely, could not catch the words; but she saw, to her satisfaction, that the young man did not respond to the invitation, and that he coloured a little under the touch of Lucia's friendly hand. She seized the opportunity to make good her own claim to Lucia's

companionship, in which she was even assisted by Erskine, who excused himself on the plea of important business, and took his departure; but not before he had pledged himself, under some pressure, to renew at his earliest leisure his intimate relations with his old friends in Victoria Street.

A MODERN PHARAOH.

By G. MANVILLE FENN.



OW that the Suez Canal has become so familiar as a navigable waterway that one is ready to wonder why that trough in the desert was not cut out years before, and now that the great dam and barrage are

ready to be opened and shut—structures designed for the conservation of the red flood-waters of the Nile, saving them from running to waste; hoarding them, so to speak, not only for the more regular irrigation and fertilisation of the portions of the land of Egypt so long under cultivation, but also to turn millions of acres from desert into smiling and rich crop-bearing soil—a few trustworthy notes regarding the personality and daily and domestic life of the present ruler of Egypt may be of interest.

That country is well known to have always been the fertile granary and greatly coveted prize of nations from the far-distant ages prior to the time of the comparatively civilised monarchs during whose dynasties arose the pyramids, the mysterious Sphinx, and the wondrous temples which are the admiration of traveller and student. Several pages would be needed to give the baldest chronicle of its vicissitudes: to tell of the Shepherd Kings, Pharaohs, Ptolemies, Greek and Roman and Turkish occupation, on and on through 'the corridors of time,' till the present day, when, after much political change, Egypt has been ruled over by viceroys of the Sultan, and viceroys have been nominated Finally the aid of the British army khedives. became necessary for the beating back of the bloodthirsty desert-hordes which were sweeping down, seizing the Soudan, and only pausing to take breath before passing on to occupy fertile, civilised Egypt, and forcing it back to barbarism.

All this is history. Suffice it to say that khedive succeeded khedive, the protection of England was deemed politically still necessary, and a young prince of nineteen, Abbâs Helmy II., the lineal descendant of Mohammed Ali, became ruler of the land where the Pharaohs once held sway.

This was ten years ago, and it is to this prince we refer. Though of Turkish (or Albanian) descent, he has been so influenced by his European education and intercourse that he early recognised the vast importance of his position, and how it rested with him whether he should prove the apathetic Eastern enemy of all modern ideas save those pertaining to war, or take his stand as the pioneer of Egyptian civilisation and the progress of his great land. Abbâs II. has finally adopted the latter course, taking 'Advance' as his watchword; and the change that has taken place in the old land of the Pharaohs is almost startling. Of course, much is due to the British officials under whose auspices the involved finances of the country have been balanced, and European capital can be commanded for the opening out of the country; but such a ruler as Abbâs was needed before full confidence could be restored.

Imagine a fair-complexioned, European-countenanced gentleman, bright-eyed and beaming with intelligence, simply dressed in the popular white affected by almost every one in Egypt, European in everything except the Oriental tarboush, or fez, and ready to welcome his guests, notabilities, or political visitors, with a manner perfectly free from the stern hauteur so commonly affected by many of the great and those of less cultivation. He is ready to converse easily in several languages, and, while bright and affable, is able to show that he is fully aware of his power. In brief, it is the natural, highly educated, and thoughtful gentleman who speaks, one perfectly free from frivolity, grave beyond his years, and fully alive to the needs of his position and the great task that lies before him.

The visitor enters, if at Cairo, the Abdeen Palace, an edifice that suggests its having been built by a French or English architect, and passes through hall and vestibule, up staircases, and into receptionrooms that might be English, Parisian, or Viennese. Everything is European: the saloons lit up by electroliers or chandeliers, the carpets and portières with quite the look of home; and while the visitor is noting the simplicity of the Khedive's study, with its electric bells and telephone, the portraits on the walls, and the handsomely furnished staircases, vestibules, and saloons, it is difficult to imagine that he is in the land of the Pharaohs. The homelike illusion is complete upon reaching either the state or the lesser and more used dining-room, with its table laid, the flowers and dessert down the centre, the cut-glass and plate glistening upon the white damask linen, and the carefully folded napkins arranged in front of the English-looking chairs.

One takes the various rooms as they open out, and with the feeling that this cannot be Cairo, for it is winter, and the heat is not great, the sun being absent behind the clouds. There has been rain sufficient to make puddles here and there; thus showing that Egypt is altering physically as well as politically, since a great change is coming over the land, making the beautiful climate more beautiful still. Modern cultivation has worked wonders. Once upon a time rain rarely fell; but, as pretty well everywhere else, tree-planting has produced the usual effect of attracting moisture to condense and fall in drops as well as bedew the open, and so rain is now fairly frequent.

The interior of the Abdeen Palace, with its carpets and hangings, teaches those who view the various rooms that comfort is sought for as much as coolness. The latter is noticeable in the Khedive's bedchamber, where simplicity reigns, and the appointments are all those of a pleasant country-house.

The bedroom naturally gives place to the bathroom, looking even cooler, with its marble floor, bath, and modern appliances for shower and douche. One looks in vain for the Turkish hammam and shampooing divans, and does not breathe the heated atmosphere of the stove. It is a modern bathroom, that is all; while the smoking-room—for the pipe that, according to olden custom, should follow the shampooing and accompany the cooling-down-is again of the pleasant, home-like kind. Divan, easychair, and couch are there, with the little tables familiar in one's club; but the eye looks in vain for the long, snaky water-pipe, with its glass or china receptacle for perfumed water, through which the smoke should pass, and sees neither of the other forms of pipe, not even the long, jasmine-stemmed, amber-mouthpieced tobacco-burner, with its shallow bowl of red clay. Cigars or Egyptian cigarettes are probably de riqueur here—for the guests. Highness does not smoke, and, as a true follower of Islam, allows no alcoholic liquor to pass his lips.

The one peculiar feature of the grand ballroom is a trellised and curtained opening or window, of which more anon. Huge chandeliers are in abundance, pendent and as standards at the heads of the staircases and in each vestibule, the electric light being thoroughly installed. There are noble chambers, too, for the special gatherings of the native netables; while ample accommodation is provided for the reception of many guests, whether in attendance upon diplomatic missions from the various European states, or important visitors passing through Egypt, as well as for councils of state. All these apartments are furnished and decorated in Continental style. Of the antique Egyptian, made familiar in museums and in works upon this olden land, one sees nothing; even the handsome vases are modern.

As the visitor passes into the grand conservatory, with its fine globe-shaped lights, it seems like a work of supererogation to group finely grown palms under the protection of glass in a land like Egypt; but there they are giving an excellent though rather severe effect with their noble foliage and luxuriance.

To return to the fine ballroom with its trellised

and curtained opening. This brings the visitor back at once to the fact that he is in the East, in a Mohammedan land, where the female members of every great man's household are hidden from the stranger's gaze. The trellised opening 'gives,' to use the French expression, upon the harem; or, to speak more correctly, one of the saloons in that portion of the palace devoted to his Highness's domesticity 'gives' upon the ballroom. Through this shaded opening the female members of the Khedive's household, like our own caged ladies in the House of Commons, are privileged to be spectators of the festivities upon the occasions when a ball is given, and attended by the ambassadorial corps and other distinguished guests, accompanied by the ladies of their establishments.

The word harem seems out of character in such a Europeanised building as the Abdeen Palace; but it must be remembered that the ruler of Egypt is in all things a strict follower of the old religion of the East, though a knowledge of his daily life recalls the story related of a very important old official in the service of a former Sultan at Constantinople years ago. A highly cultivated nobleman of European tastes, his family, and that of the British Minister were on very friendly terms. Hence it came about that the Ambassador's wife after dinner one day said to him, 'How is it, Pasha, that you have not followed the custom of your country and taken more than one wife?' 'Madam,' was the reply, 'my wife and I have always found the society and love of each other to suffice.' It is so here: the name harem is retained, and it is occupied at the Abdeen Palace by his Highness's one wife, to whom he is devotedly attached, and their six very charming little children, one of whom is his heir, Prince Mohammed Abdel Mouneim, a little boy of four.

There is a remarkable simplicity about the Khedive's life and tastes, and a regularity that is almost formal. In brief, it might be that of an English country gentleman with tendencies similar to our good old farmer-king, George III. He rises between five and six, retires with the greatest regularity between ten and eleven, and takes no midday siesta according to the fashion of the East. After morning prayer there is a slight collation, and at seven the carriage is ready for the Prince's regular morning drive: no perfunctory taking of the air, but a business-like inspection of the gardens and the land he cultivates, for in this direction his tastes greatly This inspection lasts about an hour and a half, and upon his return to the palace the serious duties of the day commence in connection with matters concerning the Government, including the reception of such as have received permission for an audience. At midday, precisely after the French fashion, there is dejeuner, sometimes in company with the members of his suite, but as often in the privacy of the harem.

After breakfast, in the former case, the Khedive-engages in conversation with his visitors or the

members of the Court for about an hour, and then repeats his morning visit, spending about a couple of hours over his gardening and agricultural pursuits. When distance renders the visit long, the rest of the day is thus occupied. Dinner is at seven or eight, according to the season; conversation with visitors or members of the Court ensues; and the evening is reserved for a long carriage drive with some chosen member of the Court through the more unfrequented portions of the neighbourhood.

The Khedive is much interested in stock-breeding, and, strange as it may sound in connection with the land of the pyramids, very successful as a prize-winner at agricultural exhibitions. However, he has other tastes as well, a love of mechanics making him a practical engineer who does not hesitate to take the engine-driver's place on one of his railway journeys, or to descend into the engine-room and control the motive-power on board his steam-yacht Mahroussa during one of his cruises.

Probably by way of example, and with foresight connected with the future of his country, Abbâs is fond of acquiring land, giving the preference to that which has lain uncultivated, so to speak turning the wilderness into the smiling plain; and to one of such proclivities it is natural that the opening out of the country by the new irrigation works must be a matter of the greatest interest. So, meanwhile, he is becoming a great landholder at a very moderate outlay of capital.

These, however, are but the lighter occupations of a busy life, for the Khedive is one who takes the keenest interest in the progress of his country and in European politics, loving travel, and timing his visits to his palaces at Alexandria and Cairo for the summer and winter sojourns, and fitting in these with visits to Constantinople, and a pretty regular stay in Europe—in France (Paris and the baths of Divonne), in Vienna, and in Buda-Pesth, one of the most attractive cities of all.

Egypt, with its mysteries of the past-its buried temples and tombs, each a very museum of history waiting to be opened and cleared of sand to display its pictured chronicles of priests, of conquest-loving kings who blazoned their monuments with records of the nations they slaughtered and the slaves and spoils they brought home, of queens like Hatesu, who left the records of her conquests in travel, in commerce, in agriculture, and other peaceful pursuits-has its secrets still hidden beneath the drifting sands. Happily the party of advance are welcome guests at the Court of Abbas II.: the civil engineers, the modern agriculturists, all and every one of the inceptors of projects that help to make a land great. The traveller and historian, too, receive encouragement to help in revealing the buried past. Who can say now what the future of Egypt will be, fostered by the liberal government of a modern Pharaoh, whose spirit is in the progress now steadily on the way?

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

By JOHN OXENHAM.

CHAPTER XV .-- DEATH BELOW GROUND.



OW that he had light to work by, Alain determined to see what he could do towards the patching up of Cadoual's injuries. That the man was badly broken and suffering much pain was beyond question;

but, knowing Cadoual and his upbringing, Alain was by no means certain that these things were quite as bad as they seemed from his expression of them. Alain's examination, however, gentle as he tried to make it, evoked such howls from the patient that more than once he stood back and inclined to leave him alone; but leaving him alone meant, at the very least, condemning him to crippledom for life-if he lived. As to this last, Alain could formulate no opinion. The broken leg and arm he strapped up tightly with strips torn from his own and Cadoual's clothes. The broken head—and it was terribly bruised—he washed and bound up with damp rags carried from the pool beyond the red organ-pipes, after he had squeezed a few drops of the water into his patient's mouth. All these things were fairly straightforward, and he accomplished them in spite of Cadonal's protesting moans; but when he tried to tackle the disorganised body he had to confess himself at fault. The slightest examination showed damages which he did not know even how to set about curing. It was a bag of broken bones that lay there, and every touch evoked a scream of agony and a prayer for extinction.

'Kill me! kill me! I suffer!' moaned Cadoual

To Alain it seemed, indeed, that his case was hopeless, and that death would be better for him than life; but death was not for Alain to give. So he made him a couch of layers of fuel; it was decidedly high-flavoured, but softer to lie on than bare rock. He fed him with eggs and scraps of roasted pigeon. He carried him precarious drops of water from the pool in egg-shells and rags, at cost of much time and labour; for at first he had to light a flare each time he went, but by degrees his eyes and hands and feet grew cunning in the dark, and he learned to grope his way along the caveraside to the pipes, and then along them to the opening.

It really seemed as though all he did for Cadoual

but served to increase his suffering. Whereas he had moaned before, now he cried aloud in his agony; and Alain came to fear that the food he took, while it quickened his vitality, quickened also his perception of pain. Yet he could not starve the man, nor did he know how to graduate his nourishment down to the point of keeping him in a semi-conscious state. So he continued to share his meals with him, and gave him water whenever he had time to go for it; and all the time, no matter what his hands were doing, his brain was busy on the two absorbing questions: how they got there; how they were to get out—and more especially the latter.

That there must be a way out was obvious since they were there; but the way itself was anything but obvious. Puzzling over it all, he came to the conclusion that since he came to himself up in the rock-doves' nest, that was the way he had got in. The sun was westering, the light in the roof would soon be at its best, and he climbed up again at once to see what he could make of it. But, even when the upper part of the outer cavern was glowing in all the fervour of the sun's last rays, he could make out nothing more in the little side-chamber than that the roof was high above his head and was full of dark shadows. There might, indeed, be openings; but, in any case, they were quite beyond his reach. In no little trepidation as to possible consequences, both to himself and his larder, he struck a match and held it aloft at arm's-length; but its feeble light showed him nothing more, and he did not repeat the experiment, for a spark falling on the tinder below would have brought about a catastrophe.

Alain gathered a fresh supply of eggs and flung down more fuel. The birds had not yet come in to roost, and he preferred to take them as they slept, lest the survivors should take fright and change their nesting-place.

He was thus thrown back, in his search for an outlet, on the cavern itself, and he promised himself that on the morrow he would try the dark archways of the great cave where the pillars were, and follow up tunnel after tunnel till he struck the right one.

Meanwhile he kept his spirits up by thinking how much worse things might have been with him. Barbe was back at the Light; that was the chief thing. Her fears for him, and her discomfort at his strange absence, would assuredly be great; but the joy of their meeting would wipe all that away. Therein, indeed, he had the advantage over her, since he knew she was safe and well, and she knew only that he had gone away promising to return, and had never come back; but she would never doubt him. Her heart would tell her that if he did not come it was because he could not. Then he had food and fire. He had Cadoual also, it is true, and from many points of view could very well have dispensed with him. As a companion he was the reverse of cheerful; as an outlet for his active sympathies he was unconsciously of service. The child who takes care of a smaller child is bolder than if alone. Quite by himself in that awesome place, Alain's nerves might have got the better of him sooner than they did, for he lacked none of the superstitions of the Breton peasant and sailor; but with Cadoual's crying necessities to provide for he was too busy to think about such things a moment sooner than need be, and familiarity with his strange surroundings had time to breed in him a certain sense of security before the testing-time came.

His day's work had tired him. He made up the fire with a heap of damped punk, shared a dozen eggs with Cadoual, and, by way of payment for his trouble, smoked with vast enjoyment a couple of Cadoual's cigarettes. Then he lay down on a bed of the malodorous fuel which he had arranged for himself in an adjoining tunnel-way, out of direct reach of the sick man's ceaseless moanings, and fell asleep as quickly as if he had been in his own box-bed at Mère Pleuret's.

He woke in the morning to a sense of change. The cavern re-echoed with strange sounds, and he leaped up to see what was the matter. There were primary sounds of roaring, humming, buzzing, and mingled with them were the thunderous blows of a mighty hammer; and these were all repeated in a hundred different ways by every hollow and vibrant thing in all the vast apartment. In the first obscure moments of his wakening he wondered vaguely if the great red organ-pipes were pouring out infernal music; and across it all there drew, every now and again, a great, strange shuddering sob, as though the very earth itself were in travail.

He ran out to look at Cadoual. He was silent, either through fear or weakness. His eyes were closed, and his face seemed white and pinched in the dull glow of the fire. Alain flung on an armful of fuel and ran towards the front cave where his peep-hole was, and there the roaring was above his head and the flailing of the mighty hammer was under his feet—the solid rock shook with it.

He climbed to his perch, and a shaft of sweet salt-air beat against his face and filled him like wine. The lighthouse was a livid white streak against a gray-black sky, and he could see the foam flying over the lantern. The great Atlantic waves leaped at it, and then came racing for the cliffs and broke on them in thunder; the spray shot up like rockets past his outlook, whistling in at the slats of the window away up in the roof, a good hundred feet above him, and coming down upon him like rain. Every pendent slab or cone or tongue that could hum or buzz was humming and buzzing its loudest, and each one passed along the sounds with its own variations to the vibratory points of the inner cavern; and there the echoes picked them up and flung them

to and fro in a great mad medley of strident vociferation, the painful striving after utterance of the dumb rocks.

He understood all the rest—understood at all events what caused them; but that strange sound, which dominated all except the thunder of the waves on the rocks outside, drew him back into the inner cave, and across it among the pillars to the mouth of one of the dark openings. Then, like a cautious man, he went back for a light.

He could not stop to eat, though the deafening vibration of everything about him set his head spinning, and made him feel confused and weak and empty, and very small and feeble. He wanted nothing at the moment but to make certain of the meaning of that great, gurgling sob which shook the air of the inner cave as the great waves shook the walls outside; for, if it was what he thought it was, it might be the way that led to freedom and to Barbe.

With all the fuel he could carry—and though the smell of it nearly choked him, there was yet a friendly sense of familiarity in it—he made his way towards the sound. It came swelling up from one of the dark archways, and he went cautiously in. The hollow way sloped sharply downwards, and a great indrawing of its breath nearly carried him off his feet. Then a pause, and the sob came swelling out again and dazed him with its clamour. He felt along by the rough wall till there came a break in it, and he leaned up against the ragged corner till the roar and the avoo-o-o-ok bellowed out of the darkness in front of him. Then he ventured cautiously forward again, for he wanted to save every scrap of his fuel till he came to the sound itself.

He passed two more breaks in the wall—sidepassages he took them to be, running into or across the one he was in—and the sound grew constantly louder. Then a faint light glowed in front, and he stumbled into a wider space, meeting the full breath of that wild roaring, and being drenched with a shower of spray—salt sea-spray, that came hurtling and hissing at him as if it had been waiting for him, and spattered on the rocks alongside like bullets. He dropped the useless fuel, and sat down where he was to watch and gather his wits.

Below him a great weltering body of water had just sunk almost out of sight down the incline. He heard it writhing and gurgling in the distance, and saw as through a mist the tortured white surface, through which a ghastly dark-green light seemed trying to penetrate. In a moment the irresistible force outside drove it up again, hissing and roaring with the agonies of its passage, till the whole place boiled high with curdled spume, and the spray lashed up to the roof, the tortured air rushing up the passages and carrying the sound of it into the great cavern. Then it sank away out of sight, the spray poured down from the roof, all the

sides of the chamber ran white with streaming lacery, and the air came rushing back out of the cavern.

He moved to one side and sat with his back against the dripping rock-wall. He had hoped to find the sea, and he had found it; but he feared it was not going to be of much use to him. Somewhere out there the great Atlantic rollers were driven in by the western gale; but until the sea calmed down he could not tell whether there was any possibility of his getting out by the way they came in. The free, wild rush and roar of it braced him, after the ponderous environment of the cavern, and he sat long enjoying it. It was the sea he loved, or a bit of it; and, even in the agony of its prison-house, it sang to him of wide horizons and the unwalled sweep of waters.

However, these things do not fill an empty stomach, and he got up at last and groped his way back along the sobbing passage to the great cavern, and the fire, and Cadoual. The fire had burnt low again, and when he flung on more fuel and looked at his patient, it seemed to him that he was in much the same case. So Alain hastened to serve him with a breakfast of raw eggs, and promised himself a more nourishing meal as soon as he could get up to the doves' chamber, since the storm would keep them all at home.

Cadoual's mouth opened mechanically to the taste of food, and as his heavy eyes, all strained and shot with blood, rested on Alain, he murmured, 'I suffer! I suffer! Kill me! kill me! Oh, mon Dieu! that I might die.'

'Don't be a fool, man! You know I can't kill you. Take another egg,' said Alain in a brusque voice.

'Kill me! kill me! I suffer!' moaned Cadoual, and never ceased to beg for death whenever Alain came near him.

All day long the storm howled and beat and sobbed, and all day long, with all-too-short intervals of stupor, Cadoual moaned his impossible prayer. Just at sundown a brief red gleam shot in through Alain's loophole, and the gale seemed to have slackened somewhat; but a glance at the western sky told him it was only a breathing-space, and that there was plenty more to come.

In the middle of the night Alain woke with a start and lay listening.

'Kervec! Kervec! Alain Kervec!'

It was Cadoual's voice calling him—calling him by the name he was not known by. He sprang up and went round to the dull glow of the fire. Cadoual was sitting up against the rock, a hideous sight. His eyes were starting out of his head. His teeth gritted in agony, and there was blood on his lips. His one available hand was clawing the rough rock-wall with a hideous rasping that made Alain's flesh creep.

'Well, then, what is it?' he asked.

'Ah v'là!' snarled Cadoual through his teeth.

'I cannot stand it.... It stabs into my heart.... Death is too long.... Give me your knife—your knife!' and his hand reached out towards Alain with clawing fingers.

'Lie down, my friend, and wait the good God's pleasure,' said Alain soothingly. 'I will get you water.'

'The knife! I will die—since you will not kill me.... The pains of hell—— Voyons! you are dead—I killed you—I threw you in here.... Do as much for me. Ha, ha! pretty Barbe—she is not for you—not for you—not for you. You are dead, and it was I that killed you.'

As Alain looked at him, and the wild eyes glared back into his own, it was borne in upon him that this was the truth—that it was by this man's doing that he was parted from Barbe, by this man's hand that he came there—there for all time perhaps, never to set eyes on Barbe again except through the narrow loophole of the rock. He took an angry

step towards Cadoual, and Cadoual's eyes blazed exultantly.

'Not for you—not for you. She was mine—mine
—mine; and I killed you and dropped you in the
hole. You fool—you'—— Then he choked with
blood, and the coughing seemed to rend him in
pieces. He drew his leg up in agony and rolled
over on the couch, and Alain thought he was dead.
But he found him still breathing; and, picking up
half-a-dozen egg-shells, he groped away to the pool
for water.

Cadoual was lying quietly with his eyes closed when he got back. He went up to him and trickled some water into his mouth. Before he knew it, the knife at his belt was plucked from its sheath and plunged into his back. It was a badly aimed blow, and only caught him on the right shoulder-blade; but before he had recovered from the surprise of it, Cadoual had plunged the knife into his own throat.

BY THE WINTER SEA.

By W. E. CULE.



ORTHOWEN falls asleep in October, and slumbers on until she hears, through her dreams, the footfall of the first returning visitor in the early spring. During the winter months her sands remain unpeopled

and her walks deserted. Behind the sandhills the unresting waters ebb and flow; but they come up to a voiceless shore and retire again unheeded. Their only spectator is some prowling cottager in search of fuel from the sea, or some plodding pedestrian who chooses the way across the sands to reach a neighbouring village. The thousands whom the summer brought have left no name upon the rocks, no footprint upon the sands.

The winter sea has its beauties; but they will appeal only to those who love Nature's every aspect. One who can breathe only in sunshine and companionship will find no pleasure there. When the tide rises before a westerly gale we have a spectacle of majesty and power; but the crested legions are riding on to possess a silent and desolated kingdom. On the steeper shore they break and fling themselves with music indeed; but it is a hoarse and solemn organ-music, full of sadness and regret. The boom of the breakers is loud and deep, but no one sits to watch and listen; the spray-clouds rise high and often, but they have no sheen and glitter. On this beach in August we gather rare treasures of shells and pebbles; but now we seek them in vain. It is seldom that we chance upon the fragment of alabaster worn to transparency or rock-ground into a thousand facets, and still more seldom that we discover a deposit of tiny spirals. The shells we find are shattered by ungentle usage; the pebbles may be there, but they await the revealing touch of the sunlight.

The treasures that come are treasures of a sterner kind. After every tide we see figure after figure go down over the sandhills to the beach. Later we find their footprints along the high-water line, or see them clambering among the distant rocks. These are the wreckers of our better days. Presently one returns and then another, each bearing the prize of his alertness and experience: now a black and water-worn plank of many travels, now a shapeless log bolted with iron, the nameless remnant of some long-lost and nameless bark. The women go down to gather what the men have left: tiny blocks fresh and clean from some up-river workshop, or aged chips from the broad Atlantic, their surface as rounded and smooth as the pebbles on which they rest. All these find their fate alike in the cottagers' fires. Away down the shore stand the massive ruins of an old inn with an unsavoury history. It was called the 'Red House,' and it is said that its forgotten inmates swung false lights about their doors to draw unsuspecting sailors upon the rocks below. Modern wreckers pass the walls daily, and it may be supposed that the crumbling ruins return their glances with a certain contempt. Their hands are innocent of blood.

Wrecks are few in these days, for the coast is guarded by lights; but the story of the place is full of them, and their relics are many. In the bay of the bathers lie two skeleton vessels, now almost buried by the engulfing sands; and there is also the abandoned cargo of another. Her load was Portland cement in sacks, and it was thrown overboard in the centre of the bay where the ship

had grounded. When the waters receded the cargo was revealed, transformed into a lonely mound of artificial rock. It stands in the same spot to-day, telling its own story, and the curious visitor prods it idly with his cane or climbs the pile to read the names and numbers upon the petrified sacking. Up in the town is a still more striking memorial of winter seas and winds. It is a long row of ancient whitewashed cottages, all the woodwork in which, says the tradition, came from a great ship called the Philadelphia, lost on this coast in the undated past. Those who used the timbers in this way gave the ship's name to the street they built, perhaps in some spirit of subtle irony, perhaps in simple gratitude for a timely bargain.

The winter sea has no place for playthings, whether shells or ships. From our beach in summer we may watch all day the long procession of distant sails. Up to the east they pass one by one behind the headland; out to the west they fade into the golden highways of the setting sun. There is no end to the fleet of argosies that come up to the shelter of the ports or pass heavy laden to their coastwise destinations; but now the smaller craft are laid up in sheltered rivers, and have given the Channel-ways to hardier traders. smoke of a solitary steamer breaks the sweep of the horizon; but sails are few, and these few are weighty merchantmen from distant zones, their canvas a dark and heavy mass above the sky-line. Oftener the mists lie spread upon the gray expanse, and the lighthouse on Borthowen Point stands like the last sentinel of our inhabited world. At night we count the signals that pierce the mist from Devon. Light answers light from coast to coast, but nothing seems to move or live between.

In these dark and quiet days a long ramble coastwards from Borthowen is a thing to be remembered. Away to the west is a wild gorse common. On its highest point stands the Rest, where convalescents from all the west-country gather strength for renewed toil from the ozone of a thousand leagues of open sea. Beyond the Rest, under the hill, stands a golf-club pavilion, gay in colours; and yet a mile farther rise the many chimneys of a gray old pile which has its place secure in the atlas of the novel-reader. It is known as the old house of Sker, and the coast before it has a hundred little coves where 'Fisherman Davy' might have found the white boat from across the water, with its romantic freight of babyhood. We read that it was on these ledges that the doomed

Santa Lucia struck, on the Sabbath of the great sandstorm; and we well remember how Black Evan of Sker called for his stalwart sons to leave their rabbit-hunting, and to hold the beach with him against the rival wreckers of Kenfig parish. But the storm had overtaken them, and it was from these sandhills that the men of Kenfig, digging silently, recovered their bodies before the father's eyes. The rocks and the sands are still the same, and smoke yet issues from the chimneys of the great house. Romance has taken it for her own, and the Maid of Sker is the heroine of much tradition, of several ballads, and of more novels than one; but the tenants to-day are good Welsh farmer-folk, who send their produce to the convalescents at the Rest, and keep a word of pleasant greeting for the inquiring pilgrim.

Passing the home of the Maid, we strike into a silence that seems all the deeper for the plaintive cries of the sea-birds. The sands are hard and dry, and our steps are soundless. Far to the left the incoming waters rule a long white line of murmuring foam into the hazy distance, and half a mile out at sea a single fishing-boat keeps pace with us. On the right slumber the black rocks, some of them in separate masses sand-encircled, like the tables of the sea-gods, some rising tier on tier to the banks behind, like sections of some great Colosseum of Nature. With every step the sense of awe deepens, until it becomes oppressive and overpowering. On the one side the lonely fishing-craft with the dingy sails becomes a silent and haunting shadow, more than fancy, yet less than sober fact; on the other side the dark and tremendous rocks seem peopled by invisible Presences who watch in solemn and gloomy displeasure the progress of the intruder. The murmur of the sea becomes a moan; the long white line advances; before us the sands appear to quiver where the mists fall upon them. There is a chill grayness in earth and sea and sky, and we feel a sudden longing to see a human face, to hear a human voice. So we turn back upon our footprints; but the eerie influences of that scene are with us long after we have joined a group of lagging golfers returning to their painted pavilion.

The poet who wrote of 'the rapture on the lonely shore' thought of some Mediterranean beach lying brilliant in sunshine. The singer of a later day tells of a last great battle in Lyonesse, where the doomed knights of the great Order fell one by one around their despairing king. It is a master's touch that places this consummate tragedy 'among the mountains by the winter sea.'



REMINISCENCES OF BATAVIA.

By R. A. DURAND.

All round the coast the languid air did swoon, Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.



N the bright-blue Eastern seas, dotted with island spots of golden sand and greenery, away from the main lines of British commerce, away from the bustle and roar of British traffic, lies Batavia, the capital of warm, lazy,

lovely, and altogether delightful Java.

To me, with the recollections of London in November, the cheerless Bay and the squalid magnificence of Naples, the filth of Port Said, and the intolerable heat and glare of Aden fresh in my memory, the place seemed a very Lotus-land of delight. The ship by which I was sailing to Torres Strait dropped anchor during the night off Tanjong Priok, the port of Batavia; and the rising sun disclosed a sight lovelier far than any I had hitherto witnessed. Palms and acacias crowded the shore right down to high-water mark; and strangely rigged fishing-boats lazied about the bay or put off to the ship laden with piles of bananas, pine-apples, mangoes, and strange fruits. The scent of the balmy off-shore breeze suggested flowers and fruit and sensuous idleness; in short, the tropics, not as one usually finds them, but as the untravelled Englishman imagines them in his dreams.

On the Batavia-Tanjong Priok Railway there are four classes by which one can travel. Travellers by the fourth class—mostly, of course, coolies—ride on the tops of the carriages. For the sake of the view, with some ship-companions, I patronised the fourth class, and we were rewarded by ten miles of lovely scenery between the port and the capital. The line runs between a broad canal and a dense green jungle. At intervals we caught glimpses of little wooden huts built on piles in shallow lagoons, in which swam happy families of ducks and naked amphibious brown children.

An hour's run brought us to Batavia. Imagine a town of giant dolls' houses built in Burmese and Javanese style, trim avenues of beautiful trees, broad clean streets, and thousands of grown-up dolls masquerading in Oriental fancy dress: the picture-books of one's childhood animated. That is Batavia. The absurdity of it all is that the masqueraders do not look a bit self-conscious in spite of their fantastic dress. The streets are paraded listlessly by gangs of blue-garbed convicts, who pick up cigar-ends, bits of paper, and fruit-peel. The cleanness of the streets is astonishing. A man in Batavia once threw a piece of banana-peel on the ground; and, looking back a moment afterwards, he felt reproached by the sight of that wretched piece of peel, the only blot on the immaculate cleanness of the streets. For a while his dignity fought with his sense of decency. Then he returned, picked up the offending peel, and—feeling very foolish—carried it until he saw a convenient opportunity for disposing of it.

Representatives of many nations congregate in Batavia: blue-gowned Javanese, wearing white pith helmets shaped like inverted saucers; portly Chinese merchants, dressed in a grotesque combination of yellow silk clothes and the billycock hats of Hampstead Heath, their pigtails interwoven with blue silk; lean, tawny Malays, Hindus, Javanese, and effeminate-looking Cingalese jostle each other on the side-walks.

It is impossible for a casual observer to distinguish the sex of a Cingalee, as the men have delicate, refined features, are clean shaven, fasten their long hair behind their heads in woman-fashion, and wear skirts that sweep the ground.

The dress of the Javanese women merits a detailed description, as the Batavian Dutch ladies have adopted the native dress for morning wear. A long strip of native cloth, called a sarong, is wound round and round the body beneath the armpits, and reaches almost to the ankles; an abbreviated Eton jacket, called a kopeia, covers the shoulders; and out of doors ladies' slippers are worn on stockingless feet, and a paper parasol is carried.

The Batavian Dutch do not make their toilets, unless they go out of doors, until the afternoon, so that one may see men in pyjamas and women in the native dress lolling on the verandas or sitting down to meals at the hotels. The custom is a lazy but sensible one, considering the climate.

Rijst-tafel (lunch) is served at about half-past eleven. A long string of waiters offer a dozen varieties of meats and vegetables, such as fried eggs, curry, bacon, plantain, &c. This is all mixed with rice in a soup-plate, and over all, if you are not forewarned, you pour a nauseous gravy of coco-nut-oil. If you do so you probably send away your plate untouched, and sorrowfully turn your attention to boiled potatoes and dessert. Lunch being finished, all retire for a siesta, after which they array themselves in conventional evening-dress.

Even more terrible to the uncultivated palate is the 'delicious durian, with its intolerable odour,' a variety of the jack-fruit. Wallace, in his Malay Archipelago, says that this peculiar fruit has, amongst other incongruous flavours, a distinct taste of sherry, cream-cheese, and onion sauce. The flesh resembles that of the custard-apple in colour and consistency. In size it is sometimes eighteen inches in diameter. Wallace also declares that it is the most delicious of all fruits; but he admits that the smell is oppressive. Oppressive is a mild word to describe an odour of rotting vegetation so powerful that it will render uninhabitable any room into which the

fruit is brought. It is sometimes served in bowls and covered with wine, which helps in a great measure to deaden the smell.

A more harmless Javanese fruit is the pomelo, a variety of shaddock. It is exactly like an orange in shape, but many times larger. The Dutch eat it with Worcester sauce. It might, if my memory serves me, be eaten with cream, mustard, vinegar, cheese, or anything else that would give it a flavour.

Business houses open at sunrise and close at midday. European shops do not open till sunset. The evening is devoted by the white population to exercise and social intercourse.

The passing tourist will probably forgo his afternoon siesta for the sake of being cheated by the Chinese pedlars, who crowd the hotel verandas, and from whom he may buy Manchester cottons under the pleasing impression that he is procuring specimens of native cloth, and Malay knives from Sheffield, at fabulous prices. Goods can generally be bought for one-tenth the price asked by the hawker.

At four o'clock coffee is served. There are two sorts of coffee in the world—Batavian coffee and the other kind. Although the former has a repulsive-looking, greenish oil floating on its surface, it is as

superior to other kinds of coffee as fresh Scotch salmon is to the tinned article of commerce.

If Batavia is charming by day it is fairyland by night. The broad avenues are lit with electric light; and till midnight the lights of innumerable gharris flash up and down, and men and women in evening-dress stroll under the trees.

Assuredly no one who ever landed in Batavia would ever come away again were it not for a dreadful drawback—the impossibility of getting a decent bath. From the outside, the bathroom looks like a little storehouse daintily set amidst palm-trees in the middle of a courtyard. Inside it is a chilly, slimy dungeon, the floor a quarter of an inch deep in dirty water. In the centre of the room stands a long-necked jar, about four feet high, half-full of water. It is evidently intended that we should dip a sponge in it; and anything more unsatisfactory it would be impossible to imagine. In fruitless attempts to get into the jar one usually upsets it, bruises one's shins, and spills the water.

O Queen of the East Indies! land of light and colour without glare, warmth without heat, sensuous indolence and luscious fruit! if ever I hear that you possess a decent bathroom I will fly to you at once, and never, never leave you again.

THE APPIN MURDER IN FACT AND IN FICTION.

By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.



HE famous Appin murder in the year 1752 has become even more famous because of its appearance in the romantic pages of Robert Louis Stevenson. Kidnapped and Catriona, the two tales in the David Balfour

series, hinge, as is known to all, upon the murder of Colin Campbell of Glenure, and the trial of James Stewart of Aucharn for that murder. Those were the disturbed days which followed after Glencoe and the bloody work of the Duke of Cumberland. Political feeling and, still more, clan feeling were strong in the Highlands; and the Government, which was represented there in fact and name by the Duke of Argyll, had resolved to secure peace and enforce fidelity among those dangerous country-people. James Stewart had taken part as a boy in the rising of 1715, and had been out in the Forty-five. He was therefore a marked partisan, a rebel, to whom, nevertheless, grace had been extended. On the other hand, Charles Stewart of Ardshiel, who was James Stewart's natural brother, and the head of that clan in those parts, had been attainted for rebellion, and his estates had been confiscated. Yet the Crown does not appear to have acted very harshly in regard to Ardshiel's property, for James Stewart was allowed to administer it for some years, and to collect money for the benefit of Charles's children. When it was at last decided to take stronger measures in the disaffected district—that is to say, in the year 1749—Colin Campbell was made factor. He, however, so far from distrusting James Stewart, continued his services for the collection of the rents, and the two men appear to have been on terms of friendliness, despite the inherent hostility their several names might indicate.

In 1751 Campbell removed James Stewart from his possession of the farm of Glenduror, acting, as the Lord Advocate explained at the trial, in pursuance of instructions from the authorities that he was not to let land to any relations of the attainted owner. Furthermore, still in pursuance of instructions, according to the statements at the trial, Glenure gave notice to sundry other tenants to quit. These tenants had been installed by James Stewart, who seems to have taken up their case warmly, even making a journey to Edinburgh to plead their cause. It was suggested by Prestongrange, the Lord Advocate, that this action was due to Stewart's desire to retain his influence in the neighbourhood. may have been, but it is not necessary to suppose more than that Stewart had the usual Highland loyalty to his clan. He did what he could for his brother's children, and he did what he could for the tenants. In either case he deserves credit.

Now, Alan Breck—or, as the records style him, Alan Breck Stewart—steps into the business. Breck was a distant cousin of James Stewart, and had been faithfully brought up by him. He had enlisted in the army as a young man, and had fought for the king up to the battle of Preston; but, being taken prisoner by the rebels during that engagement, joined them, fought with them against his former comrades, and subsequently took service with the French king. Here is clearly a pretty careless soldier of fortune, much as Stevenson has painted him for us.

Breck returned surreptitiously from France, as he was wont to do, frequented his kinsman's house, and was a familiar figure in the countryside. This was a hotbed of Stewarts, and, though a rebel and a deserter, he was safe. Yet he had doubts of Campbell. Glenure was the first man in the district, and must have been aware of his presence and history. Breck was known to have suspected him of communicating with the military; and, as a matter of fact, although it was denied, Breck's arrest as a deserter was contemplated. In view of what happened later, this is important.

James Stewart, by taking legal action on behalf of the tenants, had caused some bother to the factor, who was compelled to go to Edinburgh. On the 12th of May 1752 he visited Fort-William on the same business, and in returning therefrom in the company of a lawyer, a sheriff's officer, and his servant, Mackenzie, to carry out the removal of the tenants, he was shot in the back between five and six on the afternoon of 14th May. The shot was fired from the fastness of Lettermore Wood, and so the murderer got away without being seen by any of the party.

Action was immediately taken by the Government, represented by the Duke of Argyll. Campbell had been killed in the country of his hereditary enemies, and the vengeance customary to the Highlands must be exacted. The heavy hand descended. James Stewart was arrested on a charge of conspiracy and murder. Alan Breck had fled, and his flight increased the rumour in Appin that Alan was the real murderer. The Crown hesitated not to account him as the criminal, and judgment went against him by default. Those who have followed Stevenson's long and eventful history of the wanderings of Alan Breck through two volumes will be interested to learn that Breck disappears from recorded history within a few days of the murder. From the Heugh of Corrynakiegh, in which Alan and David Balfour met with exciting adventures, the real Breck struck across the moors into Perthshire, whence, after a short residence with his mother, he escaped to France. Of his subsequent movements nothing is known; but the trial which hanged James Stewart witnessed the outlawry of Alan, who was ordered 'to be put to the horn, and all his movable goods and gear to be escheat and inbrought to his Majesty's use'—a sentence which cannot have affected the outlaw very greatly, seeing that the only property he had left was some old clothes already in the possession of the Crown.

James's trial, as accessory and accomplice, took

place from the 21st to the 25th of September, and was held at Inveraray, the capital of the Campbells. Here, then, in the home of the Campbells, with eleven out of the fifteen jurymen Campbells, in a court under the presidency of the chief of the Campbells, James Stewart of the Glens was, for the murder of a Campbell, tried, convicted, and hanged accordingly.

It will be seen that, as no one saw the murderer of Glenure, the only evidence which the Crown could produce was circumstantial. This was ingeniously sought. The Highlands were in a bad state, and an example must be made. Stevenson makes Prestongrange, the Lord Advocate, unburden himself frankly to the boy David, which is also ingenious, but a little startling. It will be remembered that David Balfour is supposed to have been talking with Glenure on the road when the shot was fired. He is represented as obtaining a sight of the murderer, 'a big man, in a black coat.' As Alan was a small man, Stevenson frankly takes sides here. The murder, according to the romance, had nothing to do with the Stewarts. It is darkly hinted that the Camerons were responsible, as was also openly alleged at the trial. Yet the tragedy had no horrors for Alan Breck, as is apparent in his conversation with the shocked David. David, however, was in a position to prove that Alan was not the murderer, and consequently that James was no party to it; but, again according to Stevenson, the Campbells were determined to get James, 'a man grown old in treason.' If they do not get vengeance 'there will be trouble with the Campbells,' says Prestongrange. 'That means disturbance in the Highlands, which are uneasy and very far from being disarmed.' This is a view of policy in matters of justice from which the plain man's soul revolts; but it was not impossible then, and—is it now? Would it be so wholly inconceivable in a time of unrest? At any rate, it is certain that the Crown pressed hard on the accused. He was, according to the complaint of his counsel, 'kept in the closest confinement. For the first six weeks no mortal was allowed access to him; after that, indeed, for some short time, admittance was given to his wife and one or two more; but any who could be thought proper persons to prepare defences for his trial were carefully denied access to him.' Not only so, but his house and repositories were ransacked, and his wife and sons were illegally examined, a practice abhorrent to law in these islands. In the face of these charges the Crown maintained silence, and so we must assume them true.

The prosecution had first to prove that Alan Breck was the murderer, and then to prove that James Stewart was in league with him. To accomplish this, Prestongrange and his colleagues had, first, to demonstrate hostility to Glenure on the part of the two Stewarts; secondly, to prove they were in collusion; thirdly, to show evidence of the act of murder. Something like sixty witnesses

were sworn and examined on behalf of the Crown. Evidence was given of wild talk by Alan Breck, and of loose talk by James; but most of the former was discounted by the fact of drink. John More Maccoll, a servant to James Stewart, deposed that his master once said that 'if Glenure went on in the way he did it was likely he would be Laird of Appin in a very short time; and that he knew once a set of commoners in Appin who would not allow Glenure to go on at such a rate.' In this not very formidable statement Prestongrange for the Crown professed to see incitement to murder. Maclaren was produced who declared that James had wanted to challenge Glenure to fight; but on being cross-examined he confessed that Stewart was at the time 'much concerned with liquor.' There was also evidence given by another Maccoll that some two years before the murder Stewart had remarked that 'he would be willing to spend a shot on Glenure, though he went upon his knees to the window to fire it.' Yet another Maccoll was found to testify against Alan. The unanimity of the several Maccolls is surprising. This John Maccoll, according to his evidence, was invited to fetch 'the Red Fox's skin.' But he detracts from the value of his testimony by admitting that it was not until after the murder that he thought that Red Fox might mean Colin Campbell. Two more Maccolls, if you please, depose that Alan Breck said that 'the commoners of Appin were little worth when they did not take him [Glenure] out of the way before now.'

These attempts to prove the ill-will to Glenure are not wholly satisfactory, at least so far as James is concerned; and they only prove Alan to have been a swaggering, vain fellow, fond of talking at large. Evidence showed that Glenure and James Stewart were on fairly amiable terms; they drank together and visited each other's houses; and the former retained the latter to collect rents. If it was true, as Prestongrange stated, that Glenure's change of policy was dictated from headquarters, James Stewart would be the less likely to nourish a personal grudge. Moreover, he showed no sign of private resentment, although he certainly prepared to resist the eviction of the tenants by all legal means available. The case of the Crown, so far as it depends on bad blood between the men, obviously fails, despite the ingenuity of the prosecution and the eloquence of the Lord Advocate. Nor was a case made out for conspiracy, since it was not shown that the kinsmen had any talk together. Naturally, the prosecution relied on the flight of Breck from the scene of the murder, and in this connection brought witnesses to demonstrate the collusion of Here we have Maccolls again. Alan Breck, it was shown, took refuge in the Heugh of Corrynakiegh, and to him, in his hiding-place, James sent money and a change of clothes, so that he might effect his escape. The defence alleged that this was to enable Alan to escape in his capacity of a deserter. The murder would cause

the country to be searched, and Breck, as a deserter and a Stewart, might look for short shrift from the Campbells. With the insight of a master, Stevenson makes use of this very argument in Alan's mouth to induce David Balfour to fly. Indeed, whoever wishes to see the case for the Stewarts most rationally explained and set forth can do no better than refer to the chapter in Kidnapped entitled 'The House of Fear.' Stevenson does not use whitewash indiscriminately. 'Colin Roy is dead,' says Alan, 'and be thankful for that.' But James is in another mind. 'It's all very fine to blow and boast beforehand; but now it's done. Alan; and who's to bear the wyte of it? The accident fell out in Appin-mind ye that, Alan; it's Appin that must pay.' It is at James's suggestion that Alan hides, in the certainty that he will be taken for the deed. 'Man, man, man-man, Alan!' he cries, 'you and me have spoken like two fools.' So you will see that Stevenson's version, while crediting the Stewarts with innocence, does not spare them.

The fact of Alan Breck's flight was suspicious, yet the explanation of the defence was not unreasonable; and, so far as James was concerned, the circumstances actually speak in his favour. He himself obtained money to send to Breck, and to do this was obliged to send some distance to obtain it. Had the murder been deliberately planned, he would have been supplied in advance with so necessary a means of escape. Here, too, naturally arises the question as to what advantage James Stewart was to get by the murder. The death of Glenure merely meant the substitution of another factor, with whom, perhaps, he might not have got on so It would bring, as it did, a hornet's nest about the ears of Appin, and must harm rather than assist the cause he had at heart. Moreover, he was proceeding in a legal way to contest the factor's action in the Ardshiel estate. It was proved out of the mouth of one of the Crown witnesses that he showed great consternation on hearing of the murder. Donald Stewart, a witness for the prosecution, deposed that Alan Breck called at his house on the evening of the murder, and, while denying any knowledge of it, expressed his intention of leaving the kingdom, 'as he would be suspected of the murder, . . . and as he was a deserter formerly from the army.' This Donald Stewart carried to James a request for money from Breck. 'The panel asked why Alan Breck himself did not come for money if he wanted it? To which the deponent, to the best of his remembrance, replied that Alan told him he would be suspected for the murder, and was a deserter; to which the panel answered that he hoped in God Alan Breck was not guilty of the murder.' This looks very much like either innocence or great duplicity. There is no doubt that in the district Alan Breck was generally regarded as the author of the crime; but he denied it whenever charged.

The defence brought two witnesses, both Camerons,

to prove that a year before the event they were in Rannoch, and heard a man called Sergeant More Cameron declare that he would shoot Glenure if he met him, on account of his 'hard usage of the tenants of Ardshiel.' In his own declaration James Stewart stated that Alan had given him similar information; but unhappily there was no More Cameron to bear out these assertions. As I have said, it is this theory that Stevenson adopts.

On the evidence which was produced at the trial, James Stewart was not guilty; yet it did not take the eleven Campbells and the other four jurors long to make up their minds as to his guilt. Counsel for the defence, who were four in number, and carried out their duties very ably under handicap, were persistently anxious to show the Campbells that their good faith and honesty were not doubted. Sheriff Brown went so far as to point out that if the jury should acquit the panel it would bring no reflection upon themselves or their country! The fact was that no one for a moment expected a Campbell jury to bring in a verdict of 'Not guilty' or even of 'Not proven.' The counsel for the defence apologised for their presence on the score that all the well-known counsel had been bought up by the prosecution. This seems to have been the case; but it did not prevent the case for the defence from being ably managed. The four advocates appear in the pages of Catriona, which tell of the reception which David Balfour got in Inveraray after he had broken out of the Bass Rock; and an excellent and faithful picture it is of four various legal minds. Political influences, as well as considerations of the clan, demanded a conviction, and a conviction was obtained. James Stewart could not be incriminated unless Alan Breck were proved guilty as principal in the murder. This the prosecution admitted, yet never in the course of the trial was guilt brought home to Alan Breck. Consequently the case against James failed. Yet James was hanged.

Political considerations, I say, dictated this end, as was clear throughout the trial. The notorious Simon Fraser, in his speech for the prosecution, declared that the panel 'had the chief influence over the common people.' Prestongrange, in almost as frank a mood as when he addressed young David Balfour, explained his presence as principal prosecutor in Inveraray by his determination 'to convince the disaffected parts of the Highlands of Scotland that they must submit to this Government.' The Lord Justice-General, who was no other than the Duke of Argyll, and who presided over the court, delivered what was practically a 'In the year 1715,' said his political sermon. Grace in pronouncing sentence, 'there broke out a most unnatural and unprovoked rebellion . . . in which the part your clan acted is well known, so many being here present that were witnesses of their composing part of the rebel army which besieged this town. This I myself have reason to know.' After a graceful compliment to the 'Butcher,' as the victor of Glencoe was termed, the

head of justice in those parts continued in a passage which has been turned to satire in Stevenson's pages: 'If you had been successful in that rebellion you had been now triumphant with your confederates, trampling upon the laws of your country, the liberties of your fellow-subjects, and on the Protestant religion. You might have been giving the law where you have now received the judgment of it; and we, who are this day your judges, might have been tried before one of your mock courts of judicature, and then you might have been satiated with the blood of any name or clan to which you had an aversion.' History should ring with that phrase: 'Mock courts of judicature.'

David Balfour, in whom, we must think, speaks Stevenson, says that 'James was as fairly murdered as though the Duke had got a fowling-piece and stalked him.' There was no evidence against James which should have imperilled the life of a dog; and the most that could be said against Alan Breck was that the crime was 'not proven.' When sentence was pronounced in that country of the Campbells, James Stewart made his first and last speech recorded during the trial. He submitted himself tamely' to his sentence, and forgave false witnesses; but 'I declare,' said he, 'before the great God and this auditory, that I had no previous knowledge of the murder of Colin Campbell of Glenure, and am as innocent of it as a child unborn. I am not afraid to die; but what grieves me is my character, that after-ages should think me capable of such a horrid and barbarous murder.' Well, this is an 'after-age.' Perhaps in that respect the fears of the condemned man were unnecessary.

WILD-DUCK OVER!

SUNSET: and the cry of a rover,
The rush of a whistling wing;
Good-bye to you, wild-duck over,
Gone south till the waking spring!
Till the golden goddess has brought her
New life to the leafless trees,
You will rock on the open water
And dip to the ceaseless seas.

Twilight: and the crimson glory
Dies down in the wintry west,
Your path, like a half-told story,
Lies dim to a goal unguessed;
We follow your dark form fleeting
Straight-necked to the harbour-mouth,
Bach stroke of those pinions beating,
And throb of that heart set south!

Nightfall: and I stand and ponder,
Grown restless and ill-content,
With a wish that I too might wander
The way that your swift wings went;
My heart is a wild-fowl rover,
My fate is a frosted mere;
Ah! good-night to you, wild-duck over;
Come back with the waking year.
WILL H. OGILVIE.



MY FIRST SALMON.



HEN one sees reports in the daily papers of the numerous fish taken in the Tweed and other rivers during the months of October and November, not only by gentlemen, but also by ladies, I confess I am

a little diffident in submitting to the public an account of the run I had with my first salmon; but I am tempted to do so because I had fished, and fished unsuccessfully, for ten or a dozen years before my efforts were crowned with success. Not that I was a 'duffer' who did not know how to throw a line. I had been brought up near the junction of the Till with the Tweed, and had taken many a dish of good yellow trout out of these rivers, as well as from the Bowmont, one of the best trout-streams in north Northumberland. The Bowmont is now strictly preserved; but in my boyhood it was open to any one who wished to spend a day on its banks. In those days, however, the Bowmont was rather ungetatable, and perhaps there was no great need for preservation; but now it is easily accessible by the railway from Cornhill to Wooler and Alnwick, which runs for some miles along its banks.

Somehow as a boy, and even as a young man, I was quite content with a good day's trout-fishing, and it was not till after I had been settled for years in Edinburgh that I had my first try for a salmon. It was my old friend the 'Squire,' one of the best salmon-fishers on the Tweed, who offered me a day one autumn when I was spending a short holiday in the old neighbourhood. Well, I was tempted, and tried; and, having had a rise, I somehow became so fascinated with the thought of killing a twenty-pounder that I could not rest until my efforts met with success.

The reader will wonder how it was that so many years elapsed before I accomplished the feat if I was no duffer, as I have asserted? Well, I can only say that for several years luck was terribly against me, as I never got the water in trim. My friend used to shake his head and declare he never knew any one so unfortunate, and that he would have No. 276.—Vol. VI.

wired to stop me from coming down, but knew it would be too late. Then it must be borne in mind that I did not live on the banks of the river, and therefore could not choose my day; also, I was a busy man, and only able to spare one day each autumn in attempting to achieve what to me really began to appear to be the unachievable.

All who know anything about the Tweed a few miles above Berwick will at once agree that you might as well try for a salmon in the Thames at London Bridge as try for one in the lower stretches of the Tweed when 'she's waxing,' as my friend's fisherman, speaking in Tweedonian dialect, frequently told me she was doing when I alighted from the early Edinburgh train. Well, what was I to do when such was the case? It was, as I say, no use; but hadn't I come all the way from Edinburgh for a day's fishing, and who could tell that there was really no chance? Very little, no doubt; but the ways of salmon are past finding out, and an odd fish might at any moment be tempted to take the fly. The result was that frequently the rod went up, the boat was got out, and I devoted four or five hours to throwing the fly across a visibly rising water, in the vain hope that that eccentric fish I was looking for would at last take on; but it never did, and I grew positively ashamed of repeating the same old story each time I got home to my expectant family in the evening. Sometimes the river rose so high in the night preceding 'my day' that I did not go even the length of putting up my rod, and my friend would say as he met me at the station, 'It's no use to-day. She's come down three feet, and won't fish till Monday. Can't you stay till then? You're sure to get him if you do.' But I couldn't, and sorrowfully recognised the fact that that salmon I had been trying for years to catch had yet another twelve months to disport himself in Tweed's silvery stream.

I well remember one year. My friend had promised to write if he could place a day at my disposal, but the season was getting on, and I had almost abandoned the thought when I received a [All Rights Reserved.]

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wire on the Friday afternoon: 'River in first-rate ply. Come to-morrow.' Full of hope, I hurried home, packed my traps, and started by the evening train. Alas! I had not got farther than Dunbar when I felt a rising west wind beating against the carriage windows, accompanied by rain; and when I got up next morning and looked on the river it was 'drumlie and dark as it rolled on its way.'

Now I think I hear some of my readers say, 'Bother the fellow! Is he never going to tell us about that first salmon of his? But perhaps he has not caught it yet, and is still making those annual excursions in search of it.' Patience! patience! My story is no myth, I assure you. I have caught it; and if you read on I shall tell you all about it. I believe in the old saying that all things come to him who waits, and the day for which I was longing and upon which I had set my heart was coming too.

It was well on in November when I took the first train for Kelso, in response to a telegram received the day before, determined, if possible, to break the unlucky spell that seemed to dog me, so far as fishing was concerned. It proved a beautiful morning—too beautiful for salmon-fishing, I thought, whilst putting off the time until the train started from Kelso by sauntering on the Yetholm road—for the sun was shining brightly, and the turnip-leaves were glittering in its beams, as it had been frosty during the night. But if it was not an ideal fishing day, it was a morning to make glad the heart of man, and I felt buoyant and hopeful.

When my train arrived at the station at which I had to get out, I sprang to the platform, where I found my friend's fisherman waiting with the intelligence that the river was in trim, and that he had got rod, line, and boat ready. We therefore lost no time in proceeding to the water, where we found the boat safely moored in a little creek near the 'willow pool.' I stepped in without loss of time, selected the fly, got the rod in hand, and signified that I was ready.

The boat was pushed off, and Scott rowed slowly up to the top of the pool, when he gave the word, 'Now then, sir, begin.' I cast well across to the opposite bank, allowing the fly to float down till it was brought in a line with the stern of the boat. This was repeated over and over again, while the boat was allowed to float slowly down the stream, until the fly had covered, as it seemed, every foot of the water; but no fish showed itself. Then the fly was changed and the boat rowed to the pool a little higher up. Here the river makes a sudden bend from the west, and runs for about half a mile almost due north—a fine strong current caused by the sharp bend-capital water for working the fly in; and as the boat goes slowly down I have the feeling that it is floating over many a big fish.

Again the boat was slowly getting to the end of

the pool and I was beginning to feel just a bit despondent, for I had by this time been wielding the rod for an hour most assiduously, when suddenly I saw the water boil up where my fly was, and felt my line tighten. I did not strike sharplyat least I don't think I did-but strengthened the pull upon the line steadily, feeling as I did so as if the hook were being drawn into something soft and firm. I saw a fish had risen at my fly, but for a second or two I was not sure if my hook was fast in a fish or a log of wood. Then the fight began, and I shouted, 'Scott, I have him!' 'Ay, I see that, sir,' was Scott's laconic answer as he glanced carelessly at my bent rod. To him the hooking of a salmon was, and had been for years, nothing more than a daily occurrence; but not so with me. I was so excited that I could scarcely stand in the boat, and felt sure that the fish would prove victor in the struggle we were entering on. I had frequently dealt with trout running up to two pounds when fishing with one of Anderson's small 'Dunkeld' rods, which was no bad practice for learning how to handle a salmon when you had him safely hooked at the end of a strong line attached to an eighteen-foot rod. Still, it was my first heavy fish, and when the play began I fear I was trembling with excitement. As for my boatman, he viewed the scene with stoical indifference, and I could scarcely get him to offer a word of advice. He merely looked at the bent rod, telling me to keep it up, but to let the salmon take the line, as he was a good one. I worked away for some time, gradually getting accustomed to the situation, and liking it too, as the longer the fight lasted the more confident I began to feel. Not so the salmon. The longer he fought the more desperate he appeared to become, rushing now up the stream, and now down, with an occasional burst across. After each rush there was a slight pause, quickly followed by half-a-dozen violent tugs, making me tremble for the line, which I momentarily expected would snap in two.

Scott had paddled gently to the side, and advised me to get out, so that I stood on terra firma while he got out the landing-net. This looked like business; but I could not help thinking, with a shade of sadness, 'My man, it may not be required.' I was now becoming quite cool, however, and learning minute by minute how to handle a fish. One thing I could not understand, and that was a strange singing feeling which seemed to run all up the line and pass through my whole body. At first I thought my nerves had got the better of me; but the feeling still continued, and I asked Scott what it was. He answered, with a quiet laugh, 'That, sir? It's the heavy current on your taut line. I've often felt the same myself when playing a fish in this pool.' The explanation reassured me, as I was really beginning to be afraid I had got hold of something not very canny.

Fully ten minutes had passed, and the fish had never yet shown himself; but the day was bright and sunny, which perhaps accounted for his keeping so long to the bottom of the pool, and no doubt we were distinctly visible to him all the time. At last I felt him yield to the heavy strain I had been keeping on him, and, to my joy, he appeared on the surface, rolling helplessly from side to side. The sight seemed at once to stir Scott into activity, and he stepped into the water, net in hand, saying, 'Now then, sir, reel up quick, and bring him in.' I did so, and Scott prepared to do his part by netting my prize. I brought the fish well up, and it seemed to me that the struggle was concluded; but, to my infinite horror, when he plunged the net under he missed, and only got the fish half in. For a second or two there was a lively struggle, which I thought was bound to terminate in favour of the fish; and my hopes, which a moment before were sky-high, dropped suddenly to zero. But not a bit of it. Suddenly I felt the line begin to go, and before I could realise the fact that he was still on he was nearly across the river. The rush was soon over, however, and I felt he was again amenable to persussion, and ready to allow me to guide him in once more until he came within Scott's reach. Again he tried to net the fish, and again he missed it, and the salmon went off madly to the other side as before. Scott afterwards excused these two failures, and explained them by saying that the sun, which, as I have said, was very bright, was right in his eyes, or he would not have missed as he did. Well,

for the third time I brought the salmon within reach of the net, and this time he was safely secured and brought to the bank.

Never shall I forget the exultation of that moment, and the strong inclination I felt to relieve my feelings by giving vent to a whoop that would have startled the country for a mile around; but when I looked at Scott and saw how coolly he took it, I felt quite abashed, and suppressed my excitement. Nay, I even tried to look as unconcerned as he did; but I could not help saying, with just a little tinge of exultation in my voice, 'Well, Scott, he's a fine fish, and I'm glad to see him safely on the bank.'

When weighed, the salmon turned the scales at twenty-two pounds, and seemed in my eyes a perfect fish; but next day, when he lay on my kitchen-table for the inspection of my friends, I heard one remark, rather maliciously as I thought, and with a touch of envy, that it was just a little too red-looking for his taste. I thought it best to take no notice of the remark; but it rankled a bit, until I heard that he was colour-blind, poor fellow!

Well, there, I have given you a full account of the run I had with my first salmon; my second fish, a twenty-pounder, fell to my rod that same afternoon. The spell which had hung over me for years was broken, and I hope no malign fairy will weave another round my head.

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

CHAPTER XVI.—CONCERNING STRANGE MATTERS.



LAIN CARBONEC'S further experiences in the great cave are so very strange that if you ask me if I believe them myself, I can only reply that I knew the man for many years; that he was transpa-

rently honest and straightforward; and that, often as I heard him discuss these matters, I never found him vary in the slightest detail from the account he first gave me. Further, I may state that I submitted his statement to a friend of mine, a very eminent professor of zoology, zoonomy, and zootomy, whose reply was a demand to be taken forthwith to that cavern.

'But,' I said, 'all I want to know is whether these things are possible, or if they are only the distorted imaginings of an overstrained brain.'

'Possible?' said the Professor with some warmth.
'My dear fellow, everything is possible. I know more about these things than any other man this side heaven at the present moment'—the Professor is not an Englishman, I may say—'and I would like to meet the man who is bold enough to put a limit to the possibilities of Nature. When can we start?'

I give you Alain's account of what befell him in

the great cave under Cap Réhel just as he gave it to me.

The wound Cadoual had given him as his final legacy was not dangerous, but extremely painful; and it was so situated that he was unable to treat it as he might have done if it had been in a more accessible place. The knife had ploughed along the right shoulder-blade and gone in somewhat more deeply at the base. He knew that it would shortly stiffen up, and that his arm would probably become too painful to use for a time. So with wise forethought he made his preparations for an off-spell.

With very great difficulty he climbed the slope to the doves' chamber, filled his bag with eggs, captured half-a-dozen plump little habitants, and scratched down fuel enough to last him many days. He accomplished the descent in safety, and conveyed his plunder by degrees to the tunnel-way; but the sight of Cadoual's body lying there, and the recollection of the thirst that had tortured him, decided him on making a change. So, in many slow and toilsome journeys, he carried everything he was likely to want through the break in the red organ-pipes, into the pillarless hall by the pool. He sought out a niche there, and formed camp by

starting a fire. Then he bathed his wound as well as he could in the pool, and strapped himself together in a rough way with long strips of his shirt, which was almost in rags from his scrambles up and down the slope. Cadoual had no further need for clothing, so Alain took his things to replenish his own depleted wardrobe.

As he anticipated, the storm burst again with redoubled fury, and for two days and nights the cavern was filled with the clamour of the labouring rocks. The great red organ-pipes, near which he lay, hummed each its own particular note, which rose and fell with the sobbing of the storm through the sea-cave, and the wild medley that filled the air set his brain throbbing till his head seemed like to burst.

More than once he groped his way to his loophole, in spite of bruises and wrenches to the wounded shoulder. The Light stood stark and lonely, the gallery had no occupant, and all he could see was the low, grey sky, and the wild waste of slate-grey waves racing furiously for the rocks. More than once he breasted and drifted with the rush of air through the funnel to the sink, and sat and watched the tumult down below, anxious now for calm weather so that he might see if perchance salvation lay that way.

When he passed the old camping-ground on the second day, on his way to his lookout, he stopped short and rubbed his eyes. Even in this short time his sight had tuned itself somewhat to the twilight of the cavern. But now surely his eyes had played him false, and he groped forward in amazement, and felt all round with his hands to make sure. But it was no trick of his eyes. Cadoual's body was gone, and he could see no sign of it anywhere about.

He leaned up against the rock, panting. The man was surely dead. He was cold and stiff the last time he saw him; but his body was no longer there. There was the couch he had lain on. There were the remains of the fire, and the egg-shells scattered about. No, there was no mistake; and Alain leaned there gazing with wide, startled eyes at the place where Cadoual ought to have been, but was not.

The superstitions of his race sprang up in him full blown, and flapped their wings about his brain till he grew sick with apprehension. Either Cadoual had come to life again, or the Evil One had come and taken him away. Since he was absolutely certain that Cadoual was dead, why—nom-de-Dieu!—it must be the devil; and Alain, with no practical belief in the efficacy of the charm, still crossed himself devoutly as the only possible protection from the powers of darkness.

When he got over the shock of it he went his way warily, lest the Evil One should be lying in wait for him too round some dark corner; and when he got back to his fire he piled the fuel high, and sat quaking by it for the rest of the day.

When he fell asleep at night he woke with a start

lest his fire should have gone out; though why fire should be any protection might have been beyond his powers of explanation.

Once when he woke thus in the middle of the night he got an impression of stealthy movement out in the darkness beyond, and it set him shivering. He lay clinging to his couch, and listened with every nerve that was in him. The storm had ceased; the rock-voices were dumb once more; the silence of death reigned through all the pillared aisles. When he cautiously fed his fire the flames set shadowy goblins flitting about behind the organpipes. It was a situation to try even nerves that had known no shocks.

Surely something moved out beyond there. He sweated cold terrors, and lay low, with bristling hair and creeping back. He dared not sleep, and the night passed slowly, full of vague fears.

When at last the far-away corner buttress stole silently out of the surrounding darkness and showed faintly against the glimmering twilight behind, he knew that it was day. He breathed a sigh of relief, for the day was not quite as the night, even in that dismal hole, and the night holds terrors when even the day holds no great joys.

He fed his fire and started off after a further supply of food and fuel. It was very dark in there, but by this time he could find his way in spite of that. He came to the cleft in the organ-pipes, and climbed through with wide side-glances for any suspicious flitter among the shadows. Instead of coming down on the rock, his bare foot lighted on something soft and clammy cold. His flesh retracted instinctively and he rolled over headlong. His hand touched the thing that lay there, and in a moment he was up and away among the pillars, gasping with horror, sick with fear. For the thing he had fallen over was Cadoual's body, or he was mad.

Instinct would have led him to his lair; but that awful thing lay between. He fled straight on as he rose from the ground, and never stopped nor cast a look behind till he had scaled the steep sidewall and lay in the doves' nest, with his heart going like a pump and his brain cracking with amazement and horror.

It could not be—and yet it was. He had felt it, and he knew. It was long before he found courage even to lift his head and peep fearfully into the cave below. As for going down—so crazy a thought never entered his head.

It took two full days and nights of close retirement, the absorption of many eggs—which fortunately served for drink as well as meat—and the absolute absence of the slightest sign or sound below, to string his jangled nerves to something like their usual level. Then, with infinite caution, and every sense on end with apprehension, he stole down, and crept foot by foot through the pillared hall. He had succeeded in half-convincing himself that his imagination had played him a scurvy trick. He had come to doubt the actual existence of the

thing he had felt. He had nerved himself to go and see.

Foot by foot he made his way, with many a cautious halt, prepared for instant flight at every step. He found that even two days' continuous stay in the lighter cavern had sufficed to affect in some degree the adjustment of his eyes to the dark. He strained them till they shot with sparks, but saw nothing. So he came at last to the gap in the screen, and there was nothing there, nor had he seen or heard any suspicious thing. He climbed quickly through and groped to his camp. He gathered a handful of his bedding and lit it, with a quick all-round glance as the flame leaped out. But there was nothing abnormal in sight. His couch, indeed, was scattered, and so were the thin white ashes of his fires; but the disturbances of the last night he passed there were sufficient to account for these things.

He had brought a supply of food with him, so he set to and plucked and cooked a pigeon. The smell of it was very grateful to him, and did more than anything else to dissipate the remnants of his fears.

By the time he had picked the last bone he was satisfied that the terrors of that other night had suggested to him things that were not, and he started eagerly for the sea-cave to see what it looked like in its ordinary condition, and whether there was any possibility of escape that way.

The water lapped musically on the rough sides of the basin, against which it had churned with such fury the last time he saw it. The whispers ran up into the roof and hummed there till it buzzed like a hive. The place was filled with the gentle murmurings, and with a strange wan light that came glimmering up from the water. It was a dim green light full of breaks and flutterings, and it came from the farther end of the pool. He crept down the incline to the edge of the water and sat down to consider it.

Away in front there, where the light was strongest, there must be an opening to the sea. But from the look of it the tunnel was very far down, and from the dimness of the light the arch must be a thick one. Could he get through by diving? It seemed more than doubtful. He had no means of judging the distance between the pool and the sea, and the attempt to find out might cost him his life.

When his eyes grew more accustomed to the shifting glimmer, he saw shadows gliding to and fro across the disc which he took to be the inner mouth of the tunnel; and presently he made out waving fronds and filaments of seaweed in such masses at times that the light was almost obscured.

He sat there the greater part of the day, dabbling his feet in the free sea-water, in hopes that the ebbtide might bring the mouth of the tunnel nearer to him; but it never got close enough to give him any ideas concerning it worth risking his life upon. He would have gone down into the water at once for a closer investigation; but the wound in his shoulder had opened with his late exertions, and healing lay in his remaining quiet.

He had counted so much on the sea-cave leading to freedom that the disappointment depressed him exceedingly. However, there were those other archways and cross-tunnels, and any one of them might be the one he wanted. So the following day he began a systematic search, and it kept him very fully occupied, which made for mental balance.

Of his labours in the transport of fuel for flares, of his precarious gropings in the dark, of all he saw down there of the stupendous works wrought by Nature and the untold ages, I have no space here to tell. I have heard him try to describe them, and at such times his blue eyes had a fixed and far-away look in them, words failed him, and the summing up of the whole was usually a quiet, reminiscent 'Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!' which, while lacking in descriptive detail, told us more than many words. Descriptive detail, you see, was not Alain Carbonec's strong point. The things that actually happened to himself wrought themselves into his very soul, and could never be effaced; and, no matter how rough their telling, no man could hear them from his lips without feeling that he believed every word he spoke.

He searched in turn every opening out of the great cave, and found no hope in any of them, and his spirits sank very low. At the farther end, far away past the red organ-pipes, the cave opened through narrow tunnels into other caves, and these again into others; and so he might have wandered for days, but dared not, lest he should never get back.

In the farthest chamber he ever reached, where the pillars and curtains and tendrils of rock were all as green as the water in the sea-cave, and the silence was so crushing that he averred he could hear the rocks growing, he came on an object that sent him home to his fire and tied him there for two days. In the farthest corner of that far cave he came on the body of a man, sunk down on its knees and sitting on its heels, chin on chest, hands in lap, in the attitude of utter despair and concomitant prayer. It was so coated with green stone, like everything else thereabouts, that it might easily have passed as one more stone among many. But something about it drew his attention, and he examined it carefully, even wasting a precious match on it and an extra flare, and he says it had been a man. It had doubtless been there for ages, from the times before those huge red organ-pipes grew together in the great cave. Alain viewed it with awe, and taking its moral to heart, went back quickly, and for days thereafter never strayed beyond the sight of his fire or the light of the outer cave.

IN THE ANCIENT COLONY.

By Rev. ROBERT WILSON, Ph.D., St John, New Brunswick.



the 24th of June 1497, in the reign of Henry VII., John Cabot discovered a large island in the Atlantic, to which he gave the name of Terra Nova. He was not the first to visit this unique and

picturesque region, for away back in the eleventh century Scandinavian explorers had fished in its waters and hunted in its forests; but as these early visitors made no permanent settlement and left no definite information concerning the island, the fact of its discovery was forgotten, and to the world at large it had remained an unknown land.

The wonderful stories told by Cabot and his fellow-voyagers of the abundance and excellence of the fish that swarmed around its coasts led many to go thither to share in the profits of the business; but no effort was made to found a colony until 5th August 1583, when Sir Humphrey Gilbert landed at St John's, ran up the royal standard, and took possession in the name of his Sovereign, Queen Elizabeth. In point of time, therefore, Terra Nova, or Newfoundland, is the oldest of Britain's dependencies, and hence the appropriateness of the designation, the Ancient Colony.

It is not our purpose to give the history of a region we have known so long and yet know so little about, or to dwell upon the difficulties with which its people had to grapple. Were it so, a tale would be unfolded not at all creditable to those who had the management of its affairs. Certain Englishmen, known as 'merchant adventurers,' having secured exceptional privileges, made the most of them in their own interests. The land was represented as hopelessly barren, the climate unendurable in winter; and settlement was discouraged, trade was restricted, and the island made a close preserve for the catching and curing of fish, or-as one quaintly expressed it-'a great ship moored on the Banks for the convenience of English fishermen.' But a brighter era has dawned. The outside world is becoming acquainted with the vast and varied resources of the island colony, and foreign capitalists are investing largely in its ores and woods. For a single iron-mine of limited area the sum of one million dollars has recently been paid; and, while the wealth in its waters is still enormous, its wealth in minerals and agricultural products is still greater. It is no longer spoken of as the place 'whaur sailors gang to fish for cod,' but as a land of unlimited possibilities, of rich and growing importance.

Mr Robert Gillespie Reid, railway contractor, and a native of Coupar Angus, Scotland, has played a large part in the modern development of Newfoundland. He contracted with the Newfoundland Government in 1898 to operate all trunk and branch lines in the island for fifty years, paying one million dollars for reversion of whole lines at the end of that period, and receiving additional land concessions amounting to about four and a half million acres, 'thus becoming one of the largest landed proprietors in the world.' Other contracts were the building of eight steamers for the traffic of the island, the purchasing and operating the dry dock of St John's, and an electric street railway. The coalfields came also largely into his hands. All his property was transferred to the Reid Newfoundland Company in 1901, of which Mr Reid is first president.

Of its ability to sustain a large population there can be no doubt, for in addition to its fisheries and mines there are thousands of acres of excellent land which await the advent of the intelligent husbandman. There are also extensive forests where the ring of the woodman's axe is still unheard, and which offer an inviting field to the lumber operator. On account of distance from the coast much of the wealth of soil and forest was practically valueless; but the facilities for trade and transportation now being afforded, and the founding of an excellent railway system, are bringing about some wonderful changes.

To the man seeking rest or recreation the Ancient Colony offers rare inducements. coast scenery is grand, with a beautiful intermingling in many places of the softer scenes of the quiet glen or the wooded vale; while in the interior there are many places where reigns a quiet beauty and loveliness in glen or grassy mead seldom surpassed elsewhere. The lakes and rivers abound with trout, salmon, and wildfowl, and herds of the noble caribou roam through the forests and over the plains. Along the line of the railway is a veritable paradise for the sportsman with rod or gun, and for the artist with brush or camera the field is very inviting. The people are hospitable, and guides are available and reasonable in their charges; therefore the man seeking rest and recreation may find it here in any one of a thousand charming retreats, 'far from the busy haunts of men.'

The uneducated Newfoundlanders are peculiar in their speech, and in tone and accent suggest a foreign origin, although the great majority are really British. The letter 'd' is made to do service instead of 't,' the hard sound is given to 'o,' some of the people would rival the Englishman in the use of the superfluous 'h,' the ire of the North Briton would be aroused at the ignoring of the 'r,' while not infrequently the Celt would be surprised at being addressed in the roughest brogue of his country.

The religious needs of the people, with a few exceptions, are cared for by the Roman Catholic. the Episcopal, and the Methodist Churches, and the interest taken in religion is exceptionally earnest. As the system of denominational schools obtains, each denomination has its own Board of Education, provides for its own children, and receives State aid in proportion to the numbers in attendance. Religion and education are thus combined; and where the ministrations of the clergy are irregular, the teacher in many places acts as sub-pastor, and conducts service in their absence. Connected with some of these services strange stories are told; for, left to themselves, laymen in some of the out-districts manage matters in a wild way. The meetings are often continued until 'the wee sma' hour' is reached, when-with the weeping, shouting, singing, and sometimes swooning-scenes difficult to describe are presented. Such scenes, however, belong more to the past than to the present, and the young people of to-day are much amused when told of these extravagances. As a class these laypreachers and teachers are intelligent, industrious, patriotic, and painstaking, and are preparing the rising generation to take advantage of the new era of commercial and industrial prosperity upon which the colony is just entering.

The work of the clergyman in the out-districts has always been difficult and often dangerous. As highways were unknown, boats had to be used wherever possible in passing from place to place; but sometimes the journey had to be made through the woods and on foot. In a new or uninhabited country it is no unusual experience to be lost in the forest, and sometimes these mishaps are of the saddest character. As I write these lines information has been received of the finding of the remains of a man who four years ago was lost in the wilds of New Brunswick. He had gone out with his son to shoot partridges; but they had become separated, and the man had failed to find his way to the clearings, had become bewildered, and died from weariness and hunger. Hundreds went out in search, and the country for miles around was scoured in all directions, but without avail. Such was the experience of the Rev. Thomas Boland, an Episcopalian clergyman, who similarly lost his way, and perished from cold and exhaustion. Only a few months ago the Rev. Mr Bell, a Methodist missionary, in seeking to reach a distant part of his parish, missed his way, and for several days wandered in the wilds without food or shelter; but fortunately he was rescued before it was too late. The spirit of the martyrs still lives, and the Ancient Colony has furnished some noble examples of Christian heroism.

The fisherman's life is one of constant peril. When the season arrives which calls him to engage in the business, he goes off in his schooner to the Grand Banks. These little vessels are often

enveloped in storm and fog and darkness till all reckoning is lost, and those who man them are indeed at their wits' end. They are exposed to the triple danger of collision with icebergs, of being run down by the swift ocean steamer, or of being swamped in the surging waters. Still more perilous is the work of the dory mates in their small and fragile-looking boats. Not infrequently these drift away beyond sight or sound of the schooners to which they belong, and if not picked up by some passing ship, are never heard of again. The outcome of all this is a tough, hardy, plucky, and resourceful mariner, capable of any amount of work, and able to do with the poorest appliances what many another would not do with the best. Here is a grand school for the training of seamen for His Majesty's navy, menwhom no danger can daunt, whom no fatigue can exhaust.

Nearly every place outside of St John's is called an outport, and at the greater number of these places doctors are, like angels' visits, few and far between. Instead of crowding each other and competing for practice, they require a guarantee of a certain stipend before they consent to make the outport their home. By this arrangement a fair income is assured, and the poorest child in the district is entitled to medical attendance and care.

While a magistrate is always found at these outports, lawyers are even fewer than doctors, and the administration of justice is conducted in rather a novel manner. A vessel is chartered by the Government to visit such places as cannot be reached by rail, carrying judges, lawyers, and whoever and whatever else is required to constitute a court. The arrival of the vessel with her distinguished passengers is the event of the year, and is looked forward to or back upon as an occasion of special interest.

While the people know nothing as yet of the horseless carriage, they have long been familiar with the horseless town, for in not a few places that noble animal has been conspicuous by his absence; but with the general improvement that is so evident on all sides, the importance of the horse is being more and more recognised. This was illustrated quite recently in a very forcible manner by a boy in one of the public schools; for, while it indicated great lack of culture, it gave a good idea of the value of this animal. He had been requested to write an essay on 'The Horse,' and the following is a correct copy: 'the horse hales wood and in the winter herrings. men got to put shows on the horse, fraid they would fall on slipry ice. horse plows. grown horse eights hay and outs. you can ride on horses, horses sleep in stables by night. horses can run faster than oxen. horses got to hawl slays and carts. horses have young wons. there is differents of horses. there is wild horses and there is tame horses. horse is a very useful

animale. the horse is a very strong animile. there is wite horses and black horses and red horses and gray horses.'

Passing over many other matters, a few words about St John's will be of interest. It is certainly a beautiful city, with one of the safest and most picturesque harbours in the world. It has many fine public buildings, and a number of the private residences indicate not only that the owners are wealthy, but also that they possess taste and refinement. Of the people a recent tourist speaks thus: 'The majority impress one by their sincere and earnest manner, and possess the dignity of well-occupied, fully rounded lives. After careful study one is more convinced than ever of the propitious influence a northern climate yields for the building of strong races. It is a remarkable fact that one finds little or no deformity or disease among the people of this city, exposed as they are to the elements and to a perilous life. One may walk the street from day to day and not come in contact with physical

degeneracy. Moral vices are also rare, bringing us to the conclusion that this city of churches strives to build up the physical being and the moral purposes, as well as to inculcate creed and denominational enthusiasm; watches over the purity of life as well as the organisation of Sunday-schools.'

One of the most important questions now agitating the minds of the Newfoundlanders is what is known as 'The French Shore Difficulty'—namely, the claim of France not only to catch and cure fish in that section of the island, but to so control matters as to deny a similar right to the natives. The readiest way to redress the wrong is in union with Canada, as Canada's voice would perhaps command greater attention than that of an isolated colony. Be that as it may, the Dominion needs Newfoundland and Newfoundland needs the Dominion; and the day is not far distant when the Ancient Colony will have become one of the provinces of the Britain of the West.

LUCIA B. POTTS.

CHAPTER III.



T is a very trying thing for a young man to be nailed to an old woman's sick-bed when he is neither a saint nor an expectant legatee; the position being aggravated when the young man is in love, or at least

is disposed to play the rôle of lover.

Calderon's impatience was increased by a letter from Lady Evelyn telling him, as part of her social gossip, on what intimate terms the New York heiress appeared to be with his own secretary, Noel Erskine, who had turned out to be an old friend, and whose claims had been confirmed by the fact that he had managed to fish up Miss Patience Potts out of the Thames during a boating excursion to Cookham; the good lady by some curious maladroitness having succeeded in losing her balance and falling into deep water.

'Mr Erskine had his shoes and coat off in a twinkling,' wrote the lively lady, 'and held up the poor woman with one arm while he fought his way back to the bank with the other. We have heard some people speak of him as if he were a cripple; but he has the strength of Hercules in his arms. Lucia, who seems very fond of her aunt, was dissolved in gratitude, and they meet, I fancy, very often.'

After the receipt of this letter Lord Calderon secured an interview with Mrs Moberly's physician, with the result of obtaining an opinion that the present attack was not likely to prove fatal, and that quiet and isolation would best conduce to the patient's recovery.

'You will send me a wire in case of a relapse,'

suggested Calderon cheerfully. 'I would stay on till doomsday were it not that I am called to town on urgent private affairs.'

The physician smiled slightly. Which of the golden youths of the social empyrean has not urgent private affairs in that direction when flaming June reigns in the capital?

On his return he took up the season's routine with an assiduity quite new to him; for it was now his deliberate purpose to see as much of Lucia Potts as possible, and he was gratified to find her admitted to the best houses, and seeming quite assured of her position. Why, indeed, he asked himself anxiously, should it not be so? Apart from her beauty and her wealth, she had such an intelligent and widespread interest in things social and mental as to make her a delightful companion, added to a pretty gift of repartee. She showed neither shyness nor assurance, but a level selfpossession equal to most occasions; while her deportment at table and in the ballroom alike was in irreproachable taste. In a word, Lucia would not disgrace the dignity of a peeress while enabling the impecunious peer to level up his broken fortunes to their once impressive propor-It would be a marriage of equivalents, softened by a distinct prepossession.

As for any rivalry on the part of his secretary, as suggested by Lady Evelyn, Calderon had dismissed the notion with a smile of tolerant superiority. Erskine was always absorbed in his duties, his chief ambition being so to inoculate Calderon with his own views and enthusiasms as to make him an influential personality in the Upper Chamber;

what leisure he had was given to literary work of his own, journalistic and otherwise. He seemed to have a perverse disinclination for society, rejecting the opportunities offered. As a matter of precaution or diplomacy, Calderon had on one occasion mentioned the name of Lucia Potts in connection with her charm and social success, but without eliciting the slightest sign of personal feeling. Erskine acquiesced with cool indifference.

Encouraged by his manner, Calderon ventured a step farther. Men are apt to be more reticent than women in such matters. 'I think, Erskine, I have heard Miss Potts mention your name. She knew you in New York?'

The young man, who was writing, did not put down his pen, but glanced up carelessly.

'Yes, some four years ago. I was at the time tutor, or keeper rather, to that half-deranged lad, Frank Jocelyn, and circumstances led to Miss Potts's father showing both of us great kindness. He was a fine type of the American millionaire.'

'And you have renewed the acquaintance this season?'

'In a sense. Miss Potts was good enough to recognise me in the first instance at the Academy; and, in memory of old times, she invited me to a picnic on the Thames. We have scarcely met since.'

He waited a moment as if for any further inquiries, and then resumed his writing, quite aware that Calderon's eyes were studying his face. After a few minutes' silence he spoke again. 'I have reason to think,' he said, 'that both Miss Potts and her aunt were willing to be very kind to me; but, you see, our ways in life do not run parallel, and I had no claim whatever upon them beyond the memory of her father's good-will.'

'I thought you saved the old lady's life.'

'Absurd! I helped her out of a puddle, and that was all.'

Fortified by these disclaimers, Calderon resolved to press his suit at closer quarters. He was very polite to Miss Patience, as much from natural courtesy as from the knowledge that Lucia was keenly appreciative of attentions paid to her aunt.

It happened, a few days after his talk with Erskine, that he called at Victoria Street, ostensibly to bring that lady a society novel she had not succeeded in getting for herself, and found Lucia dressed for walking, and with the evident intention of going out alone. So favourable an opportunity was not to be neglected, and he asked if he might be allowed to accompany her.

An English girl might have hesitated; but to Lucia the proposal seemed perfectly natural.

'Certainly,' she cried cheerfully, 'if you don't mind going where I am going.'

To the Park—to Bond Street?' he suggested. 'I am at your service.'

'Not a bit of it! I am bound for Westminster Abbey.' Then, in answer perhaps to his involuntarily lifted eyebrows, she added: 'When we chose this flat it was with the idea that we should be near the Abbey, and I could go to service every day. That was my dream in Fifth Avenue. Now, would you believe it, I have only been twice since we came. If we make haste we shall be in time for afternoon service.'

Lucia had never appeared more charming than on this occasion. As they walked together to the Abbey she was full of ardent talk about the associations of the locality, of which she was in fuller possession than the English peer; then her sincere devotion as she knelt at prayer, and her innocent rapture at the music as the matchless organ pealed forth and the choir-boys tossed the praises from side to side, appealed to his sense of the womanly and the befitting. Afterwards, when they made the tour of the Abbey, he was astonished at her erudition, not having duly considered the enthusiasm of an American girl for the splendid antiquities of the old country, helped by an intelligent study of photographs and illustrated papers.

When they returned to her flat—for Lord Calderon had eagerly accepted her invitation to afternoon tea—they found that Miss Potts was still absent on a shopping expedition, so that their tête-à-tête continued.

The circumstance caused one of them a little trepidation; but it was not Lucia. She had flung down her plumed hat on a chair, and was leaning against the window-frame in an attitude almost approaching dejection. It was a woman's mood doubtless; but it caused him a little surprise. She had, indeed, been less brightly talkative on their homeward way.

'You have a headache?' he asked solicitously. 'I ought not to have suffered you to work so hard in my behalf.'

'I never have a headache,' she answered gravely; 'but great churches always make me feel unhappy. They show one the end of everything—kingship and fame and money. I want some one to advise me what to do with my big fortune.'

The colour rushed into Calderon's face. The poise of her slim figure, the delicate oval of her face, the singular beauty of her eyes, which looked towards him with an almost pathetic wistfulness, stirred the young man's pulses.

'Could you help me?' she went on, with a vibration of sensibility in her voice. 'You, of course, are used to the management of great revenues, and—you have always been so kind to me.'

'No,' he said in a stifled voice, and stooping to pick up some petals which had fallen on the floor from the button-hole in his coat, 'I am the last in the world to advise you. The art of administering great revenues has long been lost in the Calderon family, Miss'— He paused a moment on her

name; it seemed an outrage on the charm and distinction of her bearing.

In a moment the girl had recovered her usual gaiety.

'Call me Lucia,' she interposed quickly. 'I am always Lucia to my friends; and the other name'—she laughed a little silvery laugh which yet had a note of defiance in it—'does not suit your lordship's lips.'

She swept him an ironical curtsey, and at the same moment Aunt Patience entered the room. Without controversy, the psychological moment had fied.

During the meal which followed, and which was of elaborate elegance, Lord Calderon devoted himself to the elder Miss Potts with a discretion that Lady Evelyn would have commended. She was a homely, intelligent woman, and he was the only visitor, so that the talk drifted by degrees into intimate topics. She talked of her brother, Lucia's father, of whom she was immensely proud, and gave some graphic particulars of the means by which he had raised himself from penury and obscurity to the honourable position of the largest exporter of American beef in Chicago, leaving five millions at his death to carry down his name to posterity. Calderon listened with a nervous interest, and made diplomatic replies to the effect that the business energy and resource of Americans were the admiration and almost the despair of his own countrymen; and all the time he watched Lucia to see if she winced under the recital, or detected want of cordiality in his own enthusiasm. But she was silent and distrait, and she even started a little when her aunt appealed to her for confirmation of some incident she was relating. Then, rising at once to the occasion, Lucia looked at Calderon with a smile.

'How polite you are,' she said, 'not to show a sign that auntie's talk bores you! It must all seem to you so far removed, so unthinkable and vulgar, you who look back and forward to generations of culture and dainty living. But, please understand, I am not ashamed of my father; I should be a pitiful wretch if I were! Don't fancy he was illiterate and vulgar because he had earned his knowledge and wisdom as he earned his millions, by his own brains, courage, and patience. Ah, how good he was to me! He gave me the best education in the States, and then sent me to Europe, though it almost broke his heart to part with me.' Her face had softened into tender reminiscence. 'Thank God!' she added, 'we had a few happy years together in New York after he had made his pile.'

Lord Calderon had bowed acquiescence to her words, and had looked sympathetic; but, in truth, the antecedents of Lucia Potts afflicted his soul. It was in vain he took himself to task for narrow and self-regarding prejudices of birth and education, and tried to take a more catholic view of humanity as such. It was not in him to do this; and should he

sue and win the fair girl before him, it would be in despite of racial instincts. It was something of a relief that at this point Aunt Patience was summoned from the room.

Meanwhile Lucia still harped on the same string. 'No one ever came into contact with my father,' she was saying, 'without getting a fillip towards good works; he was so 'cute—I mean so sagacious—and far-seeing, and with it all so tolerant and large-hearted. Whenever I find a man like him I shall be quite ready'—— She stopped with a blush and a still more delightful smile as she met Calderon's amused glance.

'I see,' he said; 'in that case you will be half disposed to trust him with the administration of your big fortune?'

'Yes,' she answered without embarrassment, though her colour deepened, 'I confess that was what I was going to say; but I guess I shall have to wait a long time first. You see,' she continued, leaning a little forward in her earnestness, with her elbow on the table and her chin delicately poised in her rosy palm, 'I can afford to wait. I don't want money, for I have plenty of that, and I don't care for birth as birth alone. What I do want is a clear, strong brain that won't defer to my womanish cleverness, and a fair record—I mean a good life, free from mean actions or the nursing of base thoughts.' Her voice fell to a tender cadence.

Lord Calderon watched her with a curious mixture of feelings. It was all a little unconventional; but he had never thought her more engaging. Some might have suspected her of coquetry direct and unabashed; but he was neither fool nor egoist, and he perceived clearly that whatever idea was in her mind was remote from his own personality. The belief piqued him unquestionably; and there was a dreamy look in Lucia's eyes and a pathetic droop at the corners of her sweet lips that almost suggested the notion that her ideal had its objective. He felt a sensation akin to jealousy.

'After all,' he said a little dryly, 'your requirements are not extravagant. There are plenty of men of good intellect and clean lives who yet would want a good deal more to make a woman happy. They might have the temper of a fiend or a heart like a Stoic.'

'Oh, I had not filled in the details,' she cried. 'It was but a rough sketch; but you look disapproval, Lord Calderon, and Lady Evelyn has told me that your taste and judgment are unerring. Tell me honestly if I have said what I ought not to have said.'

'So far as my poor opinion goes, you have said nothing but what has done you honour; but before I go'—he had risen to take his departure—'may I be bold enough to add a few touches to your picture? We will grant the clear brain and the fair record; but over and above that must be a disinterestedness so proved and established as to defy question or

doubt, and a love so strong as to be able to endure the weight of your great inheritance.'

He held out his hand in adien; but his face was pale and set. Lucia shrank back a little.

'Do not say that,' she said; 'do not say that! It hurts me dreadfully.' She spoke in a sort of urgent whisper.

'All the same, it will be wise to add these

trenchant lines to your marital sketch, Lucia—you have given me leave to call you so—and study it till—till we meet again.'

As the door closed upon him Lucia clasped her hands tightly together.

'If he is right—and I fear he is right—what shall I do?' she asked herself. 'How far may a woman dare and not be ashamed?'

'THOSE WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES.'

By J. E. WHITEY.



ROBABLY not even the most far-seeing person ever dreamed of a time when this apparently metaphorical proverb would become a word of sound advice in its most literal meaning. The expression 'living

in glass houses' admirably represented the frail nature of a dwelling not to be recommended for those addicted to the unpleasant habit of casting stones at their neighbours' foibles; but that a day would ever come when a glass house, other than the Crystal Palace or some similar erection—nay, a glass home—would be a fact, would not have found credence some few years ago. Yet it is an accomplished reality; and while its inhabitant may be debarred from damaging his neighbour's property, he claims that his unusual dwelling has certain advantages which make it worth consideration.

Bricks made of glass for building purposes have been known for some time in England. Switzerland, and America. In the latter country the makers have greatly perfected the idea, and have contrived to mould and colour them; but, for various reasons, they have been hitherto only employed for interior additions to shops, workrooms, or offices. A Dutchman, from Utrecht, living in Yokohama, has, however, completely carried out the notion of a glass house, and has constructed so remarkable a home that the description is extremely interesting. The house is about forty feet long by about twenty-one wide, and sixteen feet high. The glass employed is in the form of rough plates nearly three feet long, about two feet wide, and a foot thick. Each wall comprises, indeed, two walls, separated by the space of a foot, and filled with a very strong liquid solution of a sodium. The plates forming the walls are enclosed in cast-iron frames, and united laterally by nuts and screws in such a manner as to form rows of glass tiles ranged one above another. These are separated by felt and wood to the height of the roof. The ceiling is also formed of glass, the interstices being filled with india-rubber. Over these tiles is a layer of ashes, on which thin wood is laid that in its turn is covered with cement. The whole thus forms a most efficacious preventive of the loss of interior heat, while not allowing the sun's rays to enter. A moment's consideration will show that this curious house has neither doors nor windows, while an absence of chinks or crevices, preventing the admission of air, forms equally a barrier to microbes, insects, or damp.

The necessary air is renewed by means of pipes placed vertically at some distance from the dwelling, and which communicate with other pipes opening into one of the lower chambers; but before reaching this it is filtered by passing through cages filled with cotton. It is then driven over a large plate of glass covered with glycerine, that acts as final catcher of any microbes that may have eluded the cotton. In the floors of the different rooms-also somewhat unusual, inasmuch as they consist of two layers of boards separated by a bed of sawdust-are gratings through which the highly purified air can be admitted at will. Outside, and at the level of the ceiling, the house is surrounded by a sort of glass pipe, which communicates with openings by which the contaminated air from within is driven out. The heat generated in this pipe-either by the sun or by an ingenious discharge of rain-water, or by the action of a stove in one of the lower rooms-sets up a draught, and the current of air is driven towards a chimney. By these ingenious arrangements the air is always pure, the temperature equable, and the expense for combustion reduced considerably. The saline solution enclosed between the two walls can be coloured so as to admit of a soft and agreeable light. The advantage of this solution is that during the daytime the heat generated by the sun warms the liquid instead of passing through the glass, and melts a greater quantity of the salt. During the night, the temperature being lower, there is a tendency to crystallisation on the part of the saturated solution—a tendency which manifests itself by a loss of heat. As the building is surrounded by a kind of shallow veranda closed by glass of the ordinary kind, the heat thus freed cannot escape from the building, and serves to raise the interior temperature.

The arrangement for entrance is no less ingeniously managed. Four plates of glass light an underground room, and it is by this apartment the interior of the house is reached, the visitor passing through a corridor and rising to the level of the ground by an enclosed staircase. The doors of this corridor are so adjusted that only a minimum of air is allowed to enter. The many engineers who have seen this extraordinary building have declared that it contains all the conditions most necessary for an absolutely healthy manner of living, protecting as it does its inhabitants from a variable temperature, with the minimum of expense for warming. A curious

detail with regard to this glass house is that it is specially constructed to withstand earthquakes (of which it has already resisted three hundred shocks), the foundation pillars on which it rests revolving easily in excavated semicircular hollows. Whether the example in house-building of Dr Van der Heyden will be followed by others remains to be seen. Taken in connection with the proverb, the mere thought of it should certainly make us more inclined to respect the ideas and fancies of our neighbours.

A REACTION.

By J. J. Bell, Author of Wee Macgreegor.



ALF-PAST nine, sir,' said Professor Bennett's housekeeper, opening the parlour door and depositing his coat and hat on the chair nearest it, as was her custom on five mornings out of the seven.

'Ah!' exclaimed the Professor, starting, and folding up the letter which he had been reading for the fourth or fifth time; 'is it so late, Mrs Leslie?' he said, with an almost guilty look. His breakfast lay before him cold and untasted, and his morning paper had not been opened.

Mrs Leslie wondered what was wrong, but merely remarked as she retired, 'You will need your coat and muffler to-day, sir. It is bitterly cold.'

'Thank you,' he returned as he rose from the table. Sitting down in an easy-chair by the fireside, he kicked off his slippers and lifted his boots from the fender. 'Twenty years,' he muttered; 'twenty years since I saw her last, and—I'm still a fool!' He drew on his boots rather savagely and tugged impatiently at the laces. One of them snapped, and with sundry boyish grimaces he tied the ends in a clumsy knot. Presently he looked at his watch, then at his pipe-rack, shook his head ruefully, rose to his feet, gulped down a cup of cold tea, donned his coat and hat, and hurried from the house. He had to meet his junior chemistry class at ten o'clock.

Mrs Leslie, after the maid had removed the breakfast things, came into the parlour to do what she called a 'little tidying up.' The Professor's slippers were sprawling on the hearthrug, and she picked them up, placed one within the other, and laid them on a hassock at the side of the mantelpiece within reach of the easy-chair. The morning paper and several circulars and catalogues of second-hand books she transferred from the breakfast-table to a shelf also close to the easy-chair; after which she proceeded to dust the overmantel and the various objects thereon, and to put the furniture straight.

'Well!' she said suddenly to herself, 'if he hasn't gone off without his muffler!' With a sigh and a

head-shake she removed the article of comfort from the chair on which it was lying, and left the room. She retired to her own apartment, and sat down at a table covered with manuscripts in a villainous handwriting. Having selected a number of them, she laid a quire or two of ruled paper in front of her and took up a pen. During the last two years she had done a good deal of copying work for her employer, who had some old-fashioned objections to typewriters, and who somehow was glad of an excuse for paying his housekeeper a higher wage than she had originally bargained for.

Mrs Leslie was the widow of a doctor who had not lived long enough to make more than a bare living, and she had been left alone and practically penniless before she was thirty. Her relations were kindly disposed but poor; and as soon as possible she decided to take a situation. She was recommended to Professor Bennett, who at that time had an invalid sister living with him. The invalid took a fancy to the young widow, and begged her brother to engage her, which the Professor did, in spite of the chaff of some of his bachelor friends. Two years later Miss Bennett underwent an operation, and recovered health and strength; but, instead of insisting on superintending her brother's domestic affairs, she fell in love with an old and faithful admirer, and left the former to what she secretly considered an exceedingly happy fate. In a word, she felt that her brother could not do better than wed his housekeeper. It was well, however, that she never even hinted such a thing to the Professor. At forty-three he still cherished, somewhat dutifully perhaps, the memory of a woman who had cruelly fooled him when he was twenty years younger; and though after his sister's departure he began to realise that Mrs Leslie was both a clever and a pretty woman, the idea of trying to forget the past never occurred to him, and his life was almost entirely devoted to his scientific work. ceived few visitors, and the disagreeable observations of 'kind friends' regarding his retaining such a 'young person' in the position of housekeeper did not reach his ears. But with Mrs Leslie it was different.

As she sat at the writing-table with the Professor's manuscripts before her and the first dip of ink drying on her pen, she told herself that she wished she had resigned her situation immediately after Miss Bennett's marriage. 'What a fool I am!' she thought. 'I've shilly-shallied for nearly a year; but I've made up my mind to tell him now. I don't suppose I'll ever get another house so nice and easy as this; but, heigh-ho! that has nothing to do with it. I wonder if he'll be annoyed at my leaving. I know he hates changes. And what on earth was the matter with him this morning? He never touched his breakfast, poor man! I must get him something more tempting than a steak for dinner.' And Mrs Leslie fell to considering a dainty dish to set before a scientist.

Meantime Professor Bennett was addressing his class of first-year medicals, light-hearted but heavysoled young men, ever on the alert for an incident over which they might create a disturbance. As a rule the Professor had his audience well in hand, and provided them with little cause for riotous behaviour; but this morning he was obviously nervous, and he signalised his entrance into the lecture-room by dropping his roll-book. This very slight accident was hailed by the budding medicals with mingled murmurs of sympathy and expostulation. 'Dear, dear!' 'Tut, tut!' and other ejaculations came from the benches—principally the back ones; while several students raised their voices in mock protest, and called for 'Order!' The Professor kept his temper, though he found it harder to do so than usual, and went on to call the roll, after which he opened the business of the hour. Mercury was the subject of the lecture, and for about thirty minutes the class graciously pleased itself to be interested in the remarks and experiments which were delivered and shown without hesitation or hitch. Then the Professor, who was less interested in his work than usual, tripped in a very simple fashion.

'Another vividly coloured salt of mercury is the iodide—mercuric iodide. We may prepare it thus. Here we have a solution of mercuric chloride.' The Professor felt for and lifted a bottle, and poured a little of its colourless contents into a beaker of water, which he set on the bench in front of him. 'We now add a few drops of an iodide—let us take potassium iodide'—he held up another, a bottle of colourless liquid, and tilted it over the beaker. 'The mercuric iodide,' he continued, looking at his audience, 'is formed as a yellow precipitate which changes presently to brilliant scarlet.'

At this point several members of the class began to snigger and shuffle their feet.

'A yellow precipitate which quickly changes to a brilliant scarlet. You can see'—

The giggling and shuffling increased.

'Gentlemen!' said the Professor mildly.

The class was now in vocal and pedal convulsions. 'Gentlemen!' exclaimed the Professor sharply.

He glanced at the beaker. The liquid was clear as crystal. The class roared at the discomfiture.

'Gentlemen, I made a mistake; hence the reaction has not taken place. I took too much for granted,' he said, trying to smile, but feeling that his face was pale. 'One moment, please.' He was nervous and annoyed at his blunder.

But the class had lost its head and found its voice and feet. It was seldom such an opportunity occurred in the chemistry lecture-room.

'Gentlemen!' exclaimed the Professor, losing his

The noise was redoubled.

'Gentlemen!'

Singing was added to the horrors of the disturbance.

'I withdraw the expression,' shouted the Professor. 'INFANTS!' And he walked swiftly from his desk and out of the lecture-room. He told his assistants in the laboratory that he was feeling unwell, and set out for home.

Mrs Leslie was surprised at his early return, and when she heard him shut his study door with a vicious crash she felt sure that something serious was the matter. She left her writing and went into the kitchen. Ten minutes later she knocked at the study door.

'Come in,' said Professor Bennett. He was sitting at his desk, and as his housekeeper entered he accidentally swept a sheet of paper to the floor. Where the sheet of paper had been Mrs Leslie saw the faded photograph of a girl and a soiled glove.

'I've put some soup in the parlour, sir,' she said, looking out of the window.

'I—I don't think I want anything, Mrs Leslie,' he stammered.

'You had so little breakfast, sir.'

'Well, well, I'll go into the parlour in a minute. It was very thoughtful of you, Mrs Leslie,' he added, feeling a trifle comforted.

His housekeeper withdrew. 'I meant to tell him about my leaving, but'—— she began, and stopped with a sigh. 'I wonder if she's dead?' she thought presently. 'It was an old-fashioned photograph. Poor fellow!'

The Professor placed the glove and likeness in his breast-pocket, locked up his desk, and removed himself to the parlour. There he partook of the soup and a glass of sherry, which cheered him physically if not mentally. He filled and lit his pipe, and rang the bell. The maid answered it, and he requested her to ask Mrs Leslie to come to him. She appeared shortly, her hands full of papers.

'I haven't quite finished them,' she began.

'There's no hurry, Mrs Leslie, no hurry. I merely wished to thank you for the excellent soup. You evidently know what I require better than I do myself.'

The lady coloured slightly. 'You don't take much care of yourself, sir,' she murmured.

'H'm! Er—I was worried this morning, Mrs Leslie, and I'm sorry to say I had a scene with my class.' He knew not what possessed him to tell her that; but immediately he had done so he felt the confession had soothed the soreness of his spirit. 'I—I believe I lost my temper abominably,' he continued. 'The boys were certainly aggravating, but'—— He paused and smiled in a shamed manner.

'I was sure you were not feeling quite yourself this morning, sir,' said Mrs Leslie, surprised, but not displeased, at receiving his confidence. 'When would you like lunch, sir?'

'Oh, I don't want any lunch now. But you might make dinner an hour earlier. I—I shall be out most of the afternoon,' he said, his clean-shaven face reddening.

'Very good, sir. And I shall have the copying finished by the evening. Is there anything else, sir?'

'No—yes! You might telephone to Mr Brand at the laboratory, and tell him I shall take the classes as usual to-morrow.'

'Very good, sir,' said Mrs Leslie, moving to the door.

'I wish you'—— began the Professor. 'No; it's nothing, Mrs Leslie,' he added quickly.—'I wish she wouldn't call me "sir,"' he said to himself a moment later. 'It's so unfriendly. Perhaps I'm getting a little unconventional in my old age! But I don't know what I'd do without Mrs Leslie.' He relit his pipe and sighed.

Presently he put his hand in his breast-pocket and drew out the photograph, which had lain in his desk for twenty years, and also the letter which he had received that morning. On the back of the card was written 'Lily Warden;' the letter was signed 'Lily Beckenham.'

'I wonder what she wants me to help her in,' he muttered. 'I suppose she has changed a bit in twenty years. Her husband is dead, and she has a grown-up daughter. Well, well! Strange! I'm almost afraid to meet her again. I believe I was beginning to forget, and now—— Bah! I'm a fool!'

At half-past three that afternoon Professor Bennett, in a condition of extreme nervousness, entered one of the private sitting-rooms on the second floor of the Queen's Hotel.

'Ah, Jim, is it really you?' said a faintly familiar

A mist came before the man's eyes. He had not been called 'Jim' for twenty years, his sister preferring 'the more professorial James,' as she termed it.

'How—how do you do'—— He was going to say 'Lily;' but the mist cleared from his sight, and he said stumblingly, 'Mrs Beckenham?'

The lady giggled a little foolishly, and invited her visitor to be seated. The man's nervousness left him, and was succeeded by a great pity for the woman before him. Was this Lily—the Lily whose fair memory had haunted and tormented him through the best years of his life? Was this his beloved—this fat, giggling, overdressed, overjewelled creature? Oh, it was cruel!

She began to talk, and a commonplace conversation ensued. He listened to her account of herself listlessly, and answered her inquiries patiently, till at last he could bear it no longer.

'You wanted my advice on some matter, Mrs Beckenham?' he said gently.

'Oh yes, Jim; but that can wait,' ahe returned, with ponderous lightness.

In desperation he looked at his watch.

'It was about my daughter, Nora,' she said, noticing the action and thinking to detain him. 'She wishes to study medicine. I don't like the idea; but I thought I would consult you before making any decision.'

'Er—a University Calendar might help you better than I can; it gives pretty full details. I'll see that you get a copy, Mrs Beckenham.'

'Oh! thank you so much, Jim,' she said gushingly. 'But I hate reading about anything. Bring the Calendar, will you, and explain it? When will you come and dine with us? We shall be here all this week, and probably next week also.'

The Professor numbled some wretched excuses about work which prevented him from deciding definitely at the moment; and it was finally arranged that he should write to her the following day and choose the evening which was convenient for himself.

'Poor Jim!' sighed Mrs Beckenham when she was alone, 'he is just as shy as ever.'

'What a fool I've been!' groaned the Professor as he left the hotel. But a moment later he laughed. 'By Jupiter! I'm glad she asked me to go and see her this afternoon. Poor thing!' he added softly.

He took a hansom home, and entered the house in high spirits. The first thing he did on reaching his study was to drop into the fire a letter, a photograph, and a soiled glove. 'Why didn't I do this twenty years ago?' he asked himself. He felt as if his heart had been swept and garnished.

'Something has happened,' thought Mrs Leslie when she met him crossing the hall to dinner; and she retired to her room smiling sadly.

The Professor appreciated the dainty meal, but wished—an uncommon desire for him—he had some one to talk to.

Later in the evening Mrs Leslie came to him in the study with his manuscript and her copy. She took her seat under the lamp at the writing-table and read over her day's work so that he might check any errors.

He lay back in his easy-chair enjoying a cigar, rather a rare form of tobacco for him to indulge in. 'What a pleasant voice she has, to be sure!' he reflected lazily; and presently he began to watch her as she read, failing to notice several nonsensical

blunders, due no doubt, in the first place, to his own bad writing.

'Have I made no mistakes this time?' saked Mrs Leslie in some surprise when she had completed her task.

'Eh?' said the Professor as if roused from a dream. 'Oh, I beg your pardon, Mrs Lealie. No; I think it is all quite correct; and I'm very much obliged to you.'

She laid down the papers, and rose. He wished she would not go.

'Sir,' said Mrs Leslie, and the word jarred the man disagreeably, 'I—I would like to speak to you about—about'——

'Yes, Mrs Leslie?' he said, wondering at her hesitation.

'I—I'm afraid I must leave you, sir.' It was hardly the speech she had prepared.

'Ah, you have something to do this evening. I'm sorry I've kept you reading so long. Don't let me detain you, Mrs Leslie.'

'But I mean—I mean leave you altogether,' she stammered; 'leave your house, sir.'

The cigar dropped from the Professor's fingers. 'Leave me—leave my house, Mrs Leslie?' he gasped.

Mrs Leslie could not speak at the moment; but she picked up the cigar, which she saw was burning the carpet, and laid it on an ash-tray at his elbow. 'I'm thinking of going to live in the country,' she said, moving back to her position by the writingtable.

'The country? Where?' inquired the Professor.
'I beg your pardon,' he added quickly. 'It's none of my business.' A dismal idea possessed him: Mrs Leslie was going to be married.

'I don't think the town suits me, sir,' said his housekeeper.

It struck him that he had never seen her looking so well. There was a fine colour in her cheeks. But he only said, 'I'm very sorry, Mrs Leslie.'

'I—I could wait till you get another house-keeper,' she remarked, ending an uncomfortable pause.

He looked up at her with a curiously wistful expression. 'Thank you,' he said slowly. 'My sister is coming to-morrow to remain for a week. Perhaps you will talk over the matter with her, Mrs Leslie.'

'Very good, sir.'

The Professor leapt to his feet. 'For any sake don't call me "sir," he cried, pale and trembling.

She started and stared at him in amazement, speechless. A dead silence came between them.

The man broke it. 'Forgive me, please. I—I don't know what's wrong with me.' Without a word she moved towards the door. He followed, and, opening it for her, gravely bowed as she left the room.

It was a long and miserable night for Professor Bennett. At five in the morning, unable to rest longer in his bed, he dressed and went down to the study, where for nearly three hours he paced the floor. About eight Mrs Leslie, who never allowed the maid to enter the sanctum, opened the door, and was startled to find the room tenanted.

'I quarrelled with my sleep last night,' said the Professor, with a poor smile. How fresh and pretty she looked!

'It is too cold here, sir,' said Mrs Leslie, who carried a newspaper and a bundle of sticks. 'Mary is cleaning the parlour this morning, and I was going to light the fire and lay your breakfast here.' She crossed the room, knelt down on the hearthrug, and began to rake out the ashes.

'I wish you wouldn't do that, Mrs Lealie,' he murmured after watching her for a few minutes. Perhaps she did not hear him; at any rate she paid no attention, and soon the flames were rising through the wood and coal. She rose to her feet with the ash-pan in her hands. He strode forward, and before she knew what he was about he had taken it from her and laid it on the floor.

'You must not do that,' he said passionately.

'Oh, sir!' she cried.

He writhed at the word. 'Sit down for a minute, please,' he pleaded. 'I want to speak to you, Mrs Leslie.'

Something compelled her to obey.

'You—you are leaving me for—for a house of your own, are you not?' he asked awkwardly. 'I—I should like to be allowed to—to furnish a part of it—if—if your future'——

'Oh, stop! It is a mistake.'

'A mistake? You mean you are going to be housekeeper to some one else?'

'Yes. I suppose so.'

'I thought you were going to be married, Mrs Leslie.'

'No, sir.'

The Professor walked the length of the room and returned to the fire. 'I must tell you,' he said desperately. And thereupon he poured forth, with a stammering tongue, the tale of his twenty-year-old love affair. 'You would never have guessed such a thing of me?' he said sadly, in conclusion.

'I knew it,' returned Mrs Leslie gently. She had forgotten he was her employer. 'At least I had an idea that you cared very much for some-body.'

'That I imagined I cared for somebody,' he muttered, reddening. He dropped into a chair beside her, and she made as if to rise. 'Mrs Lealie,' he said, 'don't go just yet. I've something else to tell you.'

'I must see about your breakfast, sir.'

'Deuce take the breakfast!'

'Oh!' But she could not repress a little smile.

The little smile was like a tonic to the Professor. He looked bravely at her. 'Let me tell you the plain truth,' he whispered. 'I don't want you to leave me, Mrs Leslie, because—ah, because I can't do without you.'

There was no mistaking his meaning. She felt his eyes on her, but she could not meet them.

'My dear,' he went on, laying a hand on hers, 'could you think of—of caring for a stupid fellow like me?'

Her head drooped lower in silence.

'I—I think I must have loved you these last three years,' he continued bashfully, 'although I didn't realise it till last night. Can you believe that? I was thinking last night of what it would be to come into this house and not find you in it, and—and, my dear, I felt I—ah, no—I can't do without you.'

He waited in vain for her to speak.

'Is there no hope for me?' he sighed.

The longing in his voice told her more than his words could do. 'Are you quite, quite sure?' she whispered.

'Oh, you must believe me! Could I have told you my—my foolish story if I hadn't loved you—loved you enough to be entirely honest with you?'

'It's so strange,' she murmured.

'Even if you don't care for me, I would wish to marry you,' he cried.

'But—but I do!' she replied, giving in at last.

A knock at the door disturbed them.

'Goodness me!' said Mrs Leslie in confusion.
'It's Mary with the breakfast things. I'll take them from her. Let me go, sir—I mean, James.'

'No, my dear; just let Mary come in. I may as well tell her,' said the Professor recklessly.—
'Come in, Mary!' he called, to Mrs Leslie's dismay.

The maid entered with a tray of dishes. 'Please, Mrs Leslie'——she began.

'Oh, just lay the table yourself, Mary,' said the Professor gaily. 'Lay it for two!'

'Oh, James!' whispered his lady-love in protest.

'Lay it for two. Mrs Leslie is-er-going to marry me, Mary.'

'Lor'!' ejaculated Mary, and dropped the tray of dishes with a dismal crash.

'Never mind, Mary,' said the Professor calmly. 'You're a good girl. Get some more dishes, and I'll gather up the mess.'

Mrs Leslie sat down and laughed till she cried—cried with real tears, for it had been an exciting morning. This brought the Professor to his senses, and when breakfast was ready a comparatively staid but happy couple took their places at the table.

The Professor arrived at the lecture-room two minutes late, and found a concert of discords proceeding.

'Gentlemen,' he said, holding up his hand and

smiling pleasantly—'gentlemen, may I ask for another kind of harmony? I sincerely desire it, gentlemen.'

A round of cheers, and then silence. The Professor placed a beaker of water in front of him. He picked up a bottle from his bench and scrutinised the label. 'Mercuric chloride,' he said as he poured a few drops into the water. 'To obtain mercuric iodide,' he went on, 'I add potassium iodide,' and he picked up another bottle and examined the label. 'Now'—he tilted the bottle—'we see the mercuric iodide come down as a yellow precipitate which quickly changes to a brilliant scarlet.'

There was an expectant hush, and then the class began to applaud vigorously.

'Gentlemen,' said the Professor, 'the reaction has taken place, and a foolish mistake has been rectified.' He smiled softly as he turned over a page of his lecture-book.

IN VIOLET TIME.

A BUNCH of violets, dusk and sweet,
Bought in a busy London street,
And wet with April rain!
Back, back the waves of memory flow
To one dear haunt of long ago:
A blossom-scented lane.

And there, beneath a drooping tree,
With smiling lips, she waits for me—
The maid I love the best.
Her hair has caught the sunset-light;
She wears a gown of softest white,
With violets at her breast.

Again, through grassy paths we walk,
And talk as none but lovers talk,
While time unheeded flies.
The gold light fades, the sun is set,
'Twill soon be dark; and yet, and yet
There's sunshine in her eyes.

The moon climbs high above the thatch,
We hear a softly lifted latch,
A distant clock strikes nine!
Then, 'twixt the silver and the gray,
A bunch of violets finds its way
From her warm heart to mine.

Ah, love! your flowers died long ago.

Spring, summer, autumn—fell the snow
O'er countryside and town;
But often in my dreams I see
A little maid, who smiles at me,
With violets in her gown.

Fate willed that from those far-off days
Your feet should tread the quiet ways,
And mine the noisier street;
Yet when I hear a flower-girl's cry
'Tis for your sake I stop and buy
Her violets dusk and sweet.

R. MATHERON.



тне POACHER.

By ALFRED WELLESLEY REES.

PART III.



N continuing the tale of the old poacher, I shall relate an adventure that is always coupled in my mind with the raid on the fields above the woodland cottage. As I think of the adventure, many a trifling

incident recurs to me over which, in years since my early friends, who taught me a little of their lore and craft, passed into the valley of death, I have often pondered in my vain efforts to unravel the tangled secrets surrounding the history of the moorland hermit.

During one of those rare hours of fellowship with Philip, when, throwing aside his customary reticence, he displayed a wonderful charm of disposition and an almost boyish gaiety of heart, we talked of my school-days. Something in the conversation reminded me of a big fight in which I had figured as a principal, and I described a certain 'throw,' the trick of which had been taught me by a relative who took a pride in the physical training whereby I gained such strength that, from being a delicate, loose-limbed weedling, I was at last enabled to hold my own, and more, against bigger boys who for some time had bullied me with malicious delight. That 'throw' was supposed to have been peculiar to one great public school for upwards of half a century; but, much to my surprise, Philip knew all about it, and in describing the 'hook' of heel and toe he used the identical terms which I had learned while my redoubtable relative enlarged on this summary method of dealing with an adversary, and incidentally caused me to measure my length on the floor. Philip said he had availed himself of the 'throw' only a few years before in a struggle with a gipsy

On the day following this conversation with the old poacher I went salmon-fishing with Ianto, and questioned him closely, but failed to get any information confirming my half-formed belief that

Philip had been educated in a famous south-country school where my boyhood's mentor had been made familiar with this effective 'throw.' Ianto evaded my inquiries, and artfully introduced the story of the poacher and the gipsy.

One winter night Philip had been ferreting in the valley; but an impending change in the weather induced him to leave the big warrens unvisited, and to turn towards home at an unusually early hour. A thick, ink-black darkness enshrouded the fields, and a constant, weary rain descended through the cold gloom of the night, so that had not the poacher been familiar with every gate and cattle-path on the countryside he would certainly have lost his way. His weather-worn garments were soaked, and he himself was chilled to the bone.

As he neared the fringe of the moor a faint cry for help arrested his attention. Uncertain as to whence it came, he paused in the lee of the hedgebank, and listened intently. The call was repeated: but the wind and the patter of the rain baffled his sense of hearing, and he continued on his way homewards. While he walked down the rugged road leading to a ferny hollow at the entrance to the moor, the cry was once more heard. The wind was blowing straight in his face; so, like a well-trained dog, the old man left the path and moved over the heather at right angles to the direction of the road. Presently the sound grew louder and more distinct; and, after stumbling over some reed tussocks and heather clumps, the searcher suddenly came to a gipsy's tent lying almost unseen amid the undulations of the waste.

Within the tent a woman's voice shricked 'Help! Murder!' and with the shrill cries were mingled some low, threatening exclamations. As the old man listened the frantic cries gave place to wild entreaties; and, knowing a few words of Romany, he was enabled to learn that something was being said about a child. With every humane feeling thoroughly aroused, he wrenched asunder

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the tent-flaps, then immediately leaped back, ready for action. A growling dog, followed instantly by his master, rushed out and bit savagely at Philip's leg; but a sharp, luckily aimed kick sent back the poor brute yelling and moaning. The gipsy closed with his unwelcome visitor, and hit out blindly. Though somewhat flustered, in the intense darkness, by the impetuosity of the attack, Philip guarded the blows as best he could, till, feeling for his assailant's foot, he suddenly got 'toe to heel;' then, with a quick twist of the ankle, he placed his right leg across that of the gipsy, and, leaning forward with all his strength, threw him to the ground. Enraged beyond control, the gipsy fought as if for life. But, notwithstanding his comparative youth, he had met his match; the old poacher's muscles were as hard as steel, and the trick taught him in schoolboy-days meant more in such a combat than any skill of fisticuss. At length the battle was over; and the gipsy, stunned by a succession of falls, lay moaning on the ground; while the woman's piteous cries of misgiving and suffering, together with the wailing of a helpless infant and the howling of the terrified dog, seemed to make an inferno of the blustering night.

Trembling like a leaf from his unwonted exertions, Philip stood beside the tent, which rattled and flapped with every gust of wind. The whole situation, now that the climax had passed, was strange and sad, and even absurd; but it demanded additional action. Philip carried the gipsy into the tent, struck a match, and lighted a candle. The wan flame of the spluttering 'dip' revealed a picture of squalid misery. On a heap of rags lay a young woman, and at her side a baby scarcely a fortnight old. The woman was bruised and bleeding-the victim, doubtless, of the gipsy's brutality; but he, for a while at any rate, was incapable of further mischief. The woman, assured that Philip must be a friend, begged him to take her away—somewhere, anywhere, if only out of reach of her husband's vengeance, till she might recover strength sufficient for a journey to the tents of her own people on a distant waste. So out into the pitiless night they went-she with her deliverer's dripping coat enveloping her rags, and he, more than ever exposed to the storm, bearing the child closely wrapped in tattered oddments, kept together by the gipsy's coat.

Mother and child were soon hidden in the hayloft of the nearest farm, and ministered to by the
poacher, who brought them milk and bread, with
every titbit that his frugal board supplied. Then,
leaving them safe-sheltered in the fragrant hay,
he turned homewards and sought his lonely bed.
He was up again at dawn, and away to the farmstead to see the guraig a te (housewife). In her
company he visited the loft; but the birds had
flown, and eventually it was discovered that the
woman, like a dog which licks the hand whirling
the whip, had gone back with her child to the
brown tent on the margin of the moor.

Some nights afterwards, when once more the wind and rain swept over the cheerless moorlands, Philip was reading at the table by his fireside. Happening to glance at the window, he saw, in the flickering candlelight, an evil face pressed against the pane. It vanished; for a moment a clenched fist took its place; then nothing was visible without but the gleaming raindrops on the faintly-illumined glass.

Early in the afternoon of the day following the raid among the rabbits in the fields above the cottage, Philip-determined to net the meadows beyond the clover, and to capture some of the pheasants that nightly roosted in the copse—returned to the preserve. The weather promised to be fine and warm, with a full moon high in the heavens; so the poacher set leisurely about his accustomed preparations, knowing that the rabbits would probably be later than usual in coming out to feed. Contrary, perhaps, to general opinion, rabbits seldom, if ever, feed when the night is dark and windy, but as a rule at dusk or when the moon is bright. Hares, foxes, badgers, and the members of the weasel family roam abroad in the darkest nights, though they dislike to go far in strong wind or driving rain. Rabbits are creatures of the dusk and moonlight; at other times they hide in their burrows or among the grass-tufts, ferns, and brambles.

As the twilight deepened the keeper left his cottage, and with quick, swinging strides made off towards the outskirts of the estate. For an hour thereafter Philip was busily employed. As the rabbits were not numerous in the stubbles and grass-fields, his hauls were not particularly profitable; and so, having hidden his spoils in the furzebrake, he adjourned to the copse. He was creeping over the hedge, when suddenly the scream of a netted hare disturbed the stillness of the night. Resolved at all costs to ascertain the cause of the unwonted noise, the poacher, taking advantage of every shadow on his way, crept along the hedges towards the spot from which the sound appeared to have come. No sign of the presence of a human being was visible till he came to the gate of a stubble-field on the top of the hill. There, on the second bar, was a stone. A tiny bunch of fur floated over the moonlit grass, like thistle-down before a gentle breeze. The poacher knelt and closely examined a molehill near the gate. mystery of the scream of the netted hare was solved. A wooden peg by the molehill, and the marks of an old, heelless, nailless boot on the fresh soil, afforded all the explanation that was needed. No keeper, no farm-labourer, had been there, but apparently some poor, badly clothed creature perchance in need of a mouthful of bread. To the skilled poacher the vagrant's methods seemed inartistic: that stone, that peg, that tell-tale footprint, should not have been left behind. Still, the old man's heart went out towards his clumsy rival with a sympathy born of well-remembered misery of want.

Returning to the grove, Philip lit a small darklantern which he had carried in his pocket. To the end of an ash-sapling cut from the hedgerow he fastened a rabbit-snare, binding it firmly, and in such a way that the noose was held in position by a notch—from which, however, it could be separated by the slightest strain. Passing quietly through the tangles beneath the trees, he marked each pheasant roosting within reach of the wire; and, dazzling the bird by the glare of the lantern, placed the noose around its neck, and jerked it from the branches. Then laying hold of its fluttering wings, he quickly killed the victim by a few sharp, silent blows on the head. The night's work over, the poacher carried his spoils to the furze-brake, where he laid them beside the rabbits he had already netted. Ten birds and eighteen conies rewarded his skill and daring. The poacher soon placed the whole of the capture in his mud-stained calico bags, having, however, first 'spread' the rabbits and smoothed the ruffled feathers of the beautiful birds. Then, taking up one of the bags and throwing it over his shoulder, he left his hiding-place.

Outside the thicket he paused by the hedgerow, not merely to reconnoitre, but also to enjoy the beauty of the night. Far overhead, across the trackless ocean of the indigo sky, floated the pale globe of the moon, its steely light outshining the glimmer of the stars. The shadows of the hedgerows and of the woodland trees were foreshortened on the grass. Over the old man's features stole a smile of mingled pride and pity, as he thought how little of the night's sweet wonder had entered into the life of his fellows; how the country-folk in the cottages of the valley were accustomed to regard the night with superstitious awe, and to think of the startling scream of the vixen, the mournful hoot of the owl, and the tremulous call of the hare—all familiar to him as the bleating of sheep or the lowing of cattle—as the unearthly lamentations of tormented souls. For him the night, with its moon and stars, its drifting cloud-puffs ever changing shape as they moved across the sky, its deep, calm shadows, and its silvery shimmer of moonlit dew, was far more beautiful than day. The grandeur of the midnight storm, its lightnings rending the blackness of the void and dropping to earth like twisted streaks of living fire, its thunders pealing and reverberating over the wide moorland wilderness like calls to judgment blared over the sleepingplace of long-forgotten dead, its hissing rain, its stinging hail, its scudding snow-day never brought with it wonders such as these. If demented spirits walked abroad at night, he had never seen them pass. The darkness held no terror for his soul.

Yet even as the poacher reasoned thus an unimagined terror of the night was creeping on him, slowly, surely, through the lonely wood. Hearing a slight rustle of parting twigs in the hedgerow, he turned to ascertain the cause. A dusky form rose quickly from the grass; two glittering eyes shone in the rays of the moon. With arm uplifted the

old man stood on guard, and at once thrust forward his foot in the trick of the old-time 'throw;' but as the unforeseen antagonist was hurled to the earth there came an answering gleam of steel. A ruthless knife descended, and the poacher's visions of the glorious night were blurred and blotted out. The gipsy, at last, had meted out revenge.

When Philip regained consciousness he was lying abed in the keeper's cottage. The whole parish knew the tale of the tragedy; the law, hot-footed, was on the track of the heelless, nailless boot. The pheasants and rabbits had been found in the thicket, near the spot where the wounded poacher had fallen, who, but for the nets coiled round his body, would surely have met his death.

A few days afterwards the genial and broadminded squire came to the cottage and spent the afternoon with the sufferer. Gradually health and strength were recovered; the milk of human kindness, so long unknown to the moorland hermit, almost fully restored his body, and partially healed the long and grievous sickness of his mind. With the advent of summer Philip parted from his nurse, the keeper, and once more sought his lonely dwelling on the moor; but he never afterwards trespassed in pursuit of game on the squire's estate. Sometimes, however, he was seen following, in broad daylight, the shortest 'cut' across the fields in the direction of the keeper's cottage, that there he might pass a happy hour in discussion and advice. 'An old thief'-so runs the proverb-'makes the best jailer!'

When raiding a pheasant 'drive' the poacher nearly always resorted to the wire for the capture of the birds; but occasionally he half-stupefied them by the fumes of burning sulphur. The sulphur was placed in a tin canister fastened firmly to a long, straight wand, and was thrust beneath the branches on which the pheasant roosted. In two respects it was at least superior to the wire: under the influence of its overpowering fumes the birds fluttered more silently to the ground than when merely pulled from the branches, and it could sometimes be used with effect when the birds were beyond the easy reach of the noose. In the later years of his poaching career Philip seldom fired a shot, except as a ruse to attract a keeper to a certain place on the estate while he himself hurried off to some distant part in connection with which he had matured his plans. It is at all times difficult to locate the report of a gun among narrow valleys and rugged hills; the shot reverberates, deceiving the best-trained ear, especially when a strong wind, its currents changing their direction with every obstacle, blows over the countryside.

When the vigour of his early manhood existed only as an old man's treasured memory, the poacher was cautious to a fault, risking no danger that he could possibly avoid, and depending almost wholly for success on carefully laid schemes, sometimes, indeed, on days of watching and waiting for one supreme

and well-judged effort. October rarely failed to bring him a rich harvest; his spoils were on the market long before the great pheasant 'shoots' had commenced. He endeavoured to obtain the highest prices for the game, and his expeditions during the few days preceding September and October, when all the keepers in the neighbourhood watched for the slightest sign of his presence in field and woodland, were always the results of exact and

elaborate forethought. Often he was hidden close beside his enemies when they felt most confident that he was miles away; and often, while they watched the outskirts of the woodlands, alert to prevent his ingress to the covers, he was busily engaged in the heart of the copse, probably almost at the door of the keeper's lodge, filling his bags with pheasants which had been fed among the rhododendrons only a few short hours before.

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

CHAPTER XVII .- THE STRANGEST THING OF ALL.



ACH day, as soon as he rose—some nights he got but little sleep, as you will see—Alain went first to his lookout for a sight of Barbe; and if he was in time and in luck he would see her come out on to the gallery,

and stand gazing towards Cap Réhel. He knew that it was of him she was thinking; that it was for him she was looking, and doubtless praying.

Alain was not a religious man, and that perhaps was not his fault. At religion as taught by the priests he had scoffed with his fellows, and held the 'crows' in as small esteem as they did; but as his hopes and spirits sank he 'became very religious,' as I have heard him say in his simple way. 'I think I prayed most of the time, and came to do it at last without knowing, because I had very great fear.' The sight of Barbe started his prayers; for as soon as he saw her he cried, 'The good God have pity on us!' If he did not see her he prayed it just the same.

In spite of the conviction he had forced himself into that that unpleasant return of Cadoual's body was not a reality but the result of a general 'slackening of the ropes,' there remained with him a constant feeling of discomfort which he tried in vain to throw off. However hard he might work during the day, his rest at night was broken by dreams from which he awoke in shivering terrors, by sounds which ceased when he listened for them, by the feeling of proximity to some horror for which he could not account and of which he could not get rid. Fear clung to him even when he awoke; and, as he put it, 'I went with my chin over both shoulders.'

One night, after a better sleep than usual, Alain awoke in a cold sweat and found his fire nearly burned out. He was gathering a handful of his bedding to brighten it when a sound in the darkness froze him to the marrow, and he lay listening with his hand outstretched. 'It seemed to me that Death was creeping past me, and was very long of passing.' I give you his own words, for I cannot improve on them. He said the air smelt cold and damp, and he shook so that he slipped the hand nearest his mouth between his teeth to keep them from rattling, and it bore the marks for weeks. Out

there, in the dark, something went slowly past him—very slowly, almost without noise—and he lay biting his hand and shaking with fear.

He slept no more that night, and as soon as the outer cave glimmered with the dawn he got up to go and bid Barbe good-morning. As he drew near to the gap in the red organ-pipes all the accumulated terrors of the past gripped him by the back and wrung the life and reason nearly out of him; for, crossways against the opening, just above the lower unbroken cone, was Cadoual's body trying hard to get through. If it had come right side up, head in air and feet to earth, it could have passed through without difficulty. The sight of it suspended in the air and straining against the bars in that lop-sided fashion was too much for Alain. At first he was too stricken to move, and stood, with loose jaw and fixed eyes, looking at the awful sight. Then the hanging pipes against which the body strained snapped suddenly up above with a ringing crack, the pipes came down with a crash, and as the echoes bellowed out Cadoual's body came swiftly through about a yard from the ground, and Alain fell, and remembered nothing more.

When consciousness returned he was lying where he had fallen, and nothing had touched him. Then he crawled back to the fire and piled on fuel, and sat there all day, eating nothing, thinking nothing except that his mind had given way at last, which was fairly good proof that it had not. Only once did he get up, and that was to go and examine the red pipes, in a half-dazed, doubtful way, to see if they were really broken. There was no doubt about their being broken. He went back to the fire and tried to untie the knots in his brain; but the task was beyond him. At last he got up heavily and lighted a sheaf of fuel; then, swinging it before him to keep off the devil, he went through the opening in the pipes, and, with never a glance through his lookout, climbed the side-wall and lay down in the doves' chamber. He was quite sure now that his brain had gone, and not a little surprised that he felt so little different from what he had always done.

On the third day Alain slid down the slope and crept through the pillars to the sea-cave, determined

to make his way out through the tunnel, or die in the attempt. He stripped and plunged in, and the water braced him like a tonic. Then, noting exactly where he wanted to go, he clambered up the rock-wall and dived for the wavering disc below. Through his half-closed eyes, as he came epposite the light, he looked down the tunnel and saw the brighter gleam of the depths of sunlit water outside; but it seemed a great way off, and he doubted if any human lungs could outlast the passage. Furthermore, there seemed some obstruction in the tunnel between him and the outer light; but what it was he could not make out in the short time he could wait down there. He climbed up and sat blowing and coughing till his wind came back, and then plunged for the disc once more.

There was something in the passage, and the impression Alain got of it was of an immense red-cabbage rooted to the rock, with a base as wide as a table-top, and strange, shadowy arms which swung to and fro with the pulse of the water. He had never in his life seen anything like it, and there was something strangely menacing about it; but it never for one moment occurred to him that such a thing might be actively hostile.

Presently he dived again, and as he came opposite the tunnel some colder thing than the water lapped softly round his body. He took it for a frond of seaweed, and as he tore at it with his hands a slight shock went through his hand and his body. He felt himself being drawn gently towards the tunnel, and through his narrowed lids he saw a dozen of those strange, red bulbous arms stealing towards him. Another thin, slimy cord coiled softly round his legs, and thrilled him with prickling shocks. He kicked and tore in desperation, and, feeling the rock wall of the tunnel-mouth under his feet, doubled himself for one great effort, and shot up to the surface. He crawled to a ledge and lay there while the water ran out of him, and breath came slowly back, and he felt grateful for life, though he scarcely knew why.

He was still lying there when he heard a ruffling of the pool below, a long-drawn rustle up the rocky slope which led to the great cave, and a sinuous monster whose length he could not determine, but which seemed to him endless, passed before his startled eyes. The light was very dim; the pool itself was brighter than the void above, since all the light there was came through it. The end of the monster was still in the tunnel leading from the sea when the front of it had passed out of sight up the passage leading to the great cave. It moved in long undulations, and the swiftness of its oncoming took it up the slope without a pause. Alain flattened himself to his ledge and tried not to breathe, lest it should turn and rend him. What it was he knew not, but he believed it was in very truth the devil, and he had not the slightest desire to follow it into the cave.

He lay on his ledge all night, naked and shivering, not daring to move a limb lest the monster

should be silently watching him. The pool below rose to its fullest and sank to its lowest, and the light faded out of it and left it all a black welter of gurgles and cluckings. He dared not close his eyes, but lay there watching and waiting. Once during the night the pool glowed sudden fire, which broke against the rocky walls till the place looked like a mighty cauldron, and he lay sick with fear lest the Thing should choose that time to return. The wan green light stole back into the pool at last, and he knew that it was morning. Outside, the Light was gleaming in the early sunshine, and Barbe would be in the gallery watching the coming of the day and thinking of him who came not in spite of all her prayers. Chilled to the marrow, he waited on his narrow ledge the return of the devil.

Since all things come to him who waits, that came at last for which Alain waited. He heard a sound of movement in the passage, and in the fluttering light he saw once more the body of George Cadoual. It came swiftly along, waist-high as before, head and feet drooping slightly to the ground, the monster holding it round the waist, with huge fat lips pouting above and below. He had no time to notice anything more before it glided into the pool, and went through the tunnel with a rush that sent the water splashing up the sides of the cave. Then Alain drew his cramped limbs together, grabbed his clothes, and fled to his chamber of refuge among the doves. He was in a strange state of mind, wrung with physical terror, yet to some extent mentally relieved. Cadoual was explained at all events. What this awful Thing might be he could not imagine. It seemed to belong to this world; but it was monstrous beyond belief, and he shook at thought of it. After dressing himself-for he was very cold-instinct sent his hand here and there in search of eggs and conveyed them to his mouth. Then he lay with his head overhanging the gulf, on the watch for the devil.

Let us get done with this. I am almost as sick of this loathly beast as Alain Carbonec was himself. He lay in the roost all day, and saw no sign of it; and that night, too, passed without disturbance. It was the afternoon of the next day before anything occurred to trouble him, and he declares that during these days and nights he never slept a wink—which, indeed, is likely enough.

Towards sunset he saw the monster coming, and from his eyrie gazed down upon it, fascinated with horror, and by no means sure of his own safety. It moved slowly along the level at the bottom of the slope, its front erected slightly, nosing curiously to and fro as it came. Head, as distinct from body, there seemed to be none. The body was about as thick as that of a man, and in length indeterminate, since it contracted and expanded in its progression with extraordinary suppleness. At times it seemed no thicker than the upper part of a man's leg, and then, as the bulk drew up for another

slow forward stretch, it swelled prodigiously and grew tense with the working of the mighty muscles inside, and the skin, smooth and swollen, gleamed iridescent. It was very terrible to look upon, quite apart from any powers of evil it might possess. In describing it Alain Carbonec used the word ver-dediable (devil-worm), and that designation was doubtless accurate enough. Head, as I have said, there was apparently none. The Thing ended in front-to put it in Alain's own words-as it probably ended in the rear, in a simple rounding off of the body. The other end of it he could not see, and in fact he never did see the whole of the monster at once. It nosed about among the fuel which lay there, and presently he saw the blunt front-end of it press down among the rubbish, and then come up with a broken rock pinnacle which it circled round the middle with two great folds of its front skin like two pouting lips, as it had carried Cadoual's body; and then the great blunt snout, still brandishing its toy, came rambling vaguely up the slope. Alain watched its progress in mortal terror.

The sun now shot in its long golden bar through the loophole; and as the beast swung its head slowly to and fro it passed through the bar of light. Then the monster dropped as if struck, and the rock it carried went clattering down the slope, and for a time it lay still; but when the light died out it came nosing up the slope again.

Alain was sure it was after him, and his extremity sharpened his wits. It had ducked at the thrust of the light. It might be that it had eyes, though he could not see any. It might be that light was obnoxious to it. It might be that the fires he had kept up in the cave had been his salvation. The beast came on, as leisurely as if it knew he was there, and could not escape. It drew up the slope with easy undulations indicative of tremendous muscular power. It was coming. He frantically raked together an armful of nests, regardless of the complaints of the occupants. He held the bundle on the slope in front of him, drew out Cadoual's box of matches, lit one, and as the mass burst into flame he rolled it down on the menacing brown head below. The Thing dropped instantly, with the flames all about it. The scattered stuff below caught fire too, and Alain flung down more to help it as fast as he could gather and fling. The great worm writhed in silent agony, then, with a mighty heave, the head went sweeping back over the body, and it disappeared like a shadow into the great

THE SCOTTISH ALDERSHOT, AND SOME OF ITS MEMORIES.



HE express traveller from Carlisle to Edinburgh by the Midland route is very unlikely to have noticed just before reaching Hawick, where the first stop is made after crossing the Border, two little country stations,

one bare and bleak, looking up a long moorland valley to a curiously pointed hill; the other set in a cutting, between a plantation of fir-trees and a high bank of earth. Yet these two stations, Shankend and Stobs, bid fair to become, in the near future, places of some importance, for they form the doors, as it were, to the large tract of hilly country which has just been acquired by the Government as a military station and manœuvring-ground for the Scottish Army Corps.

The recent war in South Africa has taught us that our soldiers must be trained in other ways and by other methods than hitherto; that they must be ready to meet on equal terms enemies accustomed to mountainous country and skilled in hill-warfare. In order that they may gain the experience which will enable them to do this, it is necessary that they should have an opportunity of learning the practical work of their profession on ground very different from the sandy heath of Surrey or the smooth stretches of Salisbury Plain. With this purpose in view, no finer training-ground could be imagined than the tract of country which has just been purchased for their use.

Commencing with the estate of Stobs-the seat of the old Border family of Elliots, which lies in the valley of the Slitrig about four miles south of Hawick-as a base, and on which it is understood the permanent barracks and military works will be placed, the land acquired stretches out like a fan, to the extent of nearly thirty thousand acres, ever rising higher and higher until it reaches the spurs of the western range of the Cheviots. Roughly speaking, it is bounded on the east by the Midland Railway, on the west by the river Teviot, and on the south by the peaks on the skyline between Liddesdale and Ewes. Exclusive of the estate of Stobs, which belonged to Sir William Elliot, the greater part of the land has been purchased from the Duke of Buccleuch. Hitherto it had been held in large sheep-farms, carrying from one thousand to two thousand sheep, and is regarded as some of the finest pasture-land in Scotland. Its configuration is wild and rugged, with small burns or streams running down the narrow valleys, which lie between steep grassy hills from eighteen hundred to two thousand feet in height.

At present it is a lonely countryside, very sparsely populated, with only a shepherd's cottage dotted here and there on the hillside; and as you stand in one of its lonely glens, out of sight and sound of everything save the cry of the moorfowl, the ripple of the burn, or the sough of the wind, it is hard to

picture in the mind's eye the change that must come when the solitude is invaded by infantry and cavalry, horse and field artillery, 4.7-inch guns, nine-mile ranges, and all the other military paraphernalia which rumour predicts will be poured into the district before another year is past.

If the change seems strange to us, what must it seem to the Mountain Spirit, introduced to us by Sir Walter Scott in his Lay of the Last Minstrel, if perchance he is sometimes up and awake on moonlight nights among the grassy peaks he claimed as his own, 'from Craikcross to Skelfhill Pen,' listening to fairy minstrelsy, and marking the elves treading their measures, if such delicious beings as elves may be supposed to have survived to our prosaic days? He must have found things quiet enough, this Mountain Spirit, during the last three centuries, for he was accustomed to more stirring times. Border raiders have passed away. England and Scotland are now one country, and the cows on one side of the Border look peacefully across to their neighbours on the other side, without fear of being driven hurriedly away o' nights by bands of lawless freebooters, by the light of burning homesteads, and followed by the shrieks of frightened women.

Although the Spirit may not know this, he can turn his thoughts back to the dim ages of the past, long before there was a Scott of Buccleuch or an Elliot of Stobs; when the same green hillsides and narrow valleys were a scene of fierce and continuous warfare; when the ancient Cymri, brothers of the Cymric tribes of Cornwall and Brittany, forsaken by the Romans, who had lived among them for so long a time, were hemmed in on all sides by savage foes, by the Picts, the Scots, and the Angles; and when under the leadership of the mystical Arthur they fought fiercely against their enemies, and succeeded in regaining the land which had been wrested from them between the walls of Antonine and Hadrian, where they preserved an independent existence for upwards of three hundred years.

The country still bears unmistakable traces of this troubled time. On every hillside, always within sight of one another, may be seen the remains of camps and forts, generally circular in form, surrounded by a ditch and earthen ramparts, whose height, after the lapse of more than a thousand years, shows us what their strength must have been when the Cymri of Strathclyde encamped behind them, and defied wild weather and wild beast and still wilder human foe. High up on the hillside a circle of Druidic stones may still be seen, possibly bearing witness to the faith of these old warriors before the new creed taught by Columba and Kentigern threw a softer light across the darkness of their lives. Here we can trace the Catrail or Picts' Work Ditch, which is supposed to have been made by the Picts to protect their territory from the Cymri, and which afterwards became the boundary of the new kingdom of the Angles. Here, too, on a slight eminence overlooking the Dod burn, is the last of the known spots where a tumulus stood marking the grave of some old warrior. The cairn has disappeared; but the grave can still be seen where, in 1815, a cist was discovered which contained the skeleton of a man of gigantic size, along with a spear-head of flint and other relics. 'The Hero's Grave' it is called, and we may well imagine that the giant whose remains were laid here was indeed a man of mark among his fellows, although the circle of stately hills which have looked calmly down on his place of sepulture through all these years return us no answer when we would fain ask them what name he bore or what life of valour he brought to a close in the dreary, wind-swept morass lying round the base of Penchrise Pen.

As the centuries rolled on, the Picts and the Scots were gradually fused into one nation in the north; while in the south the Cymri of Strathclyde were gradually merged in the Angle population which was spreading over the whole of the Lowlands. David I. encouraged the immigration of Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman settlers, and bestowed on them land along the banks of the Tweed and its tributaries. Each of these settlers built a house or tower for himself, and distributed his little piece of land among his own retainers or the natives whom he found living there before him, on condition that they would gather round his banner in time of war. So in course of time there arose those families or clans, the Scotts, the Elliots, the Kerrs, the Armstrongs, who in the sixteenth century made the hills and valleys of the Borderland ring once again with the clash of arms and the cry of battle. These families and their retainers lived in and around the peeltowers which may still be found scattered up and down the district. The peel, a solid square mass of masonry, with walls many feet in thickness, loopholed to serve the combined purposes of light, air, and defence, generally stood on some eminence from which the foe which threatened it could be seen approaching; and the huts of the retainers were clustered round its base. At the first signal of alarm, probably given by a bale-fire lit on the roof of some neighbouring peel, whose inhabitants were sooner able to see the danger that threatened, every one repaired to the tower. The cattle were driven into the basement, the women and children occupied the story directly above, while the men crowded round the loopholes or ascended to the roof, whence they could shoot at the approaching enemy.

In the reigns of David I. and his successors the 'lairds,' as the heads of these families were called, fought solely for the king; but as the stronger families waxed more powerful, they began to war against each other; or they would make common cause, and, heedless of the royal mandate issuing from the king in far-away Edinburgh, they would cross the Border in fierce marauding bands, and raid and harry, burning homesteads and driving

off sheep and cattle, and then return to their fastnesses to sit tight and keep watch for the approach of the English who, under Scrope or Dacre or Howard, would surely appear, sooner or later, to make reprisals. It was a fierce and law-less time; and whether it was as one band, under a chosen leader, or in separate bodies, raiding and counter-raiding, it was through the narrow glens and up the steep hillsides that lie between Teviot-dale and Liddesdale that the armed men passed; and the Spirit of the Mountain must have looked down from his abode on Skelfhill Pen or Cauld-cleuch on many a fight well-nigh as fierce and bloody as those battles which the ancient Cymri fought so desperately behind their earthen defences.

It was the entrance to these narrow valleys that the watchers on the roof of Branxholme or Allanhaugh Peel or Goldilands watched when the rumour went abroad that the English were coming to take vengeance for cattle driven off or houses burned down; and when the larder was bare, it was the entrance to the same valleys towards which the women looked for the return of their menfolk who had ridden off with laugh and jest to seek English beeves to replenish their store. when the signal was sent round and the countryside was called to arms, and every laird, great or small, was expected to turn up to join in some deed of daring under the leadership of Elliot of Stobs or Wat of Harden or Auld Buccleuch himself, it was some wild spot on the summit of these hills that formed the trysting-place.

The Spirit must have seen it all, sitting high up in his hiding-place among the pens: seen on a murky November night the English captain of Bewcastle and his men creeping up through Hardhaughswire over into Teviotdale, and down the Borthwick Water, till he came to the old tower where Jamie Telfer lived at the 'fair Dodhead,' far from help, and where, in spite of tears and entreaties, the house was rifled and the cattle driven away. He must have seen, too-for a spirit has far sight—the stricken man leave his wailing wife and frightened children and make his way ten miles across country to Stobs Ha', from whose master, Gibbie Elliot-'Gibbie o' the gowden gartins'he entreated help. Gibbie, however, declined to lend his aid until he received blackmail from Telfer; so the latter repaired over the hill to 'Auld Buccleuch' at Branxholme, between whom and Elliot of Stobs no love was lost. Here another kind of welcome awaited him. Buccleuch lost no time in sending notice round the countryside that every one was expected to help:

> Warn Wat o' Harden and his sons, With them will Borthwick Water ride; Warn Gaudilands, and Allanhaugh, And Gilmansoleuch, and Commonside.

The company pursued and overtook the captain of Bewcastle with his ill-gotten gains, and after a bloody conflict the English were routed and the cattle recovered.

Then who does not know the story of Kinmont Willie, which spread the fame of the Laird of Buccleuch of that date far and wide? In contravention of Border law, William Armstrong of Kinmont, a renowned mosstrooper of great strength and stature, was chased and taken prisoner by the English on a day of truce as he was returning home, and carried in triumph to Carlisle Castle. Such a violation of Border law roused the wrath of Buccleuch, who wrote to Lord Scrope demanding the release of the prisoner; but receiving no satisfactory answer, he swore 'that he would bring Kinmont Willie out of Carlisle Castle quick or dead, with his own hand.' The threat was esteemed mere bravado, for the Castle stood in the midst of the town, and was strongly garrisoned and well fortified; but Buccleuch meant it. Choosing a dark night, he assembled two hundred of his bravest men at a trysting-place some ten miles from Carlisle; among them such leaders as Wat Scott of Harden, Wat Scott of Goldilands, Jock Elliot of the Copshaw, and four sons of the imprisoned man. They passed the river Esk, rode swiftly through the Graham's country, forded the river Eden (then in full flood), and dismounting, crept to the base of the Castle. Everything favoured them: the heavens were as black as pitch, the rain fell in torrents, and they placed the ladders which they had brought with them against the walls. To their rage and disappointment, these proved too short. Desperate men are not, however, easily daunted; they looked for, and found, a postern in the wall, and by undermining it they made a breach through which a dozen brave men, Buccleuch amongst them, entered the Castle, bound the watch, wrenched the postern from its hinges, and thus admitted their companions. In a wonderfully short time the band of mosstroopers had again recrossed the Eden and the Esk, and were riding merrily homewards, with Kinmont Willie in their

We can picture it all in our mind: the bold reiver, taken by treachery, as it seemed to him, shut up behind the massive walls of Carlisle Castle, sentenced to be hanged, and with no hope of a rescue; for was not the Castle strongly garrisoned, as befitted the residence of the English warden? Then the hastily despatched messenger, sent by sympathisers as a last despairing hope, spurring his wild little mountain pony through the flooded river, and straight as the crow flies threading his way, over rough hillsides, through morasses, down the narrow valleys, right through the country where the proposed artillery ranges are to be, till he arrived breathless and spent at the door of Branxholm, where he told his tale. Then came the raising of the clans and the gathering at the trysting-place at Woodhouselee, the long ride in the dark, the breaking into the Castle, and the alarm of Lord Scrope and his garrison, who thought that the intruders numbered many more than they actually did; the rescue, and the triumphant passage of the

horsemen through the flooded Eden, with the recovered man in their midst, while Lord Scrope and his soldiers stood amazed at the daring of it all.

The Spirit could tell of one more company of riders, more pathetic in the light of future history than all the others, for the central figure was a woman and a queen. A woman! Nay, little more than a girl, young, slight, anxious, toiling up these rugged valleys on her white palfrey, on her way from Jedburgh to Hermitage Castle to visit the Earl of Bothwell, who had been stricken nigh to death by one Jock Elliot o' the Park, a noted freebooter whom he had tried to capture, in the hope of doing away with one at least of the disturbers of the Border peace; but the result had been other than my lord of Bothwell anticipated, for Jock had escaped with nothing more serious than a daggercut in the thigh, and was safe at home singing his song of defiant victory:

> I vanquished the Queen's lieutenant, And gaured his fierce troopers fiee; For my name it is little Jock Elliot, And wha daur meddle wi' me?—

while Bothwell lay in the Castle of Hermitage sorely wounded. It was not wise of the fair young Queen Mary to go and visit him, and she suffered for it in body as well as in mind. She was not physically strong, and a ride of fifty miles in one day—it is twenty-five miles from Jedburgh to Hermitage—over rough and broken ground, would be a trying enough task for a strong woman; and the ground was so rough that in one place, some few miles from Priesthaugh, her palfrey stuck fast in a morass, and the place bears her name, 'The Queen's This exertion brought on a Mire,' to this day. serious illness, to which she referred when in afteryears she exclaimed passionately, 'Would God I had died at Jedburgh!' Alas! she lived on to die at Fotheringhay.

The long, deep valleys set in the grassy hills settled down to three centuries of quietness, and the Border peels were deserted and fell into ruins as the old forts of the Cymri had done before them, unnoticed save by that great Master of Romance, Sir Walter Scott, a descendant of Wat of Harden. Intent on gathering material for his wonderful tales and his Border Minstrelsy, he undertook, in 1792, the first of his seven well-known 'raids' into the then almost inaccessible district of Liddesdale, exploring every valley, visiting every peel, and gathering and storing up in his mind every legend, every ballad, every rare old Scotch word or expression even, to be reproduced later in one or other of his matchless stories. He visited Hermitage Castle, and also many of the farmhouses, and at one of these—Hyndlee—he met James Davidson, the owner of numerous Mustard and Pepper terriers, and the prototype of 'Dandie Dinmont.'

The Lairds of Branxholm, now Dukes of Buccleuch, have long since forsaken their tower, which is incorporated in a modern mansion-house; while

from the Elliots of Liddesdale have sprung the Earls of Minto as well as the House of Stobs.

It is somewhat difficult to trace the history of the Stobs branch of the Elliot family, as the old mansion-house was burned down in 1712, and all the family papers destroyed; but it is known that the family, beginning as Lairds of Redheugh and Larriston, ultimately acquired the estate of Stobs from Gawain Gladstanes in 1583; that the second Laird of Stobs-he of the 'gowden gartins'-was in some way related to Auld Buccleuch; while his son Robert married Lady Jean Stewart, daughter of Lady Mary Douglas and Francis Lord of Bothwell, the selfsame man who came off so badly in his encounter with Jock Elliot o' the Park. The first baronet, Sir Gilbert, a noted soldier, was knighted, for his services during the Civil War, on Largo sands by Charles II. in 1651, as that monarch was returning from his coronation at Scone. The most distinguished member of the family, however, was George Augustus, Lord Heathfield, Baron Gibraltar. To him the nation owes a debt of gratitude for preserving to the country the rocky fortress which forms the key to the Mediterranean. The eighth son of the third baronet, he was born in 1717, and entered the army in early life, seeing much service and always gaining honours. He commanded the forces in Ireland, and afterwards obtained the command of Gibraltar, which he succeeded in holding for us during the memorable siege of 1777-82. For this service he was created a peer; but the title became extinct on the death of his son in 1813.

In the neighbouring town of Hawick, too, these centuries have wrought a mighty change. Far back in the dim ages it was a place of some importance, as its Moat, that strange oval-shaped tumulus, shows, whether the green hillock was a Druidic place of worship, as some people hold, or the grave of some great chieftain. We read that already in the fourteenth century the little village—it could scarce be more—was turning its attention to the art of weaving; and William de Hawyk and his two companions, who then received a safe-conduct into England to 'traffic,' were but the forerunners of numberless other merchants who, by the introduction first of all of the manufacture of hosiery, and later on of 'tweels' or tweeds, have made the little Border town famous as the centre of the woollen industry. It is famous, too, for its Common Riding, that yearly festival dear to all old 'Teris,' held on a Friday and Saturday early in June, when the cornet for the year, supported by his followers, and carrying an historic old flag, rides the burgh marches, and then heads a mimic chevy-chase up the steep Loan, past the Moat, and along by the side of the Vertish Hill to a little farmhouse, where, after due refreshment of curds and whey, the old town slogan, 'Teribus, ye Teri Odin,' rings out. Then the story is sung of the raid which the youths of Hawick made in 1514, the year after fatal Flodden, when they stole out by night and routed a band of English soldiers who had crossed the Border and

lay sleeping peacefully within easy march of the town. They captured the enemy's flag, too, these intrepid youths, and carried it home in triumph, to be treasured as a trophy and carried, decked with flowers, round the town's boundaries on every succeeding Common-Riding morning as a memorial of their prowess.

The Spirit has mayhap grown tired of watching such modern developments, and has gone to sleep under Skelfhill or Cauldcleuch, as Arthur has gone to sleep under the Eildons; but he will awake one of these days with a start, and wonder what new age of warfare has begun, when the roar of big guns shakes his resting-place, and Tommy on horse or on foot begins to march up the glens, and trench and skirmish and drill on the green hillsides which have been so long given up to the curlews, the lapwings, and the sheep.

E. W. G.

LUCIA B. POTTS.

CHAPTER IV.



ADY EVELYN was very uneasy. When she had last seen Calderon and questioned him as to the progress of his suit with the American heiress his answers had been discouraging; the only point of satis-

faction was that he admitted he was now sufficiently in love with her to get over his financial scruples, if fairly assured of success. But that was precisely the point open to serious doubt.

She made up her mind—though a little dubious of her wisdom—to intervene personally in the matter. She chose an afternoon of soaking rain to call upon the Misses Potts in order to make sure of their being at home, but only succeeded in finding the elder lady.

'Lucia has gone to the National Portrait

'Alone?' asked Lady Evelyn; and, satisfied on this point, she prepared to utilise her opportunity.

With her light, dexterous touch she tried to elicit from Miss Patience the frequency of Lord Calderon's visits and rencounters with Lucia elsewhere, and the impression that the young peer had made upon each; insinuating little subtleties of expression as to his social distinction and admitted charm, and the high esteem in which he was held by the world at large.

'The world at large?' repeated the shrewd old lady. 'That means, I suppose, what you call "the upper ten"? Does that mean ten thousand or less? But I like his lordship very much; he is so pleasant and nicely behaved.'

'The woman that my friend Calderon marries,' returned Lady Evelyn with conviction, 'will be one of the most fortunate women in the world. I do not speak of the distinction of his position as one of the oldest peers in England, but because he possesses every quality to make life happy.'

Miss Patience smiled. 'With one exception: I have been told the late Earl and his father before him were terribly extravagant and wasteful, and that Lord Calderon himself is quite a poor man. Not that this need make much difference to our Lucia if she fancies him.'

Lady Evelyn bit her lip. The directness of the application made her wince; but at the moment

Lucia herself entered, bringing in with her a sense of freshness from the open air in the delicate bloom on her cheek and the light in her eyes.

'My dear Lady Evelyn, how nice to find you here!' and she embraced her with effusion.

Lady Evelyn looked at her critically.

'My dear,' she said, 'I suppose you know you are prettier than ever, and you have excellent taste in dress; but really you should not go about London alone.'

The girl laughed. 'I think it was for that reason I came to London, and I so enjoy finding out things for myself. I shall soon be qualified as a "strangers' guide." But this morning I was not alone. I went to the National Portrait Gallery—I love going there—and I met Mr Noel Erskine.'

To Lady Evelyn's irritated sense there was a note of defiance in her tones, and she so far forgot herself as to ask, 'By appointment, my dear?'

'No, not by appointment. It was one of the lucky turns which Fate so seldom plays us. If you think of all the sacred names that hang upon those walls, of their histories and their books, and then of Mr Erskine as their exponent, you may have some idea of how I have enjoyed myself.'

She had showed no resentment; but she was a trifle pale and there was, unquestionably, a spark of fire in her eyes.

'Yes,' returned Lady Evelyn, 'Mr Erskine has all the qualifications of a pedagogue; you know, possibly, that he was tutor and travelling companion to several undistinguished young men before he was fortunate enough to be engaged by Lord Calderon as his secretary.'

Lucia smiled and glanced at her aunt.

'We know that quite well. He was tutor and travelling companion to Mr Frank Jocelyn when we first made his acquaintance in New York. I will tell you how it happened. The hotel in which they were staying caught fire, and it was with an immense deal of difficulty that Mr Jocelyn was saved. Papa, who was one of the spectators, said he never would have been but for Mr Erskine's courage and resource. It was just one of those actions, dear Lady Evelyn, that deserve the Victoria Cross as much as any deed of gallantry on the field

of battle. After that paps and Mr Erskine made friends, and we saw a great deal of him and of Mr Jocelyn too.'

'My notion is,' interposed Miss Patience, 'that if the young man deserved the Victoria Cross for saving his pupil from being burnt to death, he deserved some order of merit that doesn't exist for his behaviour to him all along. That boy was halfmad and wholly wicked, and I have heard my brother say that if Mr Erskine had murdered him outright it would have been a case of justifiable homicide.'

'But he stopped short of that?' asked Lady Evelyn, with a rather sickly smile.

'Yes,' said Lucia, returning the smile, 'he stopped short of that. I rather think Mr Erskine has an inveterate habit of stopping short in things.'

After Lady Evelyn was gone, by no means elated at her success, Lucia sat down on the couch by her aunt, and, throwing her arm round the old lady's neck, kissed her with unusual fervour.

'You are always a darling,' she said, 'but you never were a greater darling than to-day. You gave the right man his due.'

'The right man! My dear, not that! Lady Evelyn has been here to tell me that the only right man for you to marry is the Earl of Calderon. It is becoming serious, Lucia. Your poor father would have liked the notion.'

'The Earl of Calderon has not asked me.'

'But he will. I don't need any fine lady to tell me that. He is only waiting to make sure of his answer; and—you have been very kind to him—a man like that does not like to risk being refused. I have found out all about him, dear. He has a big house in Brook Street—you wouldn't think so from the outside, but he only lives in a corner of it—and two or three grand places in the provinces and Scotland, either let to rich brewers or falling

into decay because he can't afford to keep them up. It is not his fault, people say; he has no vices at all, but his fathers before him seem to have had plenty. Your dollars would come in handy to put all that straight, and it would be nice to be Countess of Calderon.'

'Ah! you have been bought over by Lady Evelyn.'

'Not a bit of it! I heard all she had to say, but gave her not a ha'porth of encouragement. But I like the young man myself, and I like the idea, Lucia, of your going back for your honeymoon to Chicago and New York with what poetry books call "a coronet on your brow."

Lucia laughed, but not very merrily.

'You see, you must marry some day,' the old lady continued; 'and it is not fair to the men to keep so many of them dangling about you in suspense. It is a nuisance for a girl to have so much money; it destroys confidence.'

"If Lord Calderon should propose to marry me, Aunt Patience, it will be in spite of, not because of, my money; but I have not made up my mind. You know poor papa always said I was to choose to please myself; but—I have not chosen!' Then the girl got up with a somewhat affected gesture of weariness. 'I am getting tired of it all,' she said. 'You know we have two receptions to-night. I am afraid it will knock you up; but I have refused all invitations for to-morrow, and you will have a pleasant day at the Botanical Gardens with Lilian Shephard. You remember you promised to take her.'

'And you will not go?'

'No, darling; I have been there already too often, and I mean to have a long rest at home.' Whence it would appear that Truth still sleeps at the bottom of her well.

THE ROMANCE OF A RAINDROP.

By ARTHUR H. BELL.



ILL it rain to-day?' is probably the question most frequently asked regarding the weather; and as many circumstances combine to make the query very important, rain may be considered the most interesting

phenomenon with which the meteorologist has to deal. Gardeners, engineers, farmers, and sanitary officials especially desire to know the amount of rain that falls in various localities during certain definite periods; and in order to supply this information the meteorologist has to determine to what depth any particular fall of rain would have covered the ground had none of the water run off, percolated through the soil, or evaporated. Thus, when it is said that the average rainfall during the year at a specified place is thirty-six

inches, all that the statement means is that if all the water had remained on the surface a lake three feet deep would have been formed.

Depth of rainfall is, of course, ascertained by means of a rain-gauge, which measures the amount of water precipitated from the atmosphere during certain definite periods—usually twenty-four hours. Sir Christopher Wren has the credit of constructing the first rain-gauge; but they have been made in various shapes and sizes since his time; and perhaps none of the instruments in the meteorologist's armoury is so familiar to the general public as the rain-gauge. The methods of using the instrument and the meaning of rainfall statistics are also thoroughly understood nowadays.

However, behind these statistics and the methods of obtaining them, there are questions

of great interest that obtrude themselves when we are watching the falling rain, and we desire to learn about the history of the raindropfor example, Why is a raindrop round? How are raindrops formed? At what particular time does vapour become visible as mist? and What are the causes which change this mist into cloud and subsequently into rain? 'A great cause of the night,' said Corin, 'is the absence of the sun, and the property of rain is to wet;' and on hearing this piece of weather-wisdom Touchstone observed that his companion must be a natural philosopher. The majority of people probably find all their philosophy in respect of rainfall summed up in Corin's observation; but there are many additional circumstances of considerable interest.

The two prime causes of rain are, of course, the sun and the ocean; and, since these two factors do not appreciably vary from year to year, it follows that the annual rainfall on the earth as a whole, if it could be measured, would also be found to be invariable. It is obvious, however, that the rainfall at all places is not equal. In London, for instance, the average yearly rainfall is twenty-two inches; but on the Khasi Hills in India it is no less than six hundred inches. Similar contrasts are observable in other parts of the world, the differences being due to local geographical conditions. The rain which falls over the British Islands is, in the first place, drawn up from the Atlantic, and it is chiefly the southwest wind that carries the moisture-laden clouds against the sides of the hills and the mountains, and causes the atmosphere to distil in the form of rain the vapour it contains.

The starting-points in the history of rain are, therefore, heat and moisture. From the surface of land and water tiny globules or vesicles of moisture are continually rising into the atmosphere by the force of the sun's heat; and the warmer the air the greater the number of these globules of water the atmosphere is able to absorb. In this respect the atmosphere may be likened to a sponge, for it is from the moisture thus retained that the subsequent raindrops are formed. Most people are well acquainted with the very familiar phenomenon which is to be noticed when a glass of very cold water is brought into a warm room: the drops of moisture which form on the outside of the glass being among the commonest phenomena in what may be termed domestic meteorology. There is a similar transformation in the outside atmosphere; so that when the warm, moist currents of air flow against the sides of a cold mountain, or it may be against a body of cold air, there is a reduction in temperature, the atmosphere is squeezed like a sponge, and the particles of moisture are forced out of it. The particles then assume the form of cloud, fog, mist, rain, snow, and hail, as the case may be.

Now, as regards the globules of moisture, the most recent experiments and observations point to the conclusion that before the drops of vapour can form there must be a tiny nucleus of dust upon which the condensed water may settle. At the centre of every drop of vapour in a cloud there is probably a little core of dust; and without these little atoms there could be no rain. These atoms of dust are visible only under the strongest microscopes; and so extremely minute are they that in a cubic foot of saturated air it has been calculated that they number one thousand millions, their total weight being only three grains. As many of the clouds that float like huge bales of wool in the atmosphere are more than three miles in thickness, the myriads of dust-nuclei required to build up such vast stores of condensed moisture may well be considered incalculable. In a thick town-fog it is readily understood that particles of carbon and sulphur go to build up the misty fabric; but in a cloud other minute particles of matter are no less a necessity.

It is commonly considered that the particles of moisture within a cloud are quite motionless; and when looking at a huge cloud floating serenely in a summer sky it is difficult not to think of its constituent parts as being quite at rest. An anthill seen at a distance appears to be without internal motion; but a closer inspection quickly dispels the impression. Similarly, the apparently stationary cloud is all commotion and movement, the particles within it being always on the move, some going up and others down. The particles of moisture, moreover, being probably only about the four-thousandth part of an inch in diameter, the resistance offered by the air to their movement is very slight; indeed, as soon as they are condensed they immediately begin to fall downwards, and were it not for the atoms of dust waiting to catch them the particles would at once fall to the ground. It is often asked why the vapour, if so readily condensed in the atmosphere, does not continually fall to the earth. The answer to this question, it will be seen, is that the moisture, instead of always pouring down on the earth, settles on the surface of the atoms of dust. Thus the first downward movement of the incipient raindrop is arrested by the dust-nuclei which swarm in all parts of the atmosphere; so that, instead of being destroyed as soon as it is formed, the particle of moisture is preserved and stored for future use. In realising the fact that a cloud is always in motion, the first step has been taken in discovering how a raindrop is formed.

It might be supposed that the raindrops would evaporate as quickly as they were condensed; but observation of the drops of moisture running down a window-pane and forming larger drops gives a good idea of what occurs in the clouds; as also does the fact that in a bottle

of soda-water the bubbles of air overtake one another and, colliding, make larger bubbles. One of the principal causes of the manufacture of a raindrop is to be found in the circumstance that there is a similar process of amalgamation at work in every part of the atmosphere. It often happens that a drop of moisture falls downward through a cloud for a distance of a mile or more; and although it may pass through strata of very warm air, thus running a great risk of being evaporated and destroyed, it has also many collisions, by which its bulk is considerably increased, and eventually becomes so heavy that its rate of progress is very much accelerated. Then, no longer able to float in the air, it plumps down to the earth as a full-grown raindrop.

In past times the formation of a raindrop was usually ascribed to the influence of electricity. Researches and investigations regarding atmospheric electricity do, indeed, reveal the fact that the vapour in various parts of the atmosphere is charged with different kinds of electricity; and this being so, it is obvious that the particles of moisture are individually of various electric potentials. Now, it is well known that objects bearing on their surfaces the same kind of electricity repel each other; and therefore some speculators in matters meteorological suggest that when one particle of moisture drifts near another there is mutual repulsion, which keeps them both suspended in mid-air. Discharges of electricity are, however, continually taking place from these tiny particles; and some authorities consider that at such times the drops of moisture, as their electric potential changes, are able to approach one another, and that in this way the raindrops grow and increase in number. The production of snow and hail has been similarly explained; and, since the latter phenomenon is so often accompanied by a thunderstorm, additional support is given to these electric theories. So little, however, is known concerning atmospheric electricity that considerable caution is necessary in considering theories of the supposed action of that mysterious agent. At present, in seeking for some explanation of a raindrop, it is safer to follow the simpler and less elaborate theory referred to in the previous paragraph.

There is also a theory that the particles of moisture in the atmosphere radiate heat, and so grow cold; and it is suggested that they then become in a condition to condense further supplies of aqueous vapour on their surfaces, and so the drops increase in size. This theory is very popular, but unfortunately there is a fatal objection to it. It is now well understood that whenever moisture is condensed on any surface latent heat is set free; therefore, if moisture settles on a watery particle the only result is to raise its temperature, so that the moisture evaporates as soon as it is condensed, and in this way the raindrop would stand but a very poor chance indeed of growing in size. The theory is attractive; but

recent researches in respect of atmospheric dust and the simpler method of growth produced by collision of the drops of moisture one with another have caused it to be gradually abandoned.

Mention has been made of the fact that particles of moisture as soon as they are formed commence to fall slowly downwards. If this is so, it may possibly be asked how it is that clouds, which are but a collection of these particles of moisture, rise to great heights. The highest of all clouds is the cirrus, which has often been seen floating several miles above the tops of the highest mountains. It is probable, moreover, that in these cold, serene heights of the atmosphere the drops of moisture are frozen into the form of icy crystals, and it is a matter for surprise that they remain suspended in the rarefied air. How they could have risen to such enormous heights is still more mysterious. A solution of a good deal of the mystery is found when we consider the cumulus clouds, which look like huge bales of wool or gigantic rocks. Rising from all parts of the surface of the earth there are strong currents of hot air, and so great is the force of these rising convectional currents that they travel upwards many miles. It will be seen, therefore, that if this current of air happens to be a moist as well as a warm one, the particles of vapour will be carried upwards too. Moreover, it has been found by experiment that as air expands it grows colder; therefore, when the column of air reaches a height of about a mile above the surface of the earth, where the atmospheric pressure is very much reduced, it at once expands. In doing so it is quickly reduced in temperature, and the particles of invisible aqueous vapour immediately condense and become visible in the form of a cloud; and thus the particles of moisture are carried to those great heights at which they are seen to be floating. These clouds, indeed, are but the visible top or capital of a rising column of warm, moist air; to compare great things with small, they very much resemble a rocket which bursts into fire when it arrives at a certain point in its upward career.

When the particles of moisture are thus rendered visible, a further change in temperature sends them journeying upwards into still higher regions of the atmosphere. Most people during hot weather have cooled the contents of their water-bottle by wrapping a damp cloth round it; and they are aware that they obtained cool water because the evaporation of moisture from the cloth had carried off heat with it. Conversely, if moisture condenses it sets free a certain amount of heat, which is commonly described as having been latent. When. therefore, the particles of moisture in a cloud condense, an enormous amount of latent heat is set free, and it is this liberated heat that serves to carry the drops of moisture to higher levels, since the warmer the air becomes the more it will rise. As the formation of one gallon of rain is calculated to give out sufficient heat to melt a block

of ice seventy-five pounds in weight, some idea may be formed of the amount of heat that is set free when a huge cloud bursts or condenses into being. Therefore, in investigating some of the causes which carry the drops of moisture to the higher regions of the atmosphere, the rising currents of air and latent heat must be reckoned as important factors.

When the raindrops arrive at these great heights they are in a position very similar to that of a ball dancing at the top of a rising column of water, for at any diminution in the force buoying them up they will begin to fall; and thus the raindrops commence their real downward journey. Supposing it were possible for an observer to occupy a position immediately below a cloud, and close enough to see all that was taking place, he would notice raindrops of all sizes leaping from the under-side of the cloud and plunging toward the earth.

The simplest experiment to get some idea concerning the variation in raindrops is to expose an ordinary slate for a few minutes during a shower of rain, and it will be seen by the differentsnaped blotches on the slate that, although the raindrops have all made a similar journey, they have nevertheless contrived to acquire an individuality during their downward passage. That the raindrops are round admits of a very simple explanation. They are this shape owing to the action of capillarity, which in the case of the raindrop acts equally in all directions. When a stone is dropped into water the circles made on the surface are perfectly round, owing to the fact that the force producing them moves equally in all directions, and the raindrops are spherical owing to a similar unrestrained action.

In many parts of the world the very curious phenomenon of coloured rain sometimes occurs, and in many instances it is due to very simple causes. In some cases the colouring matter is found to be nothing but the pollen-dust shaken out of the flowers on certain trees at such times as a strong wind happened to be blowing over them. Fir-trees and cypress-trees, when grouped together in large forests, at certain seasons of the year give off enormous quantities of pollen, and this vegetable dust is often carried many miles through the atmosphere by the wind, and frequently

falls to earth during a shower of rain. The microscope clearly reveals the origin of such coloured rain, which has on more than one occasion puzzled and mystified the inexperienced. Pollen is therefore very largely responsible for the reports sent from different parts of the world of golden, black, and red rain. Fish and insects also descend to earth during showers of rain; but since it is probable that these and other unwonted visitors to the atmosphere were originally drawn up into the air during the passage across the country of a whirling storm, with powerful ascending currents of air, there is no need to look for any far-fetched explanation of what, after all, is a very simple occurrence.

The history of a raindrop, then, has some very romantic and interesting episodes connected with it; but, wonderful as are the incidents in what is really a very remarkable career, it is not until the raindrops fall on the earth that the full purport of the work they do is wholly realised. Contemplated by itself, a raindrop seems a very insignificant thing; but when the drops combine in a heavy downpour of rain the result is truly wonderful. The information that one inch of rain has fallen over a certain area is not very impressive; the amount does not seem very great. A fall of one inch of rain means, however, that no less than one hundred tons of water have fallen on each acre of surface, or no less than sixty thousand tons on each square mile. Instead of expressing the amount of water in tons, it may be thus stated in gallons, taking the Thames basin as a convenient area for reference: a rainfall of three inches over that area means that one hundred and sixty thousand million gallons of water have been precipitated from the atmosphere. At times, too, when the rainfall is still heavier, rivers overflow their banks and floods occur, and still further evidence is then forthcoming of the power and the might of the raindrops working towards one common end. Sooner or later the raindrop, whether it runs off the surface of the earth in a river or in a disastrous flood, finds its way, under the influence of evaporation, back into the atmosphere, and is then ready to start on another journey, which, like all its predecessors, will be full of incident from start to finish.

PIONEERS IN PHOTOGRAPHY.



MONGST the now almost forgotten pioneers of photography in Scotland were Sir David Brewster, Dr John Adamson of St Andrews, and his younger brother Robert Adamson. Between 1843 and 1849 Robert

Adamson was associated with D. O. Hill, the well-known artist, in the production of a fine

series of calotypes, including portraits of men eminent in every department of life, landscapes, old buildings, and architectural subjects. Hundreds of these calotypes, and also their negatives, are still in existence. The art of producing the warm brown tint of the calotypes, however, seems to have fallen into desuetude. The examples still extant have stood the test of the past sixty years

remarkably well. According to the late J. M. Gray, Curator of the National Portrait Gallery, the finer of the calotypes resemble nothing so much as powerful mezzotints printed in warm-coloured ink. 'There is,' he says further, 'the same broad and effective distribution of light, the same care for composition and suppression of irrelevant details, and that pleasant dead surface-delicate in the light portions, and rich and bloomy in the shadows -which is obtained in such engravings.' Besides the work of a Calotype Club, the late Dean Montgomery and Dr Thomas Keith both practised The earliest collection of calotypes the art. appears to be that of Mrs Tulloch, St Andrews, afterwards described. Mrs D. O. Hill has also a considerable collection of the prints done by her husband, who also gave a collection to the library of the Royal Scottish Academy. The largest and most representative collection, however, is the property of Mr Andrew Elliot, 17 Princes Street, Edinburgh, who purchased the negatives of D. O. Hill's calotypes; and he has also a series of representative prints, executed by that artist, assisted by Robert Adamson, at his studio, Calton Hill Stairs, Edinburgh. The best and most generally interesting of these pictures, reproduced with wonderful success from the old negatives, have been selected by Mr Elliot for publication, under the title of Calotype Portraits, by D. O. Hill and R. Adamson. Biographical notices from the pen of J. M. Gray and other writers, with a brief account of the methods of photography, will be appended.

In the latest word on the history of photography, Mr A. Horsley Hinton says of D. O. Hill's calotypes that, guided by an artistic knowledge and taste, and unfettered by photographic convention, he produced portraits which for genuine pictorial quality have perhaps never been surpassed, if some allowances be made for the necessary imperfections of the 'talbotype.' Hugh Miller acknowledged that there was a truth, breadth, and power about them to be found only in the highest walks of art, and not often even in these. Stanfield said: 'They are most wonderful; and I would rather have a set of them than the finest Rembrandts I ever saw.' According to Brewster, however, the rough grain of the paper prevented justice from being done to the delicate lines and shades of the human countenance. There are two fine portraits of John Gibson Lockhart in this collection, and deservedly, as to him we owe, no doubt, the equally fine portraits of his friend John Wilson, 'Christopher North,' one of which was copied for the frontispiece of his Memoir. We can fix the date very nearly, as Lockhart wrote to Wilson from London, 28th March 1844, as follows: 'Showed me a lot of Edinburgh daguerreotypes [calotypes]—the Candlishes, &c.; that of Sir D. Brewster is by far the best specimen of the art I had ever seen. It is so good that I should take it very kind if you would sit to the man whom Brewster patronises, for me. This art is about to revolutionise book illustration entirely.' The portraits of Wilson show the massiveness of the old man eloquent, who, although his wife had died several years before, still wears 'weepers' on his coatcuffs, and did so till the day of his death. Hugh Miller, whose portrait figures amongst the rest, in an article on the invention in the Witness, also said, like Lockhart, that it would furnish 'a new mode of design for the purposes of the engraver, especially for all the illustrations of books;' but neither of them could forecast how very universal process-engraving would become. In this interesting series we find portraits of Sir John Gladstone, Robert Chambers, Dr Chalmers, Guthrie, Rintoul of the Spectator, G. M. Kemp at the building of the Scott Monument, Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Robert Carruthers, Lord Cockburn at his favourite seat of Bonaly, James Nasmyth of steam-hammer fame, John Murray the publisher and his wife; also Lady Eastlake and Mrs Jameson the art historian.

It may be asked, wherein does a calotype differ from a modern photograph? Calotype-Greek, kalos, beautiful; typos, impression-was the name given in 1840 by Mr Fox Talbot to the method (invented by him quite independently of the very different method devised about the same date by Daguerre in France) of photographing by the action of light on nitrate of silver. He patented the process in 1841. In this process Talbot produced his negative by preparing paper on the surface with iodide of silver, subsequently washing it over with a mixture of nitrate of silver, with gallic and acetic acids, and then exposing it in the camera to the object he wished to copy. The invisible image or picture thus obtained was developed by aceto-nitrate of silver and gallic acid. The paper negative was then rendered translucent with wax, and used in the production of positive prints. The introduction of the collodion process by Mr Scott Archer was a step in advance. Then came the gelatine dry plates, suggested in 1871 by the Rev. R. L. Maddox, and improved by C. Bennett in 1878.

When Mr Fox Talbot communicated his discovery by letter to Sir David Brewster, the scientist was the guest of Lord Kinnaird at Rossie Priory, Perthshire. Brewster constructed an apparatus for Lord Kinnaird, and the first experiment resulted in a blurred and hazy outline of an old lady who had been kept sitting for twenty minutes in full sunlight. Fascinated by the work, Brewster persevered; the work improved, and he induced Dr John Adamson, St Andrews, to take up the art, who next induced his younger brother, Robert Adamson, to learn it. We fear Sir David Brewster has received less than his due credit in this connection. Dr Robert Graham, who was at Rossie Priory when the first experiments were made, has said: 'Sir David was our teacher. He alone, in those early days, knew anything of the process or of its philosophy, and a most patient and painstaking teacher he was, showing us how the different parts of the manipulation were to be performed, and taking his full share of all the dirty and disagreeable work.' D. O. Hill decided to paint his great Free Church picture, 'Signing the Deed of Demission' (1843), he required to introduce about five hundred portraits into his canvas. On the recommendation of Sir David Brewster, Hill interested himself in the photographic experiments then being made by Robert Adamson, and he determined to utilise this new art as an aid to portraiture. Robert Adamson joined Hill in Edinburgh, at the artist's invitation, and hundreds of calotypes thus taken are still in existence. Hill attended to the grouping of the sitters, the attitudes, and light and shade, while Adamson manipulated the camera and chemicals. Hugh Miller said that he had placed the head of Dr Chalmers, so produced, beside one of the most powerful prints of him then extant, and found from the contrast that the latter was a mere approximation. Every artist did not share this opinion. In an article on 'Robert Chambers's Commonplace Book,' by the Editor, in Chambers's Journal for November 1901 (vol. iv. p. 737), is a letter from Mr B. W. Crombie, an Edinburgh miniature painter, dated 12th March 1845, in which the following passage occurs: 'I am glad Sir David [Brewster] has no objection to sit, and it remains for me to decide whether I shall wait till he comes to Edinburgh in May or wait on him at St Andrews. As to the calotypes he mentions, I don't believe they would be of much service to me in a profile likeness, unless it was to familiarise me with the character.'

The first calotype portrait taken in Scotland was produced in May 1840. This negative was taken, as we have seen, by Mr Talbot's process, and was obtained by following his directions, and using a temporary camera-obscura made with a common small lens or burning-glass an inch and a half in diameter. The portrait is that of a lady, and is still in existence in the very valuable collection belonging to Mrs Tulloch, whose father, Dr Adamson, as we have said, was Sir David's colleague in the earlier experiments.

It may interest golfers to hear that many of these earlier studies were done in Allan Robertson's back-green at St Andrews, now covered by Mason's Hotel; and not the least interesting of Mrs Tulloch's fascinating collection deals with the famous old golfers, singly and in groups; and many studies of the famous St Andrews ruins are still wonderfully fresh and clear. The collection, numbering over three hundred, embraces many a name still held in honour and affection. Running roughly, by date, down the series, we find: in 1842, Sir Hugh Playfair (the good genius of St Andrews and its Provost to all time) and Mr Holcroft, Sir George Campbell and another, Professor Tennent, Professor Ferrier,

Haig of Seggie (another Provost still held in honour), Dr George Cooke, and M. Messieux, a French-Swiss teacher, medallist of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club in 1825 and 1827, and one of the mightiest swipers of story. It is on record that at St Andrews Messieux drove a teed ball from the Hole o' Cross green, coming home, right into the Hell Bunker, a distance of about three hundred and eighty yards, the wind and ground being described as favourable. There are also Clanranald, Robert Chambers, Sir David Brewster, Professor Alexander, Principal Haldane, golf groups of well-known faces (Colonel Maitland Dougall and others), Professor Sir James Y. Simpson, Dr Argyll Robertson, golf group with Allan Robertson and Mr Robert Chambers (junior) second from right, Mrs Tennant of The Glen, Campbell of Saddell and family, Sir Robert Christison, Dr Keith, Dr John Brown (Rab), Professor Alexander, P. P. Alexander, Sir Lambert Playfair (Consul at Algiers), George Glennie (club in hand), D. O. Hill, Miss Davidson of Tulloch, Wolfe Murray (with flute), Hodge (schoolmaster), Campbell of Schiehallion, group of Edinburgh doctors (Dr Simson, Glenfinlas Street, in centre), several groups of Edinburgh doctors of varying interest, Dr Priestley (London), Professor Syme, Charles Kingsley, Professor Stokes, and J. A. Froude. Altogether, the series forms a most interesting portrait gallery, and has been cherished with loving care.

Possibly one of the earliest volumes illustrated by photography is *The Pencil of Nature*, by W. Fox Talbot, published by Longmans in 1844. It is a handsome quarto volume, with twenty-four plates, views in Oxford, books in a library, lace, leaves, and flowers, and Laycock Abbey, Wiltshire, the residence of Talbot. There is a copy of this scarce volume in the University Library, Edinburgh.

An article on 'Photography' in the North British Review (1847), evidently by Sir David Brewster, mentions that Adamson and Hill published some large volumes of 'talbotypes' at the price of forty pounds and fifty pounds each. The Signet Library, Edinburgh, has on its shelves one of these volumes, entitled 'A Series of Calotype Views of St Andrews, published by D. O. Hill and R. Adamson at their Calotype Studio, Calton Stairs, Edinburgh, 1846.' We have travelled some distance in book production since then; but these early pictures are still prized for their power and truthfulness.

A SONG OF SACRIFICE.

I MAY not tell you of the love I cherish;
You may not tell me all your lips would say.
We meet in crowds, our riven hearts safeguarding
Their burning love beneath a mask of clay.

For you are his, and not a look shall sully

The lily fragrance of your pure white soul.

If love were all! But no. Love could not pay you,

Full tale and sterling measure, what it stole.

WILLIAM TROPP.



THE BLOCH MUSEUM OF PEACE AND WAR.

By G. GALE THOMAS.



EAN DE BLOCH, founder of the museum at Lucerne, was no mere idealist, but a practical student of social science dealing with military preparation and the consequences of war simply on their economic side.

The peace-movement, until his time, had found its chief basis in appeals to the humanity and sympathy of mankind. De Bloch broke new ground. To show that a war between great Powers under modern conditions could lead to no decisive result. and must mean commercial suicide, with internal revolution to follow, and that in very self-preservation nations must find some other way of settling their differences, was the keynote of the new gospel of peace which he preached; and to the continuance of that work the unique museum on the banks of the Swiss Lake of the Four Cantons is dedicated.

To enable us to test the value of his work, a brief review of his previous training and accomplishments is necessary. Jean Gottlieb Bloch was born of Jewish parents at Radom, in Russian Poland, in 1836. His early life was passed in very poor circumstances; but, with the commercial aptitude of his race, he soon began to make his mark, taking advantage of every opportunity of completing his education by the study of languages and an educational course in Berlin. Being employed at first as a bank-clerk at Warsaw, he became later on a bookkeeper in the service of Count Hotynski, and showed such ability that he was specially recommended to the notice of the authorities in St Petersburg, where, at the age of twenty-four, he obtained the contract for building the St Petersburg Railway, and realised a fortune from the transaction.

He returned to the home of his childhood in Warsaw, and founded a banking-house, which he conducted with equal skill and success. Receiving from time to time various contracts for railwaybuilding, he carried them out in such a satisfactory manner that the administration of the whole net of railways from the Baltic to the Black Sea was entrusted to his charge. Then he entered other

He became one of the principal men in the sugar and timber trades and the exploitation of forests, while he took a great practical interest in agriculture. Thus he became the leading figure in the commercial world of Warsaw, and at the age of fortyseven was created a noble by the Czar. His works on railway administration and economic questions were numerous and exhaustive, constituting a veritable encyclopædia of information.

branches of industry besides railways and banking.

This, therefore, was no dreamer, but a business man of the highest ability, accustomed to deal with the facts of life on a severely practical basis; a man whose soundness of judgment had been evidenced by the success of all his undertakings. He set out with no theory to prove. The views by which he will be always remembered were forced upon him gradually when he sought them not; and it is a sufficient evidence of the practical nature of his researches that the inception of the new crusade came to him as the result of actual war preparations in which he had to take part. As pointed out by M. Frédéric Passy, the veteran peace advocate, it was while occupying himself with the interests of the town where his business lay, and in making preparations for military provisioning and transport, that it was borne in upon Jean de Bloch how greatly the conditions of war had changed in modern His local patriotism made him, to quote Jules Simon's saying, a patriot of humanity; and his experience as a financier enabled him to appreciate the terrible effect of the enormous military expenditure under which the nations were groaning.

It fell to his lot to take a large part in the preliminary preparations for the Russo-Turkish war of 1877, and he began to consider what would happen if his own town of Warsaw should be besieged as Paris had been but a few years earlier. In making these practical calculations of the arrangements necessary, he found himself face to face with certain questions, and he was forced to the conclusion that no sufficient preparations could be made to provide against the dangers from with-

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out and within. He realised that the state of Warsaw was only a type of that of other cities, and that the economic disturbances created by a siege, without taking other considerations into account, would be fatal. The stoppage of business, the desertion of factories and fields, the interruption of communications, and the suppression of means of transport would involve famine, sickness, and misery. In view of the tremendously increased power of engines of destruction, the corresponding increase of expense, the call to arms of the whole able-bodied population, and the difficulty of feeding such an enormous number of people-without reserving everything for them-he foresaw a mass of suffering, of requisitions, and imposts which would put the whole of Europe under the régime of a state of siege.

This was the commencement, and henceforth, year after year, Jean de Bloch pursued his inquiries; and, banker that he was, he set himself to draw up the balance-sheet of war and peace, giving ten years to the work. The results were given to the world in a number of volumes, and may be briefly stated in the following conclusions:

'War in the future between two great European Powers, in view of the numerical force of armies, and all that has been accomplished in recent years in perfecting the engines of war, would be of very long duration.

'The economic conditions created by this state of affairs, and the actual expenses of war, would, in a very short time, render its continuation impossible.

Long before one of the two belligerents could obtain any decisive advantage, the Powers in combat would be exhausted, and this would result in revolution and ruin in the countries engaged.

'Therefore, in the future, war can no longer serve as a means of settling international differences.'

This was not the thesis of a partisan seeking to find a means for the condemnation of war; it was the declaration of a scientist announcing the discovery of an existing, yet hitherto unrecognised, law. To quote the words of the talented Baroness Von Suttner, De Bloch was no more an apostle of peace than Newton was an apostle of the law of gravitation or Darwin an apostle of the evolution of species. He was a seeker and a savant in the domain of social science.

De Bloch's work attracted the attention of the young Czar, and made such an impression on him that, after discussing the subject with the author, he summoned the famous conference at the Hague, which marked an important stage in the progress of the world. Although, from the nature of the case, no appeal to its good offices was permitted by this country in the case of the South African war, the court has nevertheless been the means of settling peacefully a number of minor disputes; and one of the latest examples of its practical utility is afforded by the Behring Sea seal-fishery dispute between the United States and Russia, which has been submitted to its arbitration by consent of both parties.

By his will M. de Bloch, who died in January 1902, left a sum of five thousand pounds to found a museum which should continue his work by a plain demonstration, in a series of object-lessons, of the evident facts of the science of ancient and modern weapons and military preparation, their powers of destruction, and the financial and industrial cost of war.

The front of the building, with its old towers of medieval form, faces the lake beside the Lucerne railway station. Within, all carefully noted in order with their respective dates, are weapons of all ages, from the ancient Roman catapult to the modern product of Krupp's factory. An enormous skeleton of a horse which has been made a target for shots has each breakage of the bones numbered, with a table below to show readily what wounds have been made by certain rifles with different bullets at varying distances. A collection of human bones near by shows similar devastating results, all tabulated with the same relentless scientific accuracy. Above it hang life-size outlines of a man's body divided with lines into varying sections. In the outline dealing with wounds from infantry projectiles, the region of mortal wounds is indicated as including the head above the eyes, a broad line down through the centre of the face, neck, and chest widening out from the waist to the abdomen. The region of severe wounds not necessarily mortal is that of the bones of the arms and legs. In the case of wounds from shrapnel, the zone of mortal wounds is extended across the chest. while it includes a wider channel down the centre of the legs.

Dozens of interesting and instructive diagrams illustrating different features of the development of warfare, and the nature of the military, economic, and financial questions involved, cover the walls, affording food for weeks of careful study. One representing the respective proportions of the populations of the different countries occupied in agriculture shows the extent to which the people would suffer in the event of war. The agriculturist, having the means of life near at hand and under control, would, of course, be the lightest sufferer; while the other classes of the community would feel the heavier weight of the burden. In this light the diagram showing the descending proportion of agriculturists to the total population-from the case of Russia, which heads the list, down through Austria, Germany, and France to England-affords food for thought to Englishmen.

Various galleries are consecrated to different periods of history, with plans of notable battles, from the time of Hannibal's fights at Cannæ and Trasimene to the engagements of the Transvaal war. On tables are spread great plaster-reliefs of battles like those of Plevna and Wörth, and the visitor can mount a staircase to a gallery beside them to obtain a bird's-eye view.

In the grounds are models of soldiers' tents and bivouacs, actual railway lines showing the methods of destruction by wiring on to the side a small tin of explosive; entrenchments and different kinds of bridges, from the simply constructed single plank footbridge on X supports to the substantial bridge for the crossing of artillery. A representation of the natural entrenchments of the Boers in their actual size is also an interesting feature.

One of the most notable exhibits of the museum is a collection of dioramas representing a number of typical and instructive scenes in modern warfare. The visitor looks out from a large covered gallery, as it were from a window, on to the scene of the imaginary battlefields. The most striking representation is 'The Evening after the Battle,' by Zeno The foreground, with its abandoned Dimmer. rifles and knapsacks, is bounded by a narrow river, beyond which the field of carnage can be seen under the lurid red of the evening light. In the air is a flock of carrion-crows descending on their prey. Here, on the edge of a stream, a wounded soldier is feebly battling, with one hand held before his head, against the attack of one of the birds. Around

a dismantled gun-carriage near by lies a heap of corpses, and on the silent gun itself the birds have perched to rest from the ghastly feast. A horse lies dead, with his legs in the air; while near at hand an uninjured charger is smelling sadly at the body of the master who will never call him more. Men lie here and there on the plain in strange, unnatural positions. One wounded soldier, with haggard face, can be seen trying vainly to rise from beneath the corpse of a dead comrade. And now from the side come the human hyænas, intent on their nefarious work of robbing the dead. A man appears, carrying a sack of booty over his shoulder, followed by a woman holding under her arm two valuable swords and bearing her share of ill-gotten gains; while near by a companion is stripping the clothes from a corpse in search for valuables and ready to despatch with his dagger any wounded man who may happen to be in his way.

This is War! War stripped of its false glory and glamour; War in its reality and portrayed in a form which appeals to the heart of every beholder.

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

CHAPTER XVIII .- ONE RETURNS.



HEN Barbe came out into the gallery in the early dawn one morning her eye fell at once on something floating in the Pot. So familiar was she with all her surroundings that no smallest thing out of the common could

escape her notice. She stood gazing at that white thing circling slowly round and round in the broken water, now gliding quietly, now jerking abruptly and spinning and darting, the sport of the waves. It was too far away to see with any exactness; but she knew it was a body, and her heart beat slow, and a sick fear came over her at the thought that it might be Alain come back to her in this way, even as he had come the first time. She went slowly down the ladder to her father, who had just turned in.

- 'There is a man in the Pot,' she said abruptly.
- 'Eh bien!' said Pierre, 'let him stop there.'
- 'But'—— and she stopped short. To hint at the possibility of it being Alain Carbonec was not the way to enlist Pierre's sympathies.
 - 'I want no more men out of the Pot.'

Barbe flushed at the implication. 'It might be —one of them,' she said hesitatingly.

'You'd better go and see;' and Pierre lurched over with his face to the wall as an intimation that the interview was ended.

Yes, truly, she would go and see. The very worst could be no worse than she had come to believe, and if that was Alain's body washing about in the Pot, she would be more content to have him resting quietly in the ground. So she slowly let down the boat from its beams, securing one rope

while she slacked the other, till it dipped and rode. Then she threw in her casting-rope, made after a pattern all her own—a long, thin line raying at the end into four short rope-arms, each weighted with a ball of lead—a combination of lasso and bolas which Barbe had found extremely useful. Many a prize had she fished out of the Pot with it, and not a few bodies. There were certain positions, however, which she could not reach even with this long arm, and in these the flotsam would swing round and round for days, till the hidden forces sucked it down and in due time delivered it on Plenevec beach.

Barbe pulled to the inner lip of the Pot, for the tide was nearly at the flood. Then she stood up to watch for the bobbing white thing to come round to her. It was dawdling playfully round the pool, now darting forward as though endowed with sudden intention, then wandering off on a side-issue, then twisted suddenly backward on some hidden coil of the water; and Barbe stood gently working her cars and gazing at it with the face of a mother eagle. Suddenly the straining of her face relaxed. Some sudden upheaval of the water had turned the body completely over so that now it lay face downwards, and she saw that it had black hair, and her heart was glad. At all events it was not the body of Alain Carbonec. She waited till it came round to her side of the Pot, then stood and flung her line, missed twice, and the third time captured it and held it anchored against the slow flow of the current. She had to wait till the tide was at its highest before she could draw the body gently in at the end of her line. She bent over it, not without emotion, in spite of the practice she had had. A

drowned man always made her heart ache; but now the rebound from her fears, and the renewed possibilities of hope, faint though the hope might be, made her almost indifferent to this stranger. So she bent and looped the line round the flaccid feet and turned her boat towards Plenevec.

'Tiens!' said one of the loungers among the boats on the beach as Barbe drew into sight, 'it is La Carcassone who arrives.'

'The old man must be ill,' said another, 'or maybe she wants news of Alain, and the old curmudgeon won't speak.'

'If he told all he knew'—— said a third. 'Par Dieu! it is a wise man that can hold his tongue.'

'Or a guilty one.'

'That 's so.'

'Tschut!' from an ampler-minded one. 'Unless you make out that he killed them both you have no right to say so. If it had been only one, and that one Alain Carbonec, I'd say yes with you; but why the old hunks should kill them both I cannot see. More likely one of them has killed the other on account of this girl, and then bolted.'

'If that's so, I bet you it wasn't Alain did the killing.'

'It wasn't like him if he did, anyway. Voyons! here comes M. Gaudriol.'

Then they caught a glimpse of what Barbe had in tow, and moved down in a body to meet her.

'What hast thou there, little one?' cried Gaudriol when she came within hail.

But Barbe pulled steadily ashore before she answered, and then she said simply, 'A body out of the Pot.'

Gaudriol's official heart began to beat more quickly, for the chances were, since there had been no wreck, that light was come at last on the mystery that had been troubling them all. It could not be Alain's body, or Barbe would not have answered him so quietly. If Cadoual's—then—truly, yes, his fears would be no less for Alain, but they would be of a different sort.

'Voyons!' he said softly, lest his voice should tell his fears. 'Let us see.'

They drew the body carefully ashore, and all crowded round, and then fell back as it was turned over, for it was a very ghastly sight. Bruised and broken, with a stab in the throat, and every evidence of brutal maltreatment, no more crying witness to a horrible crime ever took the stand than that silent figure lying on the shingle.

'Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!' murmured the Sergeant. 'It is he—Cadoual.'

'He has been murdered,' said one.

'Smashed all to pieces,' said another.

'It is brutality beyond belief;' and they talked among themselves and looked askance at Barbe.

'Did you know who it was, ma fille?' asked Gaudriol.

'No,' she said. 'I saw him from the gallery. But my -M. Carcassone would not go'-the bystanders growled meaningly—'so I went myself, and drew him out with the line. I feared it might be Alain.'

Gaudriol would almost have preferred that it had been Alain; but then there is a vast difference between liking and love.

Half the village was gathered round the body, when the crowd was suddenly parted by Madame Cadoual, who came down on it and through it like a black fury. Her face was very white against her coarse black hair, which had broken loose in her passage; her eyes were ablaze with passion.

'They say'——she began at sight of M. Gaudriol, and then she saw the body on the stones, and she went quickly to it and fell on her knees beside it. 'George! my son, my son! Dost thou come back to me like this? Tell me, then, who has done this to thee?' and she bent her ear to the sodden, white lips. 'It is that cursed old murderer at the Light,' she cried, springing up with a scream which sent the crowd flying back from her. 'Oh! but his head shall fall for this, and that wretched girl who tempted thee across there! They shall pay for this. Life for life, and blood for blood! And may their souls'—— And she proceeded to curse them with all the vehemence of her outraged mother-hood, and Barbe shivered and went pale.

'Tiens! it is she!' cried the tigress, as some instinct told her that the stranger girl with the uncoiffed hair and the beautiful face, though it was pale and sad enough just now, must be the girl from the Light, the girl who had stolen her son's heart from her, and she launched herself at Barbe.

Gaudriol had foreseen it, and stepped between them just in time. He took the excited woman by the shoulders and held her, while she struggled fiercely, and her working mouth volleyed curses past him.

'Be quiet!' he said, shaking her. 'You don't know what you are saying. The girl has nothing to do with it.'

'Blood for blood!' shricked the mother. 'Their lives for his, and everlasting torment for their souls!'

'Take her home,' said Gaudriol to the bystanders.
'She is going out of her mind. And carry him'—
with a nod towards the body—'home too.—For you,
ma fille, I will take you back to the Light.—Jan
Godey, we will take your boat and tow the other;'
and in two minutes they were under way.

At sight of them going Madame Cadoual broke from her guardians, came rushing down the shingle, dashed into the water, and hurled curses after them with voice and hands and eyes and every fibre of her being.

'Don't look at her,' said Gaudriol to Barbe. 'She is mad.'

He was very silent after that, preparing traps for Pierre, till they bumped against the iron ladder.

'He will be sleeping,' said Barbe as she joined Gaudriol in the doorway.

'Bien!' said he, as once before; 'I like them sleeping.' Once more he laid his hand on the sleeping man's shoulder in hopes of trapping the guilt in his eyes as he woke.

'Comment donc?' cried Pierre, sitting up and rubbing his eyes. 'You again, M. Gaudriol? I

thought'---

- 'George Cadoual has come home, mon beau,' said the Sergeant.
- 'Ah!' snorted Pierre, 'then you are satisfied I didn't kill that one at all events.'
 - 'Unfortunately he is dead.'
- 'How—dead—and come home? What do you mean?' and the old man stiffened suddenly.
- 'He has been killed—brutally killed. Every bone in his body is broken, and his throat cut.'
- 'Mon Dieu!' and he gazed back at Gaudriol defiantly and yet visibly wondering. 'And how did he come back, then?'
- 'Your daughter brought him. He was in the Pot.'
- 'Tiens! I remember. She asked me to go, but I wanted no more men out of the Pot.' He was silent for a moment, turning the news over in his mind. Then he looked up at Gaudriol, and asked suddenly, 'And the other?'

'There is no news of him,' said the Sergeant, with a shake of the head.

- 'Voyons, done!' said Pierre musingly, after more thought.—'Go away, Barbe. I must speak with M. Gaudriol.'
- 'No, I shall not go. You are going to speak against Alain,' said Barbe, with her face very pale and her fists tightly clenched.
- 'Eh bien, it is all one!'—Then to the Sergeant,
 'You think I have had a finger in all this, M.
 Gaudriol; but you are wrong. I know nothing
 about it except this: George Cadoual went away to
 Plougastel. He discovered there that Alain Carbonec was in reality Alain Kervec, son of that man I
 killed here for his sins eighteen years ago.' He spoke

steadily, but the cords stood out in his forehead. 'Now, if Alain learned that it was Cadoual who told me that—why, voyez-vous, that may explain some things.'

Gaudriol feared it might; but he was not going to let Pierre see it.

- 'And you told Alain it was Cadoual who gave you that information when he came back that day—was it not so?' he asked quietly.
- 'I did not see him, so I could not tell him. How many more times must I tell you that?' exclaimed Pierre, with a touch of anger, and then brought himself to with a round turn and relapsed into sulky silence.

Gaudriol was satisfied in his own mind, from what he had seen, that Pierre had nothing to do with Cadoual's death. He turned and left the room, followed by Barbe. The mystery was beyond him, and he was full of angry perplexity. Now that a body had turned up, and beyond all doubt a body that pointed to murder, something had got to be done; but what he did not know. If it had been Alain's body, now, he would have arrested Pierre on the spot; but he could see no adequate reason why Pierre should have killed Cadoual, unless, indeed, he had gone out of his mind and killed for the sake of killing, or for the purpose of keeping Barbe free.

'You do not doubt Alain, monsieur?' asked Barbe piteously as they stood at the top of the iron ladder. 'Alain could not do any such thing.'

'I will not believe it, my child,' he said kindly.
'At present I cannot understand it. We must hope for the best.' But there was not very much hope in him as Jan Godey's boat swung back to Plenevec. He feared greatly for Alain, and now his fear was not that he was dead.

Thereafter Barbe spent much time in the gallery, and watched the Pot as a starving eagle eyes the plains.

(To be continued.)

FARM LIFE IN NATAL



UCH has been written lately about South Africa as a field for immigration both for males and females; but a few details of farm life in Natal may interest many readers.

Two very useful articles appeared

in the Nineteenth Century, which are well worth reading. The first, 'Emigration of Gentlewomen,' was by A. M. Brice (April 1901); the second, 'Female Emigration to South Africa' (January 1902), by the Hon. Lady Hely Hutchison. The latter, I think, takes rather a gloomy view of things, at least as regards Natal.

Life on the Natal veldt has a distinct charm. The climate is very good, and, as a rule, the surroundings are picturesque. There is no intense cold or long, dark mornings; and fuel is usually plentiful, and costs little or nothing.

Houses are mostly built of stone, there being plenty on most farms. The roof is covered with corrugated iron, and is generally made with a projecting slope to form a veranda, a most useful adjunct, which quite takes the place of an extra room. Owing to strong winds, houses are only built of one story; and the veranda, carried all round, and covered with vines, looks very cool and cosy. In hot weather the veranda is a nice place for receiving visitors, taking tea, and indulging in a smoke.

As a rule the kitchen is detached from the house, the cooking being done by Kaffirs or coolies, superintended by the mistress or daughters of the house. Colonial women have the great advantage of being

brought up to thoroughly understand all household duties such as cooking, baking, making of butter and preserves; also washing, ironing, and dressmaking. It is no uncommon thing to have hot rolls for breakfast, baked by a daughter of the house.

It is most essential that girls intending to go to South Africa should learn all the house duties here mentioned. Although Kaffirs and coolies make good cooks, they need looking after, and always do better when their mistress understands this department. Young Kaffir girls make good nurses, are fond of children, and are very useful for taking them out in perambulators or for a walk, and amusing them, thus leaving the mothers free to see after the house-work. Some of these girls sew not badly, and they are always happy and contented.

Coloured servants do not sleep in the house; but their huts are as near it as is convenient. The cooks are generally males; but when a girl is employed for house-work or as nurse, she often sleeps on the kitchen floor, with two old sacks for a bed.

At sunrise the cook comes to the kitchen and lights the fire, his first duty being to boil the kettle for tea or coffee. When made, it is partaken of by the men of the house in the veranda, and is also served to other inmates who may wish it in their

Milking is the first work to be done; for even if the milk is not sent to the nearest town, or butter made for sale, a few cows are milked for home supply. A Kaffir boy starts off before sunrise and brings in the cows, the calves having been shut up overnight in an enclosure adjoining the milkingshed or yard. After milking, the cows are sucked dry by the calves, then they are turned out; in some cases they are milked again in the evening. By the time milking is over every one is stirring, and work goes on as follows:

Where a dairy is kept, it has to be attended to first, as it entails a good deal of work. Then once or twice a week bread has to be baked, and this is best done early for the sake of coolness. Breakfast is then prepared, the house swept out, beds made, &c. Eight o'clock is the usual hour for breakfast, as by that time all outdoor farm-work has been set agoing. Most farms have an orchard, where apples, pears, quinces, peaches, apricots, oranges, lemons, &c. are grown; and, as the fruit season is short, large quantities of the fruit are preserved in bottles with syrup, which is easier than making ordinary jams.

About eleven o'clock it is the custom to have a cup of tea, with cake or biscuit, served on the veranda, which makes a very nice break in a hot forenoon. Eleven is also a favourite hour for visitors to arrive who have come any considerable distance, thus escaping the heat of the day, and also giving time to prepare dinner, which is generally served at one o'clock. After this meal the cool side of the veranda is sought for a chat and smoke. About four o'clock tea is served, and the visitors depart, unless they have a long journey, when they stay overnight. Supper is served shortly after sundown.

Washing is mostly done by Kaffirs, and ironing and doing-up by members of the household.

It will be seen from all this that there is plenty of household work; but in a well-ordered house there is spare time for riding, driving, tennis, &c.; and at the close of hot days the summer evenings spent in the veranda chatting and looking at the stars or the moonlit landscape are very enjoyable.

In the veldt at some seasons there are many wildflowers, and in the spruits lots of pretty creepers and ferns, which come in useful for house decoration, in addition to flowers from the garden. Vegetables are easily grown with a little care. Tomatoes do well, as also the common potato; and the sweet potato is much used and very nourishing. Mealies form a staple article of food, the meal making a good porridge, eaten with milk and sugar. The mealie when green makes a nice dish; boiled in the cob and eaten with butter and salt it tastes like green peas. Beef is sometimes difficult to get, and on a farm where I stayed it was brought by a Kaffir once a week a distance of fifteen miles. In summer mutton is mostly used, the sheep being often reared on the farm. Poultry do well when looked after, and repay the cost of their keep.

On nearly all farms you hear the sound of the sewing-machine; and a knowledge of cutting-out and dress-making will be found a great acquisition. A medicine-chest is almost indispensable in a place where doctors are a long way off; also some idea how to treat ordinary ailments, burns, sprains, cuts, &c.

For boys and young men a knowledge of rough carpentry and how to construct farm-implements and machinery is necessary, as natives are quite useless at that kind of work, being much better at breaking than mending.

The Kaffir or Zulu language is not very difficult to pick up; there is more than one good grammar, and some useful phrase-books. For any one likely to make some stay in the country, the time and trouble taken to acquire the language are well spent, as servants can be managed and directed much better when their language is understood. The so-called 'kitchen Kaffir,' a horrible mixture of English and bad Kaffir, should be avoided. Coolies are very quick in picking up Kaffir, and soon speak it fairly well. If, as is often the case, you are near Dutch or German neighbours, you will find that if they have not learned English they can speak Kaffir. More than once I have heard men of these nationalities conversing together in Kaffir.

Farm-work is much diversified, according to the size of the farm, as the holdings vary from one thousand to six thousand acres. This may seem a large acreage; but there is always a lot of waste land. Maize or mealies is the chief crop, and pays very well; but near large towns or railway communication potatoes and forage crops are grown. Barley has been tried, but without much success as yet. In some districts wattle-trees are grown in large numbers for the bark, which is exported for tanning purposes, as mentioned in the article on 'Natal Wattle-Bark' in this Journal, vol. iii. p. 607.

For ordinary farm-work Kaffir labour is the best, as the natives understand the working and management of oxen better than coolies. Kaffirs can generally be hired for about one pound per month, and boys at from five to ten shillings, with their food, which consists of three feeds of mealie porridge a day. These may seem small wages; but for an ordinary plough, with, say, eight oxen, three Kaffirs are required: one to hold the plough, one to walk alongside driving with a long whip, and a small boy in front leading the oxen.

Kaffir labour is not always easy to get, as the natives prefer to go up-country to the mines, where higher wages can be earned for the purchase of cattle, and with these they buy a wife from the chief of some kraal. In former times a girl would cost as much as twenty beasts; but now they are often sold for two. A bargain is sometimes struck after this fashion: a Kaffir comes and asks if you have any cows for sale. If you have, he fixes on one, and agrees to work so many months for it. As he generally chooses one in calf, at the end of his term he gets the cow and calf, and goes off to buy his girl.

Ploughing begins in September, and goes on till the end of November, for the mealie crop. The hot and wet season lasts from November till the end of March. The rest of the year is dry and cool, being mild near the coast, but getting sometimes quite cold and frosty farther inland.

June, July, and August, being the slack months on most farms, are the usual times for taking a holiday at the coast north of Durban, as the climate is then mild and dry. Sometimes a small house is hired by the month, or the old-fashioned plan is adopted of trekking down in a wagon and camping out; and quite an enjoyable time is spent in bathing, fishing, and shooting.

On some farms fairly good shooting can be got. There are at least four different kinds of partridge, besides guinea-fowl and occasionally a buck; but the season lasts only from May till August. The best way is to have a good pony accustomed to the gun and a couple of good pointer dogs, as much ground has to be gone over, which as a rule is steep and rocky.

Horses are fairly cheap in Natal, although the late war has caused prices to go up; but it is not a healthy country for them. They must always be stabled at night. In many districts oats are grown and cut green for forage, and when suitable the veldt-grass is cut and makes good hay. These, with crushed or soaked mealies, make up the horses' food.

The conveyance most used is like the American 'spider,' but rather heavier built, with a pole for two horses, the roads being too steep and the distances too long for a single horse. In the dry winter season the roads are pretty good; but they get very bad and slippery in the wet season. Except in or near towns, horses are seldom shod, and do very well if the hoofs are pared and otherwise attended to regularly.

There is a post-office in every district, where letters and papers can be got by sending for them; and if the distance is too far to send every day, the English mail is always sent for when due. Before the war letters for Natal were landed at Capetown, and came overland, viá Johannesburg; but now they are landed at Durban.

Warm clothing is wanted in winter, and should be brought out from home; but light articles for summer wear can be purchased in South Africa quite as cheaply as in Britain.

The cost of living is higher just now than usual; but many can save for a trip home to the old country.

LUCIA B. POTTS.

CHAPTER V.



ORD CALDERON in his turn was very uneasy. He was now quite sure that he was in love with Lucia Potts, but not at all sure of his having found favour in her sight. Her behaviour at their last meeting

was suggestive—suggestive of her interest in some one else. Could it, through any of the ironies of fate, be his secretary? Lady Evelyn was always harping on that string.

Without deciding what he should do or say, he sauntered one morning into the library, where he knew he was fairly certain to find Erskine at work. The young man was at his usual post at the writingtable, with a pile of blue-books before him; but Calderon observed that he did not appear to have commenced work, and that his attitude as he

entered had been one of profound cogitation. Of course he might have been revolving the knotty points involved in the rectification of the Indian frontier, a subject on which he was working hard to interest his patron in view of an imminent debate, or he might equally have been absorbed in personal affairs.

Erskine looked up quickly as the door opened and Calderon advanced; but that meant little. Erskine was always so confoundedly self-possessed.

'Are you at leisure for half-an-hour? he asked. 'I should like you to look through this rough sketch of what appears to me the situation. The debate is fixed for to-morrow, I think.' He drew one of the blue-books towards him, extracted a closely written sheet, opened the inkstand and took up a pen.

Calderon smiled. He was standing on the opposite side of the table, with his hands resting lightly upon it—he had beautiful hands, of which he was only reasonably vain—and his eyes fixed on the face of the other. Unquestionably it was a beautiful face, not of the Anglo-Saxon nor of the Greek god type, but rather of that of classic Rome: the chin, lips, and nose finely moulded, conveying the character of command, confirmed by the broad and level brows and the veiled expression of the eyes, somewhat deeply set in their clear-cut orbits. The pity was that this majestic head was sunk between the man's shoulders; but Calderon's mood was to discount his disadvantages, while the modulation of his voice as he asked his secretarial question chafed Calderon's nerves by its delightful quality.

'I am not in a mood for work,' Calderon replied abruptly. 'Are you?'

Erskine raised his eyebrows. 'I am scarcely in a position to consult moods,' he said; 'but I hope nothing disagreeable has happened.'

Calderon hesitated. 'What sort of unpleasantness are you afraid of?' he asked, with a short laugh. 'You are in all my secrets, Noel. No, I have not yet received notice of any fresh foreclosure. Nor have I been rejected by our American heiress: that contingency is in the future.'

The carefully planned words had their effect. Erskine's brows contracted with an involuntary movement, and the lines of his mouth hardened a little. Some sheets of manuscript had fallen on the floor, and he stooped to pick them up, arranging books and papers as if preparatory to beginning work.

Calderon's hand was laid on his arm.

'Just two words, Noel,' he said in a suppressed voice, 'as from one honest man to another. Do you know of any reason why I should not ask Lucia Potts to—to mend my broken fortunes?'

'Every reason that an honourable man holds sacred, if that were your motive, Calderon; but—I know you better.'

'You are right. I love her as well as if our positions were reversed, and I were King Cophetua and she the Beggar Maid. Then I am to understand that you do not forbid the banns—I mean that I have your good wishes for their publication?'

The speaker's face was radiant; it seemed to him that his path was being cleared of difficulties, and that the perfect day was breaking. He met Erskine's grave acquiescence with an affectionate smile.

'I own to you, Noel, I am full of misgiving. You have known her longer than I: are my chances good?'

'Not long enough,' was the answer, 'to presume to give an opinion. I know her to be good as gold, without a selfish or ignoble thought, and wise enough to discriminate the ring of true metal. She will know that you are to be trusted.'

Calderon laughed a little uneasily. 'My dear fellow, I want a vast deal more than her good opinion.' He looked thoughtful. 'Suspense is the

very devil,' he said. 'I must know my fate. I will see her to-day.'

Erskine made a sudden exclamation; for a moment he was off guard.

'Not to-day. I met Miss Potts yesterday by chance in the National Portrait Gallery, and she happened to mention that—that she was going out of town to-day.'

'And you did not mention it!' with a vague recurrence to his allayed suspiciousness.

'My dear Calderon'—and Erskine looked up at him with his delightful smile—'the incident was less to me than it would have been to you; it is fortunate that I have recalled it. But it would be lost labour to call at Victoria Street to-day.' He dipped his pen in the ink and opened the pages of the blue-book. 'What do you say,' he added, 'to waiting till after you have gained another triumph? The debate comes on to-morrow, and we have worked hard at the subject. An hour or two more in the morning—— I know that she has her ambitions.'

Calderon reflected. 'Perhaps you are right; if not before it would not be after, for either failure or success would spoil me for speech-making, so I will pray for patience, and you shall coach me to the top of your bent. You were always a good fellow, Noel.' He smiled, nodded, and went out.

For full five minutes after his departure—and that will be found, if tested, a long period—Noel Erskine sat as motionless as if turned to stone. By one of those movements which prove the action and reaction of body and mind, he had closed his eyes as a man may do in some extremity of anguish; but such was not his case. It was rather to concentrate the inward vision. His condition was that of mental tension rather than of mental distress; he had long made up his mind what he should do under certain conditions, and he was now arranging details. He had promised Lucia, under pressure that he could not resist, to pay her a visit that afternoon, and Lord Calderon, whose bias he had long suspected, had confided to him his love and his hopes. This brought matters to a crisis.

'It was like his generous good-nature to take me into his confidence,' he thought to himself. 'Or could he suspect? But no, that would be next to impossible.'

Then he rose and took a turn or two in the room. Perhaps, after all, unsuspected difficulties—a girl's generosity or a man's weakness—might complicate the situation. As he walked to and fro he caught sight of his figure in a mirror, and stopped a moment in contemplation. Then he smiled, not bitterly, but as in the spirit of acquiescence, and went back to his work at the table.

'I think I can trust myself,' he said inwardly; 'but I shall be glad when the pinch is over.'

It was about four o'clock when Erskine arrived in Victoria Street, and he found his hostess, as he had expected, alone. She was standing at the open window, watching attentively the scene below, as he entered, and she beckoned him to her side with a smiling friendliness.

'Is not that charming?' she asked, pointing downwards.

He looked into the street as desired, a little puzzled as to the object indicated.

'There! there!' cried Lucia impatiently. 'I own we have nothing like that in New York or Chicago; they are never so adorably fresh.' She leaned a little beyond the window to follow the objects of her admiration out of sight.

What she had seen was this: a nurse walking on the pavement below was leading a child by each hand, and being evidently in a pleasant humour, was amusing herself and them by swinging her arms forward so as to bring them almost face to face. Then, with a quick movement, she drew them back again before the rosy, laughing mites had time to snatch the kiss their pouting lips attempted; a little rill of silvery laughter bearing witness to their defeat.

Lucia withdrew from the window, raising her hands above her head to adjust her slightly disordered hair. The attitude is one of the most graceful a beautiful woman can assume. She wore a white gown of elaborate simplicity, made of some shimmering, diaphanous stuff flecked with rose-colour. The idea occurred to Erskine that it might have been woven out of a sunset cloud, and that till now he had done imperfect justice to her loveliness. Her eyes were soft with sensibility.

'How I love little children!' she said softly; 'and those looked like baby angels with all their feathers freshly preened! They were in white from head to shoe-sole.'

The charm of the speaker was so influential as to fix the young man's reluctant gaze; in spite of his stoicism his eyes softened, and a faint glow passed over his face. He pulled himself together with a quick sense of compunction, and diverted the conversation by solicitous inquiries as to the health of Miss Patience, as one concerned by her absence.

Lucia smiled with perfect self-command. She would have been hurt had she not detected the look of the moment before, and which had caused her heart to leap within her.

'Aunt is not yet returned from the Botanical Gardens,' she said sweetly; 'but we will not wait for her. Everything is ready'—indicating the dainty arrangements for the afternoon function—'and I am dying for a cup of tea.'

She approached the table, and opening a curious little ivory caddy, elaborately carved, measured the desired quantity of the fragrant herb into the teapot, pouring upon it the boiling water from a minute kettle on a tripod that had been sending forth jets of steam during the last few moments.

The detail seems trivial; but to Erskine the accessories were full of significance. The tea equipage was of silver-gilt, and bore the monogram of a fallen imperial house; it was of admirable workmanship, and he knew that it had been

exhibited at Christie's some time before, and that the price must have been fabulous. Also, he saw that the tiny kettle, with its spirit-lamp and stand, had been ingeniously wrought into correspondence with it.

'Sit down, Mr Erskine, and look friendly,' said Lucia; 'you used to love tea in the old New York days, and this is excellent, for it has been sent to me from Russia by a friend. Also, in those days you did not disdain our American cakes and confections, and you will find that I have not forgotten which you liked best.'

'Ah!' he answered, 'those were my salad days, and I have learnt discretion since; but I should be puzzled to understand why you are so kind to me did I not know that you distribute your sunshine with divine impartiality. I suppose, Miss Potts, that is one of the privileges of great and beneficent people.'

She looked at him with reproachful eyes.

'Why do you mock me?' she asked. 'I know quite well that no one could be farther removed from your idea of greatness than I; and as for beneficence—I am willing enough for that, but I want some one to show me the right way. I am overweighted by heaps of money that I don't know how to spend.'

In answer he glanced at the goldsmith's trophies before them and smiled. Lucia's colour rose.

'I have a right to be extravagant if a thing pleases me,' she said resentfully.

'Every right; the idea only occurred to me that you were solving the question of expenditure without assistance.'

'That is precisely what I have been doing, and shall no doubt go on doing unless some one or other will point out a better way. You could, I know, if —if you would take the trouble. I used to think it was enough for any one to want help for you to be willing to help them.'

There was a vibration of sensibility in her voice which, added to the sweetness of her temper, appealed to him; but without conflict there is no victory.

'The only idea that occurs to me,' he made answer, 'is that you should follow your compatriot's noble example and build houses for the London poor; or, better still, cleanse some of the New York slums, and erect your residential blocks there. God knows, there is need enough for such benefactions both in the one city and the other.'

'Oh,' she cried impatiently, 'that is not my idea at all! Such deeds in stone are nothing but petrifactions, and never bring you close to the warm human heart. Life isn't long enough to wait for their results. I want to see my harvest ripen and gather the sheaves myself.'

'That is natural,' he said; 'though you will admit that what ripens soonest is of the least value. Then go to the hospitals, Miss Potts, or to Dr Barnardo, or even to the Salvation Army, and tell them that your hands and heart are overflowing. They will help you to get rid of even such a fortune as yours.'

Lucia did not answer at once. She was leaning a little forward in her earnestness, with her eyes searching the face of the speaker, and with a spark of indignant fire in their depths; then, suddenly, an involuntary suffusion quenched the fire.

'Yours are "counsels of perfection," she answered below her breath; 'and what I looked for, what I wanted, was something so different. The world thinks I am a very lucky girl, and one well able to look after myself and choose my own path in life; instead of which I feel like a child lost on a pathless moor, who turns to all the points of the compass to find the road that leads to his home, and—fails to find it!'

She pushed back her chair and walked to the window.

The young man bit his lip and was silent; he scarcely owned to himself that his spirit was sore and bitter. He thought he saw—Heaven knows if he were mistaken!—the path of duty straight before him, and he was not given to heed the thorns that mostly lie in that direction. But, glancing in the direction of the window, he detected a droop of the girl's head and a twitch of the shapely shoulders eloquent of wounded feelings.

It was an instinct of his nature to relieve trouble. 'I was never in the old times so much your friend as I am to-day,' he said, 'and I have no stronger desire than to pay back to you the kindness I received then from your dear father and yourself—if only it were possible.'

'And why is it not possible?'

She had turned quickly, and faced him with a subdued but passionate energy. 'You know the world where I am ignorant, and are strong where I—where all women are weak. I am used to you; I understand and trust you amongst all this crowd of strangers; but you stand far off. Although you say you are willing to be my friend, you turn your back upon my outstretched hand.'

He put her earnestness on one side with a smiling protest.

'Try me,' he said, 'if ever the time comes when you want a friend; but that time is not yet. I am your pledged knight, but without any chance of distinguishing myself, for you have no foes to fight.'

'Ah, that is where you make the mistake! I am standing at the parting of the ways. There is nothing vainglorious or unwomanly in telling you what you know—that I am besieged by lovers. There is peril in the situation. Don't you think so? It is so difficult for a girl to see beneath the surface, and I may be betrayed by my ignorance, by my vanity, even by my good-nature, to make a wrong choice. That means the shipwreck of one's life. There is no tragedy equal to an unhappy marriage.'

She spoke in a low tone without embarrassment, though she was very pale; the strength of her purpose gave her courage. 'All that is true,' he said evasively; 'but I am still at a loss to see how I can help you.'

'I will tell you more, and then'—— She bent her head on her hand a moment as if to reflect, then raised it with a gesture like one who defies an unworthy weakness. 'There is one amongst them who has never spoken, though I believe he would speak if I were poor or he rich; he has all the qualities that make a man noble and satisfy a woman's heart; and there is another, kind and gracious, with a title in his gift, who holds back also because my millions are heaped up between us. If'—and her voice fell to a whisper, while a sudden wave of crimson passed over her bowed face and neck—'if I did not love the one I would accept the other with a glad heart; but, loving him, what am I do?'

For a moment or two silence fell between them. Lucia's heart beat so passionately that she was almost afraid its pulsations could be heard, while every trace of colour faded from her cheeks. She felt it was the crisis of her life, that on the turn of this die she had staked her womanhood.

Meanwhile Erskine sat and made no sign; then, quickened to action by the supreme urgency of the situation, he looked up and met Lucia's eyes full of pathetic appeal. He took the little hand that was hanging by her side and put it to his lips with a reverence due from a subject to his queen.

'I should be less than a man,' he said, 'to pretend to misunderstand you; and, whatever happens in the time to come, Lucia, you have crowned my poor life with honour. But, dear, you do not know yourself, and still less do you know me. Four years ago in New York certain fortuitous circumstances happened which led you to think me something of a hero. I am nothing of the kind, and the idea had no root except in a young girl's generous fancy. Since we met here you have been just as sweet and kind as in the old days, because it is part of your nature to be loyal to your friends, and all the more so if they seem to be of little account to others. It is a child's fidelity and a woman's compassion that warms your heart to me.'

'And suppose,' she asked softly, 'that I convince you to the contrary?'

'You will never convince me,' was his answer; 'the thing is incongruous and impossible. I repeat, you are nursing an illusion, or led astray by a woman's passion for self-sacrifice.'

'That means that—you do not care for me? I have humbled myself as no woman should, and—you will not take what I offer?'

'You are right. I will not take what you offer; but it is because I care for you too much. But yours has been not an act of humility, but simply one of condescension as when the greater stoops to the lesser.' He paused, then added, 'The inequality between us is not to be bridged over. I do not mean only the inequality of wealth, but of primary and even of physical conditions, so that it seems almost an impertinence for a man like me to say that I shall never marry; still, that is my unalter-

able resolution. But it will always comfort me to remember that a sweet woman like you did not find me too repellent for friendship.' He took her hand. 'You will be my friend still?'

She sighed; but he thought he perceived, and he was watching her narrowly, that the first intensity of feeling was already subsiding, and that his view of the situation would be justified even more surely than he had expected.

'Yes,' she said a little bitterly; 'I will not let go your friendship, for I may still stand in need of advice, and you have shown me to-day more than ever that I can trust your disinterestedness.'

He passed by the implication. 'May I venture, then, on a word of warning even before you have given me leave? Don't fall into the lamentable mistake of fancying that no man or woman is true because you happen to be a great heiress, for that will take all the savour out of life. I am no more to be trusted because I am a poor man under authority than the rich man who'—— He stopped short.

Lucia had recovered her composure. A woman's pride, still more a woman's pique, are potent factors to that result; and the complete self-control of the man was a challenge not to be resisted.

'Go on,' she said; 'do not spare me. What other suggestion were you about to make as to what I should or should not avoid?'

'I will not give it; the man of whom I thought can plead his own cause, and it would be an impertinence in me to justify him.'

A little smile parted the girl's lips.

'And perhaps the subject is a little previous, and your recommendation a trifle distasteful; but what

interests me most is your description of yourself— "a poor man under authority." I thought a great man's secretary was almost as important as the great man himself, especially when he happened to be as well born as his master.'

'That is not my case,' he returned gravely; 'but the great man I serve is worth serving. He is true as steel'——

There was the sound of carriage-wheels stopping before the door.

'My aunt at last,' said Lucia; then she suddenly clasped her hands. 'You will forget what has passed to-day as if it had never been? Forgive me, Noel Erskine!'

'As if it had never been,' he repeated.

He bowed over her extended hand and took his leave, declining the cordial invitation given him by Miss Patience Potts, whom he met in the hall, to return upstairs with her and stay to dinner.

It occurred to the observant old lady that evening that her niece was unusually thoughtful, and she asked her, with the uncompromising directness of kinship, if anything were preying on her mind.

Lucia looked up with a smile.

'Yea,' she said—'the necessity of making it up; but I think I have done it.'

She came forward, and sitting down on the stool at her aunt's feet, leaned her head back caressingly on her lap.

'I want you to comfort me by telling me that you are sure I am going to do the right thing, for when Lord Calderon asks me to marry him I have finally decided to accept the offer.'

THE END.

A CHAT ABOUT GOLF.

One only thought can enter every head:
The thought of golf, to wit—and that engages
Men of all sizes, tempers, rank, and ages.
The root—the primum mobile—of all,
The epidemic of the club and ball;
The work by day, the source of dreams by night,
The never-failing fountain of delight.



HE reader will be disappointed if he expects to get hints in this article on how to play the fascinating game. The novice cannot do better than consult some of the books written thereon by professionals and amateurs,

and, in addition, go to some secluded green, 'far from the madding crowd,' take lessons from a competent professional, and try to adopt a good style; remembering, too, that golf is played with the head as well as the hands. The result of last year's amateur championship goes far to show what hope there is for men who take up the game in mature years.

Innumerable tales are told about golf and golfers; but one of the latest may be interesting. A man was heard to ask at a book-shop for Low's Memoir of Freddy Tait. The assistant said they were sold out, but would The History of John Ball, by Morris, do?

A well-known golfer and Member of Parliament said lately in a speech, 'The essence of golf is the friendliness, the geniality, and the hospitality connected with it.' How true this is! Golf might well pose as a rival to Christian Science; it brings about a feeling of peace and goodwill towards men, and creates what last year's Gifford Lecturer, Professor W. James, would call a religion of healthymindedness, and that is really the summum bonum of life. Then, as a cure to the ills that flesh is supposed to be heir to, there is no better panacea. Even Mark Twain and Mrs Eddy would admit that instead of a course of, say, Beecham's, Carter's, or Williams's pills, a veterinary dose in the form of balls-let it be Silvertown or Haskell make-would be a vast improvement to the bodily state. As for the spiritual, one cannot be so sure, if we are to place any credence in what the late William Black, referring to the 'royal and ancient game,' says in a letter to a friend: 'Has it been introduced to America? It is a noble pastime, though rather conducive to profane swearing. It is making rapid headway in England; becoming a popular craze, indeed.' This was written in 1891. What strides the game has made since then, both at home and abroad! Well, one may occasionally hear ancient mythological phrases issuing from bunkers and such-like places; but it is the exception, not the rule, and the blame cannot be entirely laid on golf. If, when at Musselburgh near Edinburgh, you are unfortunate enough to get into a classical spot like 'Pandy,' or worse—for at St Andrews a lower region is found—there is some excuse for the use of classic language suitable to the occasion and surroundings.

There is no better physical exercise for old and young, and many elderly men testify to its prolonging their days, which leads one to think that golf is well termed ancient, and that some of the Old Testament patriarchs must have enjoyed a game on the quiet among the sand-dunes of the desert; and, although no fossil balls have been found, we have at least one biblical report of a man lying dead after a bad lie.

According to the records of an English club, we find that some seventeen years ago golf was first started there under the heading of a Quoit and Golf Club—we presume they did not play quoits on the putting-greens. Clubs were provided for the general use of members, and a stable was rented for storage of these appliances. Handicaps actually ranged up to eighty, and at one meeting a motion was passed that no allowance exceed fifty strokes. Think of that, O ye duffers! That club now possesses a fine pavilion and a large membership; and the handicap limit is eighteen.

In some parts of the British Isles, however, golf is still a fairly savage game. Last season the writer purchased a fortnightly ticket for a golf-course, on which was printed, 'A few sets of iron clubs to be lent free.' The only saving clause to this was the intimation on the tee-boxes, 'Please replace all divots.' A story goes there that a player asked his caddie where his ball was, and when informed it was in the hole, called for his mashie. Report telleth not the result; but we feel inclined to quote Hudibras, slightly varied:

Alas, what perils do environ The man who meddles with an iron/

Taylor, in his recent and most interesting book on golf, dreads the want of space in the future as likely to curtail the playing of golf; but there need be no fear of that so long as more rent can be got for ground for golfing than for farming purposes. Many landlords who have let land for links also derive increased revenue thereby because of the demand for the adjoining land as building-sites.

There is truth in what Taylor says in regard to golf being likely to prove the salvation of Ireland. There is suitable ground in abundance, and the climatic conditions are such as to render the greens more adaptable to the game than those in any other part of the world. We hope ere long to see the open and amateur championships played there in turn, as would only be fair to the golfing brethren of Ould Ireland. Then, not only would the country benefit from the spread of the game, but Irish

Members of Parliament, whom a recent writer in the *Fortnightly* describes as 'impossible,' would, under the genial influence of the sport, be rendered 'possible' and develop a more friendly feeling for the 'Bogey Man' of whom *Punch* spoke, in the old days:

An Irish Secretary known to fame, Golfour, lynx-eyed, pursues his favourite game.

We trust that the new Lord-Lieutenant, who is also a keen golfer, will do much to increase its popularity in the Emerald Isle.

There seems to be no doubt now that the new rubber-cored ball will oust the old 'gutta;' it is only a question of time and price. Competent men say that the Haskell ball can be produced and sold for one-and-six at a profit, so we may expect soon to see a good rubber-cored ball on the market at a shilling. One advantage of this ball that seems to have been overlooked is that when any one happens to get struck the effect is not nearly so severe as with the solid 'gutta.' It will also enable the golfer to rival the angler with his fish-stories. Already we have the tale of a Haskell driven off the line going in at the door of a house, upstairs, out of a window, and then being found lying well for next stroke. But, joking apart, although it may make some strokes easier, you can top, funk, and miss just the same, so that it does not alter the glorious uncertainty of the game, which is one of its chief charms.

The large increase of late years in the popularity of golf points to its being a strong lever to the millennium; and no doubt had Sir Thomas More been a golfer the game would have had its place in his programme, and a golf-course would have been found on the coast of his utopian island. There is something about golf that acts as a kind of free-masonry and a strong link to the bond of common brotherhood all over the world. In many places a bundle of golf-clubs will be found ample introduction—better than the proverbial letter; and not a few lasting friendships are made thereby, to say nothing of the many matrimonial matches evolved through meetings on the golf-links.

Many a 'knickerbockered swiper,' as Kipling might call him, has died bravely doing his duty in our recent war. Scotland's finest golfer went, to return no more. 'Oh, what a wealth of memory in that one word Tait!'

Going into the regions of 'what might have been:' had Thomas Carlyle, in addition to taking unto himself a wife from East Lothian, wedded himself to golf on some of its classic links, would the dyspeptic tone have tinged his life and writings? We trow not. Had Schopenhauer only been a golfer, where would his pessimism have been? A recent article in a contemporary magazine infers that we are losing ground to Germany by wasting the hours from four-thirty till dark at golf; but we say, better golf for health than beer and bowls for wealth. Who can tell how many political problems are solved by our golfing Members of Parliament on the links, in addition to

fresh vigour and health stored up on the breezy downs to help them through an arduous session?

From a commercial standpoint golf attains a high position. Many seaside and inland resorts owe most of their prosperity to the game. quote from the Scotsman on Dornoch light railway: 'Though much of the land in the neighbourhood is rich, yet the prosperity of Dornoch nowadays depends on the links; and so long as people require such recreation as can be got from them, and in the salt-water, with its sandy, shelving shore, so long will Dornoch continue to be prosperous.' Railways and hotels-in fact, trade all round-directly and indirectly benefit largely from golf. In Scotland, being a national game, it is played to a fairly large extent by artisans, working-men, &c., and it would be well if steps were taken in England and Ireland to popularise it among those classes. This might be an excellent way to get fresh recruits for the professional ranks, for as a rule a better stamp of man could be got than from the caddie class, who are in many places overpaid, especially in Scotland, and are spoilt and lazy.

Ere long our American and Colonial cousins will be sending golf-teams to this country, as Australia does in cricket. Thus golf will found another bond of union to the English-speaking race. We question very much if any other game does such an amount of unmixed good. To quote Robert Burns with slight alteration:

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
The game of golf o'er a' the earth
Shall bear the gree, an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,
That man to man the world o'er
Shall golfers be for a' that.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

TRANSPLANTING TREES.



HE transplanting of large trees is such a difficult matter under ordinary conditions that it is seldom attempted, and we have constantly the mortification of seeing noble trees ruthlessly cut down if they

happen to be in the way of building operations. But by employing the method invented by Mr J. A. Wilkins, as described in a recent issue of the Scientific American, the work is wonderfully simplified, and, what is more, it can be carried out in the summer-time when the tree is in full foliage. The first operation is to thoroughly soften the ground round about the roots by means of water. Then, upon a measured circular line round the foot of the tree, curved shovels are driven into the earth in such a way that their points meet beneath the centre of the root. These shovels are now firmly bound together by cross-bars to a steel platform surrounding the tree, and the entire mass—the tree now resting in a kind of steel basket formed by the shovels—is raised from the ground, and removed to any spot previously dug out for its When the root has been lowered into reception. the new cavity, the earth is filled in and trampled round about the 'basket,' and finally, when all is firm, the curved shovels which form the basket are withdrawn from the earth.

TABLE CRICKET.

Just as lawn tennis has invaded the dinner-table under the name of 'ping-pong,' the game of cricket is now on the point of throwing off its usual outdoor aspect, and is to become a solace to enthusiasts upon the domestic mahogany. Many attempts have been made to thus transplant the national game; but all seem to have failed until Dr W. G. Grace

attempted to solve the difficulties. An exhibition was recently given in London, in which the veteran cricketer took part, which had for its object the presentment of cricket as a game for the table. A spring and slide is used by the bowler to aid him in hitting the wicket, and it is said that by use of these devices a competent player can vary his pace and length with considerable accuracy. Small nets are placed in the usual positions occupied by fielders in the outdoor game, and if the ball lodges therein the batsman is 'out.' The score of each stroke is determined by posts placed around the field of play.

SOLID OIL-COLOURS.

When it was first announced that M. Raffaelli had attempted to revolutionise the art of oil-painting by the introduction of sticks of paint in lieu of the collapsible tubes which have so long been employed, using these sticks as crayons and discontinuing the use of brushes, we expressed a doubt whether such a sweeping change would commend itself to artists generally. We are now able to quote the opinion of a well-known artist and art critic, Mr Harry Quilter, who is not a stranger to the readers of this Journal. Writing in the Westminster Gazette, he tells of his experiences with the new colours, and we will do our best to impartially condense his remarks. Although it is said that no medium is necessary in dealing with solid colours, turpentine is recommended for the purpose of blending the tints, and such blending must be done with a brush. Although, it is said, no palette is required, a very spacious box must be carried by the landscape artist to hold his seventy sticks of colour. Every colour-stick has to be examined and shaped to a point before use, and the colour must be blended on the canvas by the finger or brush. Although a great variety of colour-sticks is made, far more will be required by

an artist; with a few tubes, on the other hand, he can compound twenty thousand tints if he wants them. The new colours are not so brilliant as the old, and they are very slow in drying. Much more time would be lost in searching for a particular stick among a number than would be occupied in compounding the tint required in the old way—on the palette. The cost of the colours is about five pounds for a moderate number of sticks—far more than the outlay for tubes. The greatest objection to the proposed change of procedure comes last. Supposing the advantages claimed for the new method to be well founded, 'every painter in the world will have to relearn his business and remodel his practice.'

FUEL BY PIPE.

It is not only for the use of steam-vessels that liquid fuel is now in request. It is used to such an extent in the oil-bearing regions of America, in both factories and private houses, that a scheme is on foot to supply it to both by means of pipes, in the same way that water and gas are at present carried to consumers. According to report, says Cassier's Magazine, an offer has been made for a certain city waterwork with a view to closing it for water purposes and reopening it for the oil business. A reservoir, holding twenty million gallons, will be turned into an oil-tank, and from this the mains will carry oil at a minimum cost to consumers, the amount used being checked by meter. The oil will be pumped into the reservoir, but will find its way by gravity to various points in the city. We presume that the inhabitants of the city, the locality of which is not stated, have found a new source of water-supply, for otherwise it would seem more feasible to build new works for oil distribution and leave the waterwork untouched.

RAILWAY-CARRIAGE DOORS.

Of recent years the convenient practice has been established of placing a handle on the inside of railway-carriage doors so that they can be easily opened without the necessity of letting down the glass window; but this is not an unmixed blessing to travellers, and several accidents have occurred through the facility with which a door can thus be opened. Only a few weeks ago a passenger in a corridor-carriage stepped out into the open air and was killed, the poor fellow forgetting that the corridor was on the other side of the vehicle. A useful note of caution was struck by Professor Oliver Lodge in a letter to the Times. He pointed out that of the two doors of a carriage in rapid motion one is safe and the other dangerous. The door on the left with the hinge forward can be opened with impunity; but the door on the right, with the latch forward, directly it is opened is laid hold of by a hurricane of wind, and the opener is in grave danger of being pulled out upon the line. 'If,' he writes, 'the door is six feet by three, and if the wind exerts an average pressure of twenty

pounds to the square foot, the force on the open door is three hundredweight.'

FIRE PREVENTION.

In connection with the Fire Exhibition which will open in July at Earl's Court, London, there is to be formed a Fire Prevention Congress, with the Duke of Cambridge as president. The primary objects of this international congress are to discuss the practice of building construction and the application of building materials; to consider the equipment of buildings in relation to the application of electric power and electric light; to discuss the various legislative enactments in force with regard to buildings, workshops, theatres, &c., respecting means of escape in case of fire; to consider the subject of insurance against fire; and to discuss the systems in force in different countries, &c. The congress will sit for the week commencing Monday, 6th July; and all particulars concerning it may be obtained of the Secretary of the British Fire Prevention Committee, 1 Waterloo Place, London, S.W.

BRICKLAYING-MACHINE.

Machinery has been applied to most processes which were formerly carried out by hand-labour; but the art of bricklaying has hitherto remained one of those handicrafts with which inventors have not meddled. The trowel and mortar-board are used as they have been for thousands of years in the laying of bricks; but now a great change is indicated in the production of a bricklaying-machine, the invention of Mr J. H. Knight, of Farnham, which is the outcome of many years' experimental work. This machine will, with the help of two men and a boy to feed it, lay from four to six hundred bricks per hour; in other words, it will do the work of six or seven skilled bricklayers. The machine as at present made is suited for all straightforward bricklaying, such as the building of factories, cottages, and walls generally; and, as considerable pressure is applied to each brick, the mortar is compressed, and forced into the interstices of the baked clay in a more thorough way than is possible by hand.

EGG PRESERVATION.

Last December we published in these columns a method of preserving eggs by steeping them in a solution of sodic silicate (water-glass), and the number of letters which we subsequently received asking for more detailed information testified to the wide interest taken in the subject. Some have complained that the system, although effectual, causes the egg to crack open during boiling; and a correspondent of the Standard points out that this accident, doubtless due to the expansion of the air by heat, may be obviated by piercing the egg-shell with three or four pinholes. The same correspondent states his conviction that the water-glass method of preservation is a great success, and he estimates that no fewer than eight million eggs

were preserved in this manner during the past year. He, however, does not state the means whereby he arrives at this estimate.

BURST BOILERS.

It is very difficult to kill a popular error, and even in these days of compulsory education we find mistakes repeated again and again about common things. Sir Frederick Bramwell has recently, in a letter to the Times, done his best to dispose of one of these hardy annuals. He points to a recent instance in which it was reported of a sinking steam-tug that 'as the ship went down the boiler blew up,' and rightly remarks that the statement has become 'common form' in describing such disasters. He then goes on to show that access of cold water to the outside of a boiler would result in a decrease, not an increase, of pressure. probably happens is that the water, getting into the fire-boxes, which contain several hundredweight of incandescent fuel, at once produces clouds of atmospheric steam; while at the same time, perhaps, the boiler is wrenched away from its supports by the heeling over of the vessel, and the steam-pipes become detached at some of their joints, thus adding to the cloud of vapour. That a boiler can burst under such conditions is, in the opinion of this eminent engineer, impossible.

NEW TURBINE STEAMER.

The new steamer which is in course of construction by Messrs Denny Brothers for service between Newhaven and Dieppe will be propelled by Parson's steam turbines. Steam will be generated by four tubular boilers at a pressure of one hundred and fifty pounds. The vessel will have two funnels and two masts, and will be fitted with a promenade-deck, smoking-saloon, and every other convenience to add to the comfort of the passengers. The length of the new vessel is two hundred and eighty-two feet, with a beam of thirty-four feet.

WIRELESS MESSAGES ON RAILWAYS.

The time seems to be not far distant when the traveller by land or sea will never be out of touch with his friends. We have already seen what triumphs Marconi has achieved in telegraphing from ship to ship or from ship to land. The same wireless system has recently been tried on the Grand Trunk Railway of America, where a train moving at fifty miles an hour was kept in constant communication with a station some miles distant. This success indicates yet another method of providing for the safety of the travelling public. The apparatus employed was comparatively simple. Of course a vertical wire from the top of the carriages would have been impossible, so that the receiving apparatus had to be arranged horizontally. The coherer used consisted of the usual tube containing nickel and silvery particles; but it could not be set to its maximum sensitiveness because displacement by the vibration of the train had to be taken into consideration. Despite this difficulty, the signals received were clear enough to be readily understood. It is not difficult to call to mind certain railway disasters in the past which might have been averted had this method of communication with a moving train been available at the time.

THE WHALE-FISHERY.

Mr Thomas Southwell, in commenting upon a paragraph which recently appeared in these columns, 'Modern Whaling,' has kindly furnished us with several interesting particulars of the industry. He points out that the 'right' whale, although getting scarce, is still found in Davis Strait, that the value of the whalebone has risen to the enormous sum of two thousand five hundred pounds per ton, and that the same method of capture is employed as that which has been in vogue for many centuries. It is a timid animal, and pursuit with a steamer would quickly frighten it away, for the vibration of a screw propeller would become audible to it at a great distance. The 'fin' whale, on the other hand, is bold and possessed of much curiosity, and is far too dangerous to attack from open boats. It could only be effectively killed by means of the explosive missile described in our paragraph. This industry was initiated by Captain Svend Foyn in 1865, and has since attained considerable magnitude. The whalebone of this species is short and brittle, and the quantity of blubber is not so great as that yielded by the 'right' whale. Our correspondent mentions that a great increase of seals is reported on the north coast of Finmarken, and partly to this cause is attributed the failure of the winter fishing in those regions. Official investigations on the subject are now being made.

'DIAMOND IN THE SKY.'

An interesting piece of news lately came from America regarding a meteorite which had been found at Arizona. In the centre of this 'sky-stone' was discovered a veritable diamond, as perfect in form as any afforded by the famous Kimberley mine. This diamond, it is said, has been placed in the Museum of Natural History at New York. Sir Edwin Arnold has made this discovery the text of one of those instructive and entertaining articles which we have all learnt to look for from his facile pen. In that article he remarks upon the usual constituents of meteorites, and adds: 'But never, to my knowledge, was a diamond reported.' If an actual diamond has never been found in one of these visitants from space, something very nearly approaching it was discovered in a stone which fell in September 1866 in south-eastern Russia, and a report of the matter was sent at the time to the French Academy of Sciences. Carbon was found as carbonado, or black diamond, the hardest material known, which is now extensively employed for drilling rocks previous to blasting, and for similar purposes. The occurrence of the more highly prized translucent variety of carbon in a meteorite is,

therefore, not quite such an extraordinary event as some would suppose.

AUTOMATIC SIGNALLING.

Another advance in railway working is indicated by a new method of signalling which has recently been successfully tried on the Great Central Railway. It is known as the 'Miller system,' and the principal advantages claimed for it are that the signals are not hidden by foggy weather, that they are automatic in action, and that they are immediately under the eye of the driver on the engine itself. We cannot here describe without diagrams the working parts of this noteworthy invention; but we can explain what it does. Immediately before the eyes of the enginedriver are two small electric lamps, the one red and the other white. So long as two sections of the line ahead are clear, the white light shows; but if there be an obstruction in front of the train on these sections the white light goes out and the red one shines. For ordinary straightforward running the 'Miller system' seems to be admirable, and there is no doubt that in doing away with semaphores, signalcabins, and men, a great saving would be effected. But at junctions and other places where constant shunting operations are carried on it could hardly supersede present arrangements.

TOBACCO INHALING IN INDIA.

In connection with our article, 'Confessions of a Cigarette-Smoker,' in the January Chambers, an old Anglo-Indian sends this extract from A Summer Ramble in the Himalayas, a travel-book published by Hurst & Blackett in 1860: 'On reaching a little rivulet at the foot of the steep hill we had come down, I halted to rest a little, and the men had a smoke out of a rather primitive pipe. With a small stick they made a hole in the ground some inches deep, widening it a little at the top. A span from this they made another, slanting to the bottom of the first. Into the former they dropped a small ball of grass rolled up, and over it the tobacco. Putting their closed hand over the orifice of the other, they inhaled the smoke through it. What various methods are pursued in imbibing the narcotic weed! This I found to be universal in the hills when no hookah was at hand; but generally a small hollow reed, to serve as a pipe-stem, is inserted in an upright position in the mouth of the slanting hole. If the ground will not admit of a pipe of this kind being made, a leaf from the nearest tree is rolled up like a sugar-paper, the little ball of grass and the tobacco dropped in, and the smoke inhaled through one side of the closed hand, the leaf being held in the other. method never seemed to give the amount of satisfaction a pipe in the ground or the hookah did; and, on inquiring the reason, I was told the smoke came out very hot. The hillmen smoke something like the Spaniards, seldom taking more than a single whiff at a time, so that one pipe of tobacco serves half-a-dozen smokers. After a few preliminary draws, one hearty pull is taken, the smoke being inhaled through the lungs, and the pipe is then passed to the next individual. During my travels I several times remarked this manner of smoking to have an extraordinary effect, and the first time I was somewhat alarmed for the consequences. A man after taking a hearty pull at his hookah was seized with a violent trembling, as if in a paralytic fit, and gradually sank to the ground, totally devoid of consciousness, while his face and muscles seemed to denote a state of intense suffering. This lasted several seconds-in some cases it continued several minutes-when he slowly recovered, to be soundly rated by his companions. He had been too greedy, and had taken too much smoke into his lungs, which, if the tobacco is at all strong, has always this effect; and I was told of one man who, while sitting by the fire, and unfortunately alone, fell into it while in this state of insensibility after smoking, and before he recovered sufficiently to get out was burnt so badly that he died shortly from the effects. Wilson, who often smokes in the pahári fashion, told me he had once or twice unwittingly taken too hard a pull, and described the sensation. At first a numbness is felt in the hands and fingers, the breathing is suspended, a feeling of sinking and giddiness comes on, which, if sufficient smoke has been inhaled, subsides into perfect insensibility. On recovering, an icy chill and creeping of the flesh is felt throughout the frame, and it is several minutes before perfect consciousness and use of all the faculties is restored.'

SONG.

THE summer may be splendid, The autumn richly grand; But youth in them is ended, And age is near at hand.

And so I'm for the season When promises grow thick, When hope requires no reason, And all sweet things are quick.

Give me from March till Maytime, When fearless joys unfold; Give me the flush ere daytime, The gleam before the gold.

For April, even after The heaviest of years, Delights me with her laughter And wins me with her tears.

J. J. BELL.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

t. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps

should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANU-SCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



THE NINTH WAVE.

By MARK STRANGE.

IN TWO PARTS .- PART I.



ANE STRONG was no typical heroine of romance: she was forty, and she was plain. Her father she had never remembered. Her mother, a saddened, prematurely aged woman, had died twenty years before, leaving

Jane an income sufficient for her needs, if economically managed, and commending her to the care of Martha Crane, a servant who had proved herself faithful and devoted to both mother and daughter since her childhood. When Death's pale wings overshadowed the mother, and the dark valley was opening before her, Martha had solemnly promised to watch over Miss Jane, and never to leave her. This promise she had rigidly kept; and now, when, at forty years of age, the silver threads were multiplying in Jane's brown hair, Jane herself was almost as a child under the devoted but somewhat stern rule of her henchwoman.

Far from crowded city or noisy railway, where the broad waves of the Atlantic lapped against the steep cliffs or lashed them in impotent fury, Jane's little cottage, which nestled in a sheltered nook, screened by an arm of jutting crag from the full force of the gale, acted as a trap for any unwary sunbeams which passed, and, liking the look of the little garden and its owner's kind and peaceful face, took up their abode among her carnations and marigolds, kissing the wayward nasturtiums that clambered in insolent splendour over the old-fashioned trellised porch.

Born and bred as she had been in this out-of-theway little fishing village—with no nearer neighbours than the few primitive shopkeepers in the steep High Street, and little society beyond that of the rector's and doctor's families—there was not much in Jane Strong's surroundings conducive to romance; and yet Jane was romantic. Though Love had never come her way, she was ever on the watch for him. She had seen his arrows strike the hearts of the brown-skinned, barefooted fisher-lasses; she had

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with sympathetic interest, the devious paths by which the lads sought to gain the good opinion of the favoured lasses; and yet, though her own heart yearned for Love, though her home was ready for him, and decorated, metaphorically, with a triumphal arch of 'Welcome,' Love never came to Jane Strong. True that Martha loved her mistress; but with a half-grudging and half-repressed adoration, a fierce overbearingness, and an inordinate jealousy. True that Trip, the half-bred dachshund-whom Jane had rescued from the ignominious fate which often attends mongrel puppies in early youth at the hands of the groom at the great house a mile away-idolised her, and gazed into her face with kindly red-brown eyes which told her that she was the acme of all womanly perfection. Still Jane was not satisfied. Deep down in her nature was the longing to feel that there was some one whose one thought was of her, whose heart beat in harmony with her own, and was filled with her image.

noticed the village maiden's rosy blush and down-

cast eye as the strapping young sailor, dressed in

his Sunday best, escorted his chosen one past the

cottage gate on holidays. She knew, and watched

Often, when the waves beat upon the cliffs and the wind howled and shook the windows of the cottage in maddened fury, Jane would lie awake at night listening, counting the breakers as they roared in with rhythmical monotony—the ninth seeming with strange persistence to outstrip and overlap its fellows—and fancy that a lover was borne towards her on the bosom of that wild ocean. She would imagine the anguish of watching, the ecstasy of rejoicing, as his ship neared the land, and picture her glad welcome to him, and hear, above the raging of the storm, the magic words 'My darling' whispered in her ear.

Thus the waking dream would pass, and she would blush in the darkness, and angrily tell hershe had a lover, and never would; and try to turn her [All Rights Reserved.]

April 4, 1903.

thoughts to old Mrs Sands, who was dying, and to whom she must take beef-tea on the morrow; or to her forthcoming Sunday-school lesson and the vicar's last sermon.

Jane was a truly religious woman, with that simple and child-like faith which carries conviction much farther than the ablest of controversy or argument; that faith which manifests itself in a life spent for the good of others, and a heart, 'at leisure from itself, to soothe and sympathise;' but she was a very shy one. Almost too humble-minded, she would visit the poor and destitute, tend the sick with gentle hand, cheer and help them to health and cleanliness, and yet not feel herself competent to speak much on religious topics. Feeling herself unworthy and a sinner, she did not feel justified in preaching to those who might be, she considered, less in need of grace than herself. Yet when Polly Matthews lay dying, with her weekold infant beside her, weary of her short life of sorrow, it was Jane Strong's hand that grasped that of the dying girl with firm and encouraging clasp; it was Jane's voice that softly whispered in the penitent's ear the One Name that could alone bring comfort and salvation; but none knew of these things save Jane herself and the girl who carried the words with her to her grave.

The big house was seldom occupied; but lately the widowed proprietor had occasionally run down to it for a breath of the sea-breezes. Jane had never spoken to her, and knew very little about her; but she had seen the smart carriage and prancing grays flash through the little High Street, with the gaily dressed owner surrounded by kindred spirits, and leaving in its track an indefinable sense of luxury, wealth, and laughter; and Jane would go home and ponder for a while on the contrast between her simple, unsophisticated life and that of this woman, who appeared in a meteoric flash, dazzling the eyes of the country-folk, and vanished again as suddenly from an uncongenial sphere.

Jane had sounded Martha occasionally about the widow, but did not press her questions, as she had had occasion to reprove her henchwoman for gossip-Martha's replies had been uncompromising and abstruse, and adorned by the sniff which Jane had learnt to look upon as a danger-signal. 'Widow, indeed! It was just as well to call herself a widow. There was them as could tell strange things if they would. Rich? Ay, the wicked flourished like a green bay-tree, and honest folk might starve;' and with these ambiguous remarks the worthy handmaiden had shut her mouth with a decided snap, determined, as a just revenge for former lectures, to keep her most fascinating tit-bits of information to herself. Jane's kindly nature was too full of that charity which 'believeth all things' to pay much heed to village tattling. The owner of the great house might be gay and worldly, and might not conform in all respects with her ideas of propriety; but as for more than that—well, it was no business of hers; and who was she that she should judge her fellows? Then she would call Trip to accompany her on some errand of mercy, which he did with a marked sense of disapproval at the wanton waste of good beef-tea upon thankless cottagers!

Then there came a day—one to be remembered while Jane lived—when the sky was overcast with a sable pall; when the sea was of an angry, leaden gray, heaving viciously with evil intent, and Jane stood upon the cliff watching the fishing-smacks making for the nearest port, and the fisher-folk drawing up their boats on the shore and taking their nets up to the village for repairs till the coming storm should have spent itself.

The gulls screamed with uncanny shrillness as they hovered close to her feet, floating unconcernedly over the head of the indignant Trip, who danced along the grassy edge, with large ears flapping, and barked impotent threats for their destruction! Later, the storm broke and raged, and the villagers prayed for those at sea. By night it had increased tenfold, and the lightning flashed along the foambeaten cliffs, and lit up with vivid distinctness the pale, startled faces of Jane and Martha as they sat together for company in the cottage parlour. Suddenly another sound was heard above the fury of the storm, and Martha started to her feet, and threw back the shutters of the window that faced the sea. 'Lord save us, Miss Jane,' she cried, 'it's a ship's gun!' Jane was at her side in a moment, just as the sound of distress was repeated, and an answering signal resounded from the little coastguard station.

'Heaven help them, Martha!' she cried. 'They must be making for B—, and the storm is driving them in upon the rocks.'

For a few minutes the two women stood spell-bound at the window, straining their eyes into the darkness. Meanwhile lights began to move down the rocky path that led from the coastguard station to the beach below, now appearing, now flickering out of sight, and ever and anon an orange-coloured rocket would shoot upwards from the distressed ship and then melt into the darkness.

Then Jane spoke. 'We must go down to the beach. Get some brandy,' she said as she went into the hall and put on a mackintosh cloak.

Martha's voice rose in protest, visions of pneumonia and bronchitis arising with alarming distinctness; but Jane's 'There may be women and children on board—there is work for us to do,' and a light of determination in her eyes, quelled the servant's torrent of remonstrance, and she succumbed with a mumbled soliloquy about 'women only being in the way,' and followed her mistress.

After stopping for a moment to induce Trip to allow himself to be shut into the parlour, which took persuasion, as he had very strong ideas about incarceration, they went out together into the storm. Struggling slowly against the wind, that threatened every moment to carry them off their feet, and bending down against the drenching rain, they made their way down the steep path which wound

irregularly to the beach, the noise of the waves crashing against the rocks becoming more and more deafening in their ears.

A wild scene of confusion reigned on the shore: dark figures moving to and fro, lights flashing, and now and then a brilliant rocket darting into the air, herald of the life-saving rope which might gain the doomed ship ere the lifeboat could reach her. Sometimes a sturdy figure would emerge from the seething foam, and, assisted by willing hands, support a dripping, helpless burden in its strong arms, and bear it into safety. Jane and Martha found plenty of work to do, the woman's quick wit and gentle touch helping to relieve the injured and comfort the terrified.

Backwards and forwards sped the brave little lifeboat, bearing back in each journey its cargo of well-nigh perishing humanity, who were conveyed up to the coastguard station, there to receive temporary attendance and shelter till they could make their way to the nearest seaport town.

The boat had done its last journey, and the wrecked ship was settling down fast, hardly visible now among the breakers that rejoiced over it in cruel glee. Jane and Martha, wearied out by their exertions, were turning homewards with dripping garments and thankful hearts, accompanied by the village doctor, when a crested wave, more furious than the preceding ones, rose, curled over in an abyss of blackness, and rushed up the beach almost to their feet. A cry rose from the lingerers on the shore, and a couple of lads, assisted by Dr Vance, seized upon something that was borne in upon the beach, and dragged it out of reach of the retiring wave just in time to prevent it from being sucked back into the yawning chasm. A man, or the semblance of one, crushed, bruised, and apparently lifeless, lay at Jane's feet, with white, ghastly face upturned to the gleam of the fisherman's lantern.

Dr Vance was on his knees in a moment beside the still, helpless form, and for some time Jane's anxious query remained unanswered. Presently he said, 'There's a little life left in him still, if we can keep it; but he has been shockingly knocked about, poor fellow;' and on a stretcher being prepared and the injured man laid gently on it, he added, 'He requires extreme care and good nursing, Miss Strong. I doubt if he will live if he only gets the makeshift hospital work at the coast-guard station. I think the only chance is to take him to your house, at any rate till he is able to be moved without danger. Will you take him in?'

Jane nodded her consent without hesitation, and slowly and painfully the little cortège made its way up the cliff to where the lights of the cottage gleamed above them. Once it was reached, it did not take long for Jane and Martha to make preparations, and soon the sufferer was laid in Jane's own little room, in the bed she had slept in since childhood. Jane stood outside the door, while Dr Vance examined the injuries, and directed Martha in the short, brusque manner that disguised but did

not conceal his kindness of heart. Jane began to wonder if she had done right, and trembled at the sense of the responsibility she had brought on herself. She had had no time to consult Martha, and had on impulse given her consent to the importation and installation of a stranger—a man—she, an unmarried woman! It was scandalously opposed to all her preconceived notions of propriety, and she rather dreaded Martha's severe censure. Yet how could she help it? It would have been inhuman to refuse. Dr Vance had said it was a case of life and death. He had not thought of the proprieties; but then he was a homely, family man, and he couldn't understand. Oh dear! how she wished she knew what was best to do!

As she stood wringing her hands in her perplexity of mind, the door opened and the doctor came out. 'I think he will do,' he said reassuringly. 'Good nursing may pull him through; but he won't be able to move for a good while yet. Both legs are broken, and the head much cut; but he is safe from concussion of the brain, which I feared at first. He has recovered consciousness, and is dropping off to sleep under the opiate.'

The tears started to Jane's eyes. 'Oh, poor fellow!' she exclaimed, 'we must pull him through. Martha is a splendid nurse, and I will do my best; between us all we may be able to save him.'

Dr Vance looked at her benignly. 'You are a good woman, Jane Strong,' he said shortly.

Jane blushed. 'Nonsense, doctor,' she answered hurriedly. 'Any one would have felt it their duty, I suppose,' she added rather hesitatingly. 'It will mean a good long time, won't it?'

'Weeks,' he replied, 'or possibly months; and he may be a cripple for life. I shall be back in the morning, and in the meantime, if he awakes, don't let him talk. Martha has her directions. Keep him quiet at all costs.'

As he was putting on his greatcoat Jane laid her hand on his arm. 'I suppose it is all right,' she said slowly. 'Martha and I being alone, you know'—— She stopped, growing rather red, and fearing he would think her a fool.

He laughed. 'If the good Samaritan had been a woman, Jane,' he said, 'I doubt if the good action would have been less highly commended, even had she been minus the chaperonage of an elderly handmaid! There are not many evil tongues in the village; and, if your conscience disturbs you, you can shift the blame on to my shoulders.' Then he went out laughing.

When, half-an-hour later, Martha joined her, with the information that the patient was still sleeping quietly, Jane put out a feeler. 'Dr Vance doesn't think it matters, Martha, our having a strange man in the house—we two alone, you know'——

Martha responded with a snort as she slapped down the pillows of Jane's temporary bed in the tiny apartment hitherto ambiguously termed 'the boxroom,' which was to be for the present her sleepingchamber. 'We're neither of us so young or so good-looking, Miss Jane, that folks need fash themselves about us.'

Jane relapsed into silence, feeling snubbed, but somewhat comforted by the assurance of Martha's approval.

Before she retired to rest Jane crept softly into the room-where Martha, in an arm-chair, mounted guard over her patient—and gazed timidly into the face of the sleeper by the dim light of her shaded candle. It was not the face of a young man, rather of one whose first youth was left a good way behind on life's road: a strong, rugged face, seamed with lines older than those of suffering and pain which his injuries had brought. Marred by the blows of the cruel waves, disfigured by plasters and bandages, it was yet an attractive face, and the face of a gentleman, of one who was determined and self-reliant; with a touch of sternness in the firmly cut lips and chin, and a hint of nobility in the broad brow, now criss-crossed with many an ugly scar. The hair receding from the temples was sprinkled with gray; the short brown moustache also was tinged with silver streaks; and as Jane watched half-fearfully the long dark lashes which quivered slightly under the gleam of her candle, she wondered what was the colour of the eyes that dwelt in the deep-set hollows under the shaggy brows, and tried to imagine what past sorrows had so plainly set their seal upon the sleeping face.

As Jane moved gently from the room Martha put a packet into her hand. 'Dr Vance said I was to give it to you,' she whispered, and went back to her seat.

Jane took it in silence, and when she reached her room examined it by the light of the fire. A leather letter-case with the initials 'J. R.' stamped on it, some bank-notes and loose gold, a gold hunterwatch, with a chain and gold locket attached, all folded in a silk pocket-handkerchief. Mechanically Jane turned the latter round between her fingers, examining first one corner, then another; on the fourth she came upon the name, written in full in ink, 'John Roscoe.' She put the things into a drawer, and locked it; but as she retired to bed the name rang in her head with strange persistence; and as she fell asleep all sorts of curious, halfwaking dreams were woven round the shipwrecked stranger, the idea recurring again and again that the ninth wave had brought John Roscoe, and that by some mysterious means his life and hers were to be inextricably mixed, for good or ill. Then she called herself a fool, and slept.

HOW WORKING-WOMEN EXIST.

By PRISCILLA E. MOULDER.



ARIE CORELLI, in her book The Murder of Delicia, has an introductory note in which she says: 'There are countless cases among the hardworking millions, whom we elect to call the "lower classes," where the

wife, working from six in the morning till ten at night, has to see her hard earnings snatched from her by her "better" half and spent at the public-house in strong drink, despite the fact that there is no food at home, and that innocent little children are starving. These instances are so frequent that they have almost ceased to awaken our interest, much less our sympathy.'

This picture of the life of a working-woman, though it is so true, has, of course, been thought by many to be overdrawn and too highly coloured. Very well, then, take the words of a man, practical to his finger-tips, and who was reared among working-people: 'Poor Mrs John Smith!' says Robert Blatchford in his well-known book Merrie England, 'her life is one long slavery. Cooking, cleaning, managing, mending, washing clothes, waiting on husband and children, her work is never done; and, amid it all, she suffers the pains and anxieties of child-bearing and the suckling of children. There are no servants and few workers so hardwrought and so ill-paid as the wife of a British artisan. What are her hours of labour, my tradesunion friend? What pleasure has she, what rest,

what prospect?' In these words of Mr Blatchford's are shown a true picture of the lives of working-women.

It should be noticed, however, that the 'poor Mrs John Smith' referred to is represented as being the wife of an artisan, not of an ordinary labourer. Most of us estimate things by comparison; and among the working-classes the woman who marries a man of the rank of artisan-that is, a skilled workman, with his twenty-eight, thirty, thirtythree, or thirty-six shillings per week-is very lucky compared with the woman whose husband is a member of the great army of unskilled labourers. The earnings of those unfortunates who are called unskilled workmen do not get beyond twenty-four shillings per week, and very often only reach the level of a pound or even eighteen shillings per week. If the life of Mrs John Smith with her mechanic-painter, joiner, plumber, or mason—is slavery, what is the life of a woman who is compelled to help her husband to bring in the living by going out to work, besides attending to household duties? The fact is, the life of a woman thus situated is often nothing more nor less than one continual round of drudgery. The early marriages, still sadly too common among working-people, make life very hard for the woman. Fancy a girl of seventeen or eighteen taking on herself the solemn duties and responsibilities of wifehood and motherhood,

in company with a lad of twenty who possesses the hazy idea that 'love in a cottage' is the one needful thing for success in this world. Naturally, the girl-wife has never known what it is to be a free, careless, healthy young woman. She only remembers herself as a girl, and then as a weary, toil-worn woman, the mother of unruly children, and very much given to wondering, in a vague sort of way, whether it will ever be her lot to sit with folded hands and watch other people work. If those who consider the colouring of the picture too sombre to be realistic, that the hardships are overstated, will but take the trouble to investigate the life of a typical working-woman, and try to comprehend the fact that this kind of life is lived by tens of thousands of women to-day, perhaps they will be nearer realising the truth of the saying that fact is stranger than fiction.

To come from mere generalities to particulars. Just imagine that a young fellow elects to get married on a pound a week. There is the rent, coal, food, clothes, payment for furniture, and generally a sum is claimed as pocket-money by the husband; and all this is to come out of the weekly sovereign or less. The most careful housewife would hardly be able to make both ends meet on such an allowance; therefore, under these circumstances, the only remedy is for the wife to go out to work, and bring in a regular weekly wage like the husband. If the wife happens to have been a weaver or a factory-worker before her marriage, so much the better for her; she can at once begin her old routine by returning to her work. If she has been a general servant, factory-work does not come so easily or pleasantly to her, and then she either takes in children to nurse, goes out charing, or washes clothes for others. When a wife is thus compelled to go out to work, the various household duties have to be done when she returns home at night. As regards meals, breakfast and dinner are carried to the factory or workshop in baskets or tin boxes. Tea is the only meal at home; and it is a matter of small surprise to find that tasty dishes are often fancied for the one comfortable meal of the day. After tea there is washing or baking, mending or cleaning, and any amount of trifling duties to fit in between these necessary operations. If the husband is a fairly decent sort of man, he does help with the rougher kind of work, such as blackleading the grate, fetching coals in, or cleaning windows-more particularly just after the wedding; and, of course, the husband who is worthy of the name continues to help as long as his wife is compelled to go out to work. However, it is much to be feared that the majority of husbands very seldom think that their wives need any help with household duties, even when they have been working all day. As a rule, the husband's programme for the evening is very simple. He returns home from his work, gets his tea, washes himself, and then goes off to a public-house or his club, or else takes a long walk with a friend, leaving the unfortunate wife to battle with the work as best she can.

'Yes,' I fancy I hear some fair critic say, 'no doubt it is all very true; but then the wives of working-men are used to this kind of life, and so do not mind it.' Used to it! Of course they are used to it, as eels are said to be used to skinning; but it is extremely doubtful whether either wives or eels get so used to the process as not to feel it. George Eliot has said: 'A woman, let her be as good as she may, has to put up with the life her husband makes for her.' How true a quotation! Do men realise it? What a world of misery they have the power to make for their wives by carelessness, neglect, unreasonable whims, bad temper, and continual fault-finding! An anecdote told some time ago well illustrates the manner in which some working-men treat their wives. A lady had called to see a poor woman whose husband had died suddenly, and who, it was reported, had behaved very badly to his wife. Asked by the lady if her husband had always been unkind to her, the woman burst into tears and sobbed out: 'No, indeed; he was kind enough sometimes. Only last week my man took me out shopping, and when we were climbing the hill coming home he looked back and said, "Come on, old draggle-tail."' The answer, though not without its humorous side, was terribly pathetic, as showing the poor woman's only idea of the kindness received from her husband.

However, to get back again to the original subject. When the young people are beginning to feel settled in the married state, children generally arrive on the scene; and, long before the furniture has been paid off, sickness comes, the wife is compelled to stay at home, and the usual result of increased debt follows. When the little ones are about a month old they are put out to nurse. Should there happen to be no neighbour who makes a practice of nursing young children, they are sent farther afield. The poor little mites are taken from their warm beds every morning before six o'clock, summer and winter alike. They are then led or carried through the streets in all kinds of weather, and often only half-awake. Being mainly brought up away from home, it is only natural that the children do not display any remarkable signs of affection, fear, or respect for their parents. The mother is much too tired and worn out to trouble herself about exacting obedience; and after a while, when the children begin to show strong wills of their own, she soon gives up the unequal fight, and lets them 'gang their ain gait,' apparently careless as to where it may lead them. The years go on, as years have a knack of doing, and the children grow into youths and maidens. Of training in the true sense of the word they have had little or none. They have been literally knocked about from pillar to post: put out to nurse when they were young, sent to school and factory as soon as the required age was reached, and generally

allowed to look after themselves, and follow their own inclinations, whether for good or ill. The girls may fall into trouble or they may not; it mostly depends on the kind of associates they are thrown amongst. The boys may turn into gamblers or drunkards or into respectable citizens; their careers, like those of their sisters, depend largely on their surroundings. Some people whom I have met profess to feel very shocked at the working-classes being so bad as they are; but to those who, like myself, have always lived amongst them, the greater wonder is that they are as good as they are. Of course the custom of early marriages is a very hard one on the parents, more particularly on the mother. Just as her family is reaching the age when some benefit might reasonably be expected from them, they in their turn get married, and start life on their own account. So it goes on, generation after generation.

We women have been taught from time immemorial that the making or marring of the married state depends entirely on us. However, it is refreshing to find that men do not all endorse this theory. Lord Tennyson in Locksley Hall says, 'As the husband is, the wife is,' thus placing the responsibility, by way of a change, on the husband's shoulders; and the common opinion held by a large number of men in this the twentieth century, that if there were better wives there would be better husbands, can very properly be reversed. It is, one would suppose, quite within the range of possibility that if there were better husbands there might in time be better wives. Surely the experiment is worthy of a trial—at least from a mere woman's point of view.

Another practice that has a tendency to try the patience of working-men's wives is this: it seems a general rule among the married men to keep for their own use a fixed sum out of their wages every week, whether they are working full time or not. In doing this they never consider the possible wants of wives or families; and when a man insists on keeping a portion of his weekly earnings for the sole purpose of self-indulgence he should not be surprised if his long-suffering wife does occasionally fail to possess her soul in patience when she finds it more than usually difficult, perhaps impossible, to make both ends meet.

There is not, probably, quite that amount of brutality displayed by working-men towards their wives that there was, say, fifty years ago; but the newspapers still frequently record cases of inhuman cruelty to wives and children; and surely the ordinary hardships of a working-man's wife are enough without the additional burden of wanton cruelty.

The wives of the men who are continually agitating for an eight hours' day would be only too glad if some kind friend would get them a fourteen hours' day, for at present their working day is nearer sixteen hours than eight, with but few holidays to break the monotony.

Then, in working-class circles, when anything unpleasant has to be done, the duty is invariably imposed upon the wife. Is the rent due, and money scarce? The wife must tell the landlord, and appease his wrath. Should the weekly or monthly payment for the furniture be discontinued for a time through stress of circumstances, the wife must go and explain matters, and beg for grace. If credit has been obtained at the grocer's or draper's, and the debt cannot be paid off, the wife must take the reproaches.

When the holidays come round, and it is a question of a day's trip to the seaside or into the country, who has to stand aside? Not the husband. Besides, what pleasure can a woman possibly have in going away from home with three or more young children dragging at her? The remedy is as bad, or worse, than the disease.

So the poor woman goes on year after year, until she comes to regard even her confinements as a welcome break in the monotony of her life, and as the only chance of a few weeks' rest. Of course there are to be found women of grit and spirit, those with plenty of bounce and push in their nature, who will insist on going to places of amusement in company with their husbands; but even then the home and children must suffer; for, however capable a woman may be, she cannot do two things at once. To observing, thinking people, it causes no surprise when they find that workingwomen are given to gossip and scandal. Human nature will have relaxation of some kind, and the shortcomings of gossiping and slandering are not confined to the ranks of working-women. Neither is it surprising to find a certain amount of immorality amongst working-women; the wonder is that there is not more. It speaks volumes for the integrity of the wives of working-men that, in spite of the absence of all those things which are supposed to make life worth living, they should still plod on day after day, month after month. year after year, trying to do their duty as well as they know how. Many a fine lady could learn some useful lessons from the wives of workingmen.

Popular novelists of to-day are fond of portraying ladies who seem to plunge into vice from sheer idleness. At the other end of the scale are women who yield to various temptations mainly through the hardships of their lot. Ladies who spend their lives in pleasure and frivolity, who have never done a day's real hard work, cannot possibly imagine life as it is lived by the wives of workingmen. They can see the vices, the vulgarity, the drudgery, the sordidness, quickly enough; but they cannot understand how such a life can be made beautiful, in the truest sense of the word, by selfsacrifice, honesty of purpose, and a devotion to duty. When facts are being continually brought to light in regard to the narrow groove in which the majority of working-women are compelled to move—the absence of refinement, appreciation, love,

congenial work, and pleasant surroundings—when we take all that into consideration, the charges of selfishness and indifference which are so readily thrown at working-women by their more fortunate sisters fall harmless to the ground. What energy or time have these women to trouble their brains about such things as religion, politics, education, hygiene? It taxes all their energies to the very utmost to be able to perform their daily tasks.

Of course, it would not be fair to give the impression that in the lives of working-women there are no gleams of sunshine, but only sorrow and shade. The truth is, the gleams of sunshine are few and fitful, while the mist and rain, the drudgery and weary monotony, are almost continuous. It is told of a certain lady who had experienced a goodly share of this world's storm and stress, that on being asked by a friend what her idea of heaven was, she replied, 'I always

think of heaven as being a place where I can sit still and do nothing.' Most likely the majority of toil-worn women in this workaday world of ours will be able to sincerely echo the same sentiment. Unlike ladies in general, however, when workingwomen get 'run down' or 'out of tone,' they have not the advantage of being ordered away to the seaside or to the Continent for change of air and scene; they are just obliged to go on as usual.

Some months ago Mr John Burns, in a speech before an audience of working-men, declared that he would not be the wife of a working-man for one hundred pounds a week. How much or how little of that growing evil, the 'hooliganism' of our large towns, can be traced to the overworked, underfed, intellectually-starved women-workers is an interesting problem, the solving of which is heartily commended to those who profess to believe in the 'betterment of society.'

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

By John Oxenham.

CHAPTER XIX .- A BID FOR LIFE.



WO whole days Alain roosted among the doves and watched for the reappearance of the enemy. Then, as there had been no slightest sign of him during all that time, he crept cautiously down and ventured into

the great cave, carrying with him an armful of dry nests and a match ready to fire them at a moment's notice. His flesh crinkled at the thought of the horrible Thing, and he went wide-eyed and stopped every few steps to listen; but the silence lay heavy, and struck him with a new feeling of oppression after the multitudinous murmurings and family squabblings of the chambered doves.

With one eye on the arch that led down to the water cave, and in momentary fear of seeing that awful black snout issue from it, he made a cursory inspection of the nearer parts of the cave, and saw nothing to excite his fears. He got a drink at the pool and clambered up to his lookout, but saw no sign of Barbe. Then he went up into his nest again, and slept that night in spite of the overpowering smell and the restless flutterings of his bedfellows.

Next morning he was at the lookout by dawn, and was cheered by the sight of Barbe in the gallery. He saw her quit it suddenly, and presently she came to the doorway, lowered the boat, and rowed away as though she were coming to fetch him. She had gone after Cadoual's body in the Pot; but he could not follow her so far. She did not return, and he went on about his business.

Bit by bit during the next three days he satisfied himself that he was the only occupant of the cave, and at last gained confidence enough to relight his fire. By way of protection he collected an immense pile of fuel and lay each night behind it. He had so far kept clear of the sea cave. His experiences there were still too fresh in his memory, and the possibility of meeting that terrible Thing face to face in the narrow passage held him back.

Then courage grew with immunity. By way of occupation while he lay in hiding, he had fashioned some fish-hooks out of pigeons' breast-bones, with no very definite intention of using them, indeed, but because he could not lie absolutely still and do nothing. Bones were the only things he could employ his knife on, and fish-hooks suggested themselves most naturally to him. He thought now of the fish in the pool, and determined to add some to his limited faring. Hooks he had; line he made by unroving some of Cadoual's jersey and twisting it into a thin, tight cord. He took some scraps of pigeon-flesh for bait, and an armful of fuel for protection, and went cautiously down the passage to the sea.

Nothing disturbed him on the road, and he was soon sitting in the dim green glimmer, baiting his hooks and wondering why the cave seemed darker than usual when the sun, he knew, was shining brightly outside. He cast a couple of lines, and sat with one in each hand waiting for the twitch that should tell him the bait had been swallowed. The twitch came instantly almost, and he smelt broiled fish and his mouth watered. In five minutes he had fish enough for a couple of days: allice weighing two to three pounds—a fish somewhat akin to the shad.

As he sat watching the slant of his lines in the glimmering water he became aware of something down below which had not been there before, a

darker band of shadow which ran nearly the length of the pool. It seemed to stream out of the tunnel that led to the sea, and swung gently to and fro. He peered and pondered over this for a long time, but could make nothing of it in the shifting light. He thought about it while he broiled his fish and dallied over the novel enjoyment of it, and all the time kept a watchful eye on that dark archway that led to the sea; and out of his much thinking an idea evolved itself sometime in the night, and as soon as he had bidden Barbe good-morning he hastened back to the sea cave to put his idea to the test.

For a long time he sat and watched the dark, waving shadow; and then, as it grew in consistency with the growing light and showed no signs of moving, he screwed himself to the point of going down to see if it was what he thought it might be. With a vivid recollection of the unpleasantness of his last dip in the pool, he would have preferred some other way of satisfying his curiosity; but there was no other way, so he slowly peeled, and at last went in with a plunge, but well away from the tunnel and those clammy, long-reaching arms which had embraced him before.

His groping hands sliddered along the shadow, and sent colder chills up his spine than the water of the pool could produce. So far his idea was correct. The waving shadow was the body of the monster that had terrified him so. It swung to the ceaseless movement of the pool. It had not moved since first he saw it. It was evidently dead; and, in spite of his creeping spine and polluted fingers, he felt suddenly more his old self again.

Once he was assured that the Thing was dead, the desire to know how it died followed naturally. By degrees he ventured nearer and nearer to the tunnel out of which the long dark body projected, and so at last saw a very strange sight through his glimmering lids. The great sinuous body was held firmly in the middle by the enfolding of those transparent red arms which had almost drawn him into the tunnel the first day he went into the water. Myriads of them seemed clasped round the long dark body, and so tightly was it gripped and such a mass of flabby tentacles had gathered over it that the victim seemed to be embedded in the centre of its destroyer. One or two of the diaphanous arms waved above the thick red mass below, like the lookouts on the watch, and to the startled investigator of this strange sea-tragedy it was amazing that things so apparently wanting in solidity should have been able to accomplish so much. But the monster was dead, and his life was freed from its terrors, and he walked back into the great cave with a spring in his step and his thoughts already busy with other matters.

Now that the monster was dead and he could go without fear, his mind set itself strenuously to the work of getting out of prison. Outlet on the ground floor, so to speak, he did not believe existed, and he had given up all hope of finding. Apparently the

only other man who had penetrated into the cave had died in hopeless despair with his face to the blank wall of that far inner chamber. He doubted if it would be possible for him to get out himself without assistance from the outside, and his brain wearied itself with impossible plans for attracting attention to his plight. The only communication he could hold with the world was through that narrow slit which gave him daily sight of Barbe, a sight for which he never ceased to thank God, though he did it unconsciously and not in words. He had not so far been able to approach even the inner opening of that slit by reason of the arching of the cavern wall thereabouts; he had been able to look through it only at a distance and from the opposite slope. The other window through which the sun shot his last rays each night was high above his head, sixty or seventy mètres at least he reckoned -say nearly two hundred feet—and below it also the granite walls fell away, so that nothing but a fly could have crawled up them. Even if he reached the inner end of his lookout shaft, the problem of communication would still confront him. But, like a wise man, he tackled the business nearest to his hand, and let his brains go puzzling after the rest. Meanwhile he was grateful for life and the releasing of his soul from the terrors that had made it weaker than water. He had food in abundance, and the inexpressible comfort of fire; and above all he had the daily sight of Barbe to kindle his courage and keep him from despair.

To build a platform twenty feet high up to the cleft was Alain's first task. That involved labour but no great difficulties. The great red organ-pipes furnished his platform and the first steps back to life and Barbe. He sacrificed them ruthlessly. For days the great cave clanged with the echoes of their fall. More than once they came near breaking his head as he pulled and ran. Then, learning by experience, he made a rope of twisted garments, his own and Cadoual's; and by attaching this to the mighty pendicles and hauling from a distance he managed to secure them without danger to his life.

More than once, when lying by his fire, he had heard a solemn plunk, plunk, in the pool behind the pipes. He had said to himself that there were fish there, and promised himself some. Through the crash of the first pillar he heard a sudden swish of falling rain behind him, and turned in time to see the firelit surface of the pool thrashed with a storm of drops from above, which the noise had shaken down. It was many days before the same thing happened again, and the plunk, plunk, also ceased. Nevertheless, having conceived a quite understandable dislike for fish from the sea cave, he set his lines in the pool, and succeeded in catching some little creatures, almost transparent and so strangely shaped that he was not quite sure whether they were fish at all. He cooked them, however, and found them first-rate eating, and after that he took them regularly.

It took a week's hard labour to break and carry

into the outer cave as many organ-pipes as he thought he would need, and another full week to pile them crosswise like a child's castle of bricks, and to wedge them securely with broken pieces, so that he could run up and down without fear of a general collapse. Then at the end of a fortnight he was peering through the hole with his head in the inner side of it, and Barbe seemed somewhat nearer to him than she had been before.

He had been close upon five weeks in the cave, though he had lost any exact account of the time, and only now were the first steps accomplished towards his liberation. The further problem of signalling through his hole had to be solved, and he knew all the difficulties. The face of the cliff looked seaward, and not once in a year did any of the Plenevec men frequent it, for they took neither the birds nor their eggs. Anything he pushed through the hole might lie unseen on the rocks below for all time, if it did not fall into the sea and

get washed away, or into some ledge to become a nest for the clustering sea-fowl; and how thickly they swarmed on the face of the cliff the constant eclipse of his lookout showed. They were thicker than bees in a hive-kittiwakes, guillemots, and great croaking cormorants—and how to get a message through them was now the great puzzle of his life. He could not make a flag of his clothes and push it through, because he had no pole, nor anything remotely resembling one. At last, after days and nights of anxious deliberation, he hit on an idea which seemed to offer possibilities. He wanted a rope long enough to hang down the face of the cliff, with something at the end to attract attention, and, if he could manage it, some message explaining his position. But he had not so much as a piece of string in his possession, and if he tore up every rag he had it would not be enough. He thought it all out, and prepared first his message and its accompanying indicator.

SOME MILITARY DUTIES.



OST people probably have some such idea as this about the duties of an officer in the army: that he drills and commands his men, and when the time comes leads them into battle; and that everything in peace-

time is somehow or other arranged for in camp or barracks without the officer having to trouble himself much about it. However, it is just the 'somehow or other' which the individual officer has often to do with. He may suddenly be called upon in time of peace and in our own country to undertake some piece of organisation and arrangement involving a great deal of business which has to do with money-matters and close connection with civilian authorities; and unless the officer carries out these duties in the most careful manner he may find himself a pecuniary sufferer.

This was just my experience last June, when the whole country was getting ready for the expected Coronation. I was at the time attached to one of those provisional battalions which were formed during the war, and were made up of drafts of different regiments, and officered by those who held commissions in the militia or volunteers, or had formerly been officers in the regulars. The composition of the battalion concerned me much in the work before me, for I had to bear it in mind when I was making my arrangements; as, of course, a battalion representing different regiments lacks homogeneity, and there is always a danger of friction and jealousy.

It is time, however, that I go on to explain the actual work which I had in hand. I was ordered by my colonel to select twenty men, and with these men to go to London and make preparation for quartering the battalion during the time that it

would be there for the purpose of taking part in the military lining of the streets. I do not mean that I had actually to go and look for lodgings for five hundred men. The preliminary work both as regards lodging and food had been done for me; but yet there was plenty left for me to do.

There had been assigned to us for quarters one of the School Board buildings situated in a poor part of the city a little way south of London Bridge. It was not difficult to convey my men from the regimental headquarters and barracks in the seaport town in which we were quartered, and easy enough to march my little squad through the streets of South London, as I had taken the precaution of looking at the map the evening before to find out exactly where my School Board building was situated and the most direct route thereto from the railway terminus.

On arriving I found the building in the charge of a barrack-master—that is, a sergeant who had been told off to this duty by the authorities of the London military district. There was also waiting for me, or within easy reach, the caretaker who represented the London School Board. It was well that I thus had a military non-commissioned officer and an official civilian under me. Food, drink, and such necessaries as cooking-ovens, coal, blankets, straw for bedding, and so on had been sent in and piled up in the school-yard by a party of the Army Service Corps. No further preparations for the reception of five hundred men had been made. To carry out what was still further necessary was my work. The children had, of course, been given holidays for the time we were to occupy the school; but though nominally absent, they were by no means literally so, as we found to our cost.

All my readers know, I suppose, what sort of a

building is usually erected by the London School Board: a great square block, several stories in height, standing in a yard surrounded by a high wall. This was the place, with staircases and passages innumerable, which I had to convert into barracks for the time.

The first thing to do was to turn out the children who had found their way into the yard; and then, leaving my men in the yard—instead of taking them in, as most people would suppose-to go into the school alone with the caretaker. From floor to floor, up staircases and along passages, we went; and I took as careful notes of the condition of the rooms as though I had been a surveyor of dilapidations. I noted down every broken pane of glass, every door without handle or bolt, every hole, or loose or broken board or step in staircase, passage, or room. I set down every place where plaster had been knocked from the wall, every ceiling that had been cracked. I called the attention of the caretaker to all these faults, and finally got him to sign the whole list. It is obvious that if I had not done this the School Board authorities might have considered that any damage done in their buildings had been done by my men, and by my men alone, and might have required us, in fact, to put the whole into a thorough state of repair, or rather pay for the cost of doing so. I had now protected my battalion against any claim that might be made, except for damages actually done during our occupation.

Then at last I let my men enter the building and set them to work to clear out the rooms. A London School Board building, as I observed, is intricate; and along the passages and down the staircases and out into the yard had every stick of furniture—benches and desks, blackboards and tables—to be carried. The rooms were now empty and swept, but they were not garnished.

My next work required some little thought and calculation. I had to estimate the number of men each room would hold, and also to bear in mind that it was unwise to mix the men of different regiments together. My work of housing was thus far more difficult than it would have been if all the men had always been comrades in arms. I also had to select such rooms as I considered best fitted for officers' quarters.

When I had chalked upon the door of each room the number of men to be accommodated there, and the name of their corps, it was comparatively easy to have the proper amount of straw taken in, together with the requisite number of blankets. Then followed some work in the yard which led to rather an amusing episode.

Cooking-stoves had to be set up; and in order to prevent all disputes I took care that the names of the corps for whose use each was intended should be marked on it. I also had all the stores sorted out in a similar manner. I was resolved that there should be no quarrels in my happy family if I could possibly prevent it.

Now I must describe an unexpected encounter with an outside force. The children had moved out of the yard at my order somewhat unwillingly, for they were curious to see everything that was going on in their school. The doors were bolted against outsiders; but the boys soon found a way by which they might worry us and to a certain extent hinder us in our work. They climbed on to the top of the wall round the school-yard; and when we were engaged in our work in the yard the wall was well crowded. For some reason the boys seemed to look upon us as intruders; perhaps some of the men had ejected them a trifle roughly when they had lingered on and got themselves into our way. At any rate, there they sat on the wall jeering and passing many uncomplimentary remarks on the red-coats. The London gamin is usually skilful in the matter of pointed remarks; but after a time, finding that their words were not much attended to, they resorted to acts. The alleys around were apparently ransacked for missiles; and stones, brickbats, bits of wood and coal, and even dead cats were showered upon us at intervals. Now this was more than any self-respecting soldier could stand, and I had some difficulty in restraining my men and keeping them to their work.

'Steady, men,' I said, 'and I will clear those youngsters off for good in a couple of minutes.'

I had noticed in one corner of the yard a watercock, and now asked the caretaker whether he had a hose for cleaning the yard. Fortunately he had one, and produced it; fortunately also it had attached to it a small nozzle capable of throwing a jet of water with considerable force. I had the hose fitted to the water-pipe, and put the nozzle into the hands of one of my most active men, directing him to squirt the water about the yard as though for cleaning purposes. I also gave him some further private instructions. I whispered to the other men to go on with their work as though nothing further were going to occur. The boys looked down upon us in full force; they passed certain strictures on our proceedings. Wasn't their school good enough for such toffs as us without being cleaned down? and we should make it a deal dirtier than we found it.

I bided my time, and waited until by a hasty glance behind me I could see that the wall was well lined. Then I touched my man on the shoulder. He had his cue, and he suddenly faced right about, raised the nozzle of the hose, and swept the top of the wall from end to end. The effect was instantaneous. Most of the boys, I fancy, tumbled off backwards, heels over head. We occasionally received a few reminders of our enemies in the shape of articles of diverse sorts thrown over the wall; but the hose was always ready for action, and the boys never returned to their perch again. Moreover, they cheered us heartily when we finally marched away out of the school-yard gates.

That march came much sooner than we had expected. My men had worked well, and all was in order, and as a reward I had given them leave out in small parties at a time. Then came like a thunderclap the news of the illness of the King and the postponement of the Coronation. This was soon followed by orders from my colonel to withdraw my men and return with them at once.

'Well, simple enough,' the civilian would probably answer. 'It only meant marching your men to the station and taking the train.' But what about all the goods in the school, and the condition of the school itself? I could not march off and thus leave everything to the tender mercies of our friends the boys. Getting rid of the responsibilities of the stores was a matter of ordinary military routine. I could hand these over to the barrackmaster, and take his receipt for them; but with the school itself it was different. The arrangement with the School Board had been that we should hand it back to them as we found it, or pay for damages. While I was deliberating what I should do, a staff-officer fortunately appeared on the scene. He had been sent round to see what arrangements were being made for the vacating of schools and other buildings by the military. I jumped into a hansom with him, and hurried off to headquarters. I did not leave the latter until I had a guarantee written and signed that they would be responsible for the school from that date.

However, even then my work was not all over in the matter of arrangements if I wished to protect myself thoroughly. I returned to my post and got hold of the caretaker. Again I went over the whole of the buildings with him. Happily my men, working under my personal supervision, had been careful, and no damage had been done. The caretaker was therefore willing to sign a declaration that I had handed over the buildings in the condition in which I had taken them. It will be remembered that I had already protected myself against any claim for existing dilapidations. It was well for me that I took all these precautions as matters afterwards turned out.

At last our short occupancy of the school had come to an end. My men packed up their own kits, and I marched them off to the station; but no arrangements had been made for them there, nor had the railway officials received any instructions regarding them. The money difficulty presented itself again here, and I had to offer my own cheque for our fares; but I knew that this payment would certainly be allowed. Then at last I got the stationmaster to have a special carriage attached to the last down-express, and I reported myself to my colonel that night.

A day or two later my chief sent for me and held up an official War Office communication. 'Look here,' he said, 'what did your men do with that school? Here is a claim of nearly three pounds for damages, sent in by the School Board.'

I pulled out of my pocket the declaration signed by the caretaker, and replied, 'There, colonel, we are scot-free in this business. If the fatigue-party sent in to put the school to rights after we had gone knocked it about instead, those who sent them must settle matters with the School Board.'

So you see a soldier has to be a man of business as well as a fighting man.

SOME ASPECTS OF FARMING.



N many ways farming is a pleasant occupation. There is an independence and sociability about it—a sense of proprietorship in the crops growing from braird to maturity; in the breeding-pens, from calf and

lamb to steer and wedder; in the feeding-boxes, from gaunt frames to glossy hides and evenly laid flesh. All these things go to render the life and way of a farmer attractive, and largely account for the eager longing of men of all trades and professions to be agriculturists.

Is it in reality so very attractive and remunerative? A closer acquaintance with the actual requirements which go to make the successful farmer may tend in a great measure to dispel the glamour.

Let us suppose a skilled farmer is fortunate enough to secure a lease of a strong-land farm of three hundred acres, fifty acres of it under pasture grass, and the remaining two hundred and fifty acres under regular cultivation. He enters into possession at the separation of the crop—that is, immediately after the last crop of the preceding lease has been removed, which in ordinary seasons is about

the second week of October. His first thought is, 'What capital shall I require?'

If he be a man of means, and intends doing everything to the best advantage, he will have nothing but young, seasoned, clean-legged, sound horses; of these he will need five pairs, which will cost him on an average one hundred and ten pounds per pair, or five hundred and fifty pounds. He will need, besides, an extra beast to do all sorts of odds and ends, which he will get for thirty-five pounds. His half-bred driving-horse will cost him forty pounds; and he will likely invest in a couple of colts in spring, costing seventy pounds. His stud will thus cost him, say, seven hundred pounds.

He will need on an average eighty head of cattle per annum, for which he will allow one thousand pounds. Of these he will place forty good bullocks on his fifty acres of grass, costing him fifteen pounds apiece. Feeding-stuffs will cost (after deducting one-third off the price for increase in manurial value) two pounds per head. His first six months' bill for these will not be less than one hundred pounds.

Implements will next be taken into consideration. If he be a wise man he will buy no half-worn carts, but will have them all new, and will himself see them being built and before the putty and paint go on. He may pick up rollers, grubbers, harrows, and such-like at displenishing sales at about half-price, and find them suitable enough; but he will have the latest improvements in self-binders, and will tolerate nothing but the keenest-going and sweetest of mowing-machines. His implements, including a sufficiency of stack-bosses and props, will cost him five hundred pounds.

If, in terms of his lease, he be saddled with an antiquated engine, the boiler half-eaten with rust, and the fire always needing to be lit the previous evening, and with an equally ancient thrashingmill, he will be desirous of selling them at whatever they will bring, and will replace them by either a portable or semi-portable locomotive by a good maker, which will cost one hundred and eighty pounds. Also, he will put in a high-speed thrasher, with all the dressing-gear, which, along with a grist-mill, will cost him another one hundred and eighty pounds. As a labour-saving machine, he may also provide a straw-carrier for carrying the straw from the thrashing-mill to and along the straw-lofts and barn, and dropping the straw where required. This costs about five shillings per foot. His implement bill will amount to about nine hundred pounds.

His harness he will have new from the saddler at the cost of over a hundred pounds.

In spring he will make three-eighths of his farm in beans and green crop, or, say, ninety-five acres; and his manure, including artificials, will cost him four pounds ten shillings per acre, or four hundred and twenty-seven pounds.

If he has had the good luck to get his farm at a reasonable rent—say, five hundred pounds—so much the better.

His wages bill, including all extra work, will not be less than six hundred and fifty pounds.

The amounts will be: for horses, seven hundred pounds; cattle, one thousand pounds; implements, nine hundred pounds; harness, one hundred pounds; manure, four hundred and twenty-seven pounds; rent, five hundred pounds; wages, six hundred and fifty pounds; feeding-stuffs, one hundred and fifty pounds; house expenses and contingencies, three hundred pounds—amounting in all to four thousand seven hundred and twenty-seven pounds.

This does not perhaps exhaust the first year's outlay, as he may have had to take over the turnips at valuation and buy a considerable part of the crop. Thirty-five acres of average turnips would cost him about four hundred pounds.

In order, then, to be master of the situation, and to be able to buy in the cheapest market and wait for a good turn, he will require a capital of five thousand pounds. No doubt a farm of this size could be stocked for much less; and a born farmer would—by buying half-worn horses and tackle, investing

in small-priced cattle, using little or no feedingstuffs, and practising other economies—be able to do with little more than one-half; but then he would have to lay his account to face a much larger yearly bill for tear and wear in horse-flesh, in all working tools, and would in many other ways be badly handicapped.

Supposing, then, that our farmer enters on his lease, which will be for twelve, fourteen, or nineteen years, with two mutual breaks, with a capital of five thousand pounds, what return does he expect to get for his capital and labour? Much will depend, first of all, on the state of fertility in which he gets his farm, then on the state of drainage, and his proximity to a large town. If he has got a farm previously well farmed, fairly clean, and with the drains in good working order, he ought to be able with ordinary seasons to get 10 per cent., or five hundred pounds. This would not be an extravagant profit; but there are many contingencies that tend to reduce it. A maker of cloth, yarn, or twine can tell to a nicety what these articles cost to produce; but no farmer can tell the cost of producing his quarter of grain, his hundredweight of beef, or his pound of mutton, because of the ever-changing nature of the factors that go to produce them. A manufacturer may be able to hold his goods till a suitable price offers; but not so a farmer. True, he may store his grain; but it depreciates from 5 per cent. to 10 per cent. per annum, and loses its freshness. His hay also may be kept over, but at increasing loss of weight. All his other goods are perishable; his cattle and sheep must be marketed when fat; his potatoes must be sold before they sprout. He has sunless seasons and kittle harvests to reckon with; he does not know whether his wheat will turn out plump and golden or shrivelled and tawny, whether his barley will be mellow or bleached, his oats full or husky. Influenza colds may render his horses useless for work, anthrax attack his cattle, and disease his potatoes; his turnips may be stringy and his fodder tainted. These and many other contingencies are quite unforeseen, and make farming more haphazardous and less of a science, and render profits uncertain.

There are two classes of farmers. The gentlemanfarmer keeps his carriage, and does not soil his fingers with manual labour, but leaves the working of the farm to his grieve. He does the marketing himself, and employs his ample leisure in the varied sports of the seasons. There is also the working farmer. Life with him is sterner. Late at night and early in the morning he will ponder over each day's work. He will be the earliest astir; his wife will be impatient at having to rise to such an early breakfast! To his grieve he will give his orders for the day, and will himself see that all go smartly to their several duties. In the dark winter mornings, with his lantern lit, he will be through all his stock; and woe betide the cattleman if anything be slipshod or neglected, if any food be thrown into dirty troughs or amongst litter. Having satisfied

himself that everything is as he would wish it, he is back to his fireside in time to glance over the morning paper, read his letters, and see his children away to school.

In the crisp, spring morning air he will be out to see if his beasts are thriving and his furrows ready for the seed; and when the tender blade is appearing, and the dark-green stems of his potatoes are forcing their way through the ground, peeping up timidly as if uncertain of the reception they will have, he is on the alert, and will presently send a charge of No. 5 among the crows doing their level best to get at the barley-pickle and dig up the potato-seed.

In summer's drought he will be on his knees examining the turnip-seeds, to see if they have sprouted and died or are still dormant and waiting the advent of sap to send up their tender stems and two tiny blades; and roaming over his pastures in dread of a scarcity of food for his bullocks.

With the advent of harvest our farmer will be more anxious still. He has engaged plenty of extra hands, he thinks, to cope with the fast-ripening grain. He will send the whirring self-binders round the best standing fields, the manual reapers into the twisted corn, and will reserve a good scythesman for the 'lying beds'—the patches laid flat by excess of manure or stress of weather.

Every passing cloud causes him to knit his brows: a rainy day gives him deep concern; a week's bad weather conveys dismal forebodings of damaged grain and lowered prices. On the other hand, the clear sky and the steady westland breeze make his heart light and his way clear. Nobody knows as he does of 'the joy that is according to harvest;' of the keenness of his pleasure as field after field is cleared of its goodly rows of thickly planted stooks; as the stackyard, so empty only a few days ago, assumes substantial proportions and overflows into adjacent fields. When at last the year is crowned with its goodness, and our farmer can write in his diary, 'All under thack and rape,' he counts with thankful heart and contented spirit that his acres will yield a full average crop of good quality, for which he will obtain full market rates.

However, his year's labour does not end there. Harvest being over, he must prepare to lift his potato-crop, and incurs the wrath of impotent School Boards by taking away the school children to gather for him. He must also proceed at once to plough and sow with wheat the land which lately grew beans; he must cart out the bulk of his summer manure in order that his courts may be ready for the cattle to be fattened for the early market. Immediately after the judges in local club or county competition have inspected his turnip crop and awarded him first prize for that extra heavy section he so dearly loves to show to friends and neighbours -or, better still, the challenge cup for the bestmanaged crop-our farmer considers which of the various varieties he has experimented with is likeliest to succumb to the effects of frost, and at once sets about having them stored. He is not at all particular about the kind of labourer he employs for this work; he will try the last-patented lifting-machine among the Swedish turnips with long necks; he will send his own workers to pull the yellows, and will employ tramps off the roads for the other varieties. One thing he is determined about: he will not grow a goodly though expensive crop and allow them to be destroyed by frost. His energy and foresight are rewarded. After a severe winter and alternating frosts and freshes in early spring, when his neighbours' crops have been damaged, the dairymen in town clamour for sound roots; then, having command of the market, he can name his own price.

Being a man of principle, he, whilst busy with his proper work on the six days of the week, is not idle on the seventh. His minister can depend on seeing him and his family regularly in their places at church, and if he does not administer the Shorter Catechism to his family with the same strictness he himself experienced, he sees that they do not neglect their religious duties.

A regular attender at markets, he will exchange jokes with those he meets; but has an eye all the time to business, and knows a bargain when he sees it. He keeps in touch with all his neighbours, and learns where there is a good horse or a bunch of thriving cattle to be picked up. Our farmer is hospitable too; and when evening comes he likes to have a few choice spirits round his table, and enjoys a quiet rubber at whist, and it may be a tumbler of toddy. He likes also to take an occasional afternoon and have a drive round. He always sees something worth knowing, he says; and he lands at some pleasant house for tea and a cosy chat.

With the keen winter's frost comes the desire for curling. In the excitement of the game everything else is forgotten as he repeats the old saying, 'When there's curling ado it maun be done.' Though he may be fond of shooting, the curb imposed by the provisions of the Ground Game Act allows him only to shoot hares and rabbits, and prevents him from asking a friend to join him; but being a wise man, and not wishing to spoil his proprietor's sport (who is good to him and gives him liberally of his game), he refrains altogether.

Whilst he has many pleasant moments, our farmer has his cares and anxieties, often too deep to be seen on the surface. While past experience is of the utmost value, there are times when even that will not serve, and the brain has to be on the rack to meet new exigencies. The strong-land farmer knows that one of the most difficult tasks he has is to wait with patience in broken weather till the ground is in a fit state to work; for if he goes on it too soon his crop may be spoiled for the season.

Epidemics are more common among horses than among cattle, and few farms escape an occasional visit of influenza cold. Horses are most liable to it, either in autumn or spring when their coats are being cast. This is just the season when they are most needed; and the disease often leaves bad effects behind. The carelessness of servants causes much trouble; the farmer comes across broken tools, damaged fences, and blemishes on horses all caused by that ubiquitous person 'nobody.'

The changeable state of the weather causes the greatest anxiety; he cannot cope with it. To-day may be quiet, but a hurricane rises suddenly in the night, and our farmer lies wide awake. The violence of the gale causes his house to vibrate, and the protecting clumps of trees outside rock and groan as the full force of the wind strikes them. His thoughts turn to that row of stacks standing

solitarily. He looks out, but it is pitch-dark; his fears get the better of him, and he rises and goes out, only to find himself powerless against the wild blast and the driving rain. He turns in; and with morning-light comes the assurance that his builders and thatchers had done their work well, and only a few handfuls of the thatch had been ruffled.

There are many other causes for anxiety all incidental to the calling of the farmer. Still, he is ever ready to hope for the best; and though he may not dream of making a fortune, he and his partner in life are able to secure for their family the best of air, healthy exercise, and a good education, all of which go to lay a first-rate foundation for their future well-being.

THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

By ARTHUR O. COOKE.

Much dearer be the things that come through hard distress.



T is not a pleasant surmise, but it is a safe one, that were fifty average persons asked to name the chief distresses of human life, lack of money would appear in at least forty of the lists, be

placed second in thirty, and first in twenty. The fifty spoken or written lists, that is; for could we but get at the fifty mental reservations, this particular form of adversity would in all probability make a still better appearance.

Yet the uses of this so-called adversity are so manifest, so open and on the surface, that they should need no setting forth. Let any one of us, man or woman, but especially man, take a hasty retrospect of his life. If he be not altogether a fool, but have just that bare modicum of common-sense with which most of us have to be content, and which enables us to get through the world without any very conspicuous disaster, then let him own that a certain lack of money is rarely anything but a blessing. Has he fallen, swiftly or slowly, from affluence to poverty -the swift descent is usually the sharper lesson and the more quickly learned—it is needless to point out the wholesome surprise that awaits him as he learns how many former possessions once thought necessities were not so in reality -were not even pleasant luxuries, but mere burdensome excrescences which he carried laboriously through existence.

A sudden increase in a man's income, whether on a scale large or small, is always dangerous to happiness, and generally fatal. If, on the other hand, fortune be kindly slow and judicious in the measure with which she bids 'riches increase' upon us, giving perhaps now and then—but seldom—a sudden, unlooked-for shower, a gentle freshet or 'spate,' we may hope, if we only keep our heads, to get some pleasure from her turning of

the wheel; though we shall still do well to write off a large percentage from our expectations. Not one of the least of the advantages we shall derive from this her wholesome method of treatment is that we shall come purse in hand to the world's stall of wares with the faculty of selection more or less active and awake in us, instead of leaving it behind us, smothered and slumbering under the stifling weight of profusion.

It is a trite thing to say: but let us imagine for a moment a mistake in the shuffling, an error in the adjustment, rather, of ages and income-only a slight error, just one move out of place. The little fellow at school, proud of being at last out of the hands of his sisters' governess, whose existence or intimate connection with his own existence he would so carefully conceal: imagine him with the income, the sovereign 'tips,' the almost fabulous weekly dole of shilling or half-crown, possessed by the sixthform boy with the gold ring-in his drawer-and the moustache which is invisible perhaps to the naked eye of a sceptical world, but seen by faith and encouraged by ever-tending fingers. Picture, too, him of the moustache and the ring: had he the wealth of his five years' senior, who is launched into business or profession; who knows something at least of the world of men, even if it is only just to know that it is something very different from the world of school.

And so on, and so on. It is not necessary to pursue the idea to the end. I myself—I have been trying to keep back the too intrusive first person singular, and now it has rushed in with double force, for drive out nature with a pitchfork and we know what will happen—I have had cause at each stage of a not unhappy life to congratulate myself on shortness of funds at a previous stage. At seven-and-twenty I saw clearly that with money in my pocket at twenty I

should have come a most disastrous 'cropper;' I also saw how wisely I could use the money then! At five-and-thirty I perceived that there had been still one or two little things unlearnt at the last stage, and that I should not even then have got 'best value for money.' Now I can look back on five-and-thirty from one, twono matter how many of these seven-mile stagesand it really seems to me that I have reached a post-house where any moderate fortune that might come into my hands would be dispensed with benefit to myself and society. The simile involves a reversing of the natural order of things: on a muddy country road no stretch of macadam either before or behind us looks quite so bad as what we are tramping over at the present moment; on life's road we see the mud and stones of the past -not, thank Heaven! of the future-while ankledeep in mud and slush as we stand to take our backward survey.

This lane of gossip is leading in a direction not of my intending. I had no notion of providing serious reading; but the quill will not be driven for ever—it sometimes leads. Let me instance a comparatively minor matter in which some of us have reason to be thankful for the power of selection taught us by necessity.

Very many people love books-no, we will not go so far as that, but many people are 'fond of reading'-who never saw the inside of a secondhand bookseller's list; still less thought of looking therein for hours of amusement and instruction. 'Classical quotation,' said Johnson, 'is the parole of literary men all over the world;' so to a certain faithful remnant is the study of booklists. If, for instance, you see a man amuse himself from London to Crewe with a couple of second-hand lists, now smiling graciously as an editorial comment finds acceptance, now with a sudden frown at a glaring inaccuracy—and there are such in the best of lists-or gazing absently from the window as he endeavours to recall some line or date that has slipped from memory's grasp; his pencil making ever and anon two totally distinct marks-the bold, decisive 'dash' that will catch the eye as the pages are run through, which means 'must have;' the modest, almost caressing little 'tick' that means not only 'should very much like,' but, alas! also says 'cannot afford,'-when, I say, we see all this, we may generally presume that the man with the selective pencil knows a good deal more about books than any other passenger between the 'Webb's system' engine and the guard's van could tell him.

It is many a year since I saw the inside of my first second-hand catalogue. It came a 'single spy,' I forget whence or how; but be that as it may, battalions have followed it. A lady who has a word, and never one too many, for everything that I do sometimes rouses herself when more than three arrive by the same post, and has

lately gone so far as to hint at a bonfire of some of the earlier numbers. I must see to it—not to the bonfire, but to bestowing them elsewhere. I have a rooted dislike to the burning or destruction in any way of printed matter, always excepting newspapers. A daily paper takes me ten minutes to read, and all but some half-column need rarely have been printed.

I shudder to think of what I should have perpetrated had I possessed the needful 'money in my purse' when first the compilations of the late Mr Quaritch and of other of his Metropolitan brethren rose into my firmament; to be followed in time by lists from here, there, and everywhere: from Edinburgh, that Paradise of bookish associations; from Exeter, where low-browed bookshops hold many a treasure.

Shade of the man-Dr Yarnold, I think-who amassed a collection of considerable value by a daily inspection of the stalls on the Paris quais, yet was never known to pay more than four sous for a volume; shades of him and his like, what should I not have bought? A first edition! What is a first edition to the working reader? An édition de luxe, only fit for millionaires—unhappy people whom some one has persuaded that it is their duty to possess a taste for books, and who wriggle out of the awkward scrape as best they can by discharging that duty by deputy. The deputy is naturally far the happier man of the two, for he gets all the excitement of the chase: the view-halloo, when a side-wind brings him scent of some rare volume lying hidden in an unexpected corner, or when it breaks upon the world catalogued for some great sale; full-cry, as the present possessor tightens his grasp on the treasure, or bold rivals are known to be preparing for competition at the auction; till the moment when the morte is sounded by the fall of the hammer or the payment of deposit. All the excitement of pursuit is for the agent, not for the man of millions.

For my part, there is a sense in which many catalogues are a check upon, rather than an incentive to, the buying of books. The Wise Man might well have said, 'In reading many lists there is no end;' and the frequent shock of finding a book offered in one list at a materially lower price than that at which I selected it from a previous one ten days before has a restraining tendency which is exceedingly healthy for the purse, and has a not unwholesome effect on the growth and general development of the library. For book-shelves, like children and other young animals, should not grow too fast in lineal measurement, and exercise is as useful to the contents of the former as to the limbs of the latter. A library totally idle and inactive is a distressing spectacle; some books and some bodily organs should of course be in more active service than others, but There may be books on the all should work. shelves whose duty it is to provide information

and advice only at very rare intervals. I do not speak now of libraries whose shelves hold little else but first and priceless editions; though such volumes, I have heard, are not infrequently given an airing, if only to arouse the envy of jealous admirers who have them not, and who 'smile and smile' and long to be villains bold enough to steal. But in what I have called a working library, were there any book that stood silent and unopened in its place from year's end to year's end I should begin to doubt either the book's utility or the owner's true title to possess it.

The question, however, of turning a book off one's shelves because it has proved a bad investment is a delicate one for the book-lover. Books are not things, not goods and chattels; one almost feels that a book loves its owner; and if once that is admitted as possible, we have no more right to part with a book, save under the stress of direst necessity, than we have a right, for greed of money, convenience, or other cause, to banish from our side and send among strangers the dog that has once thoroughly learnt to love us. Even an irreclaimably bad book is irresponsible, having been made by an evil author, just as the incurably vicious dog has been so made by evil treatment. Therefore, for their own sakes, and the public welfare, banishment is not for them; no, the flames for the book in which there is no good thing, and the kindly bullet to the brain of the dangerous dog; perhaps in the happy hunting-grounds the ghost-dogs fight bloodless battles with unimpaired gusto, and there are no troublesome 'humans' to misunderstand and quarrel with.

But, though bookworms may be loath to admit it, there are more things in the world than the selection and formation of libraries. There is, for instance, a pursuit that has been, and ever will be, infinitely more popular—the selection of life's partner and the formation of a home; and that partner is a volume which we must read, and also be read by, daily, whether we like it and approve the contents or no. Johnson very wisely condemned the folly of resolving not to marry a pretty woman, and gave his reasons with his usual emphasis and good sense. Let us once make sure of the excellence of the contents and then there is no need to shun a handsome binding, which, whether it holds within its covers a volume of choice and high thoughts or a noble woman, full likewise of grace and wisdom, will be a joy for ever to look at with honest eyes and touch lovingly with clean and reverent hands.

A wise old man, now with God, was fond of telling his friends that there was nothing better for young people than a 'good pressure upon the shoulders.' His early days had been spent on a farm, a place that should be the happiest of homes and training-places for children; and his simile,

which he was wont to deliver with expressive action of his hands, was drawn from his observation of the steadying effect of heavy collars when placed on the shoulders of young colts. A very good illustration I take it to be, though I have reasons for being prejudiced in its favour. How many a youth has had his life wrecked, or so near wrecked as never to be very seaworthy afterwards, only for want of a collar on his shoulders and a fair weight at the far end of the traces.

Women worth marrying are worth waiting for, and can themselves afford to wait; this may be a hard saying, but the exceptions to its truth are few. Mr Ruskin's advice to a young man 'about to marry' was, not the celebrated monosyllable of Punch, but the next thing to it—namely, to court the girl for seven years. One-tenth of one's possible life, when perhaps four-tenths have already gone by, is a somewhat severe apprenticeship; but anything rather than the hasty unions into which young men unburdened with work and overburdened with money throw themselves. Unsuccessful marriages sink the victims in morasses or ground them on shallows. The traveller whom the morass engulfs disappears from all sight of happiness, from all chance of success. The boat upon the shallows preserves, perhaps, an appearance of all being right; but though she may have grounded so gently and lightly as to spring no leak, close observers see that there is at the least no more progress-for from the shallow of a mésalliance of any description there is but rare escape. Lack of money has kept the gate firmly locked to many a one who would else have gone, like Mrs Poyser's Molly, 'headlongs to ruin.'

Some will think that undue emphasis has here been laid on the lack of money as an adversity. It is a sordid adversity, without doubt; but it has produced some bright virtues, and this must be my excuse. This paper has already lingered beyond its welcome; therefore but two lines more:

Who has not known ill-fortune never knew Himself, or his own virtue.

SONNET.

Far stretching outward—league on league of gray,
Still water—lies the sea. The lone night-bird
Has fled; and, in the dawn's young hours, unstirred
By aught of life, deep silence holds its sway.
In the far eastern sky a faint light streams,
And ever slowly deepens, till, anon,
The darkness and the shadows all have gone;
And, o'er the sleeping world, its rosy beams,
Yet once again, the morning sun doth pour.
Soon the lone creatures of the forest wake,
Birds, with their gladsome song, the silence break,
The seas put on their laughing gleam once more;
And, waking up in wonder, 'neath the spell,
The drowsy flower lifts up its drooping bell.

Mary Christie.



MEMORIES OF HALF A CENTURY.

By R. C. LEHMANN.

PART III.



T was through Mr and Mrs W. H. Wills that my mother came to know Wilkie Collins, the Dickens family, and others who were at that time distinguished in London literary circles. Mrs Wills was, as I have

stated, the sister of Robert Chambers, and her husband thus became to us, as to our parents, 'Uncle Harry'-the most popular uncle certainly that even a boyish imagination could have conceived. His close association with Charles Dickens, first in the Daily News, afterwards in Household Words from 1850 to 1859, and finally in All the Year Round, is a matter of literary history. The original agreement for the publication of Household Words is now in the possession of my aunt, Lady Priestley. It was made between Charles Dickens, William Bradbury, F. M. Evans, W. H. Wills, and John Forster; assigns to each of them a certain fractional share in the profits of the venture; and appoints Dickens to be editor and Wills to be sub-editor of the publication. In more modern parlance he would, I think, be styled assistanteditor. What is certain is that a very great part of the most laborious work of the editorial office was done by my uncle, for Charles Dickens was very busily occupied with his novel-writing and his public readings, and was necessarily compelled to leave a great deal to his assistant. It is equally true, however, that Dickens was no roi faineant; indeed, it was not in his nature to be that. He kept all the literary threads of Household Words well in his hands. His correspondence with my uncle, which is now in Lady Priestley's hands, shows with what a high sense of responsibility and what anxious care he discharged his editorial duties. No promising manuscript escaped him; he took infinite trouble to arrange the chief features of each issue so that the public interest might be maintained. Article after article he wrote himself; others he collaborated in, and throughout the

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periodical his guiding mind made itself manifest. These letters form a profoundly interesting record of a long association in literature and friendship.

Amongst the contributors to Household Words, and afterwards to All the Year Round, was Wilkie Collins. His first great novel, The Woman in White, appeared in the pages of the latter publication, and the following note * written to my uncle, shows where and under what circumstances he hit upon the admirable title:

'CHURCH HILL COTTAGE, BROADSTAIRS, Aug. 15th, 1859.

'MY DEAR WILLS,—I send enclosed (and registered—for I should go distracted if it was lost) my first number. Please let me have duplicate proofs as soon as possible, for I want to see something in connection with the story which is not a mass of confusion. It is an awfully long number—between 8 and 9 pages; but I must stagger the public into attention, if possible, at the outset. They shan't drop a number when I begin, if I can help it.

'I have hit on a new title, in the course of a night-walk to the North Foreland, which seems to me weird and striking:

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

'My love to Dickens. How does he do? When will he write? Have you a house to let? I am at mortal enmity with my London landlord, and am resolved to leave him. Where I am to go next "God, He knows." Ta-ta.

W. C.'

It must be admitted that the North Foreland sent a happy inspiration.

The next letter gives an amusing insight into the methods of a story-writer, and the trials that come upon him in the course of his task. Wilkie Collins

^{*}This letter, as well as the two following ones, have been lent to me by Lady Priestley. I may repeat that all Wilkie Collins's letters to be printed here are published by permission of Mr A. P. Watt, his literary executor.

*Reserved.] APRIL 11, 1903.

at the time was writing No Name for All the Year Round:

'THE FORT HOUSE, BROADSTAIRS, September 14th, 1862.

'MY DEAR WILLS,-Do you, or does Mrs Wills, or does any kindly Scot to whom you can at once apply without trouble, know anything of the neighbourhood of Dumfries? My story will take me there next week. I am a total stranger to the locality, and I have no time to go and look for myself.

'I don't want any elaborate description. I only want answers to these questions:

'Is the neighbourhood of Dumfries-say for five miles round-hilly or flat? Barren and heathy, or cultivated and fairly stocked with trees? Is it pretty scenery or not? Is it like any neighbourhood of any English town? Is it sprinkled with villages? Or is it lonely? Are there any pretty cottages on the banks of the Nith in which I could put a married couple, anxious to escape observation, in their honeymoon? If so, what is the name of any village which would be near the said cottage? If the Nith won't do, the cottage can be put anywhere-north, south, east, or west-as long as it is a few miles from Dumfries. Am I right in supposing Dumfries to be a thriving manufacturing town? And if so, what does it manufacture? Lastly, is there any mortal book which you could send me by book-post, and from which I could crib the local knowledge which I want?

'Meditate, I beseech you, on these questionsand forgive No Name for worrying you as well as me.

'If the worst comes to the worst, I must write from pure imagination; and won't the letters come pouring in then to correct my mistakes! There is nothing the British reader enjoys so much as catching his author in the wrong.

Where is Dickens? Will he be at Gadshill this week, and at the office on Wednesday? If this is so, I will send him up my second volume to read. I hear gladly from Beard, who has been staying

here, that Georgina is better.

'I have been taking a holiday, and am hard at work again. If you see Reade, tell him to be of good cheer. I shan't have done before the end of the year—perhaps not before the end of January. They seem to like the story, and be d-d to them. The women write me letters begging for more each week. I wish they may get it!

'Will you come here and tell me about Dumfries? One of my servants was kicked out yesterday, and the other is going to-morrow; but if you don't mind waiting on yourself, I'll black your boots.-Ever yours,

The average novel-reader will learn from this letter one or two things that must surprise him. In the first place, the author, instead of being, as is commonly supposed, the planner and controller of the destinies of his story, is himself its unwilling but helpless slave. Wilkie Collins obviously did not desire to take his honeymoon couple to Dumfries. The place was a sealed book to him. He knew nothing of its manufactures (tweeds and hosiery, by the way), its scenery or its surroundings; nothing except that it stood on the river Nith. In spite of this complete ignorance of the locality, he was forced by characters and circumstances over which he had manifestly no control to take his masters to Dumfries, and not only to take them there, but to pretend that he had known the place from his cradle. In this pathetic extremity he applied to Mr Wills, who, it may be believed, managed to give him a good deliverance. A reference to the novel, however, shows that even if Mr Wills supplied the various details asked for, Wilkie Collins made but little use of them. In the first chapter of the fifth 'scene' of No Name, Noel and Magdalen Vanstone are found spending their honeymoon at 'Baliol Cottage, Dumfries.' To be strictly accurate, I should say that Noel is living there, for Magdalen has just left him. The only description given of the neighbourhood is contained in the following passage: 'The prospect from the window overlooked the course of the Nith at a bend of the river a few miles above Dumfries. Here and there through wintry gaps in the wooded bank broad tracts of the level cultivated valley met the eye. Boats passed on the river, and carts plodded along the high-road on their way to Dumfries. The view, noted in Scotland for its bright and peaceful charm, was presented at the best which its wintry aspect could assume.'

Finally, it may be noted in Wilkie's letter that he seemed to look upon the public who devoured his book and called for more rather with anger than with affection. They were his hard taskmasters, with their confounded liking for his story, and it was they who were driving him along this thorny and untrodden road to Dumfries. It was a humorous inversion of sentiment, and I am sure it did not last long, for no writer had at the bottom of his heart a more genuine regard for those who read his books, and whose servant, in a sense, he was proud to be, than Wilkie Collins.

In any case, whatever may have been Wilkie's troubles while his story was still on the stocks, he must have felt many a thrill of pleasure when No Name appeared in book-form. Here is his account of its reception:

'12 HARLEY STREET, W., Decr. 31st, 1862.

'MY DEAR WILLS,-I have this day sent you (to Regent's Park Terrace) a copy of No Name. We published to-day—an edition of four thousand copies. At five this afternoon only four hundred were left. This is a good rattling sale to begin with.

'I heard at the office to-day that you had kindly put everything in proper train with Mr Bernard. and that nothing was wanted but the last act. Perhaps the end of the story staggers my worthy collaborator? Or perhaps the festivities of the season are a little in his way? I have promised Emden at the Olympic a first look at the Drama as soon as it is done. The sage Low recommends our sending a copy to the British Museum, as a solemn act of publication. What do you think?

'My liver still torments me, and the fiend rheumatism gnaws at my right knee.—Ever yours,

'WILKIE COLLINS.

'P.S.—I had just hobbled out, unluckily, when you called.'

The next letter is to my father (my mother and the family being then en pension in Shanklin), and shows Wilkie in a new light as an intending yachtsman:

'12 HARLEY STREET, W., August 6th, 1860.

'My DEAR LEHMANN,—Delighted to hear you are coming! The only hitch in the programme is that I can't go to Shanklin this week—as I am already engaged to Gadshill. But you will give me another chance?—and we will discuss the question of time on Thursday. The autumn is "all before us when to choose, and Providence our guide" (Milton). I suppose you don't feel inclined to take a cruise off the west coast of Ireland on the 15th of September? I and two other British tars propose to plough the main for a fortnight or so, on that occasion, in a Welsh boat of our own hiring.—Ever yours,

'W. C.'

In the summer of 1862 my father had to go to America on business. The civil war was then raging, and the cause of the North seemed to many Englishmen to be a hopeless one. My father never wavered in his strong sympathy for the Northern side, and his conviction that it must ultimately prove triumphant. Most of his friends, however, held a contrary opinion, Wilkie Collins and Charles Dickens amongst them. Both these distinguished men at a later period came to know Americans well, and to like the people, as all who know them well must like them. In the early sixties, however, they shared the beliefs then prevalent amongst a large section of Englishmen with regard to Americans and their destinies. When my father was about to start on his voyage Wilkie Collins wrote to him the following letter:

> 'THE FORT HOUSE, BROADSTAIRS, July 28th, 1862.

'MY DEAR LEHMANN,—Here is a line to wish you most heartily a safe voyage out and a prosperous return. I need not tell you, I am sure, how sorry I am to miss the chance of having you here—and how glad I should be to hear, even at the eleventh hour, that the American voyage was put off—for Mrs Lehmann's sake as well as for yours and for mine. But I suppose there is no hope of this.

'The one chance for that miserable country on the other side of the Atlantic is, that those two blatant impostors, Lincoln and McClellan, will fail to get the 300,000 new men they ask for. If I thought it would be the least use, I would go down on both my knees, and pray with all my might for the total failure of the new enlistment scheme. But the devil being the ruling power in American affairs, and I not being (as I venture to hope) on particularly good terms with him, it seems hopeless on this occasion to put any trust in the efficacy of fervent aspirations and cramped knees.

'All I do most seriously and earnestly hope is that you will come back with all personal anxieties in the American direction set at rest. We will then drink confusion together to your customers for light steel and my customers for light reading. I have hundreds of American correspondents, but no friends there. If you want anything special in the literary way, tell Harper of New York you are a friend of mine, and he will be gladly of service to you. So would Fields (of the firm of Ticknor and Fields), Boston.

'Good-bye, my dear fellow, and once more may you have the best of voyages out and the speediest of voyages back again.—Ever yours most truly.

WILKIE COLLINS.

'Pray thank Mrs Lehmann for two additions to your letter. I am not a good correspondent generally; but if she will write to me in those long evenings, I promise to write back. We are in nearly the same situations—she is shut up with her boys, and I am shut up with my books.'

Amongst my father's memoranda in the note-book from which I have previously made extracts, I find this one relating to Charles Dickens: 'He was fond of Americans, but had then no faith in the nation. When I returned from America in the spring of 1863, and expressed my firm belief in the ultimate victory of the North, he treated my opinion as a harmless hallucination.' Here is a letter * my father received from Dickens at that time:

'GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM, BY ROCHESTER, KENT,
Thursday, Twenty-eighth June 1863.

'MY DEAR LEHMANN,—On Thursday the 4th of June [July], at 7, I shall have much pleasure in dining at Westbourne Terrace. (My Ascot horse being sure to win; I have no need even to go down to see him run for the cup.)

'Although you have so lately been in America, and although I know what a raging mad topsyturvy state of things obtains there, I can not believe that the conscription will do otherwise than fail, and wreck the War. I feel convinced, indeed, that the War will be shattered by want of Northern soldiers.—Ever faithfully, C. D.

'Of course, the more they brag the more I don't believe them.'

To leave these old, unhappy, far-off things and battles long ago, and to end in a simpler strain, I

* For permission to publish this letter, and all the other letters from Charles Dickens which I shall quote in the course of these articles, I am indebted to the kindness of Miss Hogarth, his sister-in-law and the surviving editor of his collected letters.

quote a letter to my mother from Wilkie Collins on the subject of sulphur baths:

'Nuellen's Hotel, Aix-la-Chapelle, April 29th, 1863.

'MY DEAR MRS LEHMANN,—Under any circumstances I should have written to tell you all my news, and to ask for all your news in return. But a letter from my brother telling me that you too have been ill, puts the pen at once into my hands. I gather from what Charley says that you are now better; but I want to hear about you and yours from yourself, and I am selfishly anxious for as long an answer as you can send, as soon as you can write it. There is the state of my mind expressed with the most unflinching candour!

'As for me, I am all over sulphur, inside and out; and if ever a man felt fit for the infernal regions already, I (in respect to the sulphurous part of the Satanic climate) am that man. The invalid custom here is to rise at seven in the morning, to go out and drink the water hot from the spring, and to be entertained between the gulps with a band of music on an empty stomach. You who know me will acquit me of sanctioning by my presence any such uncomfortable proceeding as this. I have an excellent carrier. I send him to the spring with a stoppered bottle, and I drink my water horizontally in bed. It was nasty enough at first; but I have got used to it already. The next curative proceeding discloses me, towards the afternoon, in a private stone-pit, up to my middle in the hot sulphur spring; more of the hot water is pouring down on me from a pipe in the ceiling; a worthy German stands by my side, directing the water in a continuous shower on all my weak points with one hand and shampooing me with the other. We exchange cheerful remarks in French (English being all Greek to him and German all Hebrew to me); and, oh, don't we massacre the language of our lively neighbours! In mistakes of gender, I am

well ahead of the German-it being an old habit of mine, out of my love and respect for the fair sex, to make all French words about the gender of which I feel uncertain, feminine words. But in other respects my German friend is far beyond me. This great creature has made an entirely new discovery in the science of language-he does without verbs. "Trop fort? Bon pour vous fort-trop chaud? Bon pour vous chaud. Promenade aujourd'hui? Aha! aha! bon pour vous promenade. Encore la jambeencore le dos-frottement, ah, oui, oui, frottement excellent pour vous. Repos bon pour vous-à votre service, monsieur-bon jour!" What an excellent method! Do think of it for your boys-I would practise it myself if I had my time to begin over again. The results of all these sulphurous proceedings-to return to them for the last time, before I get to the end of my letter-are decidedly encouraging in my case. So far I can't wear my boots yet, but I can hobble about with my stick much more freely than I could when I left London; and my general health is benefiting greatly by the change. As for the rest of my life here, it is passed idly enough. The hotel provides me with a delightful open carriage to drive out in, contains a cellar of the best hock and Moselle wines I ever tasted, and possesses a Parisian cook who encourages my natural gluttony by a continuous succession of entrées which are to be eaten but not described. My books have made me many friends here, who supply me with reading and make me presents of excellent cigars. So, upon the whole, I get on well enough; and as long as the Baths do me good, so long I shall remain at Aix-la-Chapelle.

'There is a nice egotistical letter! But what else can you expect from a sick man? Write me another egotistical letter in return, telling me about yourself and Lehmann, and Lehmann's time for coming home, and the boys—and believe me, ever most truly yours,

WILKIE COLLINS.'

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

CHAPTER XIX. - continued.



HE message Alain scratched or painted on a square piece of Cadoual's shirt by means of pigeons' quills and pigeons' blood. That was easy, though it took some time. It told where he was, and suggested relief

by the letting down of a man from the cliff-top to the upper window of the cave, then a rope let down inside, and he would be free. This he made up carefully into a small packet, weighted with a piece of rock, and tied with strips from his blue cotton blouse. Then he took the cotton blouse and ripped at it till the back alone was left, forming a flag roughly three feet long by two feet broad. The message he tied to one corner of the flag and laid it in the shaft of the lookout ready for the

rope, and then proceeded to make the rope—surely as odd a rope as ever was made.

The only things the cave afforded in unlimited quantity, besides water and air, were rock-doves. His rope, therefore, was to be made of rock-doves. He nipped their soft necks and brought the plump little bodies down into the cave a score at a time. He prepared from the remains of his blue cottons a large quantity of strips to tie them with, and proceeded to attach the upper end of his flag, at the bottom of which was the message, to the neck of the first dove's body. Its feet he tied to the neck of the next one, and so on, till out of his twenty doves he had a rope something like a kite's tail nearly fifteen feet long. The rest was only a matter of continuance. When the rope of rock-doves was

thirty feet long he arranged the procession carefully on the ledge of his lookout, and slowly and cautiously, and only after several failures—for the rock-doves were soft, and would persist in doubling up into a heap—he succeeded in pushing the message through the hole in the face of the cliff. It knocked over a matronly little guillemot which was roosting there, and she flew back with a surprised grunt, and sat upon it under the impression that she had laid an unusually fine specimen of an egg.

His great fear was that, after all, his work would be useless by reason of the clouds of sea-birds preventing his flag from being seen. He strung a blue pennant at the end of every twenty birds, and laid a stone on the floor to keep tally; and when there were ten stones on the floor, and two hundred rockdoves had been worked into the rope, he stopped and anchored it to his platform, as it had been anchored in sections every night.

This work, and the possibility of something resulting from it, kept him in cheerful spirits. His greatest deprivation was that he could barely catch sight of Barbe now, because the hole was always three-quarters filled by the body of a rock-dove; for the joinings of his rope must not scrape the rock lest they should chafe through, and a rock-dove stands more chafing than does a cotton rag.

The blue flag and the packet of hope jerked foot by foot down the rough side of the cliff, and swung gently to and fro at the end of their curious rope, scaring even the oldest inhabitants into momentary anger. Then the packet and the flag descended gently into a pocket of the rock where the cormorants dwelt apart by reason of their nasty habits and abominable smell. A particularly filthy old dame, whose dark plumage was absolutely rusty with age, lighted on it, occupied it, and held it against all corners. She croaked out such horrible curses when any one came near her that all the rest sat at a respectful distance with their wings uplifted in amazement, as if struck with sudden paralysis, while the old lady nearly burst herself trying to lay an egg in this beautiful new nest; and when she turned round and saw the packet she mistook that for the egg, just as the guillemot had done. She sat on it conscientiously for many days, and made her mate—he was her fifth, and considerably younger than herself-bring her fish while he was still ravenously hungry himself, which put him into a very bad temper. He was always hungry, and so was she; and at last he got tired of it, and they had words, and I believe it led to a separation. As she could not hatch out Alain's packet, her husband made remarks about it, as a hungry cormorant will, and she was too self-willed to leave it; and for anything I know she is sitting on it yet, and still hoping that something may come of it.

For some days the rope of dead birds swung gently to and fro against the face of the cliff, and some of the blue pennants fluttered in the wind. But they were invisible a quarter of a mile away, even when the birds were not there; and it was a rare minute when that happened.

Then the skua-gulls discovered that dead rock pigeon, slightly 'high,' was a very dainty dish; and, the news spreading, they soon made an end of that forlorn hope, and even came skirling round the hole for more, so adding insult to injury. When Alain hauled in the slack of his odorous rope which lay in the lookout cleft, he found only one clean-picked skeleton and the head of another tied to its legs, and he knew that his first attempt was a failure. This depressed him not a little, and he racked his brains as to what to try next.

He had scrambled up to the top of his platform one evening to see the sun go down behind the Light, and was still sitting looking wistfully out when the lantern shot forth its first beam with a suddenness that made him start, although he had been waiting for it. Perhaps it was the thought that came with it that made him start. The lantern winked cheerfully at him; why should not he wink back at the lantern? It would be a very small wink certainly; but the watchers in the Light might see even a very small light against the unusual background of black cliff, where they would never see his signals in the daytime.

This idea filled him to bursting-point. That first night he could not bring himself to calm and proper consideration of it; but he thought and thought and thought, and before morning he thought he saw his way. The problem was to burn a flare, large enough to stand a chance of attracting attention, through a hole no bigger than one's fist, and situated fifteen feet away at the end of a narrowing funnel. The blaze must be as good as it was possible to make it; moreover, it must be to some extent continuous, and not a simple flash in the pan, and it must go on night after night till it was observed. All these considerations, which seemed impossible to compass with the materials at his disposal, exercised his wits to the utmost.

It took some days of hard thinking and futile experiment before his difficulties were surmounted and he saw his way. Fuel he had in plenty, but of a loose and scrappy character, altogether too short for his purpose unless he could manipulate it. If he only had oil! He set to work to get it. The pool in the sea cave had any number of fish, and some of these held a fair quantity of oil just under the skin. Since his discovery of the dead monster there he had not cared to eat any fish from that pool; but now he set to work and fished for his life, and caught close on fifty the first day. There were some mullet among them, and he found he got more oil out of them than out of any of the others. He let them all lie for a day, and then squeezed them between two stones in a slight hollow on the ground near his platform and under an overhanging rock, where the drip from the roof could not get to them.

His fifty fish yielded him oil enough in his little pan to stir with the point of his finger, and another fifty were maturing on the rock alongside. As oil it was poor stuff enough; but when he dropped some on his fire it sputtered and flared, and there was no doubt about its burning in the way he intended to use it. He now flung down from aloft a great quantity of fuel, and carefully picked out of it all the most combustible portions and laid them on one side. Out of the refuse, which consisted chiefly of dried bird-droppings and short twigs and grasses, he made a small experimental cake, kneading it up with oil, and flattening it out on the rock with his hands. Then, sprinkling a roll of the longer stuff with oil, he rolled it up inside the cake like a long sausage, bound it carefully with tiny strips torn from Cadoual's clothes, and set it by the fire to dry, while he went on with his fishing and grinding and the tearing of garments into strips.

When the roll was dry he lighted it, and watched it burn with a bright crackling flare that fulfilled all his hopes and made his heart beat high. If he could make enough torches like that to push through the hole when lighted, it seemed to him impossible that so unusual a sight should fail to attract attention sooner or later. His only fear was lest the superstitions of the countryside should set the light down to spirits, and cause the Head to be avoided even more than it was now. If Barbe saw it he believed she would understand, or at all events would be so exercised in her mind that she would not rest till she found out what it meant; for she had known Cap Réhel all her life, and he was quite sure Cap Réhel had never before winked back at the Light. Every day he saw her come out on to the gallery and stand looking wistfully at the Head, as though she knew it held him prisoner, and prayed it to release him; and he counted on Barbe more than on all the rest.

He worked harder now than he had ever worked before, for the wage he worked for was his life. The pool of oil grew deeper each day. The sea cave swarmed with fish, for he flung all the pounded remains back into it, and the uncaught lived in clover till their own time came. Then when they had yielded their precious oil they in their turn went to feed their comrades.

As soon as he had enough oil to make a proper start he set to work on his torches. Each one was two feet long, for their frailty permitted of no more, and the end of each he narrowed so that it fitted into the hollowed top of the next one, like the joints of a fishing-rod. Each as it burned out was intended to light the next, and so to keep up an unbroken flare so long as he continued to fit torch to torch and push them through the hole.

Beyond the time he needed for eating and sleeping and watching for Barbe, he did nothing but fish, grind oil, and make torches; and he made and dried about ten a day, and stacked them in a dry archway ready for use. By the time his stock of torches had grown to close on one hundred and fifty he had been, as nearly as he could calculate, two months in the cavern—though, indeed, it seemed to him little short of two years—and he decided to make the grand experiment.

It was with a jumping heart that he carried up a score of the frail things to the top of his platform, for if this attempt failed he had nothing to fall back upon. Barbe, he knew, took first watch as a rule, from lighting up till twelve. One hour, therefore, after he saw the first flash of the lantern he would light his first torch, and go on burning them till the twenty were finished. If Barbe came out into the gallery any time within that hour, and looked towards the dark headland, she would hardly fail to see the unaccustomed spark upon it. He told himself very many times that it might not be the first night that she would see it, nor the second, nor the third; but surely in time it would catch her eye and set her wondering. In the meantime, as he had only torches for seven nights, he went on with his work steadily, and no minute of his time was wasted.

He was at the lookout at sundown, and his heart was gladdened with the sight of Barbe standing in the gallery and gazing earnestly at Cap Réhel, as she always did. He was tempted to light up at once; but prudence told him that the red sun-rays on the whitened cliff would hide any flare he could make, and that he must wait till all was dark.

She went inside as the sun dipped, and presently the lantern shot forth its first beams, and he sat watching it. The vivid reds and golds faded slowly in the west, till sea and sky became the colour of dead ashes and mingled into one, and the light blazed bravely against its sombre background. He thought he could see Barbe moving to and fro in front of the light, and he gazed and gazed with his heart in his eyes, as though by the very intentness of his looking and the yearning that was in him he would draw her eyes towards him. Then at last, with a hand that shook with the thought of all that depended on it, he lighted his first torch at the fire, pushed it blazing merrily along the ledge towards the hole, fitted the butt into the head of the next one, and that into the next, and the next, till the flare passed out of his sight and he heard it crackling outside.

A wild shriek of dismay went up from the birds just settling down to roost in the nooks and crannies of the cliff, and it was music to his ears, since it told him that his torch was burning. They screamed and wheeled, attracted yet fearful, and the mingling of their screams with the crackling of his torch filled his soul with hope.

PLAGUE-STONES.

By WILLIAM ANDREWS.



HE story of the Great Plague of London is familiar to all readers of history, and has been dealt with by many writers of fiction. Defoe has given us a most vivid picture of the times and of the terrible

pestilence that cast such a gloom over the city. Even the bypaths of history supply much suggestive matter; while hidden away in churchwardens' and other old accounts are many items that remind us of those days. Here, for example, are two entries from the parish accounts of St Mary Woolnoth, London:

'1593-4. Item, for setting a crosse upon one Allen's doore in the sicknesse time...ijd.

Item, paid for setting two red crosses upon Anthony Sound his dore...iiijd.'

Many such charges might be reproduced. The crosses were about a foot in length. It has been suggested by some students of the past that the origin of the practice of marking the doors of infected houses with red crosses was the injunction given by Moses at the Passover. However, the crosses served the important purpose for which they were intended—namely, as a caution against entering such houses.

In various parts of England the plague-stones are silent reminders of the time when epidemics laid low so many inhabitants both in town and country. It is only to the more important of these memorials, however, that we will direct attention. The two to which we will first refer are specially interesting on account of the inscriptions attached to them.

We learn from the parish registers and other ancient records of Derby that the old Midland town has several times suffered severely from visitations of the plague. A stone in the Derby Arboretum bears the following inscription, which includes an extract from the pen of William Hutton, the famous local historian of Birmingham and Derby, and author of other valuable volumes:

'HEADLESS CROSS OR MARKET STONE.—This stone formed part of the ancient Cross at the upper end of Friar Gate, and was used by the inhabitants of Derby as a market stone during the visitation of the plague, 1665. It is thus described by Hutton in his History of Derby:

"1665.—Derby was again visited by the plague at the same time in which London fell under the severe calamity. The town was forsaken; the farmers declined the market-place; and grass grew upon that spot which had furnished the supports of life. To prevent a famine, the inhabitants erected at the top of Nuns' Green, one or two hundred yards from the buildings, now Friar Gate, what bore the name of Headless Cross, consisting

of about four quadrangular steps, five feet high. I knew it in perfection. Hither the market people, having their mouth primed with tobacco as a preservative, brought their provisions, stood at a distance from their property and at a greater from the town's people, with whom they were to traffic. The buyer was not suffered to touch any of the articles before purchase; when the agreement was finished he took the goods, and deposited the money in a vessel filled with vinegar, set for that purpose."

The mention of tobacco in the foregoing inscription is a curiosity, showing that the weed was then regarded as a very efficacious preventive. There is a curious entry in Thomas Hearne's Diary, 1720-21, bearing on this popular belief, under date of 21st January: 'I have been told that in the last great plague in London none that kept tobacconists' shops had the plague. It is certain that smoaking was looked upon as a most excellent preservative, in so much that even children were obliged to smoak. And I remember that I heard formerly Tom Rogers, who was yeoman-beadle, say that when he was, that year when the plague raged, a schoolboy at Eton, all the boys of that school were obliged to smoak in the school every morning, and that he was never whipped so much in his life as he was one morning for not smoaking.'

The plague raged at Eyam, in Derbyshire; and from 6th September 1665 to 11th October 1666 no fewer than two hundred and seventy-seven died out of a population of three hundred and fifty persons—a higher death-rate than in London. There are many touching memorials of these dark days in the annals of the village, and history has recorded the heroic deeds of the inhabitants who remained within their own village to prevent the spreading of the epidemic.

Winchester suffered much from the plague of 1666. On the Downs near the city are numerous curiously shaped mounds, which are said to cover the pits into which the dead were cast. When the pestilence raged a primitive kind of quarantine was practised. The country-folk supplied food, which was placed on a stone outside the city, and in exchange the citizens placed money in a bowl of water. The old plague-stone still remains built into the base of a monument, which bears an inscription as follows:

'This monument is erected by the Society of Natives on the very spot of ground from which the markets were removed, and whose basis is the very stone on which exchanges were made whilst the city lay under the scourge of the destroying pestilence, in the year sixteen hundred sixty-six. The Society of Natives was founded on the 26th

of August 1669, for the relief of the widows and orphans of their fellow-citizens who died of the great plague.'

Much misery was also caused by the plague at Alford, Lincolnshire. From 22nd July 1630, when the first death was recorded, to the end of February 1631, when the death-rate was normal, one hundred and thirty-two deaths were registered out of a population not exceeding one thousand. The parish registers record many severe losses; but that of Thomas Bradder's family is the heaviest. In 1630, on the 24th of July were buried two of his daughters, the father followed next day, and three sons were interred on 29th July and 3rd and 4th August respectively-in all six deaths within the space of twelve days. The vicar, who had to perform the last rites over the dead, also lost his daughter Rebecca Scortreth. It must also be noted that the plague occurred at Alford thirty-five years before the Great Plague of London; but the proportion of the death-rate is nearly the same. The population of London at the time of the plague was estimated at four hundred and sixty thousand, and the deaths numbered sixty-eight thousand five hundred and ninety-six.

Beneath a spreading tree in the grounds of Tothby House, near Alford, Lincolnshire, is a plague-stone. About two hundred and seventy-five years ago the inhabitants of Spilsby and the surrounding villages day after day toiled up to the top of Miles Cross Hill, which overlooks the wide marsh-country, with Alford lying just at the foot. At the top they left food, &c., for the poor sufferers, and took in return money deposited in vessels containing water or other liquid placed on the plague-stone. Then the people of Alford came up the other side of the hill for their supplies. Thus the two parties kept well apart. Traces of several plague-stones exist in the North of England. There were two at Penrith, and one still remains. In 1789 James Clarke published his Survey of the Lakes, which gives the following account of the ancient relics: 'Nearly half-way between Eamont Bridge and Penrith stands a house called from its situation Half-way House, but formerly Mill or Meal Cross, from the following circumstance: During the dreadful plague which visited this country in the year 1598, and almost depopulated Penrith (no less than two thousand two hundred and sixty in the town falling victims to the merciless disease), the millers and villagers refused to bring their commodities into the town to market for fear of infection. The inhabitants, therefore, were under the necessity of meeting them here and performing a kind of quarantine before they were allowed to buy anything. This was said to be almost at the option of the country-

people. It is, however, certain that no man was allowed to touch the money made use of on these occasions, it being put into a vessel of water, whence they had a method of taking it without touching it with their fingers. For this purpose they erected a cross, which remains to this day. For greater convenience they erected a cross at the town's head, and built shambles, &c. The place still retains the name of Cross Green. They erected a third cross near the Carlisle road, a little above the second, where black cattle, sheep, hogs, and goats were sold, and yet retains the name of Nolt Fair, and continues to be the market for cattle.' When the road was widened and improved in 1834 the ancient water-trough was found, and subsequently removed to its present position at Penrith.

Another north-country stone is situated in the remote hamlet of Armboth, located above the great reservoir which supplies Manchester with water. It marks the place where business was conducted when the plague visited the district. After the epidemic ceased the folk of the fells and dales still repaired to the spot to dispose of their webs and yarn, and it is still known as the Webstones.

Robert Surtees, F.S.A., in his History of Durham, says that on the private road near Ravensworth there is a cross, a plain shaft and pedestal. The common tradition is that when Newcastle-on-Tyne, in the reign of Elizabeth, was infected with the plague, the country-people left their provisions at this place. Mr Surtees, in a footnote, observes that the statement may be true without impeaching the higher antiquity of the cross; in fact, almost every considerable village probably had its cross, where the traveller might be reminded of his religious duties; and crosses were also placed on hills, in vales, and desert wildernesses.

Three times tell an ave-bead,
And thrice a paternoster say,
Then kiss with me the holy rood;
So shall we safely wend our way.

The town and even the whole county of Nottingham suffered much at different periods from visitations of the plague. In 1558 East Retford—or, as it was anciently called, Retford-in-the-Clay—suffered terribly. A memorial of this epidemic appears in the front of the Town Hall; it is known as the Broad Stone. The procedure there was the same as at the plague-stone in the Friar Gate at Derby, which we have described above.

In reading these notes on the more important of the old plague-stones in England, we may well feel thankful that we live in a time when improved sanitation and medical science enable us to keep the dreaded pestilence at bay.

THE NINTH WAVE.

PART II.



O John Roscoe became an inmate of Jane Strong's little home; and as consciousness and strength returned, and his pain became less severe, the intimacy between him and his gentle hostess rapidly increased and ripened

into friendship. Jane's shyness had so much diminished by the end of the first week or so that she could sit and read to him while Martha was off duty, or sing old-fashioned songs and hymns in a soft, plaintive voice, untrained yet full of sweetness. She found him to be intelligent and cultivated, well read, and well up in many lands and languages; and as his strength improved he seemed not only willing to talk, but to enjoy drawing out her simple nature. As regarded his personal affairs, he was a sealed book. Jane, in her innate good taste, forbore from anything like curiosity; but Dr Vance was scarcely so delicate, yet all his questions were met by a blank wall of reserve, and the worthy man soon found himself at a deadlock. John admitted that there was no one in the world to be communicated with save his banker on the subject of his illness, and stated that if Jane would of her charity grant him an asylum till he had regained the use of his legs, he would take himself off her hands, with a grateful heart, and trouble her no more. At which Jane blushed, and murmured a word of protest; wondering, meanwhile, at the strange sinking of her heart, so new to her, a sharp pain mixed with an indefinable sense of dawning joy.

Trip had adopted John at once, and would lie beside him contentedly, and gaze into his face with eyes full of benign affection—affection entirely apart from any weakness for invalid food. Chiefly through the medium of Trip, Martha was also won over to the visitor's side; and the nursing, undertaken at first under a stern sense of duty, soon became a labour of love. John knew the way to her heart by judicious commendation of her cooking, and was a past-master in the art of cajolery; and Jane would often marvel at the unwonted relaxation of Martha's hard features when John playfully dubbed her a 'good lass' and chaffed her about imaginary lovers!

Good Dr Vance was proud of his case, and boasted cheerily that he would 'set John on his legs again in a week or two;' a prophecy which made Jane turn cold with that sudden anguish, now beginning to be recognised and accounted for, in her inmost heart. He would get well and strong; he would go away; she would see no more that half-quizzical, half-affectionate gleam in the eyes she now had learnt were gray and bright and searching. He would vanish out of her life, and she—— Oh, how empty that life would be without him! Yet not so long ago she had been happily busy with her

poor folk, and content with her simple pleasures. Why this change? Why should the coming of a mere stranger, whose name she had never before heard, and of whom she knew nothing, so powerfully affect her? It seemed as if, in the neverceasing plash of the sea, she heard her answer. The wave—that fancied ninth wave of her dreams—bore it to her, as it had borne to her on its bosom the love that she had craved for with an incoherent longing; a love that, once come, had taken possession of her whole heart by storm.

She would go and look at her own face in the mirror, as she put a flower in the bodice of her quiet dress, and loosened the soft strands of hair that divided and rippled back from her white, smooth forehead-little touches of vanity usually so foreign to her, who had hitherto been so careless of aught in her appearance save neatness. 'What was there,' she would ask herself bitterly, 'that he could fancy or admire?' A thin face, too sharp for any beauty of outline; no charm of soft chin or rosy bloom; no piquancy about a nose of everyday-utility proportions. A slight figure, more angular than willowy, without any delicious curves of youth or grace; nothing but a pair of kind, hazel eyes, a gentle sensitive mouth with a sympathetic droop at the corners, soft crinkling hair in which more than one silver thread had come, and a delicate hand and foot. She would turn from the mirror in disgust. No, she was cut out for an old maid; she must live out her life as she had begun it. If the supreme happiness of love were denied her, God help her to make her life of use to others, and to keep her little secret locked in her own breast, guarded and cherished in its joy and its pain!

Yet there were moments when, returning from visiting her schools or cottage folk, she would see a bright gleam of welcome in John Roscoe's eye; and the words, 'At last! I thought you were never coming!' would cause a sudden leap of gladness in her heart.

At other times, if she brought him flowers, his hand would touch hers, and the thought that it intentionally lingered would bring the hot blood surging to her face. Once, when she was sitting in the gathering twilight singing her old lullabies to him as he lay on the sofa, and he had said, 'I wish you could stay and sing to me for ever,' her self-riveted armour had fallen from her, and a tear fell unperceived in the darkness, while she silently raised a supplication for strength to gird herself more resolutely.

As time went on John was able to lie all day by the window, gazing out over the sea that had so nearly wrought his destruction. His cuts and bruises had healed quickly, and under Dr Vance's skilful treatment his bones had started in a healthy healing

process. He had become a well-known figure to the villagers; and the children would often pause on their way from school to peep in and smile shyly at 'Miss Jane's gentleman,' who had a smile and a kindly word for each of them, much to the indignation of Trip, who considered John to be a joint-stock property between himself and Jane, and resented outside interference accordingly! The Rectory people and Dr Vance's kindly wife and numerous progeny, with the schoolmaster and the better-class townsfolk, all fell under the fascination of John's personality, and were made welcome by Jane, who strove her best to relieve the monotony of his days. So the little cottage by the cliffs was more frequented than ever before, and calls were made upon Martha for afternoon teas which entirely upset that worthy's preconceived ideas, she having always maintained that 'tea' should be a sustaining meal at the canonised hour of six o'clock, partaken of by those who possessed too large a modicum of common-sense to indulge in the more elaborate and indigestible 'late dinner.'

One day when, with Dr Vance's arm, John had made his way slowly to his accustomed place on the sofa, Jane thought he seemed distrait and silent, and guessed, with love-quickened intuition, that he had something on his mind. He had been gazing, as was his wont, out to the sea, now still and innocent and blue with the sapphire calmness of early spring. Suddenly he turned to her. 'I shall soon be well enough to walk,' he said, 'and I must take myself off, and leave you free of your troublesome guest.' He smiled as he spoke; but Jane's ear detected an underlying note of bitterness.

'I suppose you must,' she answered dully, aware of the banality of her reply, and yet finding conventional words of regret beyond her power.

'Yes,' he continued. 'I have a quest to follow—a thankless quest maybe, and yet a duty that calls, and must be obeyed. Heaven knows,' he cried passionately, 'I don't want to go—to leave this little paradise of rest and peace and happiness, to leave you'—— He paused, and then, dropping his voice to the cadence which Jane knew and loved, yet dreaded, 'Shall you miss me, Jane?' he asked softly.

Something rose in Janc's throat, and the smarting tears welled up in her eyes. For the moment the idea of his going caused her a pang so keen that the mention of her Christian name passed unnoticed. Summoning all her fortitude, calling to aid all her little old-fashioned tenets of maidenly reserve, she answered in a level voice, 'We shall all miss you, Mr Roscoe; but we hope you won't quite forget us.'

Prim little cut-and-dried speech, while her poor bruised heart inwardly cried, 'John, John, my love! stay with me.' Another small victory in the battle that was raging with daily-increasing fierceness in her bosom.

'Forget you!' he exclaimed, and seemed about to say more; but he checked himself, and turned almost brusquely towards the sea. Jane slipped softly from the room.

Dr Vance hired a bath-chair from the nearest town, and John's first drive in it was the occasion of tremendous excitement for both patient and nurses; but more especially for Trip, who was first in the chair, and, having comfortably ensconced himself, positively refused to be lured to earth by any known arts of persuasion!

Very pleasant were the little expeditions along the top of the cliffs, where the short turf made a path smooth enough for the chair, and the salt breezes brought back the healthy tan to John's pale cheeks. Together he and Jane watched the brown-sailed boats, the bare-legged children, and the whirling sea-birds. Together they talked of books, of shells and flowers, and Jane gathered the sea-pinks and saxifrage, and listened to his tales of the shipwreck and the horrors of the storm, which had all passed like an evil dream.

All the familiar objects of Jane's life seemed to take on a new charm, the sea a new beauty, the sunsets a fresh glory, when reflected in the looks of the man she loved; and the hours passed all too quickly away.

Then a day came when the sun sulked behind a veil of cloud, and a heavy, determined rain made it impossible to take the invalid out. Jane went to the Rectory on some parish business, and returning, brought with her some books for John to while away the long afternoon. She entered the sitting-room very softly, and her light footstep did not disturb John, who had dropped asleep on the sofa. Trip was nestled up close to him, and as his mistress approached greeted her with a yawn of welcome, stretching himself, and beating the sofa with his heavy tail. John did not awake, however, and the dog, after a prolonged stretch, jumped heavily to the ground, sweeping as he did so John's watch, which had been lying on a chair beside him, to the floor.

John stirred, but did not open his eyes, and Jane stepped hurriedly forward to pick up the watch, fearing that damage might have been done. The watch-glass was intact; but as she lifted the watch she noticed that the locket attached to the chain had opened in the fall, and now it lay in her hand disclosing the contents. On one side she saw the miniature of a young girl of not more than sixteen or seventeen years of age, a very lovely girl-child, with innocent, appealing, azure eyes and a wealth of golden hair. Under the portrait was engraved the name 'Alice' and a date. As her glance unconsciously fell on the opposite side of the open locket, Jane gave an involuntary cry of distress, for the face of the second miniature was smashed to atoms! A trace of golden hair, coiled in shining braids, a suggestion of full white bust and throat, the same engraved 'Alice' underneath; but the features were gone, crushed out of all recognition! As she gazed in dismay at the ruin wrought, as she supposed by Trip, she suddenly became aware that Roscoe was awake, and was watching her intently.

'Oh,' she cried, in anxious confusion, 'indeed I did not open it! It opened when it fell, and that dreadful little dog has broken the picture.'

'No, no,' he answered reassuringly, 'I know you didn't, and you must absolve the dog from all blame; it was smashed long before he ever touched it. Sit down by me, and I will tell you the story of the locket and of my life. I owe it to you, and have long intended to tell you, yet somehow I have put it off.'

He paused; and Jane, half-relieved, and yet oppressed by a sense of impending evil, sank into an arm-chair near him to listen.

'You have seen the complete picture in the locket,' he began half-hesitatingly; 'what do you think of it?'

'It is very beautiful,' answered Jane heartily.

'Yes,' he continued, 'very lovely, very young, very frail. Alice Maitland was little more than a child, innocent and happy, when that was painted. She was my promised wife, though I was old enough to be her father.'

Jane nodded her attention, but did not speak; she was struggling against a sudden bitter hatred of this young blooming face, so unlike her own, the face that had won the love she longed for.

Roscoe went on: 'She deceived me, and I by chance discovered her long course of deception only a couple of weeks before the day fixed for our marriage. The second portrait had just been painted for me at the time; you will see that the date it bears is three years after that of the first one. I was stern and harsh with her; I made no allowances for her youth, her inexperience, and the fatal temptations of her beauty. She implored forgiveness; and I—God forgive me! I refused it. That night she went away with the man who had supplanted me.'

He stopped, and Jane, with eyes full of pitying tears, murmured 'Poor thing! poor child!'

'Yes,' Roscoe continued, 'poor child! It was she who needed pity, not I; but my mind was only full of my own wounded pride, my own mad fury at being duped. It was then that I crushed the fair, false face of the portrait to atoms, and determined to banish the memory of Alice Maitland from my heart, save as the child I had once known in her innocence. For years I wandered about the world, hating every woman on account of the one who had so dragged my self-esteem in the dust, and yet ever haunted by a stinging, reproaching conscience. Had I not been as much to blame as the unfortunate girl herself? Ought I to have tied down her sunny youth to my middle age? Had I not, by my harshness, been possibly the means of driving her to that last fatal step, when a word of pardon might have saved her? These thoughts began to recur with ceaseless persistency as I wandered from city to city, and saw the miserable wantons that prowl the streets at night, sunk deep in an abyss of sin and want and degradation. I saw again the lovely face, now marred by poverty and crime, and the horrible idea rang in my brain, "Is Alice as one of these? Have I driven her to a life like theirs?"

A tear fell on the hand that supported Jane's chin, but she made no sound.

'Not long ago,' Roscoe went on, 'I heard by chance that her quondam lover had deserted her: and then, in a flash, my duty was made plain to me. If I had been instrumental in her downfall, mine must be the hand held out to reclaim her. I had not heard if she was poor, or where she was living; but I determined to seek her. I pictured her in want and loneliness, maybe in sickness and misery, burdened with the weight of sin and disgrace, perchance contemplating a self-sought death. The finger of duty pointed out my path to me; the voice of humanity whispered, "She may be penitent and humble; go, seek her, and save her before she sinks lower into the mire." I knew that, unless a hand were stretched out to help her, her life could have but one ending, and I decided that should I find her, repentant in dust and ashes for the past, I would protect her, and, under the shadow of the name which she had once flouted, shield her from scorn and shame.

'I started for England, not knowing for certain where to bend my steps, only assuming from rumour that I should find her whom I sought in London. My ship was overtaken by the storm, and wrecked on this coast; and chance or fate brought me here.'

A pause, and Jane asked in a low voice, 'You loved her still?'

He laughed bitterly. 'Loved her? No. My love had not outlived my wounded vanity. No; duty alone bound me—duty and charity and remorse. Love was for me a thing apart, a thing to mock and scoff at, to disbelieve in—until lately.'

Jane's heart stopped, as she gripped the arms of her chair and set her teeth firmly to meet the coming anguish.

Roscoe hesitated for a moment, and then poured out his words passionately, the floodgates, so long pent up, now broken down under the stress of his emotion. 'Until lately! when I have been taught the reality of the love I so often scoffed at—taught it by one who, in her gentle purity and perfect unselfishness, has shown me what a good woman is: a truly happy Christian, whose every word and action breathes of peace and rest and sunshine; such a woman as my long-dead mother would have loved, and the one woman whom, out of all the world, I want for my wife! Oh, Jane, Jane! I am in a great strait. Dare I close my ears to the voice of duty? Can I bear to forgo my love? Help me, for my heart is torn in two!

Slowly the raindrops chased each other down the window. Jane had risen, and was watching them in a dazed, stupid manner, counting them mechanically as they ran down and merged into a little bubbling reservoir at the bottom of the pane. One, two, racing down; now three comes, faster, faster—he will surely catch up the others! No; he stops

for a moment, and then takes a zigzag course towards the goal. Jane knew that she must speak that ere that raindrop had caught up its fellows she must say the words that would sever her for ever from the man she loved. Must she? Would it not be easy to argue, 'This woman has chosen her own path; do not let her drag your manhood down to her level. Remember what is due to yourself. You are not really to blame; it is foolishness, quixotism, hypersensitiveness. Let her go, and remain free and uncontaminated. You are not responsible for the actions of every erring sister!'

Quick as lightning the thoughts flashed through her brain, only as quickly to vanish. The momentary temptation passed like a cloud over the face of the sun, and Jane's true nature shone out again in the soft radiance of its unselfish purity. She turned to face him, and answered him resolutely, without a quiver in her voice, 'You must go. It is the voice of God that calls you. Go, seek Alice, thinking of her only as the misguided child you first Forget the rest.' knew. Then, as though she feared, in her self-abnegation, that she had not made her argument strong enough, she cried, 'She may be thinking of you now, as the one soul to whom she could turn in her misery; she may be longing to ask you for help, yet dreading a refusal. Deserted and friendless, now in her humiliation you may find a true penitent, and may bring her back from evil ways into God's sunlight! Go, and God speed you!'

He watched her as she spoke, hands clasped, eyes shining with eagerness of persuasion, her own agony forgotten in her ardent desire for another's welfare. Was she, then, indifferent to him? he wondered. Could she argue and plead so vehemently for the death-blow to her own happiness if she really cared for him? At all costs he must know whether her feeling for him was merely one of interested friendship, or whether his love was returned. Could she, in that steady voice, bid him, urge him to go forth to seek another woman if she cared for him herself? Was such utter self-sacrifice compatible with weak human nature?

He spoke. 'You are right,' he said. 'It was a foregone conclusion what you would say, and I will abide by your decision. Dr Vance says I may travel now, by slow stages, so I will start as soon as possible. But, tell me, Jane, before I go, if it had been otherwise—if I had been free, unhampered by this responsibility, and had come to ask you to be my wife—could you ever have cared for me?' He leant over towards her and raised her face to his.

Her eyes met his now, directly and without confusion. 'I think I have loved you,' she said simply, 'since the day that the sea cast you up on the shore at my feet.'

So the day of John Roscoe's departure was fixed; and Jane—though suffering in secret what only she and One other knew, and the faithful Martha guessed—kept up a brave front outwardly. Bright

and merry though she was during the few short walks that now remained to them, no one would have dreamed of the hidden anguish that was eating out her heart. John was now able to walk leaning on two sticks, and they could go beyond the cliffs, and along part of the high-road that led through the village towards the great house without much difficulty.

Nearer and nearer the day of parting came, until one bright morning in May the word 'to-morrow' rang in Jane's brain with maddening echo, as she and John walked together under the pine-trees, which were now covered with their young, delicate green. The birds sang merrily, the distant sea was sapphire blue and dancing in the sunlight, and all nature breathed of content. Only in the two hearts were darkness and gloom, each striving to keep from the other the semblance of suffering, yet knowing only too well that the keen watcher could read between the lines of each other's forced conversation, and see the half-hidden tear rise so quickly in the eyes where love dwelt-love crushed by so huge an effort, watching for a loophole of escape from the stern weight that pressed it down.

They had been leaning over the low wall, gazing down across the wooded slopes to the cliffs below them, and were turning towards home along the winding road, John slowly, leaning upon his sticks, Jane adapting her pace to his, and conversing spasmodically, with assumed cheerfulness, when the sound of wheels behind them made her turn her head. She saw in the distance a dogcart coming rapidly towards them, increasing its speed as the road undulated gently downwards, and she touched John's arm and drew him away from the middle of the unkerbed road, closer to the boundary wall, till the vehicle should pass. Fast and recklessly it gained upon them, and as it dashed past, driven by a rash and careless hand, the wheel almost grazed John in its wild course, making him start aside as quickly as he was able. He gave a quick glance upward at the driver of the trap as it whirled by, splashing him and Jane with specks of mud on its way, and for one instant his eyes met those of the laughing face above him.

A woman, still in the prime of youth, handsome, blue-eyed, and golden-haired, wrapped in rich furs; a face beautiful, and yet not lovable; with a hard, cruel mouth, sinister even while smiling, and the restless brilliancy of eye born of continual craving for excitement. Beside her sat an effeminatelooking man, who smiled indulgently as she lashed her high-stepping horse to greater speed, and made some cynical remark about 'cripples,' which was borne back on the breeze to John's ears as he started almost from beneath the wheels: a fitting companion to the woman who, self-reliant and selfsatisfied, wealthy and admired, and conscious to the full of her riches and admiration, needed no helpmate better than this mere poor echo of her own vices. A hard and heartless woman, dead to all gentleness and sympathy, living only for pleasure and the gratification of her own desires, utterly regardless of pain or suffering in others, and thoughtless for their welfare.

She flashed by and was gone. Jane's kind eyes betrayed a spark of unwonted anger, as John, leaning on the wall for support, looked after the vanishing trap in silence. Suddenly he turned to her, and her anger evaporated as she saw his face deadly pale, with startled eyes. 'Oh, you are hurt!' she cried in distress. You have walked too far, and the shock has done you harm!' and she laid her hand caressingly on his arm.

'No, no,' he answered almost brusquely. 'I'm all right. Tell me, Jane,' he added, gripping her arm almost roughly, 'who is she?'

Jane, surprised, told him the little she knew of the owner of the great house, suppressing what she could of the doubtful reports in which the village folk rejoiced; and finally added, 'I believe she is to be married soon to the gentleman who was with her. Her last husband was a very old man, and left her all his money. They say she was married before; or—or'—— She hesitated, and suddenly perceiving a strange expression on Roscoe's face, she stopped.

A change had indeed come over him; the bewilderment had disappeared, and first a look of relief, then of ecstasy, had replaced it. He sat down on the edge of the low moss-grown wall, laying his sticks beside him, and took both Jane's hands in his own as she stood facing him, half-puzzled at the excitement that betrayed itself in his voice as he spoke. 'Do you know who she is?' he questioned, watching her closely for the first signs of dawning realisation of the truth. 'You do not see, neither do I, any resemblance to the fair child in my locket; but had the other been intact you would recognise that cruel mouth, those hard blue eyes. Jane, that woman in her luxury and laughter, her wealth and wantonness, is the woman whom I was to go out into the world to seek, homeless, humble, and penitent; that woman for whose sake, at the call of duty, I was to tear out my very soul, and break the faithful heart of her whom I worship. Does Alica need me, think you, my stern judge? Does the finger of duty still point that way, or is my accusing conscience to be at rest at last?

Jane could not answer. After the first gleam of knowledge of the truth she had drawn one hand from John's grasp, and put it over her eyes, as if they were dazzled by the vision of her own happiness; but now he seized the hand again, and drew it down.

'Jane, my darling,' he said, 'Providence brought us this way; Providence brought that woman face to face with me, to show me that I was absolved from my self-imposed vow. I would have done my duty, yes, to the bitter end, though it had cost my life's happiness, and yours; but now I have been shown that Alice does not need me, has no dependence on my pity, or claim upon my honour—and I am free—free to take into my arms the woman who does need me, the woman I love—if she will come to them!'

Thus love came at last to Jane Strong—a love deeper and fuller than any her maiden dreams had pictured, a love long waited for, but none the less precious, only mellowed by the pain that had gone before it.

That evening, while she and Roscoe leant together over the sill of the window as twilight fell, and the first star twinkled out of the deepening azure sky, she whispered to him, caressing the hand that clasped her own, 'Listen, John, to the waves lapping on the shore. Count them. The next will be the ninth, a little bigger, a little noisier; it has been a cruel wave, and yet I shall always love it, for I fancy that it brought you to me.'

And then darkness fell, and silence reigned, and heart beat against heart, too full for words.

SCENT DISTILLATION.

By R. HEDGER WALLACE.



we set aside musk and civet, which are of animal origin, the materials of perfumery consist mainly of essential oils, which are extracted from the flowers, fruits, leaves, and wood of plants. The standard scent-plants

are the rose, rose-geranium, citrus, lavender, thyme, rosemary, orris or iris root, bitter almond, violet, cassie or opoponax, tuberose, jasmine, and to some extent such plants as anise, caraway, fennel, dill, and coriander.

The commercial importance of these plants will be understood if we place the products obtained from them in their order of importance. According to their value per unit, the chief materials used in general perfumery come in the following order: Jasmine oil, neroli or orange-flower oil, oil of attar of roses, cedrate or citron oil, aniseseed oil, bergamot oil, orange oil, bitter-almond oil, oil of limes, caraway oil, oil of lavender, oil of thyme or origanum, lemon oil, fennel oil, rosemary or anthoss oil, and orris or iris root. Of these, the oils of bergamot, citron, lemon, limes, and orange are obtained from the rind of the respective fruits.

Before considering any of the scent-plants it will be advisable to briefly describe, or rather indicate in a general way, the several methods commonly employed in extracting their essential oils, so that any reference to method of extraction which we may have need to make may be understood. First, then, to be mentioned are the mechanical means; the results are obtained in many ways. One process, for instance, is that of

expression, the material being put into a press and subjected to heavy pressure. Another process is to rub the fruit in a metal cup lined with spikes (écuelle à piquer), which lacerates the oilvessels in the rind; the oil thus obtained collecting into a hollow handle, out of which it is at length poured off. Another method consists in squeezing in the hand with the fingers sections of peel turned inside-out, and taking up the oil with a sponge. All forms of mechanical means, we may note, are practicable mainly in treating the rinds of fruits which are considerable in bulk and contain oil in comparatively large quantities. The second mode is that of distillation; and it is a process available for a large number of the scentplants. The necessary parts of a still do not need description, we imagine; only, we must note that finer apparatus than the common still, and greater care, are demanded when the oil to be distilled is worth twenty shillings an ounce than when it is not worth that sum per pound. The third method is that of maceration, in which flowers are immersed in melted grease—that is, purified lard or tallow, also the fat of deer-fresh flowers being added ten to fifteen times at intervals of twelve to forty-eight hours. The resulting product is either used as pomade or the scent is extracted out of it by digestion in alcohol. Olive oil is usually substituted for fat when by this process perfumed oils are wanted. The fourth method is the most delicate, but gives the finest resultsthat is, enfleurage, or enflowering, or absorption. In this method the flowers, which are renewed from day to day, are placed on thin layers of grease spread on glass in frames. When perfumed oils are wanted by this process, coarse cotton cloths saturated with olive oil, and laid on frames with wire-gauze instead of glass, are used.

These are the four common yet principal methods of scent or perfume extraction; but there are besides various chemical processes, which, however, have not as yet superseded the methods noted, and of which we need not say anything. By the processes of maceration and enfleurage the odour obtained is nearly that of the living flower; by distillation it is often as different as if it came from some new plant altogether. This distinction as to results must not be lost sight of.

The first plant amongst the scent-plants which attracts our attention is the rose. The question in respect to the rose, as with other scent-plants, is not whether or where the rose will grow; but will the flowers produced be rich enough in oil and at the same easily produced? We must bear in mind that conditions which admit the growth, even the thrifty growth, of a plant do not necessarily secure the best development of its odour. It is stated to be perfectly certain that under no conditions is the odour of the rose fully developed except in very hot climates; yet such is not the climatic condition of the great seats of rose-farming in Europe. Turkish attar of

roses, for instance, is mainly produced in Bulgaria, and is carried on in the fertile valleys on the southern slope of the Balkans. In this region, where wheat and the ordinary cereals are produced, there is cold and snow in winter, abundance of moisture in the spring and autumn, and drought in summer. The rose-harvest in Bulgaria begins about the third week in May, and lasts about a month. The second great seat of rose-farming in Europe is the space between the Maritime Alps and the Mediterranean, in the extreme south-east of France. This is, in fact, the great scent-farming and perfumery-making centre of Europe, the town of Grasse being the emporium of the district. Here, again, though the climate is considered to be genial, most of the scent-plants require protection. Of course, attar of roses is also produced in India, Persia, and Asiatic Turkey under the climatic conditions desired; but the great bulk of the supply is furnished by the European regions already noted. It may be mentioned that rose-farming was undertaken in Saxony some years since by a Leipzig firm, and appears to have been maintained up to the present time with some success: a further departure from the hot climate considered necessary. The roses employed for attar-making in Europe are: in Bulgaria, the red damask-rose, and in the south of France the Provence rose, a hybrid or variety of the hundred-leaf rose (Rosa centifolia), to which also belongs the well-known cabbage-rose. These roses are both spring bloomers, though the damask-rose has a short autumn season as well, and their bloom lasts for only about a month. What is wanted to make rose-farming popular is a perpetual bloomer, which will have the requisite quantity and quality of oil and will give work for five to six months on a plantation.

Wherever grown, the rose must have a rich soil; but there is a mass of evidence which shows that heavy manuring, while increasing the quantity of the yield in flowers and oil, is prejudicial to the quality of the oil obtainable.

In view of the affinity of its odour to that of the rose, we refer next to the rose-geranium. The oil of geranium is itself an agreeable scent, nearly if not equal to the true oil of roses; therefore, we find that it is mainly used as an adulterant of attar of roses. Rose-geranium oil is furnished by three species of pelargonium, some varieties of which are grown for distillation in Algiers, the island of Réunion, Spain, Corsica, Italy, and the south of France. The best oil is produced from plantations in dry ground; but for the sake of quantity the plants are now often grown in low, moist, irrigated ground, where three crops a year can be gathered, though the product obtained is much inferior. The plant is harvested a little before the opening of the flowers, when the lemon-like odour which it at first possesses gives place to the odour of roses. The whole plant is placed in the still, and in

Provence rose - petals are sometimes added to improve the quality of the oil.

The well-known tuberose is one of the staples of the flower-farms at Grasse in the south of France. It is also grown in America; and North Carolina now furnishes bulbs both for that country and for Europe. The perfume is extracted from the bloom by the enfleurage process, and brings a good price. Jasmine is also extensively grown in the vicinity of Grasse. In India the Arabian jasmine is highly esteemed and grown for its perfume. None of the jasmines, however, can stand frost, a difficulty which is overcome at Grasse by banking the plants to a certain height during the winter. The cultivation of the plants and the gathering of the flowers are expensive; but as the perfume of jasmine is regarded as almost the only one that cannot be imitated, it is generally pure, and therefore brings a high price. It is mostly extracted by enfleurage; but there is also a very rare distilled article which is described by Piesse.

The violet is another scent-plant which is extensively grown in the south of France and in the vicinity of Florence; though the English violet is much grown and greatly develops its odour in southern countries, varieties of it such as the Neapolitan and the Double Parma are preferred. As the violet-plant cannot bear the full brunt of a hot sun, the practice used to be common of growing it under olive, orange, and lemon trees; but as the cost, not only of growing but of gathering so small a flower in the quantities required for extraction is very large, it is now authoritatively stated that in Europe extract of true violet in a pure state is little used in perfumery, and but little of it is produced. A tincture of orris-root or a composition of orris-root with other ingredients is used instead. The odour of an acacia, the cassie, is often used as a substitute; and lately a synthetic violet odour called ionone has been announced.

The perfume known to the French and the perfumery trade as cassie, and in America as opoponax, is obtained from the Acacia farmesiana. The acacia which gives cassie is a small tree growing to twenty or thirty feet high; and the source of the perfume is the flowers, which are borne in small round heads of a yellow colour. This tree is extensively grown in the south of France, and the odour is extracted by maceration, also by enfleurage. Besides this one, we may add that there are several other acacias which yield a perfume.

Orris or iris root, the scent of which we have spoken of as resembling violet, is the product of three species of iris. The thick, knotty root-stocks of the plant are the useful parts. When taken up they are dried slowly, and do not reach the maximum of their perfume in less than two years. When the scent is extracted by distillation orris or iris butter is furnished, and it

is also ground up for use in sachets. The wild plant was formerly gathered; but it is now cultivated in the vicinity of Florence and other parts of Italy, that country being the seat of its production.

We now come to a plant known to most people - namely, the true lavender (Lavandula angustifolia), a plant of the mint family, which furnishes a well-known perfume. This plant flourishes in England under cultivation in a remarkable manner, and as grown formerly at Mitcham in Surrey and other localities in the south of England it develops into a bush. The special character of the English plant is said to be due to the conditions under which it is grownnamely, the mild, moist air and the calcareous Whatever be the cause, the oil obtained from it is claimed and usually admitted to be far superior in delicacy of fragrance to that obtained from the wild plant or from the same plant cultivated in any other country. In fact, the English oil has sometimes sold for ten times as much as the French; but the two oils are so different in kind that it is considered hardly reasonable to compare them. A far less valuable lavender oil is obtained from the spike lavender (L. spica), and is used in veterinary medicine and in soapmaking, but not in perfumery except as an adulterant of the true lavender.

The oil of thyme obtained from another common plant is said to be suitable only for scenting soaps. The amount distilled is large, the bulk of the world's supply coming from the south of France; and the French oil is derived wholly or largely from a copious natural growth of the garden or common thyme, a plant grown in English gardens.

Rosemary is found along with common thyme, and distilled in considerable quantities. Piesse states that 'eau de Cologne' cannot be made without it, and that it is the leading ingredient in 'Hungary water.' Rosemary is grown to some extent in England, and the oil produced, like that of lavender, is considered the best obtainable.

We now come to some plants not grown on a commercial scale, and not likely ever to be, in this country. Oil of bitter almonds, as its name denotes, is obtained from the bitter almond, which is the variety amara of Prunus amygdalus. The valuable part of the almond is the kernel, which in the sweet variety is the almond of commerce and in the bitter variety is poisonous. The kernels of both varieties, however, furnish an expressed oil which contains no poison, and is used in medicine and in a general way like olive oil. The substance known as oil of bitter almonds is obtained by maceration and distillation from the cake left after pressing the kernels of the bitter but not the sweet almond. It is really not an essential oil, but what chemists call an aldehyde, and is a dangerous poison, yet it is

in common use as a flavouring essence as well as a scent.

Various citrus fruits also yield perfumes, such as the sweet orange, the bitter or Seville orange, the bergamot orange, the lemon, the citron, the sour lime, the sweet lime, and the shaddock, pomelo, or grape-fruit. The bergamot and cedrate (citron) oils, and the oils of lemons, limes, and oranges, are obtained from the rinds of the respective fruits by mechanical methods. Of the orange-peel oils, that of bergamot is the most valuable; but it is not easily found in the market in a pure state. It is produced mainly in the extreme south of Italy, at or near Reggio. Of these rind-oils, an inferior article is obtained by distillation, though it is stated that a good oil can be got if the spongy part of the rind is first removed. The neroli or orange-flower oil is commonly obtained from the flowers by distillation; but a finer product is obtained from the flowers by maceration. In the distillation of neroli, orange-flower water comes over, and it represents the odour of the flowers much more closely than the neroli, it being held to be the unaltered oil of the flower dissolved in water. To make neroli, the flowers that naturally fall from the trees are utilised, though in Provence the finest article is made from buds on the point of opening, picked from the trees. Another perfumery product is obtained by distillation from bitter and sweet oranges, and called oil of petit grain. Originally it was made from the abortive fruits which fell soon after the blossoms; now it is made from the leaves and young shoots obtained when the tree is pruned. The oil of the bitter orange is superior to that of the sweet, as is also its petit grain oil; but the neroli of the sweet orange is considered finer than that of the bitter.

The bulk of the citrine perfumes come from Italy and the south of France. The island of Chios produces much orange-flower water, the island of Trinidad yields a very fine oil of limes, and the island of Curação yields the best orangepeel in the world; while the bitter and the sweet oranges are distilled more or less in Jamaica.

We have now indicated some of the plants that are grown and utilised for their scent. Of course those named do not embrace all the plants that can be grown for such a purpose; but there is one outstanding and serious economic factor in scent-farming which cannot be lost sight of-that is, the labour question. You cannot harvest a crop of violets with a mowing-machine, but must do so by hand-labour; and if this be hired it becomes the dearest method possible. We therefore find scent-farming most practised in areas where labour is comparatively cheap. Even under these circumstances it is most profitable to the small grower who can utilise his own labour and that of his family. Such a grower might distil or extract the perfumes himself, thus making it a domestic industry for the women and children of the family, or he might send his produce to an establishment where perfumes are distilled, and which in a scent-farming district would probably be dependent on the material supplied by adjacent growers. If the grower extracts his own perfume, then, though the apparatus is not expensive, the processes of distillation, maceration, and enfleurage, to be successful, require both expertness and experience, and these cannot always be guaranteed. Outside Continental areas where scent-farming is established, the most feasible plan of starting such an industry would be the establishment of the necessary plant in a suitable area, under an expert; and, by contracting, at least at the start, for the material in advance, thus to induce farmers and gardeners to grow scentplants with their other crops, as a side-line. An undertaking of this type would probably succeed, especially in a district of small holdings, as the grower could utilise the labour of his family without increasing his expense, and the returns from his holding through the scent-crops grown, when compared with the returns from his other crops, would undoubtedly be larger, and in time lead to an extension of the area under such plants.

In this article we have not attempted anything further than a mere outline of the subject. For what we have laid before the reader we must acknowledge our indebtedness to the works of Piesse and Samer, and especially to the article on this subject by Edward S. Steele in the Year Book of the United States Department of Agriculture, of which, we trust, it will be found we have given an inclusive and interesting résumé.

DAFFODIL SONG.

The meadow mould has sprung to gold,
The throatle calls his vagrant fellow;
On all the hills are daffodils,
And every field is flecked with yellow.

Pluck your daffodils at pleasure,
Spring is not for long;
Though they muster beyond measure,
Fairer than a minted treasure,
Frailer than a song.

The garden's mien of tender green
Has presage of the early roses;
The linnet's cry comes fleeting by
From where he haunts the orchard closes.

The clover springs in careless rings,

The blackbird sounds his whistle mellow,

The whole earth thrills with daffodils,

And every field is flecked with yellow.

Pluck your daffodils at pleasure,
Spring is not for long;
Though they muster beyond measure,
Fairer than a minted treasure,
Frailer than a song.
MAX DALRYMPLE ('AURELIAM').



IMPRESSIONS OF ARCHANGEL

By F. R. SANDERSON.

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OW that Norway has become the somewhat hackneyed hunting-ground of the tourist, the more adventurous, who delight to escape from the neighbourhood of the tripper when they take their annual holiday, may be

advised to go still farther east.

Archangel is a typical Russian city, presenting everywhere those extraordinary contrasts of advanced civilisation with medieval backwardness which characterise the country as a whole. Situated upon the right bank of one of the channels through which the Northern Dwina reaches the White Sea, it is a town about three miles long by half a mile broad, connected by a wooden bridge with the older port of Solombol, on a neighbouring island. Three years ago a line of railway was opened between Archangel and St Petersburg, but only one train arrives and departs each day, and the journey occupies four days.

Very little longer from Britain than the direct route, and much pleasanter for the traveller, is the voyage round the north of Norway. Once across the open sea, the steamer gains the shelter of the Lofoden Islands, and sails past Lödingen, Tromsö, and Hammerfest to Cape Nordkyn, the most northerly point of the European mainland. Then it skirts the dreary, iron-bound Lapland coast, traverses the White Sea, and proceeds up the Gulf of Archangel, the shores of which are covered with pine and birch, till Solombol is reached.

The beauty of the solar effects in the northern seas has been often referred to; but I cannot forbear a description of the magnificent sunset which heralded our approach to Archangel. A bow of cloud stretched across the sky from north to south; and as the sun's orb sank below the horizon the clouds were tinged with a pale gold, gradually warming in hue through a delicate salmon-pink to a vivid crimson, so that they formed such a triumphal arch as never greeted royal equipage.

The steamer is piloted up the intricate channels which form the waterway to the city, and at length

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the visitor comes in sight of the gorgeous domes and pinnacles of its churches and the painted roofs of its houses. The cathedral has five domes, painted blue, with gold stars, and surmounted by slightly smaller glittering domes of gold which end in golden cruciform pinnacles. It is a high, white, rectangular building, consisting of two churches, the summer church and the winter church, the one above the other. The latter is low-roofed and of comparative plainness, reminding one of the crypt of a cathedral. The former is extremely lofty, and the walls from floor to ceiling are covered with somewhat crude but striking frescoes in brilliant colouring. There are also two enormous frescoes on one of the outside walls, representing Abraham entertaining the Angels and St George and the Dragon. The roof is supported by four immense pillars, each about eight feet square. There are the usual pictures of saints, with garments in relievo-brass, silver, or gold; but the face, hands, or feet, wherever visible, are merely painted on the board behind; for in this way, according to the teaching of the Greek Church, the Second Commandment must be respected. Many of these icons are encrusted with pearls, diamonds, amethysts, and other jewels. Before them are huge silver candlesticks with sconces of various sizes, as in Roman churches, and the devout may buy candles to burn before their favourite saints. When the candle has been lighted and the worshipper has departed, the economical priest removes it from its niche, and eventually it is melted down to reappear in the corridor for sale. In the summer church is a large timber cross said to have been hewed by Peter the Great when he resided in Archangel. The Russians are a very pious people, especially the poor and lower middleclasses; so much so, indeed, that piety sometimes interferes with justice, as the following incident, which was related to me, illustrates: A murderer had been caught red-handed and brought to trial. The evidence was conclusive, but the jury retired to consider their verdict. All were unanimously agreed as to the panel's guilt, when the bells of a APRIL 18, 1903.

neighbouring church began to toll. Then one of them said, 'How can we, who are about to go to church to ask forgiveness of our sins, condemn another? Shall we pray for mercy to ourselves and grant none to a fellow-creature?' His persuasions at once prevailed, and, to the astonishment of judge and prisoner alike, the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty.

Close to the river, which is about half a mile wide, is 'Peter's House,' said to have been built by the great Czar. It consists of several rooms, of which one is a workshop with a forge, and is built of roughly trimmed logs. The whole house is now enclosed within the walls of another house built above and around it to preserve it from decay. There are many fine buildings in Archangel, but everywhere wretchedness and magnificence elbow each other. If ever those members of our municipal councils who look after the paving of the streets feel depressed by unfavourable criticism, a visit to Archangel may be recommended as an invigorating tonic. The principal street is in most places at least three inches deep in mud, and there is no sewage system. A water-supply is at present being introduced. As the water collects in the trenches dug for the pipes, it is pumped out upon that part of the road still remaining open for the use of the public! The foot-passengers walk along a narrow wooden pathway raised about eighteen inches above the level of the road; but there are no crossings, so that where every side-street interrupts the wooden way, a slough of despond gives the stranger pause. The natives, shod in goloshes or seamen's boots, tramp uncomplainingly through everything. To take a droshky is merely to change the form of discomfort. That vehicle, a sort of victoria too large for one and too small for two, jolts and splashes through the mud, now knocking up against a log of wood, and now up to the axles in a pool of water, till the occupant is fain to betake himself once more to the use of his feet.

At one time there was a large English colony in Archangel, and the 'English House,' or chaplain's residence, with its fine library and chapel, and the English church at Solombol still testify to its former importance; but when the Crimean war broke out the English all departed; and now, besides the clergyman and the consul, there are but

three British residents in the city. Britain still does a big share of the carrying trade, and British commercial houses do a large business with the port by means of agencies; but the amount seems to be steadily decreasing. The same tale of German and Scandinavian enterprise and British indifference is told here as in other parts of the world.

There is a fine hospital in Archangel; but there is at present no resident doctor nor organised system of nursing, and the patients are left almost untended. There is a large Government dockyard; but during my visit I saw no signs of life about it, and the great sheds are fast decaying. A great contrast with municipal and governmental neglect is the activity and energy of the monks of the Solovetski Monastery, which has its headquarters at the island of that name, some hundred and twenty miles west of Archangel, and is well worth a visit. There the monks do everything themselves. They have made magnificent roads, built churches and other buildings, and possess a dockyard where they build their own steamers and sailing-vessels. At Archangel they have a large house for the conduct of their business and the use of the pilgrims, whom they convey in large numbers in their own steamer to the islands. The voyage takes from twelve to twenty hours, according to the weather, and the monks give visitors and pilgrims lodgings free of charge and feed them upon fish. It takes a stay of several days to make a thorough inspection of all the objects of interest.

Strange to say, there is no proper hotel in Archangel; but furnished apartments can be got, and there are one or two excellent restaurants. Any one who wishes to see Russian life as it is to be found away from such a cosmopolitan centre as St Petersburg, and does not mind roughing it a little, may be recommended to visit Archangel. The peasants with their motley garments, the priests with long hair flowing over their shoulders, and the self-important Government officials with their military overcoats, are a never-failing subject of amusement and interest to the visitor; and if at first amusement predominates, he will quickly discover that the Russian possesses an unfailing courtesy that may put to shame the indifference, if not arrogance, which foreigners sometimes complain of experiencing in their visits to England.

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

CHAPTER XX.-A GLEAM OF LIGHT.



ADAME CADOUAL'S outraged feelings demanded life for life and blood for blood, and would be satisfied with nothing less. Her son had been murdered: some one must die for it. To a nature such as hers

that was perhaps not an unnatural craving. What she really wanted was, of course, the forfeit of the

life of the man who had taken the life of her son; but blind rage has no discriminations, and, failing the right man, any other man's life would have blunted the edge of her venom just as well. If she could have felt that some one had been made to suffer for the crime, her soul would have been comforted, or at all events her rage would have known some appearsement. As it was, however, no

one had been brought to book, and her anger had nothing but itself to feed upon. The diet seemed to suit it without satisfying it. It only waxed the fiercer as the days passed and nothing was done. She raved at Sergeant Gaudriol to the point of apoplexy because he still declined to arrest Pierre Carcassone unless she could show him more reasons for it than he could see himself. She journeyed to Plouarnec and laid the matter before the authorities there. The authorities sent for Gaudriol, and, after hearing all he had to say, took his view of the case. Madame Cadoual sent to Paris for detectives, and for many days Plenevec suffered their pertinent and impertinent inquisition, and resented it. In the result the detectives told madame that there was no evidence sufficient to justify the arrest of Pierre, and that, in their opinion, the very gravest suspicions attached to one Alain Carbonec, who had disappeared on the same day as her son. She bade them find Alain Carbonec, and they spent much time and money in the attempt, and finally gave it up. She gave them the rough edge of her very sharp tongue, and they returned to Paris very well satisfied with their holiday on the coasts of

To Barbe this was a time of extreme bitterness and suffering. Nothing but death could account for Alain's absence and silence. If he were alive she felt sure he would have managed in some way to let her know it. She would sooner have known that he was alive, even though he had killed George Cadoual, as Pierre did not fail to inform her was the fact; but she did not believe it—unless, indeed, the two men had fought, which after all was not unlikely. If they had, she was quite sure that Alain fought honourably, and that George Cadoual deserved all he got. But it was Alain himself in the flesh that she craved with a yearning that made her sick, and the belief that she would never see him again wrung her, body and soul.

That great frowning headland, if it could speak, could tell the story, she thought; and day after day, as she sat in the gallery, her eyes dwelt upon it with a sorrowful intensity that would have wrested a response from anything less adamantine. How often she had held her breath at sight of him coming down those cliffs like a fly down a pane, and again when she watched him climb slowly up, with death at his heels and a cold hand gripping her heart, till he stood for a moment at the top and waved her another adieu and disappeared over the crest! Ah, if only the good God and the pitiful Virgin Mother would hearken to her prayers and bless her with the sight of him coming once more! How she would reverence them, pray to them, thank them all her life long! She would make a special pilgrimage to Notre Dame de Folgoët. She would go all the way on her bare feet. She would burn candles innumerable before the shrine, if she had to sell her hair to do it. She would do anything that could be asked of her, if only Alain might come back. He did not come, but she spent much time watching the way by which he used to come; and, all unknown to her, Alain sat watching her, as hungry for her as she was for him. Only fifteen feet of rock and a mile of water between them, but for the time being these things separated them as completely as death itself. Death leaves no loopholes of escape; but Alain, as we know, had a loophole, and was working might and main to turn it to account.

The detectives from Paris came across to the Light, and departed as wise as they came. Pierre put out as many spines and bristles as a sea-porcupine, and Barbe's hollow-eyed sadness held them equally at arm's-length. The popular opinion in Plenevec favoured the detectives' deductions, while resenting their methods of arriving at them. All that had passed between Cadoual and Alain and Barbe and Pierre was public property by this time, and even the bucolic mind could find therein no adequate reason why Pierre should have killed Cadoual. Very much the reverse, in fact. 'One would not have called the poor George amiable, par exemple; but, all the same, he was rich, voyez-vous! and that is what one looks for in a son-in-law.' So it was quite inconceivable that Pierre should have put Cadoual out of the way. While as regards Alain, in spite of their liking for him: 'Two men to one girl always makes for trouble, you understand; and when one of them tries to injure the other, why-voilà l'affaire!' And so, if Alain had their sympathy, not a man or woman among them but believed that he had killed Cadoual, quite possibly in fair fight, and had fled the country.

So the days passed sadly for Barbe, and the nights were long and hopeless of brighter mornings. All her duties about the Light were performed with mechanical exactitude; but life had lost its flavour, as the sea and sky had lost their colours and the stars their friendliness. She and Pierre spoke no more than was absolutely necessary. Alain was dead, and she set it all down to Pierre's account, and could never forgive him. She knitted no more blue stockings now, but sat in the gallery with listless hands, thinking of Alain and recalling all his words and looks, and all the little details of his lover-like comings and goings through the Race. She could see the strong white arm whirling through the air and reaching through the water, the upturn of the eager face, and the impatient shake of the yellow curls. There was the rock to which the brown hand clung at last while he panted below it, out of sight, but, oh, so near to her throbbing heart! He was gone, and she would never see him more, and she would live all her life alonemore alone than if she had never known him. Yet how sweet it was to have known and loved him, and to know that he had loved her! Better far to love the dead Alain all her life than never to have known him and to have married a George

Barbe was sitting brooding thus one night after lighting up, with her eyes fixed vacantly on the

shoreward darkness, when a glint of light caught the corner of her eye. She thought it was the flash of a belated sea-bird's wing in the light that streamed from the lantern; but it remained—a tiny spark where she had never in all her life seen a spark before. She had known Cap Réhel for twelve years; but never had she seen a light halfway up it before. She watched it curiously, and crossed herself devoutly, and prayed for protection from all evil spirits. It remained a tiny, steady flicker, and it seemed to stop in one place all the time-though she could not be positive of that, for at times, when she watched it very intently, she was not quite sure that it did not swing gently to and fro. It disappeared at last as suddenly as it had come, and she waited for a long time watching earnestly; but it came no more, and she wondered about it all night and all the next day, and put it down to spirits, and felt the Light lonelier than ever. The thought came to her that it might be Alain's spirit wandering about the gloomy Cap he used to frequent when he was alive. She found a measure of comfort therein. If she could have been assured of it she would have been solemnly happy. Better his spirit than nothing.

The following night she was watching for the light on the Head, and when it winked suddenly out of the darkness her heart leaped to it, and she sat eying it wistfully and wondering much. She said nothing about it to Pierre; but when for seven consecutive nights the spark had never failed to appear, she felt she must speak about it with somebody; and when Pierre tumbled into his bunk next morning, she lowered the boat and pulled once more across to Plenevec.

Barbe had been thinking of the strange light all night, as she thought about it every night, and she started out full of excitement; but her strokes grew longer as she neared the shore. She had run in as near to the Head as she dared go, to see if there was any sign of anything unusual about it; but the sea-birds clustered and swung as thick as ever, and there was no slightest indication of their ever having been disturbed. Could she possibly have deceived herself about the light? Would Sergeant Gaudriol believe her? Would he think it a matter of any consequence? She was halfinclined to go back when she stood at last on his doorstep, and when she screwed up her courage to knocking-point it was such a hesitating tap that the Sergeant might well have been forgiven if he had slept through it. But Sergeant Gaudriol was accustomed to half-hearted summonses of the kind, and sprang up at once to see what trouble stood on his doorstep now.

Barbe caught a glimpse of the big silver-laced hat through the inch-opened door as he asked, 'Who is there?' When he saw who it was he begged her patience for two minutes, and when the door opened wide at the end of that time he was the Sergeant Gaudriol of our acquaintance, en grande tenue from head to foot.

'Hold, petite! What hast thou?' he asked, with quick kindliness. 'Anything wrong out there?' and he looked at her searchingly. He had not seen her for some weeks, and the sadness of her face touched him sharply. Grand Bayou Light held many possibilities.

'Nothing wrong, M. Gaudriol; but there is something I do not understand'——

'How then? What is it?'

'Each night, for the last seven nights, there has been a light on the side of Cap Réhel'——

'How? A light on Cap Réhel?'

'And never in all my life have I seen a light there before,' she said, much strengthened by the Sergeant's genuine surprise.

'And what does Pierre say about it?' he asked.

'He has not seen it, and I have not told him. It comes each night about an hour after we light up. It stops for an hour, and then it goes.'

'And you think?'---

'Mon Dieu, I know not. But-it is curious!'

'And you have thought it might have something to do with Alain Carbonec—is it not so?'

'In fact, yes, I have wondered—— You see—well, Alain must have gone up Cap Réhel the very last thing we know of him; and I have sat and watched the cliffs, and wished they could speak and tell me what became of him. Then—this!'

The Sergeant nodded thoughtfully, with his eyes resting absently on her face. It was a far cry to his own courting days; but his liking for her and Alain made him understand, if dimly.

'You have not been to the Head in the daytime?' he asked.

'I came past just now, but the birds are as thick as ever, and I could see nothing out of the common.'

He nodded thoughtfully again. He was turning over in his mind the possible causes of the phenomenon. There had been a time when a light on Cap Réhel would have had a very distinct meaning; but that time was very long ago, and the building of the Light had swept it all away. Then, knowing the villagers as well as he did, he did not believe a man of them would go anywhere near Cap Réhel by night if he could help it. Why, some of them even believed that the sea-birds were the souls of mariners enticed ashore by those old false lights, and drowned there, and that the shrill cries of the drowning men, as they clawed at the iron feet of the cliffs, lived again in the wild screaming of the birds. Undoubtedly, a light on Cap Réhel was curious and worth looking into, in view of the curious things that had happened in the neighbourhood of late.

'I will get Jan Godey to drop me at the Light to-night as he goes out,' said the Sergeant at last, 'and he will pick me up in the morning as he comes in. Then we will see, ma fille. What time did you say it comes?'

'About an hour after I light the lamps.'

'I will be there.'

'I cannot thank you, monsieur.'

'Don't try, my child. We will find out what it means, never fear. Won't you have some coffee?'

But she thanked him again, and sped down to her boat, lest Pierre should miss her.

Jan Godey's lugger crept up to the lighthouse along the path of the setting sun that night, and Alain Carbonec saw it from his prison loophole, and his heart beat hopefully.

Jan tied his boat to the ladder with a long play of rope, bade his crew of one man and a boy wait for him, and followed Sergeant Gaudriol through the doorway. The Sergeant had told him simply that he wanted to go to the Light. After thinking the matter over on the way out, he asked Jan to come upstairs with him. He was curious to hear what Jan would say about the strange light. There was always the bare possibility that something was going on behind the official back, though he did not think it likely; but, as we have seen, it was a part of Sergeant Gaudriol's creed that a man taken unawares sometimes spoke the truth by accident, and he believed himself quite capable of judging by Jan's conduct whether he knew anything about the matter or not.

Pierre received the unexpected visitors with much surprise.

'How then, M. le Sergeant?' he said through the stem of his pipe. 'Who's missing now?'

'It's all right, Pierre,' said Gaudriol. 'It is Mademoiselle Barbe I wish to see this time.'

'Ah! you have some news?'

'We shall see. Where is she?'

'Up above. You'd better go to her.'

The two men climbed the ladders to the lantern, and found Barbe just lighting the lamps.

'One moment, M. le Sergeant, and I have finished. Won't you sit down here?' said she, as they bade her good-evening, and she showed them where to sit with their feet through the rails and their backs against the lantern. Before placing himself beside Jan, who had never been up there before, and was filled with wonder at all he saw, Gaudriol stepped back alongside Barbe, and in a whisper bade her say no word of what he had come for.

Presently Pierre's curiosity as to what was going on above his head in his own house, and unknown to him, brought him up into the gallery also. He stood with his pipe in his mouth, looking at them, and then said gruffly, 'Well, may I be crucified! Have you two taken a notion to roost here all night?'

'Just for a while, my friend. Jan, here, has never been up the Light before, and it amuses him.'

'Humph!' growled Pierre, and decided to wait and see what was the meaning of it all. The silence was irksome to him, and presently he put out a feeler.

- 'No news of Carbonec yet?'
- 'No news,' said the Sergeant.
- 'You'll never see him hereabouts again,' said Pierre. 'He's in America by this time.'

'That is always possible.'

'There's no doubt he met Cadoual over there' he nodded towards Cap Réhel—'and put his knife into him, and then bolted. Which was the most sensible thing he could do.'

'That is always possible,' said the Sergeant once more; 'but, for me, I do not believe it.'

'How then? How do you explain matters, M. le Sergeant?'

'I have not got that length yet, mon beau; but time may unravel the skein.'

Just then Barbe, gazing out over the rail at the farther side from Pierre, started as the tiny spark flashed out on the black breast of Cap Réhel. She stood gripping the rail and waiting intently for the first sign that it had caught her companions' notice.

Gaudriol had already seen it, but, true to his principles, waited to surprise Jan Godey's, and possibly Pierre's, first words on the subject.

Jan saw it first, since Pierre had his back to the rail.

'What's that?' said Jan in a scared whisper, and drew his feet inside the railings.

'What then?' asked Gaudriol. 'What is it?' and Pierre turned to look also.

'Nom-de-Dicu!' he said softly, in very genuine surprise. 'I never saw the like of that before.'

'It's a light,' said the Sergeant.

'A light on Cap Réhel, and half-way up!' said Pierre, in a whisper which told its own tale. 'Then it's the devil himself that's holding it. *Mon Dieu!* what is it, then?'

Jan Godey did not speak, because his teeth were chattering so.

'Suppose we go and see what it is?' suggested Sergeant Gaudriol.

'I'm on duty. Can't leave the Light,' said Pierre promptly.

'I_I_I_must get on to the fishing,' said Jan Godey.

'Bien!' said the Sergeant. 'Cut away, then, Jan. I never thought you had the courage of a mouse. Now I know it.'

'But no, M. le Sergeant. Anything in reason if you will. But devil's lights, and spirits, and such-like things! No; I leave them to other people. I want none, I thank you.'

'All right, Jan. Call for me in the morning. I'm going to stop here and think how that light got there.'

'I'm going to bed,' said Pierre.

'Better show Jan down to his boat, or he'll break his neck,' said the Sergeant. 'He's making the lighthouse shake as it is.'

'Eh bien! bon soir, messieurs!' said Jan, in a huff, and disappeared inside the lantern with Pierre at his heels.

'What can it be, M. Gaudriol?' asked Barbe in a whisper.

'I cannot tell, child, yet. But we will try and find out. It is no Plenevec man who is making that

light—if it is any man at all. They will all be like friend Jan. But there is courage in numbers. To-morrow night I will be there by the Head with a dozen men, if I have to drive them with my sword. How long do you watch?

'Till midnight.'

'Then you will permit me to keep you company, ma'm'selle, and you won't object to my smoking? and we will talk—voyons, we will talk of Alain Carbonec.'

The following night found the Sergeant, as good as his word, with a dozen men in two boats lying off Cap Réhel.

The story of the devil's light had not lost in its travels, and the Sergeant had come near to having to live up to his threat of using his sword before he succeeded in getting the men to join him. Curiosity on the subject was at fever heat, indeed, and suggestions as to the meaning of the mysterious light were as plentiful as stones on Plenevec beach; but their superstitious fears ran just a point or two ahead even of their curiosity, and not a man of them but was screwing his rusty memory for long-forgotten prayers and wishing himself well out of the adventure.

They lay like two darker shadows on the dark swell of the sea, whose waves slipped smoothly under them and made no sound till they broke in thunder and lightning on the feet of Cap Réhel. The silence and the darkness lay heavy on them, their fears heavier still, and the waiting tried to the utmost that which Gaudriol's jeers and threats had with difficulty evoked in them. Now and again a growling whisper passed from one to another, and they sat with their eyes glued to the black cliffs, waiting for the devil to light his lamp.

Sergeant Gaudriol's observance of them had more than satisfied him that not a man of them knew anything about the light, or was in any way responsible for it. Every man had his own opinion on the matter; but on one point they were all agreed, and that was, that if the light was anything like what Jan Godey said it was, it was no human hand that lighted it. Of ghosts and spirits every man of them was as full as he was of cider, which at best is no great augmenter of courage. They were beginning to feel as if it must be getting on towards daylight, and those who were not in the Sergeant's

boat were muttering audible curses and casting treasonable doubts on the whole matter, when the light suddenly thrust out through the solid black rock in front of them and held them all spell-bound, while the wakened birds screamed and swooped round the flare like the evil spirits the bold mariners had been thinking of.

'Voilà, mes amis! Now what do you say?' said the Sergeant. 'Is that a light or is it not?'

'It is the devil,' said Jan Godey conclusively.

'Si, si, it is the devil without doubt,' said the rest in whispers.

The flare burned quickly and wastefully, the flames forking up and the burning embers falling down.

'It burns,' said the Sergeant. 'If it were the devil there would be no burnt chips. It is human; but what it is I can't make out. Can you take us in right under it, Jan?'

'Mon Dieu! no, Sergeant. We should be smashed into pieces.'

'Bien! Can you put a mark exactly opposite to it?'

'I can anchor a float with a stone. It will be somewhere near the place at flood in the morning.'

'Do so, then, mon beau, and in the morning we will go up to the top and see what we can do.'

They watched the light till it disappeared as suddenly as it had come, and then rowed back home with ghosts and evil spirits and things that flap in the dark hovering thickly all about them.

There was much talk that night in Plenevec, and the lights in the windows were later of being put out than usual, and not a man of them went to the fishing, for the devil was abroad—or at all events on Cap Réhel—and till he was laid they would have no comfort. Some talked of sending to Plouarnec for a priest; but Sergeant Gaudriol bade them instead bring stout ropes in the morning, and they would find out for themselves what was the meaning of the sign.

'Nom-de-Dieu! if Sergeant Gaudriol expects me to go down after his devil, why, he's very much mistaken. If he must poke into such things, let him go down himself, with his sword and his cocked hat, and talk to the devil to his heart's content. For me, ma foi! I have no desire that way. A priest now, and holy water'—

BURIED TREASURE IN THE WEST INDIES.



PARTY of three, we were chatting on the deck of a Royal Mail steamship during a voyage from Jamaica to Trinidad. We had all travelled up and down the West Indies and the Spanish Main, seeing strange sights

and going through queer experiences. After we had yarned about revolutions in Hayti and Venezuela,

gold-mining adventures in Demerara and Surinam, and hurricanes in the Bermudas, the talk fell upon buried treasure in the West Indies, and each of us had his tale to tell.

'A couple of months ago,' said the first man, an American mining engineer, 'I was in New Providence, and everybody was talking about a mysterious American who had been down in the Bahamas just before. He came in a small schooner, and anchored off one of the small cays, or islands, which are so numerous there. He said he hadn't come for sponges or coral or salt or pearls; but he wouldn't tell anybody what he had come for. One day he hired two niggers, and got a boat filled with tinned provisions, tools, and a tent. Then he made them row him over to another cay about six miles off—a mere lump of coral and a few bushes where nobody lives. There he stayed for a week, making the niggers dig like fury in places he pointed out, while he watched over them with a Winchester rifle to see that they did not shirk. After six days' digging they came across a heavy, brass-bound trunk. They carried it to the boat, and rowed him to the schooner. As soon as the box was aboard he weighed anchor, and nothing more was heard of him. Nobody knew his name or what he had found; but of course they all think that he had the clue to some pirate hoard, and found it.'

'When I was in Hayti in '98,' said the second member of our party, a Canadian business-man, 'I came across a curious treasure-story. A poor man at Cap Haytien, who everybody knew had not got a hundred dollars to his name, suddenly blossomed out into a man of wealth, and went in for land speculation. He bought a property for a thousand dollars here, and another for two thousand dollars there, a store, a couple of boats, and horses and mules. It became the talk of the place. Presently the secret leaked out. The house he lived in was a ruined French château, dating back to the days when the French colonists occupied the island: a magnificent old ruin of the type one often sees in Hayti. Sawing through the wainscoting one day to make some repairs, he came across a big oak chest filled with French gold pieces, gold and silver plate, necklaces, brooches, watches, and other valuables. The box was worth about fifteen thousand dollars.'

'What a lucky man!' I exclaimed. 'Do you think so?' said my friend. 'Well, he didn't. A wealthy speculator in Cap Haytien, hearing of this find, concluded there might be some more chests there, so he offered to buy the house, and eventually did so for two thousand dollars. The original owner naturally thought he had cleaned out the lot and was selling an empty shell, since he had searched high and low after finding the first chest. But the new man did more than search; he pulled down the house, and in the end found four other chests worth altogether nearly two hundred thousand dollars. The first man got very angry, and wanted to share; but he came off badly. The speculator had political influence, and soon had him flung into jail and despoiled of most of his wealth for the heinous crime of concealing treasure-trove from the State. That speculator and his family to-day are among the richest people in Hayti.'

'How do you account for the chests being there?' asked the American.

'That's simple enough. When the negroes rose in rebellion, the French colonists, some of whom were immensely wealthy, hid their treasures as best they could, and fled for their lives. Many of them were massacred afterwards, and could never come back to recover their hoards. There must be many other treasures of the kind hidden in Hayti today, to say nothing of the immense hoard of King Christophe, which nobody has ever found.'

My turn came next, and I recounted a most marvellous but perfectly true story told to me in Jamaica last year by the skipper of a turtlingschooner from the Cayman Islands. He was aboard his schooner one day last spring, anchored close to a reef near the Caymans, on which a barque had been recently wrecked. He was getting copper sheathing, iron bolts, and similar valuable salvage from the wreck. Looking over the side of his vessel, he saw a curious yellow gleam on the ledge of the reef, about eight feet under water. Thinking it was a large sheet of copper or brass, he ordered one of his crew to dive for it. The man took a header, and came up with his hands full of gold coins-Spanish doubloons, with the arms of Seville on them. The ledge was covered with loose gold. All day the men dived for it, until they had brought up every piece in sight. There were a few silver pieces, but nearly all were gold. How they came there is a mystery; but it is supposed that a boat must have tried to land on the reef with the gold carried loose inside, probably with the idea of burying it on the reef, and must have been swamped. Anyhow, the story is perfectly true. The skipper showed me a lot of the gold in a store in Kingston, Jamaica, and sold the entire find soon afterwards for over two thousand pounds. Some of the doubloons were in a bad condition, but others were almost as fresh as if from the mint.

According to tradition, there is an immense private treasure buried in a cave somewhere in the recesses of Gun Hill, in the parish of Trelawny, Jamaica. It is the hoard collected by Sir Henry Morgan, the most famous of the West Indian buccaneers, who sacked Puerto Cabello, Maracaybo, Panamá, and all the richest towns of the Indies and the Spanish Main, besides taking plate-ships galore. No other rover was half so successful as he; none collected anything like so much booty. Morgan was a canny Welshman, who always contrived, by fair means or foul, to get most of the plunder for himself. He was a good judge of diamonds and precious stones, and used to buy up for a mere song those which fell to the lot of his men. After the sack of Panamá he was knighted by Charles II. and made Vice-Governor of Jamaica. What became of his vast wealth never transpired; but he is supposed to have buried it in Trelawny. When he became a respectable member of society he turned against his former associates, and hanged many a pirate. He must have stood in fear of their vengeance, and buried his treasure lest they should make a sudden raid on Jamaica. It is said that this treasure, like Captain Kidd's more famous hoard, is guarded by 'Old Nick' himself, hoofs, horns, tail, pitchfork, and all.

At this moment there are two or three expeditions—English and American—searching for buried treasure in various parts of the West Indies. Not a year passes without some effort of the kind. Very often yachting cruises are made with this end in view, like Mr E. F. Knight's cruise in the Falcon. The favourite hunting-grounds are the Bahamas,

from New Providence as far south as Tortuga and the Virgin Islands. These were the favourite resorts of the buccaneers and pirates of the Spanish Main, and the treasure buried on them must be enormous. But there are hundreds of islands, and the chances of finding a cache of doubloons, even with a fairly good clue to guide one, are very slim.

MOTES AND BEAMS.

By E. E. KELLETT, Author of A Corner in Sleep and other Impossibilities, Jetsam, &c.

IN TWO PARTS.-PART I.



HE perspicacity of Dr Vertue was a proverb in Coletoun. It was thoroughly understood that the brick wall through which he could not see was yet to be built. As a scientist he had no mean reputa-

tion: his name was known all over Europe, and his works were read with admiration by the two or three hundred people who alone were capable of understanding them; but he prided himself far less on his erudition or scientific renown than on his unique powers of detecting humbug. He rang out the false with far more certainty than Tennyson's New Year bells. No one was more skilful in scratching the philanthropist and revealing the self-advertiser; no one keener to scent the dead fly of selfishness in the ointment of benevolence. Few actions, however superficially noble, could bear the sharp scrutiny of his trained and subtle intellect; few persons, however open and simple, failed to appear, under his dissection, mere combinations of designing duplicity. He saw self-interest beneath the mask of a mother's affection for her child, and sinister motives in a young man's love for a girl.

'Men,' he would say, 'are always posing with intent to deceive; it is the business of the philosopher not to be taken in by that pose. No man ever acts before others as he would act if alone; the wise man strips off the garment and looks beneath. I am rarely deceived.' Here he would look round on his audience with a keen glance of soul-piercing penetration. 'Father Damien! Oh yes: to the superficial observer a philanthropist who devoted himself to the good of the diseased and degraded. To the real analyst of motives he was nothing but a glorified self-seeker. He coveted applause—the applause of the moral and religious masses. What! he worked in secret? Precisely; he wanted to be praised for reticence. He wished to add to the glory of being good the glory of being good by stealth. Oh, I see through such characters; they are eaten up with the love of approbation.

'Are there, then, no unselfish people in the world?' asked one of the friends to whom he was giving the benefit of his views.

'I doubt it. There may be, of course—it is unscientific to assert a universal negative; but no unselfish man, and no unselfish action, has ever yet stood a really scientific test. They all reduce, on analysis, to glorified self-interest.'

'What of John Howard?'

'In all probability an undetected criminal. Knowing that at any moment he might himself be thrown into prison, he did his best to make prisons comfortable places of residence. Sympathy is generally something of that kind: you are afraid of misfortune yourself, and hope somebody you have benefited will do you a good turn.'

'The martyrs, then?'

'Malignity combined with obstinacy. The martyr not only hopes for heaven himself, but hopes that his death will bring damnation on his persecutors. He therefore hangs on to the last, and provokes his enemies to do their worst.'

'A harsh view of human nature.'

'A true view. It is no use blinking facts. Let us look at things as they are.'

The other men were silent, and the conversation soon took another turn.

To do Dr Vertue justice, it really was a rare thing for him to be deceived. He saw through a great deal of humbug—at the cost of 'seeing through' much that was not humbug at all. So fearful was he of being taken in by impostors that he regarded everything as an attempted imposition. Afraid that rogues might carry off his pence, he never gave to charities of any description. Lest he should be fooled by clever fabricators, he discounted every story he heard, and habitually doubted his own wife. As a suspecter, indeed, St Thomas himself was not the equal of Dr Vertue.

It is to be feared, however, that in one respect even he was too optimistic for this world. Certain impostures of a very ordinary kind imposed on him. For example, while he knew quite well that he was hated, it never occurred to him that he was despised. He fancied that he was envied and admired; as a matter of fact he was neither.

'Pooh, Vertue!' cried Wilson the solicitor when his name was mentioned; 'he thinks he

sees through people because he never believes they act from good motives. He's a fool. I'm a lawyer, and I know the evil in human nature pretty well; but if I were to imagine men were all hypocrites I should soon make mistakes enough to ruin my practice. Time after time I've known men do right against their own interest; and a man's mad who denies it.'

'It's only a pose with Vertue,' said Johnson the vicar.

'Pose or not, it's absurd. To think of a man setting up to be superlatively wise because he has blinded his eyes to half of humanity, and expecting us to admire him for it!'

'Can it be because he himself always acts from selfish motives that he thinks others do likewise?'

'No; he occasionally strays into unselfish actions himself. He pulled Jones's child out of the river the other day, though it wet his trousers to do it. I caught him in the act, and told him he ought to be ashamed of himself.'

'Well, he has his virtues, then,' said the vicar.
'Let us allow him his poses.'

'Let him allow us ours,' replied Wilson. 'Let him be grateful that we don't tell him what we think of him, and only leave him to suspect it.'

Soon afterwards Dr Vertue took his holiday in Switzerland. The mountains at any rate were not humbugs; and he was a ridiculously enthusiastic mountaineer. He was one of the few who have ever seen the second Mont Blanc shadowed in the clouds, and he had been one of the first to ascend the Matterhorn. On the present occasion he decided to ascend Mont Blanc once more, but by a route hitherto untried. It is no part of this narrative to describe his herculean labours and his ultimate success. What concerns us is that on his path upward his eye was caught by a peculiar kind of Iceland spar lying half-hidden among the rocks. It had crystallised into a geometrical form that was new to him, and there were other characteristics that attracted his practised eye. He picked it up and put it in his pocket, whence in due time it found its way to his portmanteau.

Arriving at home, he showed his treasures to his wife and children, and discoursed fluently upon their history; for, as far as was consistent with his character as a social detective, he was an affectionate father. 'Here, Alice,' he said to his daughter, 'is something for you. It's a spar; it refracts. Put it to your eye and look through it.'

She did so. 'Oh father, how wonderful! What beautiful colours!'

'Yes, indeed, my dear. Keep it, and in time I will teach you all about the laws of refraction.'

Alice could hardly lay it down. She looked at everything through this strange medium, and at length turned it on her father.

'Oh father,' she cried, 'how strange you look! I seem to see right into you: it is quite horrid.'

Vertue was both surprised and a little vexed. 'Let me look at it,' he said. 'Perhaps it is something on the lines of the Röntgen rays.' He looked through it at Alice, and could see nothing but the same innocent face he had known for ten or eleven years. Curious; it refracted the lamplight, but not Alice's face. He turned it on his wife. No change—yes, there was a change. He saw, he positively saw, a look of contempt on her face, and of contempt for him! Impossible! He took away the spar, and inspected that countenance. It was all a mistake; there was nothing in it but pure reverence and admiration. He put up the spar again. Marvellous! horrible! -the reverence and admiration had vanished; the contempt had returned. What could it mean?

'See here, my dear,' he said at last to his wife; 'take this spur and look through it. But wait a moment: let the children run away and play.'

They did so.

'Look at the lamp. What do you see?'

'Prismatic colours,' she said.

'Now look at my face. Take your time, think over it, and tell me what you see.'

She looked for a few moments, paused, and grew confused.

'What do you see?' he said a little peremptorily.

'I'd rather not tell you,' she replied.

'Nonsense; don't be afraid.'

'Well, Robert—I really don't like to say; but I see—— Do you want the exact truth?'

'The exact truth, Mary. This is a scientific experiment.'

'Then I see a look of overweening conceit.' Vertue was, not unnaturally, irritated.

'What do you mean?' he cried angrily.

'You wanted the truth,' she said; 'and you made me tell you.'

'Give me the spar,' he said. She gave it him. There happened to be a mirror in the room. He went up to it, looked at his reflection through the crystal, and, to his unutterable disgust, saw his wife's words confirmed. The face he saw was his own; but somehow he seemed to see through it into his brain; and unquestionably there was a look of absolutely unmitigated conceit imprinted on every line of his countenance. Pooh! it must be a juggle; it could not be true. He conceited! His solid conviction of personal worth to be branded with that unpleasant name! For a few moments he was so disgusted as to lose all scientific interest in the wonderful crystal; but soon he recovered himself.

'A strange spar, Mary,' he said with an assumption of calmness that he did not feel.

'Very strange, Robert. Uncanny, I call it. It seems to know too much, somehow.'

'Nonsense; it is only like the Röntgen rays. This crystal removes the veil of conventionality, and shows you what people really are. How useful! how delightful! It will henceforth be

absolutely impossible for me to be taken in by any hypocrisy, however profound.'

'I shouldn't think that so delightful,' said his wife.

'Because you have not the scientist's love of abstract truth. To me this crystal is the greatest discovery of the century.'

'You think, then, it has told the absolute truth about you?' she asked.

He winced; but he did not yield. 'Yes,' he answered; 'it has. I have, I confess, a good belief in my own abilities; a reasoned confidence in my own powers. I did not know how strong that confidence was till the crystal showed it me; but it was there all the while.'

'Does the crystal, then, dissect characters and motives into their component parts, as a prism does with colours?'

'It appears so.'

'Then I would break it,' said she with decision.
'It will simply cause misery to every one who gets hold of it. Why not be content to live in our natural ignorance? This thing will destroy friendship and poison all love.'

'You do not understand, Mary. It is the duty of the scientist to know facts, not to be imposed on by deceptions. Think of the advantages the possession of this spar will confer on the man who possesses it. He will detect lies'——

'I like to be lied to, if the lie is pleasant.'

'He will read characters like an advertisement sheet. No one's secrets will be hid. Faces will be like books where men can read strange matters. The guilt of a murderer will be so written that no juryman can be deluded. Statesmen will pose as patriots in vain; they will bawl out their sounding sentences; but their audiences, armed with this crystal, will laugh them to scorn. Diplomatists will buy it of me at a great price, in order to detect the purposes of their rivals. I shall be rich'——

'But unhappy.'

Nothing could check his enthusiasm. 'Optimism, that shallow creed of fools, will henceforward be impossible; a sound and secure pessimism will hold the field; for we shall see this sordid world as it is.'

'And we shall be like it.'

'Fancy, when a philanthropist comes along, I look at him through spectacles of this crystal and I see his philanthropy in all its vile egoism. How delightful! Humbug will vanish; fraud will disappear. What a benefactor of the race I shall be! Men will worship me as a kind of god.'

'No,' said his wife, 'for they too will look at you through these spectacles. You will seem to them as you are.'

THE PORTLAND VASE.



EW persons at the present day are likely to hear much about the destruction of the Portland Vase, for it happened nearly sixty years ago. But the circumstances relating to it were peculiar, excited much interest

at the time, and led to a change in the law which has probably had a salutary effect in the preservation of works of art.

On an afternoon in February 1845, the visitors who were standing in the antercom adjoining the apartments containing the collection of Sir William Hamilton, in the British Museum, heard a loud crash, and discovered that the celebrated glass vase which had been deposited there by its owner, the Duke of Portland, had been shattered to fragments, which lay about on the floor. The doors were immediately closed and all persons in the apartments carefully questioned, when it was discovered that the mischief had been done by a young man twentyone years of age, who had thrown a piece of stone (a curiosity in sculpture) at the glass case containing the vase, and had broken both case and vase to pieces. He made no attempt to conceal what he had done, and only said that he had recently given way to drink, and was suffering from a kind of nervous excitement. It is well known that in some forms of insanity persons are found who-without any

general depression or excitement, without insane delusions-will suddenly smash furniture, tear clothing, or set buildings on fire. When the offender appeared before the magistrate at Bow Street there was no evidence that he was of unsound mind. He had merely, according to the reporters, acted 'from a morbid desire of notoriety, no doubt strengthened by straitened circumstances. Now arose the question, what punishment had the law provided for his offence? The vase had been of enormous value. It was found in a marble sarcophagus in the Monte del Grano, near Rome. It had been for more than a century the principal object of admiration in the Barberini Palace, and had afterwards been acquired by the Duke of Portland. The design and sculpture of the figures in relief upon the vase were admirable. Money could not compensate for the damage; but even if it could, the offender had no money to pay compensation. The criminal law relating to the offence was in an Act of Parliament which said that any person who wilfully or maliciously committed any damage to or upon any property whatsoever should upon conviction by a Justice pay such sum as the Justice should think a reasonable compensation for the damage, not exceeding the sum of five pounds; and if the five pounds were not paid, the Justice might commit the offender to prison, with or without hard

labour, for any term not exceeding two months. This was certainly a very lenient punishment for mischief so wanton and irreparable. But grave doubts were felt whether, under the circumstances, even this punishment was available; for an Act of Parliament which had limited its operation to cases where five pounds would always be a sufficient compensation for the damage ought not to be extended to cases where the compensation would require thousands of pounds. Finally, an escape from the difficulty was discovered. The prisoner should merely be prosecuted for breaking the glass case, and the more serious injury to the costly vase should be passed over. This was done. The offender was ordered to pay three pounds, the cost of the case, and in default was sentenced to two months' imprisonment with hard labour. Some kind friend of the young man promptly paid the three pounds, and he escaped without any imprisonment.

Much feeling was excited by the failure of justice, and a Bill was at once brought into Parliament, and became law during the same session. It was then, and still is, the custom in this country to amend the law piecemeal, and to go no further than the particular occasion requires. When Cleopatra's Needle was placed on the Embankment some years ago a special Act of Parliament was passed to inflict penalties on any one who might injure or disfigure it. But the Legislature in 1845 had little difficulty in passing an Act part of which would have met with keen opposition at the present day. This Act has since been repealed, but its provisions have been so far re-emacted that they may be considered to be still the law. After stating that it is expedient

to provide for the better protection of works of art and of scientific and literary collections, public statues, and monuments, the law enacts that any person who shall maliciously destroy or damage anything kept for the purposes of art, science, or literature, or as an object of curiosity in any museum, gallery, cabinet, library, or other repository open for the admission of the public, shall upon conviction be liable to be imprisoned for a period not exceeding six months; and, if a male, may during the period of such imprisonment be put to hard labour, or be once, twice, or thrice privately whipped. Since the passing of this Act we have heard little of the destruction of objects of art in museums; but it is at least uncertain whether this is due to the terrors of the law or to a diminution in the mischievous tendencies of the public.

Having mended the law, the next thing was to endeavour to mend the broken vase. The minute fragments were collected from every corner of the room and put together with admirable skill and patience. The vase returned to its former shape, and was again placed in the Museum; and though the lines of juncture of the different fragments may be observed by those who study it closely, it is so far restored that, looking at it from a short distance, no one can fail to be astonished at the completeness of the work. For some years the authorities adopted special precautions with regard to it; but it is now placed in the room of gold ornaments and gems, and may be easily examined by those who are interested in its curious history. A water-colour painting framed and hung up in the room shows the number of pieces into which the vase was broken.

IN THE DAWN AT TREGANWELL



RAY dawn was biting into the eastward darkness as Martin Calstock looked down upon Treganwell from the knoll that sheltered the little low-eaved house. One gable showed blank to his approach; the other,

thickly ivy-screened, was also windowless save for a solitary casement that looked out seawards like an eye from under a shaggy brow of clustering leaves. Between the jutting gables the building stood deeply back, the recess thus formed being guarded by a thick stone wall pierced by a close-shut gate opposite the heavy door of nail-studded oak.

Calstock—alert, upright, and eager-eyed—strode down the slope, to pause at the gate; and, stooping there, he picked up a tiny clod and flung it gently against the narrow, deep-set window above the entrance. Then he cronched down behind the wall, awaiting response. But Treganwell slept on. Save for the smothered crow of an awakened rooster, and for a swallow that flew chattering from an outhouse to perch on the top of the porch, where it

lazily stretched first one and then the other wing, the house lay still: in the half-light a dwelling of hazy contours set uncertainly against the night blue, shot with waning stars, of the western sky.

The young man, noting the increasing day, impatiently picked another and larger clod.

'Martin!'

A woman seized his upraised hand, and, turning sharply, he took the interrupter in his arms. She was tall and dark, with some ancient trace of Spanish blood showing in the blackness of her eyes, English though these were in their frankness.

'You rogue, Viva!' he exclaimed as he looked down into them. 'Where did you spring from?'

'From the back.' Viva Santo indicated the landward gable. 'I dare not open this door. But, oh, Martin!' she continued appealingly, 'why did you come at all?' You know the risk.'

'To see you, sweetheart. What else?'

'It is wrong of you, Martin,' she responded, nestling to him in contradiction of her words. 'The lugger came into the cove at moonset. The cargo must all be now in the Lower House. The men return here by daylight. Uncle will kill you if he finds you. Hush!' she whispered apprehensively. 'I hear their voices now.'

Martin crept to the hedge bordering the square of unkempt garden below the seaward gable, and peered through it down the slope below, where the coombe dipped steeply beachwards. Beyond the shore was a triangular space of heaving water, framed, from his standpoint, within the hills enclosing the little valley; and against this background, showing steel-blue in the morning light, appeared the heads and shoulders of several men breasting the rise towards Treganwell. Then he glanced about him at the bare downs round the house. Even the nearest clump of bracken or furze was too far off to furnish shelter.

'I must trust to my legs,' he said under his breath as he kissed the girl. 'I am sorry to leave you; but get indoors before they arrive.'

She caught at his hand as she replied quickly, 'No; they would see you. There is a better chance than that;' and, drawing him, half-reluctant, with her, she ran towards the house. 'In there,' she panted, throwing open a door in the recess next the main entrance. 'Get behind the barrels.'

She was gone ere he could expostulate, and a clatter of heavy footsteps broke the momentary silence following her departure.

'Viva! Viva!' a strong voice called. 'Rouse ye, maid. We'm done a day's work whilst you have been abed, and be nigh famished now.'

Calatock heard a casement creak and a sleepy answer.

'Have patience, uncle,' the girl said drowsily.
'Tis early yet. I'll be down presently.'

Martin smiled. He had not given his sweetheart credit for being an actress. Then the tramp and the talk fell to a subdued murmur as they were muffled by enclosing walls, and he stretched himself cautiously, seeking for an easier position. His place of concealment was a rough alcove in the cidercellar, its end next the house closed by a wooden partition; and through a knot-hole Calstock could see on the farther side a low-roofed room, barefloored and furnished with chairs and a table of different patterns, obviously the spoils of wreckage. Three men sat there talking, and their conversation interested the watcher.

"Tes a pretty cargo this trip, men,' remarked one with a great flowing beard streaked with gray, and with broad shoulders, who, because of the position he had taken up in the depths of the huge leather-covered chair by the fire, appeared to be the proprietor of the dwelling. 'A braave cargo,' he continued; 'eighty an' two ankers o' brandy, seven barrels o' 'bacca, three cases o' purple velvet, eight boxes o' lace, an' the silk. There's some money's worth there, if we get 'em safe up the country.' He had read out the list from a rough scrap of paper, which he replaced in his pocket with a sigh of satisfaction as he concluded.

'You may say so, Simon Santo,' responded a little, sour-faced man. 'But 'tes only down tu the Lower House yet; an' if Squire Calstock, wi' them preventive men o' 'is'n, gets track o't 'twill be a fine haul fur 'e, an' Bodmin jail fur we. 'E had the last—dang 'n!'

Martin's ear went closer to the knot-hole, for it was his father who was referred to. A Devonshire man, the squire had recently come into property in the neighbourhood, and as a Justice of the Peace he had—unlike most of his fellows—set himself determinedly to put down the smuggling which had long been the principal industry on the coast, and for the purposes of which the house of Treganwell had been specially adapted.

'You'm allus a-croakin', Joseph Veale,' replied Santo impatiently; 'but there ain't no manner o' chance that the squire'll touch this lot. It may go by 'is own door, an' 'e'll not so much as look at it.'

A young man attired in blue jersey and sea-boots, who had seated himself on the table, laughed somewhat derisively.

'That'm tall talk,' he commented. 'Ow be that miracle tu be wrought?'

'You may ask, Tom Johns,' retorted the other acridly, 'fur 'twould be long afore the timber 'ead o' 'e 'ud think it out. Last night I sent a lassock tu Pengelly wi' a message for young Martin Calstock tu be tu Treganwell two hours after dawn this marnin'.'

His companions' faces broadened into smiles.

"Tes like callin' a rabbit tu put 'is leg in a trap,' said Veale. "Tiddn't likely the young man'll be so simple as tu come fur your askin', Simon.'

'Who said I asked?' Santo snarled back.
'Tiddn't me as is that kind o' a fule. I sent
the message as from the maid—from Viva.'

With a crash, Johns jumped to the floor.

'Send me patience!' he cried, 'but that was ill done in you. You promised 'er tu me fur wife.'

'Well, what 'arm? She need never see 'im. We men'll lay 'ands on 'im soon as 'e shows face, an' keep 'im close till the stuff be safe run up the country: 'old 'e to ransom, as 'twere, for the squire's not 'inderin' nothin'.'

Veale chuckled his admiration of this rough diplomacy.

But Tom was not to be placated. 'Tes not right,' he persisted sulkily, 'not no manner o' ways, tu throw the maid like into the arms o' 'e, an' you knowin' well 'nough that 'e be more than fond o' she as 'tes.'

Santo raised his huge bulk from the chair, and, standing before the young man, gripped his shoulder. 'You'm foolish, Tom Johns,' he said, with determination. 'You leave this 'erc traverse tu them as is wiser nor you, an' do as you'm biddent. Come along tu cellar,' he continued, changing his tone as though this deliverance ended the discussion, 'an' bear a hand tu tap a 'ogshead. There bain't a drop o' cider out, an' a canful, wi' a lace o' brandy, be w'ot we're wantin', if 'tes only for gude-fellowship.'

Calstock started where he lay. He knew that tapping fresh cider meant the sampling of various casks, and that doing so must entail his discovery. To rush from the cellar was to meet his enemies face to face as they emerged from the house; and, in his anxiety, he pressed himself farther into the corner against the wooden partition. He did not understand how well the house of Treganwell had been fitted for the trade carried on in it; and, to his surprise, the boards yielded. He pushed again, and the whole partition swung aside just as he heard the voices of the men at the cellar door.

To step into the room they had vacated and to restore the partition was the work of a moment; but he was now little better off than before. The apartment gave on another that was half hall, half living-room; and through the open door Martin saw Viva bustling about setting a rough oaken table in preparation for a meal. Presently she vanished into the kitchen exactly opposite, and the young man followed her. She gave a little shriek when he caught her round the waist as she stood at the open fireplace, the shelf of which consisted of a portion of the gilded stern-work of some lost ship.

'You!' she cried on recognising him. 'This is madness, Martin. They will kill you!—kill you, Martin!' she reiterated frantically.

He had closed the door behind him; then, taking her in his arms, he told her briefly what he had learned.

'I did not think uncle could be so cruel,' she sobbed. 'I knew nothing of your coming until you knocked on the window. But,' she went on, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, 'we can escape them yet if'——

Her head hung down, and Martin could only judge from the colour flooding the glimpse he had of her neck of what she was thinking.

'You don't mean,' he gasped, 'that you will go with me now—to marry me?'

She looked up at him, her face rosy red.

'Yes,' she answered swiftly. 'You asked before. I refused then, for uncle's sake. Now that does not matter.'

'But how?' he queried quickly. 'How can we escape together?'

She pointed to the fireplace. 'You don't know Treganwell. From behind there a tunnel leads down to the beach. You go by it, and secure the lugger's boat. The men have all gone home, so no one is on board. I will slip away down by the hill, and join you whilst they are at breakfast. The wind is fair for Plymouth Sound. We can manage the lugger, so far, between us, and then'—

'And then you will be my wife—my own brave wife.'

Her head drooped to his shoulder, and, looking into each other's eyes, they did not note that the doorway was filled by the big form of Simon Santo, with Tom Johns peering over his shoulder. At the cry given by the former the lovers sprang apart.

'My life!' he roared, 'if the rascal ain't got to wind'ard o' we. Seize 'im, souls!'

With a rush Tom Johns passed Simon, making furiously for Calstock. But the girl forestalled him; her foot went out before his stride, and with a crash he stumbled over it on to the stone-flagged floor.

'By the back!' she called to Martin, who on the word vaulted over the half-door that stood open to his right. Outside he found himself in a maze of barns and sheds, but these were negotiable enough; and a moment later he was speeding seawards down the coombe, his pursuers close at his heels. But the fugitive was at a disadvantage in not knowing the intricacies of the path. For a couple of furlongs its gradient was too steep for rapid running; then came a level space where it approached what the smugglers had termed the Lower House, in which they stored their goods before bringing them up the hill. A rise in the ground hid this store from seawards, whilst an overgrown orchard concealed it in other directions. Before Calstock reached this last the shouts behind him had died down; so he paused, congratulating himself prematurely. From the far side of the orchard, as he approached it, Tom ran suddenly, with Santo panting at his heels, and Veale farther behind. They had come by the easier road through the bottom of the coombe, and now Martin saw that their object was to force him down towards the rock-surrounded beach, where he would be at their mercy. Fortunately they had no firearms; but Tom Johns snatched up a stone and hurled it at his rival.

'Curse ye!' he shouted excitedly, 'fur a poachin' rapscallion as meddles wi' honest men's matters.'

The stone whizzed past Calstock's head; and, turning, he made for the point above the beach where a foot-wide strip of a path zigzagged shorewards down the steepness of the cliffs. It was the only alternative to capture, and Viva might, even yet, be there. But a quick turn that brought him in view of the boat on the sand, and the lugger rocking gently at anchor off it, showed this hope to be vain. The spot was tenantless, save for the young gulls splashing in the water, with their parents flying, shrieking hoarsely, above them. Martin, with sudden decision, resolved to stand where he was; the corner gave him at least some advantage for defence, and he crouched behind it.

Hardly had he done so when Johns rushed in impetuous chase round the projection, but only to stagger backwards in swift evasion of the blow which Martin aimed at him. He would have fallen over on the rocks beneath; but Santo, immediately behind, gripped and steadied him.

'Stoppin' fur we, is 'e?' the fugitive heard Santo say in response to the younger man's explanation. 'I knows a trick worth two o' that. I'll bide 'ere wi' Joseph; you go up along, an' come down the tunnel tu catch 'im behind. If the men be back tu

Treganwell—and some of 'em should be by now—bring 'em down that way wi' ye. I'll warrant us'll 'ave 'im safe then. We must catch 'im alive-o, if 'e be tu serve us wi' the squire, as I spoke on.' Johns turned to go, and Santo called after him: 'See Viva be quiet. Lock 'er up if she'm rampageous-like. Drat the maid!'

Calstock shivered. To yield himself was to give up Viva, and to stay where he was meant that he would be caught ignominiously. Except the path on which he stood and the tunnel-his knowledge of which would render him still more obnoxious to the smugglers-there were no landward exits from the creek. Alone he could not hope to rush down and push off the boat before Santo and Veale would be upon him. There remained the desperate chance of swimming out to the lugger, slipping its cable, and getting to sea before being overtaken, and he moved cautiously onwards, determined to risk that. The corner behind which he had ensconced himself hid him from the watchers until he reached the edge of the sand, where he waded into the water. The sun, still low down on the horizon, was sending level beams across the shimmering sea, and into these he struck out, trusting that the glitter might serve for concealment. But in this he was disappointed.

There was a shout from above as Santo perceived him, and simultaneously a woman's cry from the cliffs:

'Martin! Save me, Martin!'

The swimmer turned to see Viva flying down the

shore from a cleft amongst the rocks; and in an instant he had found his feet again, and was splashing backwards towards the boat, which he reached as soon as the girl.

'Tom Johns,' she gasped, 'was after me—in the tunnel! Oh Martin!'

Santo and Veale came rushing over the sand towards them; from the cliff-cleft men's calls, as of those groping in darkness, sounded like a hollow echo. The couple strained frantically at the boat, whose stern, lapped by a rising tide, drew slowly afloat just as Simon Santo, plunging waist-deep into the swell, clutched fruitlessly at the taffrail.

'My curse on ye!' screamed Simon passionately, shaking his fist towards the swiftly retreating craft, where Calstock had sprung to the oars. 'May my curse rest on the pair o' ye, and all that ever come to be kin to ye.'

But the curse of a deceifful man must be of no effect, save to come home to roost, as this did with Simon Santo. The boat reached the lugger, which, with its occupants, attained to safety; and that same night saw Santo, with his assistants and his goods, in the clutches of the law.

In the church of St Lantock may be seen a stained-glass window bearing this legend:

'To the Glory of God, and in Memory of a Great Mercy vouchsafed to Martin Calstock and to Viva, now his Wife, as day dawned at Treganwell, July 21st, 1810.'

OUT-OF-THE-WAY ENGLISH GRAVES.



FRENCHMAN who had spent some considerable time in foreign travel once remarked to an Englishman, 'How you English leave your dead about!' Those who have journeyed much abroad must be struck by the

truth of the exclamation. Wherever you go, there the resting-places of English dead are to be found. At some places there is a single grave; at others, old and sometimes neglected cemeteries tell of the restless Englishmen who died there in the course of conquest or in pursuit of trade. Some are in lands which are not now under our flag; and, forgotten by our own countrymen and neglected by foreigners, these graves and cemeteries appear very forlorn. Others, more fortunate, are in our own possession, and are kept in some sort of order.

In the course of some years' service in the Royal Navy, I have often spent an hour or two wandering among these memorials of the past. Not far from the shore at Phalerum, near Athens, is an enclosure where many of our soldiers and sailors lie buried. This cemetery was begun when our forces occupied Athens during the Crimean war; but others have been buried there since. Very desolate and dreary the enclosure seemed—much of the wall broken

down, some of the tombstones overturned, and everything in disorder. Hundreds of tourists visit Athens every year to see the ruins, and many probably visit the street of tombs where the ancient Athenians were buried; but they seldom or never find time to visit these graves of their fellow-countrymen. On the island near the mouth of the Piræus, on which stands the lighthouse, is a stone to the memory of an English boat's-crew who perished there from cold after their boat had been swamped. In the Greek cemetery at the head of the harbour of Piræus lie two of the crew of H.M.S. Forte, who died during an epidemic of typhoid on board, in the latter part of 1897. One of them died after the Forte had been relieved by the Gibraltar, and it was my duty to bury him. The Greek priest at the cemetery was most kind and courteous, placing the church at our disposal for the service, and preparing holy water and incense for my use. He seemed rather surprised that the latter were not required in our service. In the Greek monastery on the island of Poros, twenty miles south of Athens, there is a stone marking where an English officer is buried. He had gone there seeking health after the Crimean campaign.

In China, scattered up and down the coast, are many of these lonely graves and cemeteries. Those

in the English settlements are well cared for; but elsewhere, in the Chinese quarters, it is only when occasionally one of His Majesty's ships pays a visit, and things are found to be in a very bad condition, that the ground receives any attention, and some men are sent to tidy it up a bit. Near Ting-hai, the capital of the Chusan Archipelago, off the mouth of the Tsien-tang-kiang, occupied by the English in the wars of 1840 and 1860, is a cemetery where a large number of our soldiers were buried. When, in August 1880, we spent a fortnight near there, we made inquiries about the cemetery, and were assured by the mandarin that it was in good order. He did not want us to visit it, and disguised his reluctance under the form of anxiety for our safety. It was dangerous for us to go about the island, he said. 'There are plenty bad mans there,' who would probably attack us. Owing to the disturbed state of China, and the possibility that a row might have arisen, we did not press the matter, and had to be content with his assurance. His real motive was to get rid of us, as he was afraid we had come to take the island; and he showed his real feelings towards us a few days later, when he suddenly stopped our beef-contractor and forbade him to bring us any more supplies. In the north of China, at Taku, near one of the forts, is a graveyard where those who fell in 1860-62 are buried. Its neglected and dilapidated condition, as described by Mrs Archibald Little in her book, The Land of the Blue Gown, is very sad, and a reproach to the English nation. In the midst of the settlement at Shanghai is an old burial-ground, now disused, but still kept in good order, where I read the names of many of our ships known to me from my father's stories of the war in China in 1860.

Within the last few months I have paid two visits to a cemetery in Hong-kong-perhaps the best known of our possessions in China-and many Englishmen have visited it. Its beautiful cemetery in Happy Valley is one of the sights of the island; but of the numbers who visit Victoria, and admire the place created by our energy, how few ever find out that this was not our original settlement on the island! Our first settlement was on the south side of the island, at a place now called Stanley; and of those who do by chance find out this fact, how few ever go there to see what traces may be found of that settlement, and to visit the graves of those who died and were buried there! Stanley lies some nine miles from Victoria, the road being through Happy Valley, over Taitam Gap-which is a good climb, especially on a hot day—past the Taitam reservoirs
—which were nearly empty when I saw them, owing to the long-continued drought-round the shores of Taitam Bay, and through the village of Stanley, on to the Taitam peninsula, where the old settlement stood. Stanley village, on the west side of the neck of the peninsula, is a prosperous fishing-place, very clean and orderly for a Chinese village, though the smell of drying fish is at times rather strong. On the ridge of the peninsula stand two buildings which represent

the forces at work for the well-being of the natives: the police-station of the Sikh and Chinese police, and a school formerly under the old London Evangelical Society, now under the Church Missionary Society. The peninsula appears at first sight an ideal place for a settlement. On both sides there is a good harbour: on the east, Taitam Bay, where warships often anchor for gunnery or torpedo practice; on the west, another good harbour known as the junk anchorage. It is open to the breezes, and generally has a cool breeze from one quarter or another. Here, as stated, the first settlement was made; but the place proved most unhealthy. Fever made sad havoc of the garrison, and eventually Stanley was abandoned, only the foundations of the buildings and the silent graveyard with some ninety graves being left to tell of its former garrison. The graveyard stands on the top of the ridge of the peninsula, and is in fairly good order. Not long ago a brick wall was built round it, and a large gutter dug to carry off the water, which in the rainy season must run through it like a river. The graves are mostly small mounds of brick, with a red earthenware slab at one end for the name. Some of the graves, however, have headstones, and two or three have large square tombs of gray stone over them. The weather has affected most of the stones very badly. In many cases only a few letters or words of the inscriptions are legible; in some cases only the last line, protected by the grass that has grown up around the tomb, has survived. Frequently this last line records the age, which is usually that of an infant aged one year, ten months, nine months, or six months.

The following are some of the inscriptions I noted, giving us points in the history of various regiments, and reminding us of organisations that have passed away and of fights which have now been forgotten: 'Colour-Sergeant Timothy Cummins, 18th R.I. Regiment, died 9th August 1845, aged forty-five. Also Margaret, his wife, who died 15th September 1845, aged fifty-nine.' The death of the husband perhaps helped to bring about that of the wife. 'Mary Jane Blakey, wife of W. Blakey, died 22nd October 1844, aged twenty years.' There is no indication as to the regiment, if any, to which she was attached, or what her husband's business was there. This grave had been done up not very long ago. 'Margaret M'Cann, wife of Corporal J. M'Cann, of H.M. 98th Regiment, who died 25th October 1844, aged forty years.'

Near this are two graves, separated by a smaller one: that of Private John Stevens, aged thirty-eight years; and that of Corporal Michael Day, aged twenty-five years, of the 98th Regiment. They lost their lives on 1st May 1844, in an attack by Chinese pirates in the bay of Chick-choo. This reminds us of the conditions common in those days in the East, and which have not yet altogether disappeared. Even now the Viceroy of Canton is busy hunting the pirates who still infest the creeks of the west river. Occasionally the fact of the pirates' existence gives rise to amusing incidents.

Not long ago a launch coming to Hong-kong was followed by another launch which she suspected was a pirate. Some movements of the latter having confirmed this, a brisk fire was opened on her, and was returned. This exchange continued for some time, fortunately with but small damage, and that confined to the boats. Eventually it was discovered that both were harmless trading-launches. The name Chick-choo is the Chinese name for the village now called Stanley. The name occurs again in a slightly different form on the grave of Captain George Alexander Gordon, of the 98th Regiment, who died at Chick-choo, in September 1844, aged forty-six years. The only other officer's grave is that of W. Tyrwhitt Blake, of Amersham, Bucks, Lieutenant, Ceylon Rifles, who died at Stanley, aged twenty-four years. The date of death has disappeared. Why he was in Hong-kong, or to what regiment, if any, he was attached, we are not told. On the stone of Corporal George Blun, of the 98th Regiment, who died 12th November 1843, aged twenty, we have evidence of an organisation that has gone, as it is stated to have been erected by the 'Grenadier Company' of that regiment.

The three following inscriptions tell of domestic tragedies that fell on some of the homes of these early settlers: 'In memory of Louisa Bowry, wife of James Bowry, who died 22nd July 1843, aged twenty-six years. Also, of John, son of the above, who died 21st July 1843, aged two hours.' 'Mary, daughter of Sergeant Kirby, 98th Regiment, died 16th November 1845 . . . months fourteen days. Also, Ann, sister of the above, died 26th November 1843, aged nine years and six months.' 'Maria Jones, wife of Colour-Sergeant Thomas Jones, 98th Regiment, who died 17th August 1844, aged twenty years. Also, of Mary Ann, daughter of above, who died 1st September 1844, aged seven months.'

The following inscriptions give evidence of other regiments having been at Stanley during the British occupation of the place: 'Private William Moulton, 75th Regiment, beloved husband of Sarah Jane Moulton, died 21st June . . . aged twenty-four years.' 'George Johnson, sonof Sergeant N. Johnson, 2 . . . who died . . . 1864, ten months.' 'Private G. Wagner, 2nd Battalion, 11th Regiment, aged twenty-five years, died August 1865; and Sergeant Newton, of the same regiment, October 1865, aged twenty-five years.'

On the grave of Ellen, daughter of John and Anne Butterfield, who died 6th November 1865, aged six months and ten days, appears '2nd Battalion 9th Regiment;' but this is probably a mistake for the 11th Regiment, which, from dates on other graves, seems to have been there at the time.

One grave had a wooden memorial which had decayed in a most peculiar manner. In parts the inscription was quite gone; but where the letters remained the paint had preserved the wood, and the letters appeared as if raised. All that could be read was: 'Infant daughter of Philip and Fanny... died May 15, 1866, aged one year eight months.'

The dates ranged from 1843 to 1866. The most noticeable feature was the large number of women and children and young men. The climate was evidently unsuitable for them; the older and more seasoned men stood it better. About 1866 the place was given up as a military station, and only these graves left to remind us of those who had laid down their lives here—humble folk, most of them. This is part of the price which England pays for the founding and maintenance of her Empire.

THE MISSEL-THRUSH.

Though truant swallows lingered in the south,
And frost held nightly sway,
The cheerful storm-cock swelled his sturdy throat
And piped from day to day.

The bitter winds that swept the northern dales
To him were zephyrs soft;
And whilst each bud hid in its dusky sheath
He boldly sang aloft.

He sought his mate before the bee awoke

From dreary winter sleep;
And, sagely prescient of the coming spring,
Paused not for it to leap

A glorious tapestry with pattern full From Nature's looms unseen: The mated pair desired no outward sign There shall be what has been.

No hidden cleft or dark recess they chose To hold their precious home, But placed it in full view of man or beast Who thitherward might roam.

On black bare bough of spreading hawthorn bush, O'erhanging hurrying brook, The nest was fixed, when ne'er a friendly leaf Could screen from public look.

I wander there each day and stand to watch
The brooding bird so still;
No tremor faint or cry is seen or heard
The while I gaze my fill.

The snowy throat and skyward-poised beak
No sign of life betray,
But shining beady eyes give glints that tell
'Twere kinder not to stay.

Oh, missel-thrush! upon thy bleak new nest, What secret charms thy life! What courage and what faith to sit unmoved 'Mid circling dangers rife!

Thou knowest how to strive, and when to rest Content with labour done, Awaiting calmly what may come or go With wind or rain or sun.

May Heaven preserve thy handsome speckled breast
From stone of vulgar lout,
And with a grateful progeny reward
Thy care and scorn of doubt.
WILLIAM SMITHARD.



LOUISA LADY ASHBURTON, CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPIST.*

AN APPRECIATION.

By CATHERINE MARY PHILLIMORE.



comparison with philanthropy, the grace of charity has been well defined as 'the love of God for His own sake, and the love of man in and for God.'† In these words we have the mainspring of the thoughts, words,

and actions of a lady whose name, among its many claims to go down to posterity, has none greater than that of the Christian philanthropist.

There are many facets to a diamond, which reveal themselves if you take it into your hand and examine it; but if you place it at a little distance, and in the dark, it seems as if all the facets blended into one brilliant ray, which, piercing the gloom, makes light all around. So there were many sides to the character which make up the remarkable personality of Louisa Lady Ashburton. There was, in the first instance, a magnetic charm, due no doubt, in part, to her many personal attractions, but also due to a power of sympathy whichspringing ever from its inexhaustible source in her great loving heart-never failed throughout her long life. There was that touch of unmistakable genius which shook off the trammels of conventionality, and, soaring upwards, carried in its train every life, be the circumstances rich or poor, that came in contact with hers; which made itself felt in all her conversation; which stamped everything to which she put her hand. There was an innate instinct for all that was noble and beautiful in life.

It would require many pages of the biography which it is hoped will one day take the place of

this passing sketch to do justice to the brilliant social period of her life after her marriage with Lord Ashburton in 1858, and to the remarkable friendships by which it was enriched and completed. These will, it is hoped, hereafter be fully traced. As the first Lady Ashburton was a great admirer and patron of Thomas Carlyle, so the second, Louisa Lady Ashburton, also became, as Froude says, the guardian genius of the home at Cheyne Row. Early in 1867 she invited Carlyle to Mentone, after his wife's death, and under her hospitable roof part of his Reminiscences was written.

Scientific research had also an irresistible attraction for a mind ever bent on the quest for truth. She eagerly followed the lectures at the British Institute, of which she was a member; watching the experiments with delight, and staying behind to discuss them afterwards with the professors, who were often her personal friends. Music, in relation to herself, can be best described as a rapture to her fine ear and cultivated taste. Art, in its highest, noblest development, became very early in life a second nature to the friend of Landseer (a constant guest at Loch Luichart), Alfred Stephens, Watts, Burne-Jones, and Holman Hunt, whose religious paintings appealed strongly to her nature; and, as many an artist can testify, she always extended to every form of art a consistent and generous patronage. The remarkable collection of pictures she has left behind her remains a convincing proof of an unerring instinct and a faultless discernment of the merits of a good picture, be the artist who he may. She was, moreover, a kind and indulgent critic of amateur art; and, no mean proficient in it herself, she found it a great resource in hours of loneliness, and she also made it the inseparable companion of her travels.

It was in her love of variety that may be found the secret of her delight in travel—either because she wished to know all the aspects of human life, in

† Sermons on Some Words of St Paul, by Dr Liddon (Sermon VI. p. 85).

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^{*} Louisa Caroline Baroness Ashburton, daughter of the Right Hon. James Alexander and the Hon. Mrs Stewart Mackenzie, was the widow of William Bingham, Baron Ashburton, and mother of Maysie Marchioness of Northampton. Born in the Lewis 5th March 1827, she passed into eternal life 2nd February 1903.

order to minister to them accordingly, or because the wonders of nature, in whatever clime they were to be found, were so many revelations to her of the goodness of their Creator. Whether it was the simplest flower or the smallest shell, or whether it was some gorgeous effect of scenery, it would call up an expression of delight upon her countenance, accompanied with the exclamation, 'Is it not exquisite?' quickly followed by a special thanks-giving for that as for everything else to the Giver of all.

Then there was the intellect, quick as lightning to discern men and things, and the trained judgment ready to analyse and classify them. But, ever a lenient judge, she was swift to praise, and from a real humility and self-diffidence, which strangely accompanied the powerful side of her nature, she was slow to condemn the faults of others, conscious, far more than the most captious critic, of her own shortcomings. Only those who were admitted into her close intimacy had any idea of a certain yearning sweetness of disposition, a tenderness of thought and affection, which craved for and never failed to call forth a corresponding tenderness and devotion in those who were so fortunate as to be honoured with her regard.

High courage, the courage of her race—and who has not heard of the Seaforth Highlanders?—stands last but not least among her great qualities. It was, moreover, the highest form of courage: the courage of endurance, and it was put to severe tests. Side by side with the power of enjoyment which was so marked a characteristic of her nature was an equal capacity for suffering. This was doubly tried: first, in seeing the long illness of her daughter, the being she loved best on earth, who, fading year by year before her eyes, preceded her by six months to the grave. Then her own illness, which she met with unflinching heroism and the same Christian resignation with which she had meekly accepted the first and greatest of the two trials of her faith, only once observing towards the close of her life, 'I trust God has not many months of suffering in store for me; but never mind, whatever it is, it is all right.'

All these many sides of her character, when viewed as a whole, and standing as it were a little distance from them, find themselves merged in that grace of charity in the sense defined by Dr Liddon, which, like the sparkle of a brilliant gem, gathered into itself, and then flashed light around her upon the various spheres in which she moved, from the Highlands, the favoured home of her birth and of her race, to the squalid slums of London, defiled with sin and darkened with misery. A very different side of life must have revealed itself to the dwellers in that part of London when, some twenty years ago, Lady Ashburton made her first courageous descent upon Canning Town, bought the land, and established her mission, with its unpretending title, The Louisa Ashburton Mission and Home of Rest for Seamen.

Nor was it to the money so lavishly spent so much as to the personal influence which accompanied it that the transformation was due. The beautiful mission-hall for meetings, the large coffee-house, with the fifty rooms above for the use of sailors who landed friendless and homeless and exposed to every temptation—all these, admirable as they were, would have been shorn of half their value without the living interest and constant presence of their generous founder. No one could doubt that who had ever accompanied Lady Ashburton on her visits to her mission, continued in spite of age and infirmity up to the last year of her life.

Every night of the week the hall was opened to the people, and a series of lectures were given, arranged generally by herself, with characteristic quickness of discernment and vigour of touch, and provided for, it is needless to say, at her own cost. They embraced the wide fields of science (simplified to reach the understanding of the audience), travels, and history, illustrated by magic-lantern slides; one night in the week, besides Sunday, being always reserved for spiritual instruction. This was the night generally preferred for her own visit, and the addresses of the evening would not be looked upon as complete without some few words from herself. Then she would quietly rise from her accustomed seat, and, turning to the people, would contribute in her sweet, rich, beautiful voice some reflections upon the subject of the evening's discourse, never forgetting to emphasise the one unfailing theme of the boundless love of God and the unsearchable riches of Christ.

No wonder the people loved her, and gave—all they had to give—their earnest sympathy and their heartfelt prayers; or that they melted into tears the last time she spoke to them, in her deep-mourning dress, with the stamp of recent sorrow upon the face endeared to them for so many years; and that, when the little address, quietly and simply given, was over, the women pressed up to her to take her hand and ask God's blessing on their dear lady. They never saw her again in life, though some stole up to her residence at Kent House to take one longing farewell look at the much-loved face as it lay in its last peaceful repose, lit with the smile of heaven.

Besides this mission begun at Canning Town, a little colony of Homes to give the East Londoners country air was established by Lady Ashburton on her estate at Addiscombe, within a drive of London. Here came the poor little ailing children to the 'Mary Baring Nest,' named after her beloved daughter—the mothers with their babies to the Dovecot (associated with the name of George Holland); the worn-out, hard-worked parent to the Louisa Lady Ashburton Rest. A Home for Girls and a Mission-Hall for Boys—would-be 'hooligans,' but converted by care and kind discipline into useful servants of their country, soldiers or otherwise—complete the sketch, for it does not pretend

to be anything more, of Lady Ashburton's works in London for the poor.

Her Christian philanthropy accompanied her wherever she dwelt, wherever she went. Melchet, the great hall of her beautiful house was more often used for the entertainment of the poor than the rich. Here the dead months of the year were enlivened, once a fortnight, by a lecture or an entertainment of an instructive kind or a missionary meeting illustrated by pictures, to bring home to the villagers at Melchet the realities of the mission-fields. One of the most remarkable meetings was a spiritual gathering last October, when for two days clergy from different parts of England came to address the people, reading and explaining the Bible with the object of deepening the spiritual life; and during the whole time the hall was filled by people of all ranks and classes, eager to profit by the occasion. The school, pronounced by the Diocesan Inspector to be the best in the diocese, and the church now being rebuilt to the memory of her daughter, prove how actively Lady Ashburton pursued to the very end her schemes for the welfare, temporal and eternal, of the people committed to her charge.

It was in these last months of her life, when the advancing illness had nearly sapped her strength, that she braced herself for one more personal effort in her great love of souls. Returning from church one Sunday, she perceived a group of young men and boys smoking and idling outside a publichouse adjoining the churchyard. The thought struck her that she would hold a Bible-class in the public-house itself, to show them better things. Undiscouraged by the opposition, at first, of the landlady, she carried her point; and the next Sunday found her sitting in the room next the bar, her Bible in her hand, and a class of eighteen men and boys, ranging from the ages of sixteen to twenty-five, opposite to her. If she had not opened her lips, the effort for their sake, in spite of age, infirmity, and pain, would have been a sermon in itself; but, quite unaware of anything in the least remarkable in what she had done, she went on with the carefully prepared instruction, and held their attention for more than an hour. instructions were the result not only of careful preparation for the special occasion, but of a mind deeply stored with the knowledge of the Holy Scripture, studied from her youth up, and pursued with unremitting zest to the last conscious moments of her life. It was not only a sense of duty, but a real delight in its pages, which made the Holy Bible to be preferred above all other books. 'You should dig deep into the Bible,' she would say; and they were hours of unfeigned happiness which she spent in this search after hidden treasures, to her far more precious than silver or gold, to be produced afterwards and shared with others, for of her it might well be said, 'I have not hid Thy righteousness within my heart; I have declared Thy faithfulness and Thy salvation' (Ps. xl. 10).

To a person so deeply imbued with the spirit of religion, the visit which she had been able to accomplish a few years previously to the Holy Land had formed a crowning event in her life. It was no mere sight-seer who gazed on Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives, who went down to Jericho, who recalled the pathetic incident of Bethany, who visited the sacred spot at Bethlehem and Nazareth, who spent Good Friday on Mount Calvary, and very early on the morning of Easter went to 'see the place where the Lord lay,' or, 'after these things,' stood on the shore of the Lake of Tiberias, where the Saviour had appeared to His disciples after His resurrection. Although these scenes became henceforward bright pictures in the Bible that she loved, the interest did not stop there or remain a matter of sentiment only. At each place in turn her first inquiry was: 'Where is the mission station;' the next as to the work, whether it was imparting to the Jews or to the heathen the knowledge of the Master whose footsteps had made sacred that spot of land to the people now living upon it. Then would follow the practical help always accompanied by the eager sympathy which doubled the value of her gift.

To select only one more scene from this remarkable life: the summer breakfast in the Highlands. July and August at Loch Luichart were to her the holiday months of the year, and she would begin the glorious summer days with breakfast on the terrace, under the birch-trees overlooking the loch. When it was over she would either read the Bible herself and explain it, or if some clergyman were her guest she would ask him to read and explain some portion of the 'blessed Book,' as she always called it. The servants would be fetched from the house, the gardeners from their work in the garden, and all would sit together under the trees, listening in that wonderful stillness of the Highlands, while the lake lay in shimmering silver below, and the mountains rose behind a veil of trembling purple mist—to the words of eternal life.

How these memories must have returned to the faithful Highland hearts as, in the chill winds of February blowing bleak over the hills, they stood bareheaded to hear the fond and solemn tribute to their dead mistress, and then carried her to her last resting-place by the little kirk on the breezy hillside where she had so often worshipped! There was not a dry eye when the coffin was lowered into the grave; but as they looked upwards, while the earth fell in soft thuds with the mournful regularity of a minute-gun, there doubtless came back to their minds the recollection of their preacher's text: 'They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever' (Dan. xii. 3).

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

CHAPTER XXI. - BARBE TO THE RESCUE.



ARBE had watched the light on the cliff the night before with the keenest curiosity. She had abundant faith in Sergeant Gaudriol, and felt certain he would get to the bottom of the mystery in some way or other. She

had seen the boats steal out in the twilight, and she waited eagerly for the light on the Head to appear. Suppose it should fail them this night? If it did she would think it was some evil thing that feared detection; but if it burned as usual she would be confirmed in the belief that it was endeavouring to attract attention. So she waited in great excitement, and the minutes seemed hours. She began to fear it was not coming, when it suddenly shot out and startled her as much as it did the men in the boats, and she drew a breath of relief.

Now what would they do? She heard nothing, saw nothing. The light burned its usual time and disappeared, and nothing whatever happened. She hardly slept a wink for thinking of it, and startled Pierre into a bad temper by slipping silently through the lantern to the gallery before his watch was up, to stand there searching the shadowy cliffs with anxious eyes. Had the men in the boats done anything? Was the mystery explained? She fairly ached to know.

A single soft pencil of rosy light stole up the gray curtain behind Cap Réhel, like a holy finger calling a sleeping world to life and worship. The eastern dimness fluttered, softened, melted at the touch of the unseen fires, and the new day came like the silent unfolding of a majestic flower, glory after glory, till the great golden heart of it blazed up behind the cliffs, and Barbe was bathed in its splendours. It was a perfectly still morning. The tide was running up to the flood, soundless and smooth as glass. The boiling Pot seemed still asleep, the white clouds of birds on the Head showed no sign of life, and where sea met land there was no fringe of foam.

As Barbe stood there in the morning glory, gazing earnestly towards the cliffs, there came along the breath of the dawn—or so it seemed to her—and so real was it that she gripped the rail with both hands and panted with the wonder of it—a muffled, tremulous whisper: 'Barbe!—Barbe!—Barbe!' and she threw out her arms towards the sound, crying 'Alain!—Alain!' Then she stood wondering at the sound and at herself. Could it be real, or was it only the outcome of her own great longing? She could not tell; but it had seemed very real to her.

The moment she was free from necessary household duties she lowered the boat while Pierre still slept, and pulled quickly across to Plenevec. She no longer acknowledged Pierre's right to control her actions; he had said she was not his daughter. Very well, then! It suited her to live at the Light, since she had nowhere else to go; but she considered herself at liberty to leave it if she chose at any moment, so long as her doing so did not interfere with the proper discharge of its duties.

Barbe passed Jan Godey pulling out of the bay as she pulled in. 'Did you learn anything last night, Jan Godey?' she cried.

'No, nothing,' said Jan, and pulled out to his float.

'M. le Sergeant is not there,' an old woman told her as she knocked at Gaudriol's door. 'He is gone with everybody else up the cliff to catch the devil.'

Barbe hurried after them. She found all Plenevec on top of Cap Réhel, and a heated discussion in progress as to the fit and proper person to be let down by a rope to see if anything was to be found out about the mysterious light. Unanimous opinion indicated Sergeant Gaudriol himself as that person; and the old man acknowledged the suitability of the choice, but confessed his doubts as to his fitness for the job-which, indeed, offered no inducements to any one. Even an expert cragsman would find it no pleasure-trip; and one did not need to break one's neck to prove that there was a devil. If M. le Sergeant was anxious to make his personal acquaintance, why, now was his chance! He might rail and storm and jeer, and call them every name under the sun; but there was nothing in the law that could compel them to go down there on any such fool's errand. No, parbleu! -a thousand times, no! There was the cliff, and out there was Jan Godey in his boat, hanging on to the float. The ropes were there, and the brave, strong men to hold them at the top, and slack and pull to order; but the leading rôle was still vacant.

Sergeant Gaudriol was beginning to think he would have to doff his plumage and go himself, though he felt very doubtful about ever coming up again, for the whirling clouds of birds and the seething gulf made his head swim as it was, when Barbe came panting up the slope behind.

'Tiens! La Carcassone,' said one to another. 'She'll go if you ask her, M. le Sergeant.'

'Go where?' asked Barbe as she joined them.
'I will go anywhere M. Gaudriol wants me to go.'

'But I don't want you to go, ma fille. I want one of these hulking lumps to go; but they are all afraid. It seems I must go myself.'

'Down there?' asked Barbe.

'But yes,' chorused a dozen of them. 'Down there in a rope among the birds to look for the devil that makes the light.'

'And who will hold the ropes?'

They were all ready, willing, even anxious to

hold the ropes. They were bold and gallant men enough at the right end of the ropes; but at the wrong end, and on such a questionable quest—ma foi, that was quite another affair.

'I will go, M. Gaudriol,' said Barbe. 'My head is steady with being up in the Light, you see. If they will make me a loop big enough to sit in, and a thin cord for signals, I will go.'

They would make her twenty loops if she wanted them, and give her all the signal-cords she could hold

'I was afraid I would not be in time,' she said naïvely as she watched them testing the loop. 'I was afraid some one else would have gone.' They looked at her in very great surprise, and saw that there was a red flush on the pallid tan of her face, that her eyes were shining like jewels set in velvet cases, and that her lips were almost smiling.

'But, ma fille' began the Sergeant.

'It is Alain, M. le Sergeant. He called to me this morning,' she said, and the old man shot a quick look of surprise at her.

'Heavens, she is mad!' said a woman; and that was the opinion of the rest.

'The good God will take care of her,' said another, who was prepared to hang round her own husband's neck as a dissuasive if he had offered to go—which he had not the slightest intention of doing.

'But yes, it is true, they are under His care,' said another.

'But, ma fille' began Sergeant Gaudriol once more.

'There is no need, M. le Sergeant,' said Barbe. 'It is for me, this,' and she caught up the thin line and bade one of them knot it round her right wrist.

'Voyons! she said, 'what are the signals?'

'One for up, two for down, three for right, four for left,' said the man who was knotting the line. 'To stop her, shake the cord.'

'Bien! Now, messieurs, I am ready;' and she stood inside the loop, gathered it up in her two hands, and stepped to the edge of the cliff. Those who saw her say that her face shone with a glory like the face of the Holy Mother in their childhood's dreams; but it may have been only the glory of the morning sun and of the great hope that was in her.

She set her feet firmly against the slope, with her back to the sea, and settled her weight down into the bight of the rope against the steady pull of twenty strong hands.

'Allons!' and the rope ran slowly from hand to hand, and then all that the silent half-circle of

watchers saw was the groove it cut in the close, rough turf of the cliff-edge, and beyond that the flawless blue of the sea, and between these the whirling cloud of birds that rose and circled and swooped, and screamed curses at the invader of their solitudes.

The faces up there on the cliff were pale and anxious, and they whispered to one another that she had gone to her death, unless indeed the good God held her safe because she was mad; and Sergeant Gaudriol's face was black. But if they could still have watched the face that swung there between sea and sky they would have seen it glowing with a radiance as bright and steady as the lamp that swings before the altar and goes not out by day or night; and the light was not the light of the sun.

When, for seven nights, Alain Carbonec had burned his toilsomely constructed flares and reaped no reward, his spirits sank somewhat. He went on doggedly making more, however, and burned twenty each night, and told himself that the continuance of the light was bound sooner or later to catch some people's eye and lead them to investigate it. Their superstitious fears, he knew, would stand in the way of that; but Gaudriol was a man, and when Gaudriol heard of the strange light on Cap Réhel, Alain did not believe he would rest till he found out what it meant. Every spare moment he could snatch from his torch-making Alain spent at the lookout, watching for the slightest indication of results. When the peephole was occupied by the torch he could, of course, see nothing.

He scrambled up his platform in the early morning of the day after Gaudriol and his men had watched the light from their boats, and his eyes lighted on Barbe just as the first sun-rays were playing on her and flashing back from the glass of the lantern behind her, so that she seemed bathed in the golden glory. In a passion of longing he burrowed into the funnel towards her and shouted, 'Barbe!-Barbe!' The cry rumbled up into the roof behind him in murmurous thunders, and some of it, fined to a point by the tenuity of its passage, escaped through the hole in front, travelled tremulously along the still morning air to Barbe, and reached her like a whisper from another world. He saw her throw out her arms towards him, as though she had indeed heard, and his heart leaped with hope. He watched her drop the boat and row swiftly towards the shore out of his sight, and he sat at his lookout and waited.

(To be continued.)



LEGENDS ABOUT INVERAWE.*

By Mrs CAMPBELL of Dunstaffnage.

The peak of the mighty Ben Cruachan
Above me soars up in the mist;
Below, by the waters of Etive,
The feet of the proud one are kissed.
SHERLER NICHOLSON.

I tell the tales as they were told to me.



HAVE been asked to write a paper on the legends about Inverawe. I have hesitated whether I should dilate merely on those legends of which, to my knowledge, there is no written account, or only relate indiscrimi-

nately those furnished to me in various ways. I have decided, in going over the ground, to follow the locality and give the incidents and legends identical to the spots with which they are associated in my mind, without wearying my readers and straining my own memory by supplying notes of the various springs of my knowledge. I repeat, 'I tell the tales as they were told to me.'

Perhaps there are few properties of similar dimensions so fraught with lore of varied and interesting character. Long would be my spare time, still longer your patience, my readers, were I to attempt an entire chronicle of the 'stories of Inverawe.'

Landing at the ferry of the river Awe, we notice where the old road-meetings were held in the days when there was no Bridge of Awe, and when the public road to Oban was only by the river ferry. The block of buildings where these meetings were held was considered the original habitation of the White Lady, now known as or designated the White Maid of Inverawe.

It was here that her gentle spirit presided over the interests of the county magnates who assembled to conduct their business. Not only was she good to them, but she arranged for the weal of the fishermen at the nets: putting lights for them on dark nights when they came over to look after their nets, and aiding them in many ways.

The county meetings at this place were discontinued, and the White Lady lamented their loss. The fishermen teased her for the blank caused by the discontinuance of her gallants' visits, somewhat ungratefully it would seem, as even in her disappointment she still had not ceased to wait on her friends of lower degree. 'A woman scorned!' We all know the quotation. It was the old story: the dove-like spirit fled, and the White Maid became an evil genius! False lights appeared, &c. The fishermen's ire was roused, and they used means—I know not what—to make the habitation miserable for their former guardian. The White Maid, in a passion,

left her loch-side dwelling, retreating to Inverawe House, where she became once more an entirely gentle spirit, stepping over every night from the panelled room, which to this day bears her name, to the opposite apartment known as the Oak Room, the scene of the revelation of the 'Ticonderoga vision:' whoever slumbered there received from her presence an exceedingly blessed period of rest and of fair visions. Before guests were expected she carried out the furniture and aired it, and, after dusting it carefully, replaced it in neat order; and it is believed that she still does so. When one of the old family of Inverawe, in direct male line, comes to visit at the mansion, the White Maid is supposed to know of his advent, and to place a chair ready for him at the evening meal.

In the Oak Room hangs a picture of a fair young girl dressed in white and of extreme pallor. It might be thought that this was a portrait of the White Maid, and has, I fancy, been so described; but it is in reality a likeness of my grand-aunt, Elizabeth Campbell of Monzie, who at the age of sixteen died from the effects of drinking a glass of iced water when heated with dancing at a ball in Edinburgh. The picture was painted after death by her sister.

At the ferry I go round the point, and, looking longingly up the loch-side, wishing I could take you to the Beech Drawing-room, and up to the 'Red Shealing,' of young Campbell of Inverawe and Mary Cameron of Callart's romantic honeymoon at the time of the plague, which Mrs Campbell of Islay has so beautifully described in her exquisite poem.

Walking up from the ferry, we pass the Summer-House, of which a little history might be written, as it was a dwelling-house where many and varied lives were lived, accompanied by a tragedy. A pot used to hang here to catch the salmon in true poaching fashion; and when it was found empty, after the connecting-bell was jerked, the old wife ascribed the damage to the White Maid's antics at the time when the road-meetings were abolished.

I look into the woods and wish I knew more about Green Jean. All the little remnants that linger in my mind anent that lady are of so poetic and attractive a character that they would form a lovely tale could they be collected—that, and 'the laugh in the hall' at twelve o'clock at night. I must now sadly confess that perhaps there is little of the dramatic touch here which all authors should employ if they wish effect; but I am not a believer in ghosts; and my oldest friend—who has slept quite alone, unaccompanied even by a dog, in the old house of Inverawe as it now stands, in the depth of winter—being himself a Highlander, and thus naturally prone to superstition, declares he neversaw or heard anything.

^{*} This paper was written for The Celtic Union of Edinburgh, 1902.

You must come with me, in spirit, up to the loch, low down on Cruachan, in the wood, and look at the old graveyard where the people were buried who died of the plague: a dream-spot.

I leave the 'Ticonderoga vision' alone, except to say that it is no common ghost-story, but a distinct appearance which occurred three times to one individual—namely, Major Duncan Campbell of Inverawe, who married my great-grand-aunt, Jean Campbell, daughter of Colonel Alexander Campbell of Fonab, hero of the Darien Expedition. It was their daughter, Mrs Pitman, who sold Inverawe to my great-grandfather, her maternal uncle, Colonel Robert Campbell of Monzie. My great-grand-aunt slept calmly at her husband's side on the two occasions when the vision appeared to him in the Oak Room, and knew nothing of the occurrence till she was roused by his distress. The final and fatal occasion was Ticonderoga, in New York State.

I remember Dean Stanley visiting this apartment. He stood in absorbing interest, thus completing a tour he had made of the places of note connected with one of his books. Sir Thomas Dick Lauder gives the best account of this legend.

We pass up the drive skirting Ben Cruachan, the 'Opal Mountain,' and it does truly take the jeweltints of the clach uasal (the Campbell stone); and we do not wonder at the strong faith which the Campbells of Inverawe put on their oath, 'By Cruachan!'

We step down to the cruive, or salmon-trap, and remember with interest how the charter for its use was given to the old Lairds of Inverawe by their chief in reward for their constant practice of bringing up a few poor orphans. The salmon caught there helped well in the support of these children.

We continue to Alt-na-beiste, and remember the 'Tale of the Deer,' which has been well described in Lord Archibald Campbell's Waifs and Strays of Cellic Tradition. My mother and a companion one morning very early saw a red deer at the spot 'where a red deer should be,' according to the fairy-tale. Neither my mother nor her companion had ever before or after seen a ghost. I do not know whether this should properly be called a 'ghost' or 'fairy' tale; but you can read it and decide for yourselves.

Crossing the Breadalbane march, we go down to the Bridge of Awe, and look to see if the clacknammnathan ('stone of the women') is uncovered. In the days when there was no bridge, and passengers had to ford the river on foot, the women knew they could not attempt it unless this stone was to be seen.

How beautiful is the Awe as it rushes down to feed Loch Etive! We do not wonder that poetic lore has used it as a type of constancy:

The Awe's fierce river backward turn;
But I, were e'en such wonder done,
Would never wed the Earlie's son.
(SIR WALTER SCOTT.)

The Awe shall cease to flow,

Ere we forgetfulness of thee can know.

(MBS CAMPBELL OF ISLAY.)

By the Bridge of Awe, on the Fannan Lands of Inverawe, is the beautiful spot, Croc-na-cachlaidh ('the Hill of the Gate'), where Sir Walter Scott used to meet with the learned Dr MacIntyre, minister of Glenorchy, to discuss topics of local history; and it was here that the great novelist conceived the idea of the Tale of the Highland Widow, though the scene was not laid on this spot. We feel we are on classic ground!

When the Bridge of Awe was in course of building, one night a great flood came and all the stonework was swept away; but the wooden framework remained untouched. There were many tales of interest about the building of the Bridge of Awe. I take a longing look at the site of MacFadyan's Stone, now broken up, and wish I could tell you fully the history of his escape to it, of the spiking, and all the attendant excitement.

I go through Brander over the march to Leiters, and feel tempted to ask you to linger with me for some hours musing on the scenes of various adventures in the lives of my forebears. I would like to take you across in the boat to Frocheilein, and to dispute with Hamerton the right of detailing the romantic account of the Fiery Dragon and the Golden Apples; but we cannot go to-day to the 'Gardens of the Hesperides of the Highlands.' Read Hamerton instead.

We must step over to the romantic solitudes of Glen Nant. I will not trench on my neighbour's ground, so I hurry you through the Loch Nell property, past the Lover's Leap, and bid you, after winding through the woodland, step with me into that wealth of Heatherland. It is not the season for heather-bloom; but I know no stretch of country where the purple plant shows to such perfection as in the ground between the banks of the Nant and the village of Kilchrennan.

The Excisemen's Cairn is the spot to which I lead you; and, even to-day, we may find a stalwart Highlander placing a stone upon the pile. In the days of smuggling two excisemen hit upon a still at Shellachan. Some fierce men attacked them, and would have killed them. Archibald Campbell and Dugald Campbell defended 'the keep;' the excisemen succeeded in seizing them, but fled before a scythe. The men followed them, with a large gathering of women. Donald MacIntyre overtook them with a sword, with which he sliced off the ear of one of the excisemen. Dugald Campbell fired three times with a rifle, and he knocked the excisemen down. Donald MacIntyre was apprehended and tried at Inveraray before Lord Succoth, and condemned to twelve months' imprisonment for the injury done to the man Inglis. This was about 1825 or 1827. The cairn was erected with pride.

Farther up the hill, near the Old House of Achna-craoibhe, we see the Battery, as the spot is called, where, about 1600, Sir Donald Campbell of Barbeck,

Lochow, met Baron MacCorquodale, each with a following of men, to settle in fair fight a quarrel recently sprung up between these two magnates. Before starting the fray, MacCorquodale, who was an old man, stepped forward and said, 'Is it not a pity that all these men on both sides should risk their lives on account of our quarrel? Shall not the two men whom it concerns fight it out single-handed?' Instead of fighting they shook hands and parted in amity.

We cross the road to Barachander, and visit on the island the Old Store-House, or Safety Dwelling of the MacCorquodales, which is surrounded by the waters of Loch Tromlee. The date of the windows is about 1503; and I am glad that this much remains of that family's architectural glory, for of the castle once on a neighbouring property I fear there is nothing left. I am glad to say that some of their descendants still live on their ancient lands here, in friendly feeling with the present owners. And the Baron's Stone, where MacCorquodale gave judgment, is an honoured possession.

Not far from Barachander is the Big House Pass

which marks where the original residence of Mac-Corquodale stood. When the castle was vacated for the dwelling-house I know not, nor if both stood at the same time.

You must step down with me to the Dubhloch and spin many webs of memory there, and then up to Loch-an-draighne, to Lochan-na-creige, then to Loch-na-squabaich, and farther by the shores of Loch Nant, culling much health and vigour from the wondrous winds that blow so strongly on the ascents above these mountain gems. But we leave the further investigation of their mysteries, past and present (including the beautiful trout therein!), till a future season, when the climate is more congenial for gathering the material for the December flames. Now I leave, in fancy's flight, these scenes which lie in the parishes of Glenorchy, Innishail, Kilchrennan, and Ardchattan, and return to the lower waters of Loch Etive, where

I see the grey strength of Dunstaffnage Keeping ward on the way of the seas; and where, as another poet says, 'Dunstaffnage hears the roaring of Connel with the rocks engaging.'

MOTES AND BEAMS.

PART II.



ERTUE, full of his visions of a future millennium, paid no heed. He left his wife, and hurried to his laboratory, where he stayed till the small hours, subjecting his crystal to all kinds of tests. The next day he

shut himself up, and the day after. For months he worked, until the formation and chemical constitution of the spar at last revealed themselves to him. He saw how to reproduce mechanically this wonderful work of Nature, and, after many weeks of toil, succeeded in manufacturing 'detective crystals,' as he called them, in fairly large quantities. Soon afterwards he appeared with spectacles of this peculiar kind. They did not improve his appearance; but he cared nothing for that. Truth, and truth only, was his aim. He could hardly be persuaded to leave them off at night; he had a kind of fancy that even dreams might be made truthful if his spectacles could be brought to bear on them-that his crystal was part of the 'gate of horn.'

For a little time the thought of making instant gain out of his discovery haunted his breast. He knew what a sale that crystal would command—from judges, from doctors, and above all from schoolmasters. Armed with this new weapon of precision, men in posts where knowledge of character is necessary would wield almost irresistible powers. But he decided to keep it back, at least for a time. His motives, had they been analysed by the detective spectrum, would have appeared

mixed. Chief among them was perhaps the consciousness that his own character, if viewed through the crystal, would not seem altogether admirable. The world, like his wife, would cease to revere him. No; he must keep the secret to himself. He would inspect and dissect others; but others must not too minutely inspect him. Thus it was that he was the only one in the world who ever wore those spectacles.

For some time they gave him a kind of satisfaction. It was delightful to look at the sun and see its single light analysed into its component colours. The green grass, also, which to the ordinary eye appears a simple hue, was to him a combination. He could not help a little sensation of pride as he thought how the average man, absorbed in his feeble conceptions of beauty, yields himself up to falsehood, while he, Vertue, alone was undeceived. Flowers, autumn tints, the sky, the sea—all that we think so beautiful, Vertue, gazing upon them with a scientific eye, found not beautiful but true.

His spectroscope, if useful in thus drawing off the hypocritical mask of beauty from Nature, was infinitely more so in stripping the mask of rectitude from man. Vertue found that he had not exaggerated its powers. To his mingled shame and pleasure, he found that several vices in his friends, which had eluded him before, were now revealed in all their nakedness. He was ashamed because he had never suspected them hitherto; delighted because the spectroscope was faithful to its promises. The vicar, for example, Vertue had always thought hospitable; but under the scrutiny of the crystal he appeared bored, and anxious for his visitor to depart. Wilson the solicitor, again, whom Vertue had regarded as one of his special disciples, now showed up in his true colours as a humbug of the first water. 'He detests and despises me—me!' said Vertue, utterly confounded at the man's duplicity, but glad to have detected it.

Knowledge is power; and Vertue loved power. He was, accordingly, for some time filled with enthusiasm for the crystal which gave him what he so much loved; but gradually he began to perceive the disadvantages of this superhuman penetration. As was natural, the number of his friends rapidly diminished. He got into the way of answering their remarks not according to their words but according to their thoughts; and it was not surprising that people resented his language.

- 'I hardly agree with you there,' said Wilson to him one day, in the course of a political argument.
- 'I am not going to be insulted by you,' said Vertue.
- 'Who insulted you?' asked Wilson. 'Surely one may differ with you?'
- 'You needn't call me the biggest fool you ever knew in your life,' cried the other.
 - 'I never did,' retorted Wilson.
- 'No; but you thought it. Deny it if you can. Did you not say in your mind those very words?'

Wilson was amazed. Precisely those words had passed through his mind; but it was hard that, when he had been rigorously polite in language, he should be pulled up for thinking. 'Thought is free,' he replied.

'Make it less ostentatious, then,' said Vertue.
'Of all the insulting faces I ever saw, yours is the most so; and your soapy words only make it worse.'

Fortunately Wilson kept his temper; but after three or four conversations of the kind the friendship between the two men languished considerably.

With the vicar the case was much the same. One morning Vertue called on his old and genial comrade. The vicar rose from his desk, at which he had been working on his Sunday sermon. Had Vertue not been wearing his spectacles he would have seen a kindly smile of welcome; but unfortunately the spectacles were on, and he saw a frown of annoyance at the unseasonable interruption.

- 'Good-morning, Vertue,' said the vicar pleasantly. 'Take a chair.'
- 'You needn't say what a beastly bore I am,' answered Vertue irritably.
 - 'My dear fellow, I said no such thing.'
- 'But you thought it. If I am a bore, I don't like to be told so.'

- 'Well,' replied the clergyman, nobly keeping down his anger, 'I may have been a little irritated for the moment at having to break off my sermon; but that's all over. What's it you want?'
- 'You want to get rid of me. I see it,' answered Vertue, whose fatal spectacles revealed the minutest and obscurest wish in other persons' minds, however far in the background it might hide
- 'I must say, Vertue, that you seem inclined to take offence where none is meant. I believe you are ill. Everybody notices this strange irritability. Wilson was saying so the other day.'
 - 'I don't care what Wilson says.'
- 'My dear fellow, don't be angry. Can't you see that you are alienating your friends by this strange conduct?'
 - 'I see it-none more clearly.'
- 'Then why act so? Take a doctor's advice; go to the seaside for a time. Your nerves are out of order.'
- 'Oh, I understand,' answered the perspicacious man of science angrily. 'You are thinking that if I am away your little coterie will be more harmonious.'

Here the vicar flushed all over his face. He was conscious that such a thought, in precisely those words, had passed through his mind, and it was only human nature that this very fact should make him angry. Had Vertue accused him of a thought he had not harboured he could have passed the insult by; but because he had harboured it, and yet refused to utter it, he lost his temper. We may perhaps forgive him.

'Vertue,' he said, 'you are intolerable. Every word of mine you twist and turn into a studied impertinence. I cannot permit you, old acquaintance as you are, to treat me in this way. Trust me, I shall not speak to you till you apologise.'

Vertue rose. 'You are not acting now,' he said, and went out, banging the door behind him; and the vicar, distressed and perplexed, sat on for some time before he could settle his mind again to his sermon.

Similar scenes occurred everywhere. In a few weeks Vertue had ceased to be on speaking terms with any of his old acquaintances. His wife and children, unfortunately, had to speak to him; but the task of doing so became daily more irksome to them. Hardly a single word they said to him was believed; for Vertue's morbid perception detected the very slightest irritation, however suppressed; and he would flame into fury at the most innocent remarks. If his wife tried to soothe him, he accused her of being weary of him. If she spoke with gentle reproof, he retorted with terrible anger to her unspoken thoughts. At length the poor woman's life became a burden almost too heavy to be borne. On one occasion, indeed, she ventured a mild remonstrance.

'What are you thinking of suicide for?' he

said. The idea had really passed through her mind. In spite of all her experience of his wonderful powers of penetration, she was amazed at this.

'How did you know I was thinking of it?' she cried.

'Of course I knew,' he answered. 'Every thought you think is plain to me.'

'Oh yes,' said she, 'the crystal, of course. It is an accursed thing; it has made you a perfect fiend, and my life a misery. Won't you give it up? We were happy once, before you wished to know.'

'Give it up?' he cried. 'Give up my power, my superiority to other men? Never.'

'Superiority!' she said. 'A miserable inquisitiveness. You are nothing but a Paul Pry, seeking out things that you have no business to know, that God meant to be secret. But you have no right to make others miserable too. Be a poor wretch yourself if you like; but don't make me and our children wretched as well.'

'Do what you like,' he replied, answering as usual her unspoken thought; for he knew she meant to leave him.

Though she had all but made up her mind to do so, a fortunate idea saved her. Happening to observe her husband while he was brushing his hair in the morning, she noticed on his face a look of unusual self-abasement. What could be the reason? Suddenly the explanation occurred to her. The mirror and the spectacles combined were giving him the same unflattering insight into his own soul which the spectacles, unaided by the mirror, usually gave him into the souls of others, and the effect, if painful, was obviously salutary. It occurred to her that the shaving quart d'heure was the least mauvais of the day's ninety-six; and she recalled the first occasion on which he had used the crystal before the mirror. He had been distinctly uncomfortable on seeing himself as he was, and he had certainly shown an unwonted mildness and humility. Was it not -she wondered-possible to contrive some means by which he should constantly behold the beam in his own eye, and thus have less leisure for rejoicing over his discovery of motes in the eyes of others? As she wondered she gained decision, and rose from bed with her resolution formed.

For the next few days, resolved on keeping her purpose dark to her sharp-sighted husband, she avoided his company as much as possible; but within a week her plans were mature, and she was able to act with Napoleonic swiftness. On coming down in the morning Vertue found the walls of the breakfast-room, divested of their pictures, hung with huge mirrors instead. As his wife watched him she noticed his expression suddenly change from its usual defiance to a humbled mildness. His mouth lost its cruelty and his jaw dropped. However, he said nothing, and sat down quietly to breakfast. It was a strangely

subdued voice that asked for the toast. There had been a slight change in the table arrangements. In front of him stood a shining coffeepot, which served as a fairly effective looking-glass. In the centre of the table, perpendicular to his line of sight, was a polished silver plaque or stand which reflected every feature of his face, so that whenever he looked across at his wife, who sat at the opposite end, he caught at least a partial view of himself. His countenance fell, and lighted on a silver plate, which also reflected a very unpleasant image of his own character. For that meal-time his remarks were mild—nay, humble; he said not a word about his wife's deceptiveness.

Passing into his laboratory, he found the same phenomenon. The walls there also were covered with mirrors, and, if they had not ears, possessed the most penetrating eyes. He felt, somehow, that morning less superior to the rest of the world. To his wife, when he met her in the dining-room, which also was one great looking-glass, he was milder than ever. In his bedroom at night, wherever he turned, he saw the same vision of unconcealed insolence, domineering conceit, and foolish pride. It was not till the light was put out that he felt the least comfort.

Next day it was the same. He began to believe that the mirrors told the truth, so persistent and unvarying was their unflattering message to his soul. 'You think yourself wise, they said; 'you are not. You think yourself learned; you are not. You are not superior to other people; your boasted penetration is not your own. So far as it is not mere malice, it is merely mechanical and factitious-nothing to boast of at all. You are not proud, but conceited; not superior, but insolent; not so much hated as utterly despised. You are an intellectual Pharisee, boasting you are not as these publicans: and it is true, because the publicans are better than you.' And so the terrible sermon repeated itself, hour after hour, with the most wearisome iteration. His wife was the fairy who had given him the gift of seeing himself as others saw him; and the gift was not a pleasant one.

Strange to say, it never occurred to him to remove the mirrors; and the reason was precisely that while he saw them the lesson they read him was so humiliating as to confound his will and break his spirit. Somehow, while revealing his meanness, they told him at the same time that it was well he should know it, and that to ignore their teaching was an act of greater meanness still. 'You love truth,' they said; 'here you have it. For very shame you cannot refuse to see it.' Thus, in spite of all his exasperation, he continued to read the story of his own baseness. He felt something of the fascination of a murderer listening to the Crown counsel as he details the crime.

His children wondered at the change in him.

No longer did he catch them up and rebuke them for everything they said or did; he spoke rarely, and when he spoke it was humbly, almost apologetically. They were awed by this new tone; and, had he cared to notice it, he could have seen that a new respect had taken the place of the old irritated fear. His wife, who alone understood, watched with interest the progress of her experiment; but, to her own surprise, a certain pity, and even a return of affection, mingled with her vigilance. She spoke kindly to him; she came even to haunt his laboratory and to share, as of old, in his soaring ideas.

At length, after days, as the mirrors wrought their change in him, they changed themselves. Their message was less harsh, their picture less repugnant. They showed him a vision, not of baseness, but of repentance. At times their surface was bedimmed with tears; for Vertue's heart, though not his eyes, had condescended even to weeping. Then, and not before, the strong and haughty soul was conquered, and that night, for the first time in many years, he bowed his knee to pray.

Next morning, strange to say, the mirrors gave back to him a pleasant image: not of serene and conceited self-satisfaction, but of quiet hope, not unmingled with a gentle distrust of self. Vertue gazed at them and smiled. He turned to his wife.

'Mary,' he said, 'the mirrors have done their work. Are you satisfied?'

For answer, she kissed him.

'If I break my crystals, will you remove the mirrors?'

'Of course,' said she.

THE CROSSBILL

By Captain J. H. BALDWIN.



NE of the most interesting among our winter migratory birds is the crossbill. It was the famed French naturalist, Count de Buffon, who pronounced the curious beak of the crossbill to be a 'defect' and

a 'useless deformity.' Buffon in all his writings never made a greater mistake; for in place of being useless, the crossed, overlapping mandibles of this bird—perhaps the most perfect instrument ever given to living creature by nature—enables it to obtain its chief food by opening the hard, resinous cones of the pine, and extracting the seeds from the interior. Without this powerful cutting bill the crossbill could not attain its object.

Another peculiarity of this bird, in which it imitates the manner of the parrot tribe, is its habit of bringing its powerful hooked bill into play when clambering about in search of fir-cones; and, what is still more interesting and exceptional with British birds, the crossbill constantly uses its strongly curved claws to grasp a cone and hold it in the required position for a rapid dissection. In fact, as has justly been remarked, were it not for the form of the feet the bird could not be distinguished from the parrot.

Before proceeding further I will endeavour briefly to describe this remarkable little bird. In size it is from six to seven inches in length, sometimes slightly more; in shape, thick-set and sturdy; the head large, the neck short, as also are the wings; the tail short and slightly forked; the bill somewhat lengthened, compressed towards the tip, and both mandibles produced so that the tips cross each other; the legs short, the claws long and hooked. I find it most difficult to give the tints and colouring of the crossbill, for the simple reason

that hardly any two specimens will be found to be exactly alike; and I venture to say that no British or foreign birds carry with them plumage so puzzling in variety or so difficult to describe.

Bewick, generally so accurate, is not altogether happy in his description of the crossbill, so I will borrow an excellent account from Bechstein. He says: 'If the crossbills are gray or speckled, they are young; if red, they are one year old, and have just moulted; if carmine, they are just about to moult for the second time; if spotted with red and yellow, they are two years old, and in full feather.' The above remarks are excellent. I may add that the eyes are hazel; that the under-parts of the body are in both sexes paler than above, low down in the body in some instances almost white; and that the legs are black.

In character the crossbill is remarkable for its vivacity and activity of movement; and when busy at work amid the fir-boughs a flock of these birds will remind the observer of the tit family, ever on the move, clambering about, and constantly using their peculiar bills to help them to reach their favourite food, fluttering from branch to branch, and hanging head downwards in all manner of graceful positions till a ripe cone is discovered, speedily divided, and the contents having been extracted, the shell falls with a dull thud on to the turf below.

While busy at work in some fir-plantation the birds keep up an incessant chatter, rather a shrill, monotonous note, which can be heard at a considerable distance. The cry differs so much from that of any other bird as to at once attract the attention of the naturalist, and one of the most pleasing qualities of the crossbill is its confiding character and unsuspicious way of approaching

human beings. It will continue feeding to within a few yards of any one standing motionless against a fir-trunk, alighting on boughs just overhead, till presently, having exhausted the supply of ripe cones, the birds pass on, one after the other, in undulating flight to some other group of firs hard by.

The continued chatter kept up by a flock of crossbills is no doubt intended to enable the birds to keep together in a flock and prevent members of the family from going astray. During the winter months, with fog hanging thick on the Scotch mountains, these great fir-woods become dark and gloomy throughout the day; and, were it not for the birds constantly calling to one another, it would be difficult for them to keep together.

The crossbill appears to be strictly arboreal. Like the woodpecker, its feet are not well adapted for walking on the ground. I have never seen it fly down after a falling cone which has escaped from its grasp; but no doubt it occasionally descends to drink.

Like our other migratory winter birds, the crossbill sometimes arrives in considerable flocks, generally appearing about October, while in other seasons very few will be seen or heard. The bird is an inhabitant of cold climates, such as Scandinavia and Russia. It is also fairly common throughout Germany, and has been reported as far south as the Pyrenees; but no doubt the birds that come to our shores are chiefly from the north-east, and are driven south by stress of weather. Unable to bear the prolonged frost and excessive snow of Arctic regions, they make for other and more temperate countries, and, guided by a wonderful instinct, they reach our coasts in safety.

I first met with the crossbill when fishing the river Dee above Braemar. Between that spot and the Linn of Dee-a lovely, wild country-grow innumerable Scotch and larch firs; in fact, throughout the Duke of Fife's property extensive pineforests prevail, forming a quiet and safe retreat for the crossbill. Again, in later years, when fishing the river Ythan in Aberdeenshire, I found myself once more in the country of this bird. I was fortunate on my second expedition to make the acquaintance of one of Lord Aberdeen's underkeepers, an excellent naturalist, and especially well informed in bird-life. He had found the nest of the crossbill, which he described to me as a simple structure of short twigs, lined with moss and grass, sometimes including a few feathers, and generally resting on the branch of a fir-tree.

The eggs, four or five in number, are white, spotted at the rounded end with reddish-brown; but sometimes the spots are blue or purple. I may mention that this keeper afforded me much pleasure by pointing out a woodcock seated on her nest.

I have been informed by anglers fishing the Spey and Findhorn that crossbills constantly frequent the great pine-forests on the banks of these rivers, and no doubt wherever fir-trees are plentiful in the north of Scotland there the bird will be found. I have already mentioned that although the cross-bill has been seen and reported at different times in most of our English counties, yet the farther south we go the rarer the bird becomes, till, in the extreme south, it is rarely met with. Although I have frequently visited Devonshire, I never came across the bird. In Hampshire, crossbills have been observed in Holt Forest; but I can only recall to mind one instance given by Gilbert White of a crossbill having been shot in the vicinity of Selborne. Most undoubtedly had these birds come under the observation of so great an authority and writer on British birds, he would have given us the benefit of much interesting matter in connection with their habits.

In my own county of Kent I first heard of the crossbill having been not only seen, but later that a pair had actually nested in some fir-plantations near the village of Dodington, in the Faversham district. This was many years ago. The reporter in this instance was a well-known naturalist and artistic bird-stuffer named Chaffey. I still have several birds, stuffed by him upwards of fifty years ago, and they are at the present time in as good condition as the day they were put in their cases. It was this same Mr Chaffey who in 1851 saw a small flock of that very rare bird the parrot crossbill (Loxia pityopsittacus). I believe this to be the only instance of this bird having been reported in Kent. Later, a good ornithologist saw a pair of crossbills, and watched them for a considerable time, in the Rectory garden, Boughton Malherbe, a small Kentish village near Maidstone. These birds were moving about after cones, in their usual manner, in a group of Scotch firs.

I did not hear of another instance of the crossbill for many years, till, happening to be staying near Tunbridge Wells, I paid a visit to the shop of a well-known naturalist and good bird-stuffer named He has a fine collection of birds, and among them I noticed two pairs of crossbills in separate cases, and learnt that they had been shot in the immediate neighbourhood of the town: one pair in a fir-wood near the village of Southborough, the other pair in Lord Abergavenny's forests at Eridge Castle. Mr Griffin, to my surprise, informed me that crossbills regularly frequented the Eridge pine-forests, sometimes during the winter, in small flocks; also, that each spring a few pairs generally remained and bred in these woods; that he himself, though he had never discovered a nest, had seen the parent birds feeding their young ones. I then called upon one of the earl's gamekeepers, an intelligent observer, and he confirmed what Mr Griffin had told me. My informant mentioned that he had noticed the crossbills feeding chiefly on the cones of the larch fir, and in saying so confirmed a similar remark made by Mr Griffin. This was new to me, for I had been of opinion that in Scotland the crossbill only searched out the cones of the Scotch fir.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

'MUSIC HATH CHARMS.'



HE marvellously varied pipes of an organ may be grouped under two denominations: flue-pipes and reedpipes; and one might fairly illustrate the construction of the first by dissecting a common whistle, and the

second by showing the interior of a penny trumpet. It would seem from a lecture recently given by the Rev. F. Galpin, before the Musical Society of London, that certain tribes of American Indians inhabiting the north-west coast of British Columbia are adepts at pipe-making of both kinds, which they use in their religious ceremonies and also in certain dances, imitative of birds. The lecturer showed a large number of these quaint musical instruments, some of them being most beautifully constructed, and emitting sweet notes. Perhaps the most curious of these was a double flue-pipe, one channel being slightly shorter than the other, so that when both were blown together a pulsation of the air was set up which imitated the vibrato of the human voice. We mention this as a curiosity of uncivilised work, because exactly the same device is employed by modern organ-builders for producing the sounds of the stop known as vox humana. It is interesting to find that these North American Indians are such expert pipe-makers, and that their methods have been practised probably for centuries.

A NEW COPYING DEVICE.

A means of rapidly obtaining fac-simile copies of circular letters, music, &c. is often desirable, and the demand for such a device is evidenced by the many copying appliances which have been invented. Some of these are most ingenious, but the copies afforded are mere ghosts of the original documents, others give blurred images, and most of the systems are very messy in use. None equal the perfect reproduction of a handwritten letter which it is possible to obtain from a lithographic press. The nearest substitute for the lithographic process which we have seen is that introduced by the Kemik Copier Company, Liverpool, and it is so simple in use that any one can soon learn to work it. The apparatus consists of a slab of stony composition, to which the original document is transferred by contact, the ink being deposited on the slab. After this has been done the paper is stripped off, and a blank sheet applied to receive the image. A large number of copies can be obtained, and the original document may be typewritten or handwritten. When done with, the image is wiped off the slab with a sponge, and the surface is then ready for other work.

CARBORUNDUM.

The old alchemists, in their patient search for the philosopher's stone, discovered the properties of

many substances and recognised new compounds, in that way laying the foundation of modern chemical research; and so it has been with other experimenters since that far-off time. Carbide of calcium, from which acetylene gas is generated, was, for example, an accidental discovery which accompanied the search for something else. Another most important by-product of the electric furnace is carborundum, which rewarded Mr Acheson, in 1891, for his endeavours to produce diamonds artificially. Carborundum is now manufactured from coke, salt, sawdust, and sand, and it resembles the diamond in three very important respects: it is intensely hard, it is brittle, and it is insoluble in all liquids. It can be used for all purposes where emery has hitherto been employed; but it is as a lining to furnaces where exceedingly high temperatures are in question that this artifical mineral finds its most important role. Carborundum is absolutely infusible, and a thin layer of it applied in the form of paint to ordinary firebricks will confer upon them a resisting power to the highest temperatures which it is possible to command. The method of adapting carborundum to this service has been studied simultaneously by Mr Engels of Düsseldorf and Mr Grant Baillie of Blackheath, London, to the latter of whom we are indebted for these particulars concerning a most interesting product of the chemical laboratory.

AUTOMATIC MACHINES.

The coin-in-the-slot-machine has now become so popular, and has such a variety of applications, that it is difficult to see where it will stop. There is now a big organisation called the British and Colonial Automatic Trading Company which is promoting the use of these machines in every possible way, and extending their employment to the colonies and elsewhere. We have long been able to obtain little packets of confectionery, cigarettes, and cigar-lights by such agency; but now the principle is extended to luncheons, hosiery, haberdashery, and the last new thing is a machine which, for a florin dropped into its slot, will offer an umbrella to him who has failed to provide for a rainy day. Another patented use for the ubiquitous coin-slot is found in billiard-rooms, where the necessary balls can be obtained only by paying for them in that way; although it is difficult to see how, in the absence of an attendant, such valuables are secured against the pilferer. The patent covers an arrangement by which pocketed balls run along a wooden trough to the balk-end of the table, thereby saving much trouble to players or markers.

BRAMBLES.

There is an interesting article in last month's issue of *Knowledge* which deals, among other things, with the climbing properties of the familiar bramble. The stems of these plants are furnished

with strong hooked prickles, which, unlike the thorns of the hawthorn, arise from the skin, not from the wood. By means of these hooklets the bramble supports itself amid a tangled thicket, and will often reach to a height of twelve or fifteen feet above the ground. The long arching stems will, when their growth is nearly over, in the autumn, touch the ground and root their tips in the soil. In this way such a shoot will in course of time produce a fresh plant, which will in turn behave in a similar manner. A bramble-plant will be able to advance by means of these new growths at the rate of twenty feet in a single season, and may cross an obstacle such as a ten-foot wall during the same period.

FORECASTING FOG.

Some months ago certain of the electric and gas-lighting companies of London approached the Meteorological Office to ask whether there was any means of obtaining forecasts or warnings of the incursion of fogs. As a result, the meteorologists applied to the London County Council, and an inquiry was set on foot as to the possibility of tracking the fog-fiend to his lair. The report upon the subject has now been published, and all will regret that it is of quite a negative character. It tells us much that we knew before, but throws very little light upon the problem with which it is supposed to deal. We are told that elevated stations are less visited by fogs than those at low levels, and that the locality of a fog at any particular time would appear to depend upon local atmospheric conditions. Fogs which form outside the city area do not appear to drift into London; the British Metropolis makes its own fog, and of very special quality it is. Fog, as we all know, is common to all places in our seagirt islands, and the most that can be done in London is not to attempt to prevent it, but to keep it free from defilement.

UNDERGROUND WIRES.

A deputation from the leading Chambers of Commerce of England and Scotland recently waited upon the Postmaster-General for the purpose of asking for further extensions of the underground system of telegraph wires between the northern and southern parts of the kingdom, so that the constant breakdowns of communication during stormy weather may be obviated. Never did a deputation receive a more satisfactory reply from a Government department. The Postmaster-General said that he would this session ask Parliament for a grant of one hundred and thirty-one thousand pounds for the prosecution of the work, the importance of which he fully recognised. Already pipes to hold the wires had been laid thirty miles northward from Preston and from Kendal to Shap. This year they would be extended from the south so as to embrace Carlisle, and eventually Newcastle and other Tyneside towns. Communication with Scotland would also be commenced by laying down pipes on the exposed section of the Beattock hill-climb. In this way the principal storm-centres would be provided for, and he had under consideration further developments of the underground system for the future.

IS ALCOHOL A FOOD?

The steady increase of drunkenness in France has caused a somewhat heated discussion among Parisian scientists and doctors respecting the alimentary value of alcohol. Some weeks ago the Prefecture of the Seine caused a placard to be published on the hoardings of the city, which set forth the evil effects produced by alcoholic liquors, a proceeding which was resented by the dealers in wine, &c., as one calculated to injure their trade. Coincident with these was the publication of the list of the poisonous essences used in the manufacture of liqueurs, which had been prepared by authority of the Academy of Medicine; so that much interest has in various ways been brought to bear upon the general subject as to the food value of alcohol. Opinions are, of course, divided. M. Duclaux, of the Pasteur Institute, basing his opinion on recent experiments, affirms that spirit has a distinct alimentary value if taken in moderation, and he names a litre a day of light wine, or a dozen liqueur-glasses of spirit-and-water, as a maximum quantity to be consumed. This is certainly a far larger quantity than most moderate men allow themselves. The use of spirits before meals is condemned by all, and there is a common agreement that the alcohol should be pure. Absinthe and liquors of the same type are rigorously shut out from consideration.

SMALLPOX INFECTION.

The Local Government Board has issued a report which contains valuable evidence as to the view held by Mr Power, F.R.S., who now holds the position of its chief medical officer, that smallpox hospitals may become dangerous centres of infection. For some time past ships for the reception of smallpox patients have been placed by the Metropolitan Asylums Board in the Thames near the marshes on the Kent shore. Between these ships and the Essex shore is half a mile of water; and then at a distance of nearly a mile from the Thames is the village of Purfleet. More than onetwelfth of the population of this place were attacked with the disease, and the presumption is that the germs were air-borne from the hospital-ships, for no traffic of any kind took place between the vessels and the village. The smallpox ships are therefore to be given up as soon as a satisfactory site for a hospital to take their place can be found. But there is one feature of this report which is highly satisfactory, and which may be commended to the attention of 'conscientious objectors to vaccination.' Far nearer to the smallpox-ships than were the stricken inhabitants of the village were two hundred and fifteen persons belonging to the Purfleet garrison and two hundred and sixty-six others in

the training-ship *Cornwall*. Both these communities at the first outbreak of the disease were protected by vaccination and revaccination, and among them not a single case of smallpox has occurred.

DISHORNING CATTLE.

The Board of Agriculture has issued some instructions which are of very great importance to all interested in the care and transport of cattle. It is well known that a consignment of hornless cattle can be conveyed by sea or land with far less risk of injury than if they retained their horns, and it has long been the practice to remove the horns after they are partly or fully grown. This can hardly be done without undue pain to the animals, and death has been known to result from the operation. The Board now gives specific directions which, if carefully followed, will stop the horns from growing. When the calf is from two to five days old the tip of each horn-bud is rubbed with a moistened stick of caustic potash three or four times, at intervals of five minutes. Care must be taken to rub on the centre of the horn and not round the side of it. Caustic potash is of such a corrosive nature that it cannot be touched with impunity, and should be held in tinfoil. The directions referred to will doubtless be easily obtained by those who require them.

STRANGERS WITHIN OUR GATES.

The destitute alien trouble, about which we have heard so much of late years, is by no means new, for it aroused the attention of the authorities of the Cinque Ports so long ago as the reign of Charles I. In the year 1627 the Lieutenant of Dover Castle issued to these ports an order which was directed against poor aliens, and to 'prevent the landing within their liberties of any Walloons, French, or other such necessitous people as cannot give good reason of their employment here, or have not means to maintain themselves without the pestering and burthenage of this country.' The Cinque Port officials were enjoined to give notice to the lieutenant of the numbers of such persons who should arrive and of their place of abode. A still more stringent order was issued later on, which directed that these undesirables should not be permitted to come on shore at all, and that if any landed they should be sent back again. The document setting forth these regulations is, according to the Daily Chronicle, still in existence.

COLOUR-PRINTING.

The art of colour-printing has received a great impetus by the introduction of the tri-chromatic photographic process, by which, from three separate blocks, printed in yellow, red, and blue ink respectively, the images being superposed upon one another, fine results can be obtained. But it would seem, from a paper recently read before the Society of Arts by Mr Harvey Dalziel, that the new process has by no means ousted chromolithography. He tells us that, though very beauti-

ful proof impressions are obtained from these photographic blocks, the problems which have to be worked out by the printer, especially when large orders are concerned, are very difficult. The inks must be of the purest tints, or they will not blend properly into the composite colours of the original, and the difficulties of correct registration are enormous. On the other hand, the process gives every brush-mark of an original painting in a manner that no other method can command. The chromo-lithographic process has been so much improved of late that very rapid printing is possible, some rotary machines of American origin being able to print six colours at the same time at a high rate of speed; and the adjustments previous to commencing work are so much more simple that much time is saved at the outset. We gather from Mr Dalziel's lecture that for small quantities, when time can be given so as to produce the best results, the trichromatic method is to be recommended; but when the order runs into tens of thousands of copies the old chromo-lithographic process is more satisfactory and more economical.

ORANGES.

Some interesting particulars have recently been published with regard to the trade in oranges in this country. There is no doubt that the orange is one of the most popular fruits, as it certainly is one of the most delicious procurable, and happily it is very cheap. If it were scarce it would probably be valued more, and would take its place beside the carefully nurtured pine-apple and the hothouse grape. Spain has always supplied most of our oranges; but she no longer monopolises the trade. The Spanish orange-region is spread over a wide tract of country, and at Valencia the trees assume the character of big forests, so many are they in number. The largest and cheapest supplies come to us from this neighbourhood, and a single tree will produce from fifteen hundred to eighteen hundred oranges in the course of one season. The trees are six years old when they begin to bear, and until they are twenty the yield increases, after which it begins to decline. The total exports from Spain from the commencement of the orange season to the end of February amounted to the enormous total of two and a half million cases; and if we multiply this by one thousand we shall get a rough estimate of the actual number of oranges. The seedless or pipless orange from California, Jamaica, and Florida is finding great favour in this country, and will often command three or four times the price of the common orange.

AUTO-CAR TRAINS ON THE NORTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.

An interesting innovation in railway traction will shortly be adopted on the North-Eastern Railway. In order to meet the increasing competition of the electric tramways, the railway authorities

have for some time been engaged upon the construction of two auto-cars at their York works; and some time ago they also placed an order with the Motor Power Company, of London, for a number of large four-cylinder petrol-engines. These cars, which are to be fifty-three feet long, will be fitted with reversible-back garden-seats for fifty-two passengers; at one end there will be a Napier petrolengine of eighty-five brake-horse-power with four cylinders, which will drive a dynamo generating electricity for the two motors for the supply of power to the bogie beneath the engine compartment. Thirty gallons of petrol will be carried, which it is estimated will be sufficient for five hours' work at a stretch. The full height of the car from the ground is thirteen feet, and it will be electrically illuminated and provided with electricbrakes. The framework will be carried on two four-wheeled bogies, of practically the normal carriage type; but the body of the car will be much lighter than the ordinary carriage, approximating closely to the tram type. In fact, the car will be a tram saloon, with an engine compartment at one end and a conductor's compartment at the other; it will be entered from the side by doors at each end, which will be closed when the cars are running, and it may be driven from either end. The project is purely experimental, and for the present will be confined to providing a speedy and regular service between Hartlepool and West Hartlepool, where the competition of the local tramways has been keenly felt by the railway authorities. The distance is two and a half miles, and there has hitherto been a regular daily service of forty passenger trains in each direction, the journey occupying six minutes. It is, however, intended to run the auto-cars every ten minutes each way, at a speed of thirty miles an hour, thus covering the distance in five minutes; whereas the street trams now take ten minutes. The advantage which the auto-cars will possess over the ordinary steam train service is that a speed of thirty miles an hour can be got up in as many seconds, while three minutes are necessary to obtain the same speed with the ordinary train, and the same time is occupied in pulling the train up. Whilst it has been found impossible to reduce the time so occupied on many branch lines, it may be taken for granted that should the Hartlepool experiment prove successful the principle will be extended to those sections of railway where the local service is a slow one owing to the number of stopping-places. The autocars may also be used as substitutes for special trains. One or more of these cars will be located at the more important stations; and, in the event of the ordinary trains being late, the passengers can be sent forward by auto-cars instead of by special trains. The auto-cars can be got out and under way in less than five minutes, thus saving much time. Further, the system will have the advantage of not requiring any alterations on the permanent way, such as the laying down of a third rail,

with its attendant complications at crossings and junctions. The petrol-engine is now doing such excellent work on common roads that it may reasonably be expected to achieve even better results on a railway. The advantages of the auto-cars seem to be so numerous that when the necessary modifications are made as a result of working experience their general adoption seems probable. In the United States the system of short runs by electriccar is yearly gaining on the locomotive, and is found to be swifter, cheaper, and more convenient.

A TIDE-MOTOR.

A solution of the old problem of how to get mechanical power from the rise and fall of the tides is attempted by Mr T. B. Stoney, M.Inst.C.E., of Oakfield Park, Raphoe, County Donegal, who has patented a tide-motor driven by large steel floats—boxes open at top floating in a shallow-dock. The float rests on the ground at low-water; but the tide rising round the empty float forces it up and carries it to the top of the tide. As the float rises it raises a rack attached to the wall of the dock, and as the rack rises it turns a horizontal shaft on the dock-wall. At the top of the tide the float is allowed to fill with water, which weights it to the ground again when the tide recedes. Any number of floats can be used, chained together, and thus any required power can be brought into work; but the movement is, of course, very slow. The inventor points out that in estuaries on the English coast the tidal rise is very great. In the Severn it is fortysix feet at spring-tides. Floats working in shallow docks in such estuaries would work night and day at a very small working cost, and might be made to generate electricity at about one-tenth the cost of a steam-engine, the electric current being distributed inland by wires.

The June Part of

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SHEPHERD AND SHEEP.

By Samuel Gordon,
Author of A Handful of Exotics, Sons of the Covenant, &c.

PART I.



was ten o'clock in the evening, and Ostrokov, the little township in Polish Prussia, was already turning over on its other side in bed. Only in the parlour of the 'Lame Horse' things were still wide awake

and merry. It was a distinguished gathering. There were Herr Pfrund the burgomaster, Herr Notarius Schwefelgeist the town-clerk, and eight out of the ten town councillors; but the most important person there was not councillor, not town-clerk, nor even burgomaster: it was his Reverence Herr Rabbiner Jacob Eisenmann, the spiritual head of the Jewish community in the township. He it was who was paying for the beer.

A strong contrast to the stolid, florid faces and close-cropped polls were his own thin, sensitive features, and the black, wavy ringlets of hair that might have been no discredit to Absalom himself. Merrily he shook them back as they attempted to stray into his eyes whilst he was busy keeping the talk in swing so as to leave the others all their time free for drinking. Nor could he complain that his efforts were unappreciated. Many a hearty laugh he drew, in which he joined as heartily. Yes, by St Theodosius and the three candlesticks! this Jew rabbi was not at all a bad fellow. He did not look at both sides of his money; he told stories that split your flanks, dozens and dozens of them, and each one different from the other. Yes, a very good fellow indeed, thought the burgomaster as he drained his tankard to the bottom and rose to go home, mindful of what had happened to him the last time he had outstayed his furlough.

'What, burgomaster! you setting such a bad example? I won't hear of it.—Here, my host, another round—your pet Bavarian, you know—the one you keep in the farthest corner of your cellar.—And that reminds me, Herr Burgomaster, of a story. Why, I am only just getting warm.'

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So the burgomaster stayed for another round and another story, and yet another round and another story. One might as well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb. So it was midnight ere the party staggered out on its fuddled way homewards, feeling that life was worth living, curtain-lectures and all.

'Good-night, gentlemen! Happy dreams and a happier awakening to you all!' cried the Herr Rabbiner cheerily.

'Everything will be all right, Herr Rabbiner; don't trouble,' said the burgomaster mysteriously as he shook hands.

'Don't trouble, Herr Rabbiner. Everything will be all right,' echoed Herr Schwefelgeist the townclerk, with a mien of still greater mystery.

'Everything will be all right, Herr Rabbiner. Don't trouble,' said each one of the councillors, with but little variation of formula or mode of expression.

'Thank you very much, gentlemen. I am greatly obliged to you for your promises,' replied Rabbi Eisenmann, bowing to each one in all humility. 'Herr Burgomaster—that yarn of the man in the bath-tub—capital, wasn't it?'

A loud, reminiscent guffaw answered him, his own ringing out clear above the others' laughter. He waited till the rest had gone on a little distance in front, and then started off home by himself, striking down into a side-street to make sure against coming into touch with the bulk of the party. His own dwelling lay pretty well in a line with that of the others; but he had his own reasons for parting company with them at the tavern-door. It was thus that he would convey to the high dignitaries of the town that though they might favour him with their good-fellowship round the beer-table, he, the Jew, dared not presume to make this familiarity extend to the immemorially Roman Catholic streets. That would flatter their self-respect; and, again, unrestrained by his presence, they could more freely accentuate on each MAY 2, 1903.

other's minds the good impression left there by a man, be he Jew or Christian, who had bidden the niggardly and jealously guarded hogsheads discharge themselves in a generous flood till you forgot whether you were the hogshead or the drinker. That was diplomatic, thought Rabbi Eisenmann, and God knew he had need of all the astuteness for which he could tax a mind which usually spurned sophisticated methods and crooked ways! He was playing a difficult game.

How difficult it was he had plenty of time to recapitulate to himself as he stepped along wearily through the breathlessly sultry summer night; and so much depended on it—O God, so much! In fact, everything: his livelihood, his career in the world, the welfare of those near and dear to him. It was a strange series of events which had brought him to this pass. To hark back to the very beginning: he had lived in the place of his birth, the pocket edition of a town in Russian Poland, some fifty miles from the German frontier, till he was past his seventeenth year. He had been happy enough there, passing his days and nights in the study of Sacred Writ and the brain-bewildering explanations of the Commentaries, watching the busy spiders spin their cunning festoons amid the rafters of the Talmud School gables, and himself spinning his own web of day-dreams of the golden future that was to be his, and earning a casual meal here and there by teaching the aleph-beth to the children of his hosts. Then the marriage-brokers of the place, seeing that he was a likely young man, and one who could be made a marketable article of matrimonial traffic, laid their greedy eyes upon him; and, before he quite knew what had happened, being at the time greatly preoccupied in a knotty controversy with one of his fellow-students, he found himself wedded and all to Rehle, the only child of Reb Nathan the corn-chandler, a man fairly well dowered with the world's goods. That was not such a bad state of affairs, young Jacob Eisenmann could not help admitting to himself when he came to consider the true inwardness of the matter. Regular meals, with second helpings; a pretty, young wife-she really was pretty, thought Jacob when he eventually found pluck enough to have a good look at her; a warm overcoat and calfleather goloshes for the winter-could God in Frenchland, as the saying was, have more cause for being satisfied?

For three or four months lasted this halcyon tide, and then Jacob Eisenmann felt a distinct though subtle change coming over him. The overcoat was not quite so warm; the second helpings stuck in his throat. Little Rehle was still as pretty—nay, she was even more than that: she was good and true, a jewel which deserved a grander casket than it had found in his own tome-encumbered heart, although she would have given him but poor thanks had he dared to suggest such a thing to her. But whether it was the new responsibility which engendered in him a new sense of dignity, or whether

it was that the inner cravings for light and air and space which had slumbered in him all these years, ignored and suppressed, began to clamour for their rightful place in his scheme of life—enough that he awoke one morning with the unalterable resolve to turn his back on the dusty precincts of the Talmud School, on the spiders' spinnings and his own cobwebs, and to strike out into the vast world beyond the frontier, with its unnumbered possibilities, where it was given to every man to perform that greatest miracle of all—to make of himself what he would. Of course, little Rehle fainted when he told her of his intention to leave her behind in her father's care, and when she came-to she cried woe and misery so that the neighbours came running in with the fire-buckets; but presently she began to see the case in a more optimistic light, and her glistening cheeks, as she kissed Jacob good-bye, did not imply the moisture of grief, but pride and confidence in her adventurous young husband, who was faring forth into the prosperous land of the Aschkenazim, where, as report said, sugar was cheap and all the women went about arrayed in dresses of silk.

So Jacob Eisenmann came to the first goal of his desire, the world-famous Rabbinic Seminary at Breslau. There he remained for four years, and then he made his second stride on the road to fortune in being appointed full-fledged Rabbiner to a fair-sized community in Pomerania. The first thing he naturally did was to send for his wife Rehle, who came, bringing with her their four-yearold son Moses, and had great difficulty in recognising in the well-groomed, sprucely attired young cleric the whilom draggle-tailed beggar-student of the Talmud School. With marvellous speed and facility Rehle accommodated her old-fashioned provincial ways to the politer and more finicky habits of her new surroundings. Rehle became Germanised into Rahel, as did Moses into Moritz; but apart from that she presented no change to her husband. She was still to him the priceless jewel in an unworthy casket. With that guarantee for a cloudless enviable future, they lived three perfect years, till that dread day when the thunderbolt came crashing into their little paradise and sent them forth on a panic-stricken, perilous pilgrimage into the unknown.

It was the time when the German Government, stung to an access of patriotic nepotism, resolved that none but its own native-born children should dwell under the august protection of the Imperial Black Eagle. From end to end of the Fatherland the watchword suddenly rang out: 'Germany for the Germans!' An exception, of course, was made in the case of those aliens who through length of residence and legal documentary formula had acquired rights of citizenship; but to those who had not been so provident scant courtesy and a shorter shrift was meted out. Most rigorous of all were the measures adopted against those who were subjects of the Czar, and more especially Jewish

subjects. Whether it was an ironic act of reprisal for the discomforts and disabilities which the Russian Orthodox Church had inflicted on German Protestants resident in the domains of the Holy Russian Empire, or whether Germany was eager to proclaim to the world that it was capable of evolving in Herr Stöcker as choice a specimen of latter-day civilisation as Russia had done in Monsieur Pobiedonostsef, must be left to the impartial historian. It only concerns us in so far as Rabbiner Jacob Eisenmann was a Russian Jewish subject, and as such in the category of those whom it was a most sacred duty to proscribe and cast forth; and so, when one fine morning the chief commissioner of police called upon the Herr Rabbiner and asked him to be so good as to allow him a cursory inspection of his naturalisation papers or any other credentials of residence he might possess, the Herr Rabbiner could only gasp and tremble and look dumbly at his wife Rahel, who dumbly looked back at him. The next morning their doom arrived in the shape of a bureaucratically worded notice to quit the town within fourteen days, on pain of being treated as political offenders. So Jacob Eisenmann gathered up himself, his wife, and his two children, the younger of whom had arrived a year ago, and set out in quest of a new home, relying on God to guide his footsteps aright amid the pitfalls and ambushes of the wicked.

Indeed, he had need of all the uplifting trust that was in him to carry him through that dread period of vagabondage and homeless wandering. The most obvious resort he might be considered to have had, the return to his native land, was only an exchange of the frying-pan for the fire. He had not performed his years of military service; and, once back on Russian soil, he would be subject to all the fearsome pains and penalties of the deserter. Then, again, his innate racial steadfastness of purpose, so often mistaken for mere obstinacy, urged him to cling, so far as he could, to this stepmotherly land of his adoption—first, in order to vindicate his right to the elementary privileges of a human being, of which it was attempted to deprive him; and, secondly, because he felt that here, and here only, could he achieve the plan of life he had mapped out for himself and fulfil his destiny of becoming what he would.

Then commenced a desperate struggle for gaining time, a grasping at straws, a slipping through loopholes, an unequal contest with unfeeling red-tape and heartless officialdom. They journeyed from town to town, being allowed in each place, as birds of passage, a respite of one, two, sometimes three weeks; after which the commissioner of police came, asked for their credentials, and packed them off to go through the same process of elusion, detection, and expulsion at their next halting-place. But as though to encourage them in the belief of their ultimate success, they had been attended at the very outset of their odyssey by a great stroke of good fortune. Two days before they left Pomerania the patrimony due to Rahel on the death of her

father, who had not survived the departure of his only child from under his roof for more than a year or so, reached her hands—that is, all that portion of it which had successfully escaped the grasp of contesting claimants and defending lawyers. It amounted to three thousand thalers, and that was what enabled them to carry on their policy of temporising, with the attendant outlay of expensive hotel bills, tippings, and petty briberies.

At last their wanderings had brought them to Ostrokov. Here an unforeseen incident marred the routine of their programme—namely, the falling ill of Rahel and the younger child. But, not unlike other calamities, this one proved a blessing in disguise. When the police commissioner came at the end of a fortnight with the customary order of removal, he was confronted by the professional authority of a doctor, who demanded a respite of at least another week. The police commissioner thereupon flew into a huff, and, to prove conclusively that his powers were greater than those of a mere family practitioner, refused the week's respite and granted instead a prolongation of stay for the space of three full calendar months. Here was Rabbi Eisenmann's chance, and he seized it avidly. He had not been altogether inactive, even in the course of his peregrinations; but the numerous changes of address had rendered any systematic action very difficult. Now, with the prospect of clear three months at his disposal, he drew up an organised plan of campaign. He flung forth petition after petition; he bombarded the heads of districts, the prefects of departments, the governors of provinces, the chairmen of ecclesiastical councils, the Imperial Chancellor, the Emperor himself. At the very beginning the Jewish community, their hearts brimming over with pity, had appointed him to the vacant post of rabbi, not temporarily but in perpetuum, so as to strengthen his position by pretending that in their minds at least there existed not the faintest doubt as to his right of domicile or his ability to prove the justice of his claim. Then, at last, at last, some twenty days before the expiration of his leave of stay, came back the decision of the Minister of the Interior, intimating that Herr Rabbiner Eisenmann would be granted a patent of naturalisation on condition that, within the limit of his period of residence, the town council of Ostrokov consented to put him on their list of burgesses.

That certainly was a great point gained, inasmuch as it converted the deal with unseen, intangible possibilities into a deal with what was actual and personal; but still victory seemed as far off as ever. To begin with, the corporation of Ostrokov nearly exploded with pride at the reflection that the Imperial Chancellory had, as it were, delegated to it a high Government function. They were almost certain to make the little molehill of responsibility into a mountain which the Herr Rabbiner might, or might not, be able to climb. Apart from that, too, they were not in the most charitable of moods. Trade had not been flourishing of late, for there

had been a long-continued drought, and the peasants from the neighbouring villages, instead of coming into the town to make their usual purchases, had stayed at home nursing each other's anxiety for the jeopardised harvest. But the real difficulty in the matter had been made clear to Rabbi Eisenmann by his trusty counsellor and well-wisher, Herr Isaac Friedenthal, the senior warden of the congregation.

'I am afraid, Herr Rabbiner,' the kindly old man had told him, shaking his head sadly, 'that you can count on very little help from us. You have, as you know, our sympathies and moral support; but that is as far as we can go. We are not a powerful community, and our local influence is almost nil. We are constantly made to feel that we are living here only on sufferance; we are planted in a very hotbed of race-hatred, and we can never be sure when we may be made the victims of its worst manifestations. To be frank, the chief reason why we wish to attach you to ourselves is because we recognise that in time you may become for us a tower of strength and protection. If we interfered for you now we might be only injuring your chances. We have done all for you we could; but for the rest you must trust to your luck.'

Rabbi Eisenmann hung his head as he saw his chief pillar of support crumbling to the ground before his eyes. He had not expected this. He had counted much on the co-operation of his coreligionists; as he now summed up the situation he could not help admitting that their plea to be excused was a valid one. So he was once more thrown back on his own resources. The next instant the thought of what he had already achieved, and the deduction he might draw from that for the future, made him stand upright once more.

'Thank you for not encouraging me to false hopes, Herr Friedenthal,' he said quietly. 'You have done me one great service already by telling me how and where I stand. I therefore ask you

to do me another, by permitting me to deal with this matter according to my own judgment.'

'Certainly, certainly, Herr Rabbiner.'

'No, no, Herr Friedenthal; I want you to understand to what you are agreeing. I may, in the working of my plan, have to adopt certain measures which may appear questionable in a man in my walk of life.'

'We trust you, Herr Rabbiner; and, besides, this is clearly a case where the end justifies the means, as our tormentors, the Jesuits, used to say.'

'Yes; and having suffered so much by the cruelty of our enemies, I suppose it is only fair we should profit a little by their philosophy,' added Jacob Eisenmann grimly.

To be brief, the questionable methods he had hinted at were the gatherings at the 'Lame Horse,' the fashionable resort of the town. He knew that the only way of gaining access to the hearts of these men in whose hands his fate lay was through their gullets. It was a clumsy form of bribery; but theirs were clumsy, slow-working brains, and it might pass with them. So he rammed his selfrespect into his pocket; and, to make more room for it there, he took out the thalers in handfuls. That was how these 'Lame Horse' symposia had become an almost nightly institution, with Eisenmann playing the part of buffoon as well as that of the horn of plenty, himself gulping down as best he could the broad jests and half-veiled unseemlinesses to which he was treated in return, together with the vile fumes of the foul-smelling churchwarden pipes. If only there would be some use in it all! If only the end would vindicate the means! Sometimes he thought it would, and then again he thought it would not, until, sick at heart and wearied of brain by the merciless contest between hope and doubt, he resolved to cease hoping and doubting, and to leave the future to be its own prophet.

HOW BOA-CONSTRICTORS ARE LODGED AND BOARDED.

By W. B. NORTHROP.



RESERVING the lives of great snakes in captivity taxes the skill of the naturalist to the utmost. One would think that a boa-constrictor, ordinarily, would be pretty well able to

take care of itself, especially in the matter of food; but it is a fact that great reptiles of the python family require the most careful nursing, and are fed and looked after with the utmost solicitude by the superintendents of the reptile-houses in the various zoological gardens in which they are held.

The difficulty recently experienced by the New York Zoological Society in keeping alive a great python twenty-seven feet long has called attention to the problem of feeding and caring for snakes in zoological gardens. The snake in question had been brought from India at a cost of nearly two hundred pounds, and the society was naturally very proud of possessing one of the largest snakes in the world. It was not long, however, before the python refused to feed, and after more than three months of starvation it was seen to be dying. Live rabbits, pigs, and chickens were repeatedly offered; but it scorned to touch them. Naturalists wrote from many parts of the world to Professor Raymond L. Ditmars, superintendent of the reptile-house, offering suggestions; but none of these was of any avail.

Professor Ditmars, who has handled many snakes, and has recently published (through Appleton and Co.) a book entitled *The Story of Amphibians and Reptiles*, admits that the preservation of the health of the larger snakes is a most difficult task. After every method of offering food to the great python had been tried, so that it might be induced to take nourishment naturally, it was at last decided to resort to force. But a snake twenty-seven feet long and twelve inches in diameter, weighing nearly three hundred pounds, is an ugly customer to handle.

In an interview Professor Ditmars recently gave the writer the following very interesting account of various attempts to compel the python to feed, and described his methods of handling the great reptiles:

When a large snake is first brought to the zoological gardens it is placed in a cage and allowed to remain perfectly quiet for a week or two. The snakes come from India and South America in zinclined packing-boxes, in which holes have been cut for ventilation. They require no water or food in transit, though frequently the voyage takes several months, as trading-vessels stop at several coasting-ports.

'When the snake which has been in its cage for the period mentioned is completely "rested up" from its long voyage and has stretched itself at full length after the confinement of the narrow box, we begin offering it food. The first nourishment given is a plucked chicken, with the feet and head left on. The chicken must be absolutely fresh. Snakes are extremely fastidious in the matter of food, and should meat be even twenty-four hours old they reject it. As every one knows, most snakes are very fond of young birds, and we offer the plucked chicken to the reptile because it resembles a bird just out of the egg, both as to taste and appearance. A snake's organ of taste, as well as most of its other sensory organs, resides in its delicate tongue. When food is offered to the reptile it whips out its tongue, and with lightning-like rapidity ascertains whether the food is absolutely fresh or not. If this preliminary examination prove satisfactory, his snakeship goes ahead with the meal in the most leisurely fashion. As snakes do not masticate their food, the chicken is swallowed whole. The power of accommodation possessed by its jaws is something marvellous, and it can easily swallow an animal four times its own diameter. Boa-constrictors manage to get into their throats animals which at first sight would appear much too large for the reptile to get around.

'In killing its prey in its native habitat, the boa squeezes the animals so tightly that life is crushed out. Hence the word "constrictor" has been added to its name. The popular idea that the boa-constrictor first crushes all the bones in the body of its victim before attempting to swallow it is erroneous. Some very remarkable phenomena are observed in connection with the digestive powers of snakes. I have found that the gastric juices of

a snake's stomach are so powerful that they dissolve even the bones and teeth of the animals they have swallowed. It is a very peculiar fact that, should a snake swallow one of its own teeth, the gastric juice does not dissolve the tooth. This is the only kind of bone not dissolved by these remarkable juices.

'When a valuable snake under my care refuses to take plucked chicken, and permits weeks and months to pass without any effort to take nourishment, and even exhibits a positive aversion to it, we have to resort to drastic measures. Usually these great snakes have been placed in cages with others of their kind; and the greatest precautions have to be taken by those who go into the snakes' cage, especially where there are pythons of great size. Apart from the danger of the snakes enveloping the men in their powerful coils, the bites of these reptiles are very serious. The fangs of the boa-constrictor contain no poison, but they have great tearing-power, with their well-developed teeth and very powerful jaws. There are four rows of teeth in the upper jaw, and two in the lower. The teeth are very sharp-pointed, with razor-like cutting edges. When a python, anaconda, or boa-constrictor bites, it shuts down its mouth tightly and then pulls back with its powerful neck-muscles; and as something is bound to tear, a frightful wound usually results.

'When it has been decided to force a great snake to eat, one of the assistants, thoroughly acquainted with the habits of the reptiles, enters the cage carefully, his movements being very slow and calm. No excitement should be shown, otherwise the python becomes alarmed, and will immediately attack.

'By almost imperceptible movements, all the while keeping his eyes riveted on those of the snake, the assistant approaches the reptile to within two feet. A small gray blanket is then quickly thrown over the snake's head. As soon as the blanket is fairly over the snake's head it remains perfectly quiet. Great skill is required, however, in depositing this blanket on the snake's head in such a manner that no light is admitted under its edges. If the snake perceives a ray of light under the edge of the covering, it will at once dart its head out. In that case the assistant must beat a precipitate retreat, and nothing further can be done with the snake until the next day, perhaps for two or three days after. Sometimes it will take nearly a week before we can successfully cover the head of the snake which we intend to feed. When the head is covered successfully, the body of the snake is firmly seized just at the back of the head, and with a very quick jerk the assistant pulls its head outside the cage. The snake immediately begins to resent this rough treatment. Its huge coils left in the cage mount up with wonderful rapidity. Then the snake's body is quickly pulled from the cage by several men. This work must be done with the greatest possible despatch; for, if

the snake once constricts its body it is impossible for us to remove it from the cage. In trying to prevent the snake from coiling, the men often run great risks. If the reptile got a man inside a loop of its great muscles, the man's life would be immediately crushed out. The men, however, manage to keep well outside the terrible circles by jumping over the snake's body whenever it gets them "in chancery," as it were. This manœuvring on the part of the assistants often requires a nimbleness which would be laughable were it not so fraught with danger.

'When the body of the snake has been entirely withdrawn from the cage, from twelve to fifteen men are required to keep it in a straight line. The struggling reptile is now raised from the ground by the combined efforts of all hands, and taken into a large room where we are to feed it. Usually the first meal forced upon a great anaconda or python consists of five or six guinea-pigs strung together. The animals have been killed, of course; and previous to feeding them to the snake they have been soaked for an hour in water. The guinea-pigs are attached to a long pole, the jaws of the snake are forced open, and the food is placed in its mouth, and gradually forced into its throat.

'Up to this stage the snake has offered little resistance save the first rebellious paroxysm. Now, however, it begins to assert itself very forcibly, making desperate efforts to rid itself of its captors by a series of convulsive movements which are as unexpected as they are powerful. Though as many as fifteen men may be holding one of these great snakes, there are times when even that combination of strength meets its match. Usually after half-anhour's struggling the snake finally concludes that it had best give up. It is then carried back to its cage in a more or less limp condition, and glides sulkily into a great tank of warm water, where it remains for about two weeks in a motionless condition, digesting its enforced meal. The snake when entering the water coils its folds neatly one on top of the other, occupying all the space at the sides of the tank. During the digestion of the meal it keeps its head just beneath the surface of the water, though it comes to the surface to breathe now and then. Snakes in captivity are fed about once every two weeks in this manner until they begin to eat the food, which we place before them, of their own accord. As a rule boa-constrictors and other great snakes do not require to be forced to eat more than three times before they eat voluntarily.

'After a big snake has made up its mind not to starve itself to death, its appetite is almost insatiable. It will eat any quantity of rats, mice, chickens, rabbits, and all sorts of small birds and animals. After these snakes have learned to eat I have observed that they begin to take notice of children who approach their cages. This seems to show that boa-constrictors are man-eaters. They will watch a child as long as it is in sight; and occasionally I have seen them strike at children

through the glass. Fortunately for the little ones, the glass is nearly an inch thick, and the snake gets a bruised nose for its pains. Strangely enough, the snake shows no interest in grown-up folks. I suppose a child meets its eye as being of more suitable size.

'It is surprising how the appearance of the skin of these great snakes will change after they have taken to food. While they are starving themselves the skin becomes dull of hue, and the beautiful steelblue colouring so characteristic of the python disappears. After they have been feeding for a month, however, all this iridescent colour reappears, and they become sleek and well groomed in appearance.

When we first take a great snake out of its box we rub it all over with vaseline, and repeat this massage about once every two weeks. This treatment prevents the development of skin-diseases, to which they are very subject. It also enables them to shed their skins. If a snake does not shed its skin periodically it very soon sickens and dies.

'It is not generally known that snakes are very subject to lung-trouble; but the change from the temperature of their native haunts to that of colder climes brings on a species of pneumonia, and at times they also develop real diphtheria. The temperature in which they thrive best in captivity is between eighty and ninety degrees Fahrenheit. Temperatures below seventy degrees make snakes unhealthy.'

As Professor Ditmars has several times been bitten by both large and small snakes, he was asked what treatment is best to preserve life after a serious bite. The reply was:

'If the snake be one of the great ones, such as a python or bos, we do nothing more than treat the wound as an ordinary tear. With a bite from a poisonous reptile, however, we give the patient Dr Albert Calmette's anti-venine. This peculiar medicine is obtained by inoculating a horse with cobra-venom until the animal is impervious to the poison. The horse is first given, by hypodermic injection, the one-fiftieth of a drop of cobra-venom in glycerine. The dose is increased daily until its whole system is full of cobra poison—the deadliest snake-poison known. The blood-serum of the poisoned horse then becomes the best antidote known for bites from poisonous snakes. This antidote is used in India by the British Government for snake-bites, and thousands of lives have been saved by it, even when persons are bitten by the cobra. Previous to this discovery twenty thousand persons died each year in India from cobra-bites; now the number is about two thousand.

'As soon as a person has been bitten by a snake, a ligature should be tied above the bite, so as to shut off circulation in the affected part. Immediately after the wound has been tied in this manner, the anti-venine is injected. Large quantities of whisky have been taken in the absence of anti-venine, and it is credited with many cases of recovery. Of course, the anti-venine is the only

sure cure; but it is not efficacious unless administered in time.'

At the close of the interview Professor Ditmars said:

'Though there is a popular prejudice against snakes, I firmly believe that reptiles serve a very useful purpose in this world. They are great destroyers of rodents, insects, birds, and other harmful creatures that destroy crops; and were it not for snakes many portions of the globe now yielding a livelihood to man would be uninhabitable. Many species of snakes, among them the larger constrictors, are found abundantly in fields of growing corn and sugar-cane. During the spring, when these fields are furrowed, the reptiles are driven from their haunts. Their presence there is easily explained. Coming from the near-by woods are rodents and other small animals that collect in the fields to feed on the products of the tilled soil. Unmolested, their ravages would be disastrous; but Nature has carefully laid her plans to check their multiplication. A snake will devour as many as two thousand mice per week, and will prowl through the burrows of shrews and moles and devour the young. In California snakes are employed to kill gophers in the vineyards. A farmer would no more kill a gopher-snake than he would destroy a fine rat-killing terrier. The gopher-snakes go down into the holes and kill the young gophers. These rodents, previous to the introduction of the snakes, destroyed thousands of acres of young grape-vines.

'Nearly all snakes, even the terrible cobra and fer-de-lance, act constantly on the defensive. If unmolested, I know of no snake that will begin an attack. The rattlesnake magnanimously warns its foe away when approached; and if one but employs ordinary precaution when in the neighbourhood of poisonous reptiles there need be no fatalities. Of course, the prejudice existing against snakes is a very natural one. Their appearance is, I admit, not very prepossessing. When, however, we consider that snakes do a vast amount of good in the world, we should not allow our prejudices to run wild.'

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

By John Oxenham.

CHAPTER XXII.—IN DAYLIGHT ONCE MORE.



ARBE as she swung in the rope between sea and sky was nearer heaven than earth. Her thoughts were all for Alain, and never a one for herself. Her love filled all her being, and shone out from her face, and

fear had no place in her.

Alain was there—somewhere: where, and in what case, she could not stop to think. He had called to her, and she had come.

The face of the cliff caved away just there, and her descent was smooth and easy. The guillemots and kittiwakes and skua-gulls rose around her in shrieking clouds. They swooped and fluttered at her to knock her off her perch. She kicked at them playfully with her bare feet, and waved them off with her hand. How wonderful was their free, beautiful flight! How pitilessly cold the glassy stare of their inhuman eyes! If she fell they would swoop down and peck at her dead body, the beautiful, soulless things.

Then she passed some long, level black rifts in the cliff, and a cloud of rock-doves swept past her and went up into the sky. Could Alain be in there? At the top of her voice she cried, 'Alain! Alain!' There was no response but the louder shrieking of the angry birds. She went lower and lower, and the rocks curved out to meet her. She must be half-way down now, and still no sign of Alain.

Then the rope stopped running as the men bent on another one up above. Then came a jerk and a shower of earth as the knot ground through the groove, and she was descending again, and her eyes swept every inch of the cliff-face for a sign. It looked all smooth and white from the Light; but here, close at hand, she saw that the rocks were gray and black and old and scarred, and that it was only the birds that had whitened it. Every level inch was covered with their droppings; and she smiled as she passed at their tiny housekeepings, and at the stolid bravery of the little matrons who only glanced up at her apprehensively and cuddled down the tighter on their eggs. She glanced down at the water. It was drawing very close, and so far not a sign of what she sought. Surely she had come too far. To cover all the ground she must move along to right or left. Which? It did not matter, since both were equally unknown. One meant up, two meant down, three---- She was not sure. She gave three tugs at the cord, and presently commenced to drag slowly along the cliff to the left. The rope caught now and again on rough points of rock, and freed itself with a jerk that nearly flung her out. It scoured the face of the cliff and swept it bare of birds, and away above her head her eye fastened on a scorched and blackened patch with a blacker round hole in

Her heart leapt into her throat, and for a moment her head swam, and the ragged cliff reeled and swung in front of her. She clung with both hands to the rope till things grew still again; for that round black hole was where the light came fromshe was sure of it. And that was the end of her quest. For a moment longer she hesitated. What would the scorched hole yield her? Everything—or nothing?

She tugged sharply at the guide-rope, and was drawn slowly up towards the hole. Her head was level with it, and she shook the cord vigorously. She looked into the hole. It was black as a coal. And out of it there came a strange hollow voice crying, 'Barbe! Barbe!' as of one shut in behind the panels of a bed. She could not speak for the fluttering of her heart in her throat again. She had to swallow it very many times before she could gasp, 'Alain! Alain! is it thou?'

'God be thanked!' said the hollow voice. 'Come closer. Barbe!'

'Is it indeed thou, Alain?'

'Truly, truly I, my beloved.'

'And where art thou?'

'Inside the cliff—a cavern'——

'And how can I get thee out?'

'Wait!' he said. 'Listen, my Barbe! Up above there are openings in the cliff'——

'I saw them.'

'Pass a rope through them with an axe at the end of it, and make the other end fast up above, and I will be with thee in half-an-hour. You understand?'

'I understand. Can I not touch thy hand, Alain?'

'There are four metres of rock between us, dear one. Hasten with the rope, and I will be with thee.'

'I go. Adieu, Alain! Come quickly—quickly!' She pulled once at the cord and the hole was below her. She saw the black rifts above her on the right. She was past them. Strong hands grasped her under the shoulders and drew her up over the cliff, and she fell prostrate among them like one bereft of life.

The women were still slapping her hands when her eyes opened.

'Ah, la voilà!' said one; then Sergeant Gaudriol bent over her, and she sat up.

'Can you tell us what you saw, ma fille?' he asked, as one tries to induce a child to tell its little story.

'It is Alain, monsieur.'

'Alain! Alain Carbonec!' said the Sergeant, and eyed her keenly to see if she were in proper possession of her wits, and all the throng gathered round her with ejaculations of surprise and incredulity.

She stood up, somewhat shakily, for her nerves were relaxed after the too great strain.

'Alain is there—in a cavern in the rock. He spoke to me through a small opening.'

'Could you see him, my dear?' asked one doubtfully.

'I could not see him. He said there were four mètres of rock between us. There are some larger holes just under the cliff up here. He told me to send down a rope through those holes with an axe tied to it, and to make the end fast up above, and he would be up in half-an-hour.'

'Allons, donc!' cried Gaudriol, flaming to the work. 'What, in the name of Heaven, are you all gaping round here for? An axe—a rope! Who's got an axe? What a set of fools not to have an axe among you! Off you go—you Jean-Marie—go like the wind and bring an axe.'

Jean-Marie started off down the slope at a fisherman's gallop.

'Tiens! Jean-Marie!' shouted Gaudriol after him.
'Bring also wine and bread and some cognac! The poor fellow has been down there for two whole months, and God knows if he's had anything to eat in all that time.'

The men busied themselves getting the fresh rope ready and making it fast. The women talked among themselves in murmurs. The children sat and gaped at it all. Gaudriol stood by Barbe.

'You are quite sure, my child?'

'So sure, monsieur, that I am ready to go again to bring him up.'

'Nay, you have done enough. You have done well. They will all be ready to go so long as it is a man they are after, and not a ghost.'

Presently Jean-Marie came toiling back with his load, and cast himself panting on the turf. He had not run so far and so fast since he was a very small bov.

'Now, who goes?' cried Gaudriol.

They were all eager to go, and the Sergeant made his own selection.

'You, Loïc Breton; you are the strongest, and he may need help. Now, where are these holes? Can you show us, ma chère?'

Barbe thought for a moment, then pointed midway between the grooves in the turf. 'Just about midway between them,' she said.

They dropped the rope with the axe tied to it, and Loïc Breton stepped into the loop of the other rope.

'Hold tight, you boys,' he said, with a big grin; 'I'm heavier than the little one;' and down he went out of sight.

They had to swing him to the right in answer to his signals. Then the check came up the rope.

'He has found the holes,' they said; and, as the rope jerked to and fro in the groove, 'He is swinging into them;' and when it hung taut and still, 'He is there.'

The other rope to which the axe was tied jerked lightly, and they said, 'He is putting it through the hole.'

Then above the screaming of the birds they heard the sound of hammering on the rock. Loïc was thoughtfully chopping away the granite slats of the window. Then silence, and a breathless waiting that seemed endless.

At last a shout from below, and in a moment a strong pull at the guide-rope, and with a cheery sing-song the men ran away up the slope, and a pallid face and a pair of half-closed blinking eyes and a tangle of pale-yellow curls rose above the edge of the cliff, and Alain Carbonec had come back to life and his fellows.

Barbe ran to him with a cry, half-pity, half-joy, and the rest hung back, for in truth he seemed half-ghost and hardly human. But the way he kissed Barbe was human enough, and he laughed aloud for joy as he wrung the Sergeant's hand, and the others gathered round him.

'Eat, mon gars!' said Gaudriol, offering him bread and wine and cognac all at once.

'A mouthful of bread and a sip of wine,' said Alain. 'I have not tasted bread for two months. Mon Dieu! how good it is! Merci, monsieur, just a drink of wine. It is good also.'

'You have had to eat down there?' asked Gaudriol.

'Surely, or I should not be here. I have had rock-doves and fish, and water to drink; but one tires of them. Who'll give me a pipe?' and a dozen pipes were thrust at him. 'It's six weeks since I smoked the last of poor Cadoual's cigarettes.'

'Ah, yes—Cadoual!' said the Sergeant, and the mention of his name jarred on them all. 'Will you tell us about it, mon beau—here on the spot? What does it all mean? How did you get down there?'

'But yes, I will tell you—as soon as I've tasted the smoke. How good it is! And the sun and you all. It is good to be above the earth, my friends.'

He was very greatly changed. His bright face and yellow hair and merry eyes and voice had made one think of sunshine and breezes. Now they were like moonlight on a quiet night. His skin was pallid under the tan; his hair was visibly whitened; his eyes blinked at the light; his very voice had changed. He looked, indeed, like the ghost of the Alain Carbonec they had known.

Presently, sitting there in the midst of them, with his back to the sun, he told them all that had happened to him from the time he found himself lying among the rock-doves to the hearing of Barbe's voice outside his lookout; and when he told the story of the devil-worm they drew up closer one to another, and shivered in the sunshine, and the children's eyes held the shadows of many evil dreams to come.

'It is a very strange story,' said Sergeant Gaudriol when he had finished; 'but I believe every word of it.'

'It is all just as I have told you, M. le Sergeant,' said Alain, who saw no reason why he should not believe it.

- 'I know,' said the old man thoughtfully; 'but we have others to convince.'
 - 'How, then?' said Alain.
- 'Madame Cadoual believes it was you who killed her son.'
- 'What!' and he sprang up, blazing with wrath.
 'I killed him—I? And it was he who did his best

to kill me, and told me so! Heavens, this is too much!

'Not a soul among us believes it, my boy,' said the Sergeant, and acquiescent murmurs ran round among them. 'But we have to deal with a woman gone crazy with grief, and—well, you know what she is. First she tried to fix it on Pierre Carcassone; then she got down detectives, and they rooted about all round, and gave it as their opinion that it was not Pierre but you. They thought, you see, that you had bolted, and—you know—it is always the absent one who is to blame.'

'Eh bien! I am returned, and I have been all the time where Cadoual himself put me. No thanks to him that I am still alive, ma foi!'

'There must be some easier way into that place,' said Gaudriol, incubating his ideas. 'He could never have got you in the way you came out.'

'That's certain. I could never have got out if Loïc had not opened the window.'

'And, par Dieu! where is Loïc? I had forgotten all about him.' They had all forgotten about him.

'He went down the rope to see where I had come from,' said Alain. 'He'll come back when he's tired—if he doesn't get lost. You can ramble for days down there.'

We must find that other way in, said the Sergeant. 'That may tell us tales. Show us, mon gars, exactly where you were walking when—you know'——

Alain jumped up and led them round the cliff. 'Now, voyons!' he said, 'here is where I always came up. Then along here. So—through the bushes'—— and he stopped and looked round. 'To the best of my knowledge, M. le Sergeant, it was somewhere about here. You must remember I was not noticing particularly. I was just going along, thinking of—of where I had been, and more of where I was going'—— He looked at Barbe, who smiled back at him.

'Now, my friends,' said Gaudriol, 'scatter and search every inch of ground. Much may depend on it.'

They broke and searched as eagerly as though they looked for treasure; and the children searched too, chattering and laughing and squealing at the pricklings of the gorse, with no idea that they were looking for the life of a man. But their efforts came to nothing, and it was only when they were about giving up the search that accident revealed what endeavour had failed to discover. The youngsters had soon grown tired of finding nothing, and had taken to subdued skylarking among the great stones of the menhir. The ghostly atmosphere and the place forbade more than surreptitious punches and unexpected pushes into favourable clumps of gorse, and the consequent rushes of retreat and pursuit; and it was one such successful attack that led to the finding of the upper cave.

Jannick Godey, son of Jan, coming stealthily round one of the stones, found Master Hervé Buvel

standing with his back to him. Jannick dived headlong into that tempting back, and Hervé disappeared with a subdued howl into the bushes in front of him; but instead of rising full of wrath and prickles, as Jannick hoped and expected, Hervé had gone completely out of sight. Jannick's pentup fear and breath were just on the point of coming out in a roar when Hervé stuck up his head among the gorse and gasped, 'A hole!' It was a hole they had been told to look for, and Jannick's roar of fear turned at once into a shout of triumph.

'V'là! M. le Sergeant, we have found it. I found it myself, and put Hervé Buvel in to make sure.' 'Good boy!' said the Sergeant. 'Let us see the

hole, then.'

'It is here, M. le Sergeant, and it is deep,' squeaked Hervé; and Gaudriol planted a heavy official foot in the gorse and drew him out. Behind the bush the foot of the huge stone was hollowed. The burrow ran into the earth with a steep slope, and looked anything but inviting.

The other searchers gathered round.

A TREASURE-LAKE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

By BENJAMIN TAYLOR, F.R.G.S.



HE tales are legion of those who have sought for El Dorado in the Far West, and who have endeavoured to locate the gold-veins of Ophir in the East. Ever since the Spanish conquerors landed upon the southern

continent of America, men have gone forth in groups and in solitude to search for the Golden City which they constructed in their imagination out of the Indian traditions. Amyas Leigh and his little band wandered for three years in search of it, from the Orinoco to the Amazon, under the snows of Chimborazo and on the lava-streams of Cotopaxi, along the ridges of the Andes, through trackless forests and over untrodden hills. We read: 'Slowfully and painfully they had worked their way northward again, along the eastern foot of the inland Cordillera, and now they were bivouacking, it seems, upon one of the many feeders of the Meta which flows down from the Suma Paz into the forest-covered plains. There they sat-their watchfires glittering on the stream, beneath the shadow of enormous trees, Amyas and Cary, Brimblecombe and Yeo, and the Indian lad who had followed them in all their wanderings—alive and well; but as far as ever from Manoa and its fairy lake and golden palaces and all the wonders of the Indians' tales. Again and again in their wanderings they had heard faint rumours of its existence, and started off in some fresh direction, to meet only a fresh disappointment, and hope deferred which maketh sick the heart.' Yet even as they sat there, only half the band that had set forth so hopefully from Guayra, and Jack Brimblecombe uttered his memorable remark that the gold of Manoa was like the gold which lies where the rainbow touches the ground-always a field beyond you-they were actually almost within reach of the real El Dorado. It is, or was, however, not a golden city but a golden or gilded man-a fact, not a legend. At the present moment the exploitation of the treasure is the object of an engineering enterprise, directed by British energy, carried on near Bogotá, the capital of Colombia, at the foot of the Suma Paz range.

The story of the Golden Man seems to have

reached the Spaniards first about the year 1535, but not in what they called New Granada, which is now the Republic of Colombia. An ambassador came down to Quito with a message to the Inca of Peru from the Cacique of Bacata, the Indian predecessor of the modern city of Bogotá. So far away is this singular mountain town from the rest of the world that it is hardly surprising the cacique had not learned that the last Inca had died two years before, and that the land was in the possession of 'bearded men' armed with weapons that spoke and vomited fire. The 'bearded' strangers received the messenger of the cacique, and questioned him as to his country; and he told them of a great lord who covered his body with powdered gold before bathing in a lake in the high mountains. The story passed round among the Spaniards, and grew in the telling; and in a short time Oviedo the historian wrote of the Golden King as one who was 'always covered with powdered gold, so that from head to foot he resembled an image of gold finished by the hand of a skilful workman. The powdered gold is fixed on the body by means of an odoriferous resin; but as this kind of garment would be uneasy to him while he alept, the prince washes himself every evening, and is gilded anew every morning; which proves that the Empire of El Dorado is infinitely rich in mines.

This is romance; but it contains the germ of The Empire of El Dorado-to wit, the Republic of Colombia—is enormously rich in mines. It possesses some of the richest gold-bearing reefs in the world, it is the chief source of the finest emeralds, and it has untold wealth in silver, copper, lead, and other metals, besides boundless tracts of fertile soil yielding actually or potentially the most valuable products of the earth. It has great forests, and lands producing coffee, cocoa, tobacco, sugar, rubber, wheat, and maize, with rich dye-woods and abundant tropical fruits. By the man in the street in Britain, Colombia is regarded as the chosen home of revolution, the burial-place of the reputation of De Lesseps, and the birthplace of the proposed American isthmian canal; but Colombia is

not Panamá alone. For the railway engineer it is a world to conquer, because in its vast area it has as yet only about five hundred miles of railroad, and it will take a great deal of skilful engineering to open it up properly with iron roads; but unfortunately the republic is somewhat embarrassed financially.

What was formerly New Granada, and afterwards the United States of Colombia, became officially and politically the Republic of Colombia in 1885. Although known to Europeans mainly, if not entirely, as the political entity to which belongs the state of Panamá, that state is but a small fractional part of the republic, which occupies half a million square miles of the north-west portion of South America, as well as the isthmian territory. It has a coast-line about one thousand four hundred to two thousand miles long on both oceans, and is bordered by the republics of Venezuela, Brazil, Peru, and Ecuador. It contains nine departments or provinces; and, though there has been no census for upwards of thirty years, the population is estimated at about four millions. In that population are about two hundred thousand aboriginal and uncivilised Indians, and about the same number of semi-civilised and settled Indians, or zambos. The remainder are 'whites,' a cross between the aborigines and the Spaniards from Andalusia and the Basque Provinces. They all speak Spanish, and are on absolute social equality with what pureblooded whites there are in the country.

Physically, Colombia is broken up by the Andean system, which here spreads out into three ranges. On one of these ranges, called the Eastern Cordillera, are the Sierra de Suma Paz, or Mountains of Highest Peace, rising from an elevation of eleven thousand feet to the region of eternal snow. From the Eastern Cordillera flows the Magdalena into the Caribbean Sea, a mighty river more than a thousand miles in length, with a navigable waterway of over eight hundred miles, fed by five hundred affluents and draining an area of one hundred thousand square miles. This river is the main approach to the capital from the Atlantic. It is further interesting to us as receiving by an affluent in its upper reaches the overflow of Lake Guatavita, a sheet of water on the mountain plateau above Bogotá.

When the Spaniards went to America, the Chibchas inhabited the high upland plateau of Cundinamarca, some seven or eight thousand feet above the sea, between the Magdalena and the Mountains of Highest Peace, and also the uplands of the Eastern Cordillera. They were under two rival chiefs, the Zipa and the Zaque, who were as frequently at war with each other as are now the competing republics which formerly composed New Granada. It would seem that culture was more widely diffused among these aboriginal Colombians before the Spanish conquest than it has been since. They were people of enterprise and intelligence, who knew how to make and

pave highways, to construct suspension bridges across gorges, to erect stone monuments, to weave and dye and make pottery, to use weights and measures, and to have a gold currency of sorts. They were great workers in the precious metal, and were ingenious and industrious in the manufacture of gold ornaments.

It was because of the antagonism between these rival chiefs that the Spaniards were able to conquer both. The Chibchas numbered over a million then; but now they are merged in the mixed white nationality of the country. They have left behind them large numbers of guacas, or mounds, of great size, which contained sacrificial stores of gold and jewels. These guacas were monumental erections to the departed, and from them fabulous treasure has been plundered. One writer has recorded of four within his own knowledge, that one yielded jewels worth three thousand six hundred pounds, another gold ornaments worth four thousand pounds, another eight thousand pounds, and another as much as thirteen thousand pounds. But the Chibchas did not bury their treasures in funeral mounds only-they also sank them in the waters of the lake; and it is these sunken treasures that are now being sought, not by the daring buccaneer, but by the plodding engineer.

The capital of Colombia, Santa Fé de Bogotá, commonly called Bogotá, is in truth a city set upon a hill. It was founded by the Spanish conquerors some twelve miles from the old Chibchas capital, but on a pleasanter site, some nine thousand feet above the level of the sea and near the foot of the Mountains of Highest Peace. It is no mean place, although so far away from the rest of the world and so near the clouds, for it has a population of one hundred and twenty thousand, a library of eighty thousand volumes, a university, an observatory, a picture gallery, numerous learned institutions, parks and pleasure-grounds, and electric light.

Some twenty miles from Bogotá, and higher up the hills, ten thousand feet above sea-level, is the sacred Lake of Guatavita. Of this lake the first notice in European literature, so far as we are aware, occurs in a book called The Historical Records of the Spanish Main in the New Kingdom of New Granada, published in 1623. It was written by Fray Pedro Simon, a Spanish priest, who was sent out in 1600 as a theological teacher in a San Franciscan convent established by the Spaniards at Bogotá. He was twenty years in the country collecting material, and was intimate with the early conquistadores. He died before the production of the complete book; but the remaining portion of it was included by Lord Kingsborough in his Supplementary Extracts from Spanish Authors. This is what the good Pedro Simon says of the offerings which the Chibchas made in the sacred lake:

'So there was no stint of good gold, jewellery, emeralds, food, and other things offered when in trouble, and with the prescribed ceremony. Two ropes were taken, long enough to span the lake in the middle; and, by crossing them from side to side, the middle or centre of the lake would be known, to which two zipas (priests) and the person making the offering would go on rafts composed of bundles of dried sticks or float-wood tied one to another, or made from planks in the form of a punt, holding three, four, or more persons, according to their size, such as are used in crossing rivers where there are no bridges. By these means they would reach the centre of the waters of the lake, and there, using certain words and ceremonies, throw in their offerings, small or large, according to their means. Some of these were of great value, as in the case of the Cacique of Guatavita, who covered his body with gold, which gave rise to what the Indian told in the city of Quito, and resulted in the Spaniards giving to this district the name of El Dorado. In further reference to the lake, it was the principal and general place of worship of all this part of the country, and there are still those alive who state that they witnessed the burial of some caciques who left orders for their bodies and all their wealth to be thrown in the waters after their death, when it was rumoured that bearded men had entered the country in search of gold; and many of the Indians brought their hoarded treasures and offered them as a sacrifice in the lake, so that they should not fall into the hands of the Spaniards. . . . The cacique of the village of Simijaca alone threw in the lake forty loads of gold of one quintal each, carried by forty Indians from the village, as proven by their own statements and those of the cacique, nephew and successor of the great chief, who was sent to escort the Indiana.'

Humboldt, in his Travels in Equinoctial America, refers to this lake and its story. He came to the conclusion that the tradition of El Dorado spread among the conquistadores had its origin in the kingdom of Quito, where Luis Daza (1535) met with an Indian of New Granada who had been sent by his prince (either the Zipa of Bogota or the Zaque of Tunja) to demand assistance from Atahualpa, Inca of Quito. This ambassador boasted of the wealth of his country, and spoke of a lord 'who, his body covered with powdered gold, went into the lake amid the mountains.' This lake was the sacred Lake of Guatavita, on the east of the mines of rocksalt of Zipaquira. Humboldt says: 'I saw on its banks the remains of a stair hewn in the rock, and serving for the ceremonies of ablution. The Indians said that powder of gold and golden vessels were thrown into this lake as a sacrifice to the adoratorio de Guatavita.

Vestiges are still found of a breach which was made long ago by the Spaniards for the purpose of draining the lake. The idea of draining the lake, therefore, is no new one; and in Spanish history there are records of numerous proposals and of more than one attempt. But, as can be readily imagined, it is no easy matter to carry on any engineering undertaking at such an altitude.

The lake, which is about a quarter of a mile in diameter, and has a maximum depth of about fortyfive feet, lies in a cup-like depression on the summit of a mountain, its surface being about ten thousand feet above the sea-level and several hundred feet above the surrounding plain. A tunnel is being driven through the side of the hill at a level of about seventy feet below the surface of the water. This tunnel will be nearly eleven hundred feet in length. A vertical shaft is being sunk from a point near the edge to meet the tunnel, which is driven from both ends. When the tunnel and shaft are completed, an open cut will be made from the latter towards the centre of the lake, and the water will be siphoned off through the shaft and tunnel as the works proceed, both to avoid any undue rush and to enable the men working in it to keep dry. The mud and silt in the bed of the lake will then be treated by modern appliances for the recovery of the gold and precious stones they are believed to contain. The greatest difficulty is experienced in obtaining efficient labour, and the conveyance of the boring machinery has been onerous and costly. The project was initiated by a few Colombian gentlemen; but the work is carried on under British engineers, and is financed by a London syndicate.

In the course of the operations for draining the lake many curious objects in gold-work and pottery have been found on the margin, formerly covered by water, and about the shores. These objects are not only of great antiquity, but they appear to be imitations of the products of a still earlier age. Some of the vases and ornaments recovered are very like similar objects found in the tombs of the Incas in Peru and Ecuador; others have a suggestion of Egyptian craft or teaching. The finding of these empty vases-which are believed to have held treasure—leads to the supposition that many treasure-seekers have been there already; but what has been got can only have been by dredging, and the available appliances for work of that kind must have been very inefficient. There are good reasons for thinking that a rich store of emeralds may be found in the silt of the lake-bottom. The Indians were sun-worshippers, and the emerald was venerated as the emblem of the sun. As these gems were plentiful, they would, in all probability, be among the treasures which the Indians are said to have thrown into the water. What is not known is whether the Indians themselves ever recovered any of the sunken treasure when the country became more pacified. The estimate of a French writer, that the treasure would amount to over a billion pounds sterling, is, of course, incredible; but it is believed in Colombia that a large, if not the greater, portion must be still at the bottom of the lake.

EPISODES IN THE JACOBITE TRIALS OF 1746.

FROM STATE MANUSCRIPTS.

By J. MACBETH FORBES.



N his immortal ode opening with the beautiful lines,

How sleep the brave who sink to rest By all their country's wishes blest, the poet Collins pays a noble

tribute to the memory of the

Royalists who fell resisting the rebellion of 1745. With like poetic feeling he penned his succeeding ode to excite compassion for the other side—for the unhappy rebels who were then crowding every jail throughout the country, and whose trials were already proceeding.

The King's Government, in their determination to stamp out the rebellion, selected the leaders for trial, and accordingly they obtained lists of 'all persons who are either gentlemen or persons of note, or who have distinguished themselves by an extraordinary degree of guilt or indecent behaviour.' The first list submitted to them by the Solicitor of the Treasury showed a total of one hundred and fourteen on the 23rd of September 1746; the rank and file, or dii minores of the rebellion, numbering one thousand and ninety-five at that date, and being confined at Carlisle, York, Lancaster, Lincoln, Chester, Southwark, Tilbury Fort, and in transports on the Thames. There were a few State prisoners in the Tower and in the messengers' hands.

An additional list, of date 22nd November 1746, containing the names of two hundred and fifty-five persons in the different county jails in Scotland charged with treason, was prepared by the sheriffs and sent by order to His Majesty's Advocate. There was a note against each of the nature of the proof held. The leniency of the Scottish sheriffs towards their own countrymen is seen in the closing report: 'Most of the prisoners low and obscure people. Against the greater part no proof could be got. Several not in the rebellion.'

Naturally most of the rebels in the sheriffs' lists were imprisoned in Edinburgh. The Castle alone held twenty-five, among whom was Alexander M'Donald of Kingsburgh, who was alleged to have 'harboured the Pretender's son, and helped him to escape.' The Castle, by the way, was reserved for the better class of prisoners. The county of Edinburgh jail contained no less than fifty-one, among whom was Andrew Alves, an Edinburgh Writer to the Signet, who was put in prison because he was the bearer of a message from the Duke of Perth to the Lord Provost demanding the surrender of the city. It was also alleged against him that he had seen the Pretender's son, and had frequently met the rebels. There were thirty-seven immured in the Canongate jail, Edinburgh. It is amusing to find a Chelsea pensioner, John Webster, in prison at Montrose under a charge of 'marching with rebels and drawing up their men.' One would imagine that the interest of a pensioner hardly lay in helping the enemies of his king.

As is well known, only a selection was made from the rank and file for trial. The modus operandi was as follows: The names were arranged in alphabetical order, and divided into lots of twenty. Rolls of paper were made up for each lot, one slip bearing the words 'To be tried,' the remainder being blanks. If a prisoner did not draw his lot, it was done for him. A certificate was appended to each list of lots drawn, and was attested by three witnesses. Those who escaped the ordeal of trial were 'to receive His Majesty's mercy on such conditions as should be thought proper, agreeably to what was done in the year 1715'—in other words, military service abroad.

The old and historic Hall of Westminster was the forum in which the rebel lords were brought for trial. The scene, portrayed in such picturesque detail by Dr Robert Chambers, need not be described; but one or two untold incidents may be mentioned. In his History of the Rebellion of 1745-46 (new edition, pp. 451, 452), Dr Chambers says: 'On the Saturday preceding the Monday when the execution was to take place, General Williamson thought proper to give Lord Kilmarnock an account of all the circumstances of solemnity and outward terror which would accompany it.' It is only justice to the memory of Lieutenant-General Williamson, the then Governor of the Tower, in whose custody the three lords were, to publish his denial of such a charge. Here, at least, is his disclaimer in the case of Lord Balmerino, and it should apply to the other condemned noblemen as well. In a letter to Mr Stone, of the Home Office, on 23rd August 1746, General Williamson said: 'I carried Fowler with me to be a witness to what Lady Balmerino should say concerning the strange story invented of my holding a knife to my neck to show her lord how his head should be cut off when I waited on him to acquaint him of the day of his execution; and in his presence she denied I made any such sign as was reported.' In a postscript he added:
'Slander has made me weary of my present situation.'

There was a great rush of the nobility to see the spectacle of the trial. Mr John Sharpe, Solicitor to the Treasury, who had so much to do with the trials generally, had not even the

entrée to the Hall of Westminster, but was desirous to secure tickets. Accordingly he thus wrote to his official chief, the Duke of Newcastle: I hope your Grace will excuse my entreating you to favour me with a couple of tickets for the trial of the lords. Were they to be had from any but peers, or had I not been so entirely engaged in the service of the Crown as to be wholly disabled from applying for them, I would not have troubled your Grace. But unless your Grace will be so good as to assist me herein, though I have so great a share in the care, trouble, and fatigue, I shall not be able to introduce any one of my family to be present.' No answer to Mr Sharpe's letter came for a day or two, and his feelings may be seen from his second note to his superior: 'I am very sorry I gave your Grace the trouble of mentioning anything about tickets for the trial. I did it at the importunity of those who are dearer to me than myself, and their disappointment shows them my interest is much less than they took it to be.' Happily the tickets arrived, and the Solicitor to the Treasury returned his 'most true and sincere thanks' therefor to his Grace.

Another interesting incident in connection with the same trial was the application which the Lord Great Chamberlain of England made to get the scaffolding in Westminster Hall which was used on that historic occasion. He claimed it as an official perquisite of his position; and his lordship stated very plainly in a letter that he was resolved not to allow any of the dignities or appanages of his high office to be impaired or abridged. It is to be presumed that his request was acceded to, as later on he applied for Lord Lovat's scoffolding on similar grounds.

The authorities had much trouble in making adequate arrangements for trying so many prisoners in a small town like Carlisle. The Mayor, Recorder, and High Sheriff sent a representation on the subject to the Duke of Newcastle. They were puzzled how to accommodate so many troops, jurymen, witnesses, and prisoners. Already, they said, there were seven hundred to eight hundred private soldiers in the town, besides not far from a hundred English and French officers billeted, with their servants. Then 'there are only seventy-five public houses, and these have but two hundred and fortytwo beds to spare over and above those required for their own families: a number far too few.' They therefore suggested utilising Carlisle Castle, with its two hundred beds, or erecting huts or booths, or pitching tents within the jail-yard.

The difficulties in meeting the needs of the special commission are further shown in a letter from Mr Philip Carteret Webb, the prosecuting solicitor, to Mr Sharpe, the Treasury Solicitor, on 2nd August 1746: 'I arrived here yesterday about 2 P.M., and found the town so full that,

although we had in all sixteen coach and saddle horses with us, we were two hours in the street before we could get stabling for our horses, and an absolute refusal of furnishing any of us or our horses with beds. I soon began to experience what it was to be in a rebel town, and blessed my good fortune coming into it so early in the day. The Deputy-Mayor and Postmaster, a cunning fellow, and as truly disaffected as if he had been born and bred in the Highlands, offered only his two garret beds to us. Fortunately we got Colonel Stanwick's house, which was empty. The town is so small as to have of inhabitants from sixteen years and upwards only seven hundred and fifty-nine. . . . Unless a letter in strong terms be wrote to the governor or magistrates to see that lodgings be forwarded for the king's witnesses, I foresee they will have none and will be reduced to lie on straw.'

General Fleming, in charge of the king's troops at Carlisle, had an equally low opinion of the loyalty of the magistracy, for he wrote the Duke of Newcastle that 'he had directed the High Sheriff and magistrates to meet him, but did not expect the worthless magistrates or corporation to attend, as he had never found that they had His Majesty's service much at heart or showed their loyalty in any way.' Writing again on 14th August, he said that all the assurance he could get for the rebel prisoners and their witnesses was an old malthouse, which would hold one hundred and twenty prisoners or witnesses.

With regard to the charge of disloyalty made against the corporation, the London Gazette of 1745 contained a loyal address presented to the king by the Mayor, Recorder, Aldermen, &c. of Carlisle. Its terms were effusive to His Majesty and abusive of 'the son of an abjured and Popish Pretender,' who was further stigmatised as an 'insolent invader.' On the 23rd of August 1746 the Mayor thus exculpated himself from the charge of disloyalty in a letter addressed to the Principal Secretary of State: 'The corporation have always acted and shown their loyalty upon all occasions for His Majesty's service. We furnished the commandant of the Castle with meal and potatoes; and what else he wanted to have done, every other act we could, both out of our public stock and our own private fortunes to serve the present Government. Your Grace will no doubt know that this is but a small place for to entertain the number of men that are in it, so that the soldiers wanting that convenience they ought to have make an uneasiness at present which in a short time we shall overcome.'

At first the Crown had trouble also in getting witnesses, for it was officially stated that there was no evidence against the prisoners at Carlisle except what was got from themselves; and 'it can hardly be expected that this sort of evidence will be sufficient to convict them.' The authorities, however, hatched a scheme for getting the

prisoners to inculpate themselves; and this was by introducing into the prisons soldiers who were to mix freely among the prisoners. Of course the idea of the soldiers acting as agents provocateurs was not openly stated; but it can easily be read between the lines of an order emanating from Mr Sharpe early in 1746: 'Two captains, two lieutenants, and two ensigns, ten sergeants, ten corporals, and forty men of Brigadier Bligh's regiment of foot ordered to go into prisons and places where rebel non-commissioned officers and soldiers are; and, dividing the rebels into squads according to the number of them in the proportion to the detachment above ordered, they are with the utmost caution to remark every man so as to be able to know them again, and a list is to be given to the Duke of Richmond of their names.' It was added that some of these gentlemen should be sent down to attend the special commission to give evidence against the prisoners to be tried there.' They were also instructed to attend the Carlisle Assizes on 12th September.

There was a better way of getting testimony which the authorities knew, and that was by inducing persons to become witnesses from the hope of mercy. As regards such as were not prisoners, these, it was recognised, could not be properly subpossed until a true indictment was found by the grand jury. The only remedy, therefore, was to get them to come forward voluntarily, and to bear their expenses in giving evidence. The matter was referred to the Attorney-General, and his opinion as above was transmitted from Whitehall by the Duke of Newcastle on 1st August 1746 to the Lord Justice-Clerk of Scotland. The latter was directed to do the best he could in the circumstances, as there was no time to be lost.

At last the procession of prisoners began to move from Scotland to Carlisle, bringing in its train the necessary appurtenance of Scottish advocates and writers to defend the prisoners, and the latter's numerous friends. The Lord Justice-Clerk wrote on Monday the 11th of August that the prisoners would amount to about seven hundred, and that he thought it best to subdivide them. About one hundred and forty had been sent on the Friday previous, of whom twenty were witnesses, under the care of Mr William Gray of Newholm, writer in Edinburgh. Other fifty-seven set out from Stirling on 10th August, and as many more left Perth for Carlisle. The last batch from Montrose and Dundee had still to go. The number of witnesses, besides prisoners, would be about one hundred and twenty, and their expenses were paid till their arrival at Carlisle. Lists of bundles of examinations and declarations were despatched along with the officials who took them from the prisonersnamely, Mr George Miller, Sheriff-Depute of Perth, and Mr Patrick Henderson, the SolicitorGeneral's clerk. The interpreter in the Erse (or Gaelic) language was Mr Patrick Campbell. Such were the Scottish preparations for the Carliale Assizes.

Mr Webb, the prosecuting solicitor there, was much annoyed at the slowness of the Crown authorities in Scotland, and wondered if it was wilful on their part. Did they mean to shelter their rebel compatriots? was the question which he asked himself, but could not answer. If so, they had not succeeded, and he must have chuckled over their failure. Writing on the subject, he said: 'The hurry and distress this delay from Scotland has brought upon me is the least thing that chagrins me. There is the danger of my committing mistakes in things in which much nicety and precision is by law required.' Here is his complaint in detail, dated from Carlisle, on 20th August 1746: 'The volumes of examinations and depositions sent to me from Scotland were delivered to me on Tuesday the 12th in the evening, and the indexes and alphabets to those books-without which they were useless -were delivered to me on Friday the 15th in the evening of the day before we (by our route) were appointed to have set out for York. If this happened accidentally or by mistake it is very strange; if there was anything of design in it, it has not had its effect, since every person above the degree of a private man they have sent me has been either indicted or reserved to be so the 9th September.'

About the middle of August the authorities began to make use of Carlisle Castle for the reception of the soldiers on guard and the rebels who had arrived on the 13th. Another batch of prisoners was expected; 'but where to put them,' General Fleming said, 'I know not.' Mr Webb, writing a week later, remarked: 'The jail is so crowded with prisoners that have cast lots that there is danger of a contagious distemper breaking out among them if they are not immediately removed to Whitehaven or some other more convenient place. The town was last week so crowded that many of the witnesses who attended on behalf of the Crown had not a bed to lie on. The service will suffer when we come to proceed on the trials unless this be remedied. The witnesses will many of them, as they declare, not attend unless they can be lodged.' Happily the situation was eased by the French soldiers and their officers, to the number of several hundreds, being removed to Penrith on the 23rd of August.

The Duke of Newcastle was kept closely informed of all the proceedings in court by the judges, the Treasury Solicitor, and the prosecuting solicitor. On the 4th of September Mr Webb thus wrote from Carlisle: 'We began our trials here last Friday, and have had success in all we brought on. At Lancaster, on the other hand, the authorities were not pleased because, in official

phraseology, 'two witnesses forswore themselves.' The Stafford grand jury were independent enough to return 'Ignoramus' to bills against two prisoners charged with treasonable words, because the proof led disclosed the fact that the men were drunk when the words were spoken. Mr Sharpe accordingly remarked that 'we had worse luck at Stafford Assizes than everywhere else.' This contrasted with the Surrey trials, where 'the rebels were condemned in as perfect a manner as the shortness of the time would admit of.' From York the judges wrote his Grace as follows: 'Having yesterday finished the execution of our special commission here, we think it our duty to send your Grace a summary of our proceedings after the same manner which we pursued with approbation in respect to the Commission at Carlisle.' It is assuredly not a modern practice for judges to court the approbation of the Crown authorities; they are content to do their duty fearlessly.

Mr Sharpe was about to conclude one of his usual communications to the Duke of Newcastle on 27th September when a sensational incident occurred in connection with the Carlisle trials: 'I have been interrupted in despatching my express by an attempt made by the titular Bishop of Carlisle, Major Macdonald, and Henderson to escape from the Castle. They tried to corrupt the sentries and had filed off their irons. On this I applied to Brigadier Fleming and Lieutenant-Colonel Howard. The guard has been doubled and such precautions taken as will, I hope, prevent justice from being disappointed.' The fetters, it may be mentioned, ordinarily weighed five pounds. The judges graded the condemned into three categories: (1) the most guilty; (2) those seen in arms with the rebels; (3) those recommended to mercy. The three following prisoners were classified in the first grade. Henderson was apprehended as a spy; and in the account of him submitted to the Secretary of State he is described as a writer in Lochmaben, and an 'active, busy man.' Keppoch had been a theological student or clergyman, and in that capacity had vainly appealed to the Archbishop of Canterbury to save his life. As for Donald Macdonald of Tiernadreish or Tiendrish, he had this official note opposite his name, whether it be true or not: 'A major in the rebel army who gave no quarter to our men at Prestonpans. The Duke of Perth came riding up to him, and said: "Major, I am sorry to see so much English blood spilt; for God's sake, give the men quarter." His answer was: "My lord, if we don't kill them here we shall have to do it in another place, for they won't stay with us."' Major Macdonald is extolled in Dr Chambers's History of the Rebellion as a noble specimen of a Highland gentleman, and Sir Walter Scott has taken him under the name of Fergus Mac-Ivor as the hero of Waverley.

Nothing can be more delicately and touchingly drawn than the last scene of all in this hero's life. Since his attempt to escape he is strongly and heavily fettered, and six soldiers with loaded muskets guard him. He is confined in 'a gloomy and vaulted apartment of the central portion of the Castle—a huge old tower surrounded by outworks, seemingly of Henry VIII.'s time, or somewhat later.' Followed by soldiers, the condemned man descends the well-worn stairs into a court full of dragoons and infantry, who form a hollow square. Here is a black hurdle drawn by a white horse, with two empty seats next the horse, the executioner being at the other end. Some figures can be seen through the dark archway opening on the drawbridge, and these are the High Sheriff and attendants who come to claim the law's After the usual ceremony on such victim. occasions, the procession starts for Harraby Hill, the place of execution, a mile off. The military band strikes up the Dead March; muffled peals are heard from the mighty Cathedral; and in a brief time thereafter the drums and pipes return playing lively airs, as is the manner of soldiers. Alas! the curtain has fallen upon a life-drama.

It only remains to notice the less romantic or prosaic account, given by a soldier in few words, of how the prisoners as a body met their fate. Lieutenant-Colonel Howard, writing to Mr Webb from Carlisle on 3rd November 1746, said: 'They all died in a very unbecoming manner, hardened to a degree, and beyond any sense of their crime. There was a great number of spectators, who behaved with the greatest decency, several saying they pitied them as men, but rejoiced at their fate as rebels.'

LOVE WITHOUT WINGS.

ONE word, one look, one hand-clasp, One moment's highest bliss, One glimpse into each other's soul (Though not a longed-for kiss).

Then, bitterly remembered,
As we unclasped our hands,
That we belong to others,
Each tied by marriage bands.

But friendship we will cherish:
The 'love without the wings,'
The purest, tenderest friendship—
True happiness it brings.

Let us defend each other,

Hold out the helping hand;

And true and firm, for ever,

Together let us stand.

Let each pray for the other, Each strive to live aright, Our ways and purposes in life All guided by the Light.



MEMORIES OF HALF A CENTURY.

By R. C. LEHMANN.

PART IV.



1867 Wilkie Collins, busily occupied then, as always, with his literary work, was devoting his intervals of leisure to house-hunting. He pitched at last upon the comfortable house, 90 Gloucester Place, Portman Square,

where he remained till his death, more than twenty years later. We were then (1867) living near London, at Woodlands, Southwood Lane, Highgate, and there Wilkie was always a welcome guest. Here is a letter written by him to my father in that year:

'SOUTHBOROUGH, Tuesday, September 10th, 1867.

'MY DEAR FRED,—Have you made up your mind that I am a Humbug? Naturally, you have.

'Weeks since, you wrote me a kind letter from Rothesay, giving me delightful accounts of the Padrona, and asking me to join you; and that letter remains unanswered to the present date!

'Disgraceful! What is the cause of this ungrateful silence? The cause is: 90 Gloucester Place, Portman Square, W.

'When your letter reached me, I had an old house to leave—a new house to find—that new house to bargain for, and take—lawyers and surveyors to consult—British workmen to employ—and, through it all, to keep my own literary business going without so much as a day's stoppage. Is there no excuse in this? Ach, Gott! Ja wohl! Si! gewiss!

'Here, then, is a letter of apology which—if Mamie Dickens's information is correct, ought to meet you on your return to Woodlands. My best love and congratulation to the Padrona. The same from Mama Collins—with whom I am staying to get a little quiet for working in. I return on Thursday next. Come and see me on my new perch. My dining-room is habitable—and the drawing-rooms are getting on.—Ever yours,

'WILKIE COLLINS.'

by Wilkie for my brother and me. I remember the occasion well enough, and the delightful sense we had of dining out in state; but the details of the pantomime have vanished from my mind.

'Lock Fred up—or he will be taking places!

'90 GLOUCESTER PLACE, PORTMAN SQUARE, 4th Jan. 1868.

'Stop! Stop! Stop! Don't, for God's sake, go to the Pantomime at the Royal Alfred Theatre before Saturday. I want to take you there. I hear it is a good Pantomime—it is also close by.

'Dinner on Saturday punctually at FIVE, instead of half-past four.

'The Surrey business has broken down—as I guess. A note from the inimitable Reade * informs me that he encloses a letter from the manager, which "is without a parallel in his (Reade's) experience." Of course there is no letter enclosed!!! But I infer that we are treated by this atrocious manager with the utmost contempt. Oh, Heavens! have we lived to be rejected by a transpontine theatre? But no matter, we gain half-an-hour for dinner-time on Saturday—and we have only a little distance to go to the theatre—and we shall do as well in Marylebone as in Surrey—if I am only in time to stop you and Fred from seeing that Pantomime also—without me!—Yours affly., W. C.

'P.S.—The Royal Alfred Theatre is in Church Street, Portman Market. A gorgeous building, opened by his Royal Highness Prince Alfred in person. There!'

I have related in an article written for the Cornhill Magazine (April 1892) how Wilkie on one serious occasion helped me in my school-work. We had been ordered to translate into English verse Horace's ode beginning:

Quem virum aut heroa lyra vel acri Tibia sumis celebrare, Clio?

Wilkie, who was staying at our home, saw me

* Charles Reade the novelist.

MAY 9, 1903.

The next letter refers to a theatre-party arranged No. 284.—Vol. VI. [All Right

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cudgelling my brains, and asked if he could help me. I told him the nature of the task, whereupon he said, 'Give me the crib. I'm no good at the Latin, I'm afraid; but I'll see what I can do with the English.' Our old friend Bohn was produced, and Wilkie, taking it in his hand, dictated a set of couplets quite as fast as I was able to write them down. This was the result of his intervention:—

'August 23rd, 1872.

'HORACE (Book I., Ode 12).

'What man or hero, Clio, dost thou name, On harp or lute, to swell the roll of fame? What god whose name doth sportive Echo sound On Hæmus cold or lofty Pindus' mound? Or Helicon, whence followed Orpheus' strain The winds and rivers, flowing to the main? Taught by his mother's art—unwonted sight-He led the woods themselves in headlong flight. What more beyond the Fathers' wonted praise Can touch my heart or echo in my lays? He rules the sea—divine and human powers— And sways the earth with ever-changing hours. From him nought greater than himself can rise, Nor aught be like him in th' Olympian skies. Yet Pallas, next th' immortal gods among, Holds foremost rank and claims a worthy song. Thou too, O Liber, dost my Muse inspire, Tried in the conflict and the martial fire! And thou, Diana, here shalt bear a part With Phœbus, champion of th' unerring dart. Alcides too, and Leda's god-born twain, Must find a place in this my sounding strain. This one delights to show his skill on horse, The other joys in brave and manly force. Their guiding stars on storm-tossed sailors shine And point the track across the heaving brine. At their command the wind, the wave, subsides, The tempests flee, not e'en a cloud abides. Next Romulus, the haughty Tarquin's pride, Pompilius' peace, how noble Cato died, Divide my mind. I know not which to choose, Which first, where all deserve an equal Muse. But Regulus, the Scauri, Paullus' death, Who loved his country with his dying breath, Though Carthage conquered—such and such as

In glorious numbers do Camœna please. The stroke of poverty, the homely farm, The ancient hearthstone nerved Fabricius' arm. Rough Curius, too, and brave Camillus' name Through these have gained an everlasting fame. The might of Claudius grows as forest trees, Which grow, we know not how, by slow degrees For ever; yet above this mighty throng Doth Julius shine as moon the stars among. Father and guardian of the human race, From Saturn sprung, thou hast a worthy place, The care of Cæsar, Cæsar second reigns, Thou art supreme, thy glory first remains. Whether he shall have checked the Parthian's bow Which oft has laid the Latian warrior low,

Or bound with fetters fast the Indians' pride; Let him be second, thou the first abide. Olympus trembles, though the gods be round, It needs must tremble when thy chariots sound. Upon polluted groves thou hurl'st thy fire, And teachest man to reverence thine ire.'

With the following four letters, written to my mother, I may bring this part of my 'Memories' to a close:

'28th December 1877, 90 GLOUCESTER PLACE, LONDON, W.

'DEAREST PADRONA,—I guess I shall be just in time to wish you and Fred, and the sons, and the daughter, all possible health and happiness in the year that is to come. If I could have offered you my good wishes at your villa [in Cannes], need I say how much better I should have been pleased? But there are all sorts of impediments—literary and personal—which keep me in England at the most hateful of all English seasons (to me), the season of Cant and Christmas.

'Good-natured friends tell me that I look twenty years younger after my travels. I am certainly much stronger than I was, and I hope to fight through the winter. The fog and rain met me at Paris, and prepared me for the horrors of London.

'I am charmed to hear that the Cannes climate has done you so much good. Thirty years ago, I remember it as a delightfully snug, small, cheap place, with two English people only established in it-Lord Brougham and another Britisher whose name I forget. It is plain that I should not know Cannes again if I saw it now. Brougham-beginning with a B-reminds me of Samuel Brohl et Cie. I am going to begin the book to-night in bed; thank you for remembering to send it. But for Christmas-time, I should have read it long ago. I have returned to heaps of unanswered letters, bills, payments of pensioners, stupid and hideous Christmas cards, visits to pay, and every other social nuisance that gets in the way of a rational enjoyment of life. As to modern French novels in general, I have read them by dozens on my travels, and my report of them all is briefly this: Dull and The Nabab, by Daudet (of whom I once hoped better things), proved to be such realistic rubbish that I rushed out (it was at Dijon) to get something "to take the taste out of my mouth," as the children say. Prosper Mérimée's delicious Colomba appeared providentially in a shop-window; I instantly secured it, read it for the second time, and recovered my opinion of French literature You know the book of course? If not, I must send it to you instantly.

'There is no news; everybody is eating and drinking and exchanging conventional compliments of the season. You are well out of it all. Give my love to Fred, and thank him for his kind letter; and write again and tell me that you are getting immense reserves of health, and announce when

you too are likely to be recaptured by the great London net.—Good-bye, dear Padrona.—Yours affly.,

W. C.'

'90 GLOUCESTEE PLACE, PORTMAN SQUARE, LONDON, W., '20th Dec. 1878.

'I have but one excuse, dearest Padrona, for not having long since thanked you for your kind letter—the old excuse of hard work and poor health. But I hold up my head still, and lead the life of a hermit, and (may I confess it?) enjoy the life. Your Wilkie is getting old—there is no mistake about that!

'And how do you like Paris? And how does my dear "blonds mees" Nina finish her education? She must remain like herself, mind—she must not be made into a French ingénue. With this important message, take my love, and give a lot of it to N.

'Do you sometimes lie awake, and want a little something to read you to sleep again? I send you by book-post two little stories which they have bribed me to write in America, and which have been, of course, republished here. Don't trouble to send them back. Tear them up when you have done with them.

'Later I shall have more proofs (of the long story which is coming out in *The World*) to send you—perhaps to bring, if I can make a holiday six weeks or so hence.

'We have had lights all day long in London, and the fog has got into my head, and I must go and walk it out again, and get an appetite for the glorious pate which the good Fred has sent to me.

'Will you write again, I wonder, to your affectionate W. C.?'

'90 GLOUCESTER PLACE, PORTMAN SQUARE, W. Saturday, 28th Feb. 1880.

'DEAREST PADRONA,—Need I say that I engage myself with the greatest pleasure?—but also with a certain feeling of awe. You know in your boudoir

in Berkeley Square what I say and do here. Yester-day morning you heard me use "ungentlemanlike language," and saw me throw into the fire an unoffending morsel of muffin polluted by ——'s cart-grease. I declare it is true. Your delicious butter came on the very day when I was thinking of keeping a private cow in the back-yard, and presiding myself over the pastoral churn. Judge of my gratitude, if you can—words fail to express my feelings.—Ever yours, W. C.

'Oh! I was foolish enough to eat slices of plain joints two days following. The bilious miseries that followed proved obstinate until I most fortunately ate some pate de foi gras. The cure was instantaneous—and lasting.'

'90 GLOUCESTER PLACE, 25th Feb. 1883.

'Dearest Padrona,—The sight of your hand-writing was delightful, and the sight of you will be better still. Anybody who says there is no such thing as luck, lies. Last year I was too ill to get to you at all. This year I am only not well enough to get out to dinner at night, but I might come to lunch—when you have no company—if you will choose your own day and hour, and make several allowances for Wilkie's infirmities. For six months, while I was writing furiously—without exception, one part sane and three parts mad—I had no gout. I finished my story, discovered one day that I was half-dead with fatigue, and the next day that the gout was in my right eye.

'No more of that! I am nearly well, and I pull off my black patch indoors. But I am forbidden night air, and I am so weak that I slip down in my chair towards night, like old Rogers. But he was only eighty—I am a hundred.

'With love to you particularly, and everybody else generally, yours always affly., W. C.

'N.B.—Weak brandy-and-water, and no wholesome joints.'

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

CHAPTER XXIII.-FROM PRISON TO PRISON.



ET me try it, M. Gaudriol,' said Alain, pushing through. 'My eyes are used to the dark;' and he disappeared into the hole.

Some of the younger men were making to follow when Sergeant

Gaudriol stopped them.

'No,' said he; 'the fewer the better. If it is the place, we want to see it as the last users left it.'

Alain's head came up behind the gorse, and he crept carefully into the daylight.

'It looks as if it might be the place,' he said. 'It opens out; but I cannot see much, and there may be openings down below.'

'We will return with lights,' said Gaudriol.
'Can I get in? There is not too much room, ma foi!'

'If you take off your hat and coat you might manage,' said Alain, somewhat doubtfully, as he measured M. Gaudriol's breadth with his eye.

'I'd take off my shirt and my skin to get what I want,' said the Sergeant warmly, for he saw that there would be trouble, and possibly danger, for Alain unless evidence could be found to confirm his story.

'Understand, all of you,' he said, looking round, 'no one enters there till I give permission.—Ah, mon beau,' as Loïc Breton came swinging along, 'what did you find down there?'

'But, M. le Sergeant, it is a wonder beyond words; and to think we none of us knew of it. There are caves and caves. I dared not go far lest I should get lost.'

'Away over there,' said Alain, pointing inland towards the far-away tower of Landroel, 'is a cave from which I could find no outlet. Against the end wall there is a man kneeling in prayer. The water drips on him for ever, and he is turned to green stone. He wandered there till his heart failed him, and then he knelt, and prayed, and died. But I will go down with you any time you like, M. le Sergeant, and show you all the things I have told you of.'

'To-morrow, then,' said Gaudriol. 'We have had enough for to-day; and you, mon gars, deserve a day above ground. And how, in the name of Heaven, do you expect me to get down there?'

'It is quite easy,' said Loic. 'Over the cliff and you swing into the hole I made with the axe, and then you slide down the rope for seventy or eighty metres, and there you are.'

'And how do you get back?'

'Same way,' said Loïc; 'just climb the rope and'-

'Humph!' said Sergeant Gaudriol. 'Well, we shall see.'

He insisted on Alain and Barbe going to his own house, in spite of Mère Pleuret's protestations. At sight of Alain come back from the dead she flung her arms round his neck and wept over him, as glad to see him, almost, as if it were indeed her own boy come home again. But Gaudriol's thoughts were all of the future, and the three of them sat into the small hours of the morning discussing the matter. The Sergeant questioned Alain minutely till every smallest point was clear to him; and Barbe sat holding his hand and gazing at the sputtering sticks, content with life since he was by her side.

Next day Alain did the honours of his prisonhouse to such members of the community as cared to risk their lives over the passage. He showed them all the wonders of the place, from the wavering remains of the devil-worm in the sea cave to the petrified green man in the farthest cavern, and their amazement at all they saw was very great.

Barbe was anxious to go too; but just as she was stepping to the cliff-edge after the rest Gaudriol stopped her.

'Come with me,' he said. 'We have work to do, you and I;' and he led her along to the opening below the great stone. 'Do you know what is going to happen, ma fille?'

'No, monsieur.'

'Alain will probably be arrested to-day for the murder of George Cadoual.'

'Oh, mon Dieu!' wailed Barbe, with startled eyes. 'I thought his troubles were over.'

'On the contrary, they are but beginning, if I know anything of Mère Cadoual. She is bursting with venom and thirsting for blood. But we will

save him, you and I. He has done his part; we will do ours. Now, help me in here.'

It was a very tight fit; but he managed to creep in at last with clothing sufficient left on him for decency. He had brought candles, and with their assistance they made minute examination of the cave. He bade Barbe step lightly, disturb nothing, and miss nothing.

It was Barbe who made the first discovery.

'Tiens! here is something,' and she picked up from a corner a blue stocking-cap. 'It is Alain's. I know it by the edging.'

'Good! But it proves nothing. Allons, ma fille!' and they groped over the floor inch by inch.

'Miss nothing!' said the Sergeant time after time. 'Nothing is too small;' and it was he who made the next find—the fag-end of a cigarette.

'Good!' said he. 'I would like some more of those;' and in time they found two more similar scraps.

They groped and spied, every faculty sharpened to a fine point; but it looked as if all the discoveries had been made. Their attention so far had been concentrated on the floor. M. Gaudriol, straightening his back by way of a change, exclaimed suddenly, 'Voila', quelque chose!' at something which caught his eye on the level. It was a ring of hardened wax, where a candle had burnt to extinction. He examined it carefully, and then proceeded with infinite labour and caution to dig out with his knife the projecting slab of rock on which the candle had stood, so keeping the wax ring intact.

'That may be of value,' he said. 'It remains to be seen.'

Not another thing could they find, until they went step by step down the tunnel, and came near to falling through the rift into the lower cave. They stood and peeped cautiously into the apparently fathomless depth.

'That is how they got in,' he said, and dropped a stone. It made no sound, and they recoiled at thought of the bottomless depths, and crept back to the twilight and so up into the day.

Their search had not yielded much; but Gaudriol was disposed to think these things might be enough. He could not be sure, however; for he had had long experience of examining magistrates and public prosecutors and country juries. He knew the craving the ordinary man has to see every crime paid for and cancelled, so to speak, by an adequate penalty, and he knew the unrest and feeling of insecurity engendered by unrequited crime in the minds of both the people and the law. He had seen men condemned on circumstantial evidence, and their innocence come to light after they had expiated the crime they had never committed; and he remembered that the detectives from Paris had given it as their opinion that it was Alain Carbonec who was guilty of this crime. Certainly one of their strongest arguments was the fact that Alain had disappeared; but the Sergeant saw that a skilful

prosecutor might weave, out of the simple facts of the case, a mesh of incrimination from which Alain might find it difficult to escape. He knew that Madame Cadoual would spring at the chance of making some one pay for her son's death; and that, even though there might be an element of doubt in the matter, she would still be more satisfied to have Alain pay the penalty than to have no penalty paid at all. For himself, he believed every word of Alain's story; but unfortunately it was not he who had to be satisfied in the matter.

When they got back above ground he examined their finds and made pronouncement on each. 'Those are Cadoual's cigarettes. No one else hereabouts smokes the like of them. That candle was a wax one. They are not common. I must look into that. The cap, you say, is Alain's. The big stain at the back is blood. That is all right! I think these things will help, ma mie, and I will see that they are rightly used.'

Matters turned out just as the Sergeant had foreseen. It was after midday when the men came up out of the cavern. Gaudriol himself had gone back to the village with his treasure-trove; but Barbe sat herself down on the edge of the cliff to wait for Alain. She would have liked to go down into the wonderful cavern, and she knew she could manage the descent well enough; but the thought of climbing two hundred feet up a rope rather appalled her.

The men came up over the brow one by one, Alain last of all, and she saw his eyes lighten with the look she loved as they fell upon her. He came quickly to her and put his arm round her, and they all went down the slope together.

'Little sister!' he whispered in her ear, with a glad laugh which belied his words, and brought the colour into her face.

The men were full of the things they had seen below-ground. They all talked at once, twenty-five to the dozen, and no one listened for a moment to any one else. Alain and Barbe were the only silent ones, and that because their speech had no need of the uncouth clothing of words.

As they came along the row of houses which constitute Plenevec, they saw, standing in front of Gaudriol's house, the old Sergeant himself, looking graver and fiercer than usual, and two other gendarmes; and beyond them Pierre Carcassone came striding up the shingle.

'How then?' said Loïc Breton. 'What do the big moustaches want now?'

Oh Alain!' gasped Barbe. 'They have come for you!'

'For me, child?' he said, with a laugh. 'What do they want with me?' He thought it was only her fears for him that prompted the words.

'M. Gaudriol said it would be so,' she said, clasping

her hands more tightly round his arm and speaking very quickly. 'It is Madame Cadoual. She will try to make out that you killed her son.'

'How then? I killed Cadoual?'

'We know it is not so, and we have found things in the cave below the stone which will prove it. Do not lose heart, Alain. M. Gaudriol and I will be at work'——

Here the strange gendarmes came forward, and Gaudriol followed slowly behind.

'Which of you is Alain Carbonec?' asked one.

'I am,' said Alain, stepping forward.

'Our instructions are to convey you to Plouarnec, mon gars, to answer for the murder of George Cadoual.'

'But George Cadoual was not murdered, monsieur,' said Alain quietly; 'therefore it is not possible'——

'All that is quite possible, mon gars; but we have our instructions, and we must carry them out, you understand.'

'Assuredly,' said Alain; and he turned to Barbe and kissed both her pale cheeks and looked once into her eyes. 'It will be but for a very short time, my dear one, and then'—— And to Gaudriol he said, 'M. le Sergeant, you do not believe this of me?'

'Not for a moment, my boy. I know you too well. You will be back here in no time, and happiness will await you.'

'I am at your service, messieurs,' said Alain, and he and the two gendarmes walked off along the road to Plouarnec.

'Dieu-de-Dieu!' said Pierre, striding up to the group that stood looking after them. 'Tell me, some one, was that Alain Carbonec or was it his ghost?'

No one answered him for a moment. On some of them his presence grated harshly. It required an impatient, 'Eh bien! are you all dumb?' from Pierre before he got a reply, and then it was Gaudriol who said:

'Yes, it is Alain Carbonec. He has been shut up inside the rocks for two months, and now they have taken him to prison for a crime which he never committed.'

'Ah, truly!' said Pierre, and nodded his head in a way which suggested a doubt on that subject.— 'Bien! now you will come home, I suppose?' to Barbe.

'No,' said she, with a decided shake of the head; 'I shall stop here.'

'As you please; but if you don't come back now, you don't come back at all.'

'I will not come back at all.'

Then Pierre went back to his boat, which Jan Godey had tied to the iron ladder as he passed the Light the previous night.

A VISIT TO THE TURKISH COALFIELDS.



HE coal-district in Asia Minor is known as the Heraclea Basin, extending along the east coast of the Black Sea, from Eregli, one hundred and twenty-two miles east of the Bosporus, to Ineboli. Taking this

coast-line as the base of a triangle, with Angora as the apex, mining engineers report that coal in large quantities is to be found over the entire area. Owing, however, to the want of roads and railways, it is found possible to utilise only the seams of coal situated near the seacoast. The coal varies considerably in quality; but, generally speaking, it is equal to Newcastle coal for steaming purposes.

These Heraclea coal-mines have been worked for the past sixty years; in fact, during the Crimean war the British fleet was largely supplied with coal from these mines. At that time the mining operations of the natives were certainly very primitive. When an outcrop of coal was found the miners were set to work, and quarried it as they would do stone, using plenty of powder. Many of the huge pits are still to be seen. Since then more scientific methods have been adopted, such as driving galleries, &c.; but as most of the native colliery-owners are without sufficient capital, and cannot afford the necessary machinery for ventilating and pumping, they confine their efforts to cutting into the side of a mountain as far as the foul atmosphere will permit, and when that limit is reached the mine is abandoned and the proprietor prospects elsewhere. Some of the present colliery-owners, however, who are men with capital, have sunk pits with proper ventilation-shafts, and imported first-class machinery, including washing-plant, and now they are producing large quantities of first-class coal.

Unfortunately there are several hindrances to the development of this coal industry. First and foremost is the fact that the mines are in Turkev. Those who know Turkey and the ways of the suave and wily Turk will not need to be further enlightened. Next, this coal business comes under the direct supervision of the Ministry of Marine, which certainly does not worry itself to forward the interests of the collieries; on the contrary, by its action or inaction, it seems to study its own convenience and purposes rather than the interests of the trade. Only a year or two ago a company was formed to build a line of railway which would carry all the coal from dozens of now disused mines down the Heraclea valley to Eregli, and to construct a harbour there. This, however, was not allowed. Sufficient 'palm-oil' could not be paid, and rumour said that a certain high official would not accept any promises—he insisted on cash down!

One would think that the Turkish Government, in its own interests, would do all in its power to encourage and aid the development of these coalfields, as their interests are both direct and indirect. They are direct, inasmuch as each ton shipped pays to the Government a royalty of about one shilling; and indirect, as through the employment of so much native labour large amounts are earned by the peasantry, who form the labouring class, and these sums go principally towards the payment of taxes. These taxes, without the money so earned, would either remain unpaid or they would be terribly in arrear.

The following example will give an idea of the conditions under which the peasantry live and Any morning may be seen in the only street of Zongouldak a batch of ten to fifteen males, ranging from youths of fifteen years of age to hoaryheaded old fellows of threescore years and ten. These are amelés (the generic name of the labouring class). Poor bits of humanity they look, poorly clad in native-made cotton clothing, summer and winter; their feet wrapped in odd bits of sacking, over which is worn the raw-hide sandal (tcharouh). Look at them all, and you will notice their mildly unintelligent physiognomy. They have just arrived, having tramped over the roughest of rough country, some for twelve hours, some for two days. Each man carries a small sack on his back containing coarse meal compounded of roughly ground wheat and maize, weighing from fifty to sixty pounds. This meal and their strength is their stock-in-trade. With that bag of meal they left their hovel-homes and have come to Zongouldak to work. Not that they love work-not they-but the muhtar (elder) of the village is pressing for the taxes, so they come and earn sufficient to satisfy the tax-gatherer. To save the money he earns, our amelé has brought his own provisions; and it is an interesting sight to watch him at the end of his day's work making all necessary arrangements for feeding. He goes into the woods and cuts fuel, and, after finding a flat stone, lights a fire on it; then he mixes his meal into a dough, and when the stone is well heated, brushes away the embers and lays his damper on it. In a very short time his frugal meal is ready, and he feasts. A few ashes do not seem to trouble his digestion, and all is washed down with water. When our friendly amelé finds that his stock of meal is running low, and that he has only sufficient to last him on his homeward journey, he immediately stops work and goes to his employer for his pay. Getting this, he puts his best foot forward homewards-the same weary tramp back, but with a lighter load on his shoulders and money in his purse. Reaching home, he pays over what he has earned to the muhtar, and makes kef until housekeeping and tax calls again oblige him to return to work.

What, it may be asked, do these poor souls earn? The ordinary labourer gets one shilling per day of twelve to sixteen hours, and the *kasmaji* (hewer) two shillings per day. They work in gangs of one

kasmaji with, say, four or five amelés; and when their day's work is over they are quite content to light a fire and stretch themselves out on the ground to sleep the sleep of the just, with their feet to the fire. It does not seem to matter much to them whether it be summer or winter—the same clothes serve them, and they are not particular whether they have a roof over them or not.

Such is the daily life of the amelé, and he does not complain, or go on strike, or pine for a cottage piano, or, indeed, any luxuries. He is quite satisfied with his hard lot provided the demands of the tax-gatherer are appeased and he can escape the call to serve in the ranks. I wonder what the ordinary British or American collier would say to working under similar conditions? To go on strike in the circumstances would not only be justifiable—it would be a duty. But in my commiseration for the unfortunate amelé I have strayed from my subject.

The first thing to do, therefore, is to start for Eregli; and as it is easier to go by sea, we will get a tol teskerch (travelling permit) and take one of the Mahsoussieh mail-boats bound up the coast; and I promise you any amount of varied amusement and inconvenience and disgusting experience before you reach your destination. You will take passage (first-class cabin costs eighteen shillings) at Constantinople, and the mail-boat which is to convey you is at the buoy in the harbour. Having paid your passage and got on board, you feel somehow that you would do well to go on shore again; but finally, as business is pressing, you make up your mind to risk it. Your first-class cabin is a sight to behold. The saloon is crowded with passengers; and as each one has brought his own food for the passage, all sorts of offensive odours assail your nostrils on entering it. Some of the first-class passengers have already started eating, and a mixed variety of provisions are on the dirty table. Amongst the viands you find olives, cheese, bread, pasturmah (dried camel-flesh), garlic galore, onions, and all sorts of cooked foods. You will find plenty of raki (a spirituous liquor used in the Levant), and other very bad spirits glorying under the name of cognac. The smell of these things, to the uninitiated, is bad for the appetite; but when these first-class passengers are noticed eating with their fingers off the dirty table all idea of appetite is gone.

If you are in luck and there are no hanoums (Turkish ladies) occupying the state-rooms (save the mark!), you may have a chance of sleeping in a dirty bunk. As a measure of precaution it would be advisable not to undress, but just turn in as you are. A peep into the saloon soon after getting out of the Bosporus will be interesting. You will find it covered with sleepers: some on the sofa, some on and under the table, the rest strewn over the floor and on the benches. If, again, you are lucky, and the mail-boat's leaky boilers hold sufficient water for steaming purposes, you will reach Eregli some time next day. You then go on to Koslon and Zongouldak, and there your disagreeable voyage should cease.

Zongouldak is the only safe port along the coast from Sinope to the Bosporus, and is the centre of the Turkish coal industry. The coal shipped at Zongouldak in 1901 amounted to some three hundred and fifty thousand tons, and represents more than half the production of the Heraclea district. So far the Turkish coal-trade fell off considerably during 1902, owing to the cheapness of English coal; but with greater facilities for carriage and transport there is a possibility of the production reaching considerable figures. For this consummation to be effected the difficulties now experienced in the construction of roads and railways must first be overcome.

SHEPHERD AND SHEEP.

PART II



NVOLUNTARILY Rabbi Eisenmann now hastened his steps as he looked up and saw he was passing the town church. In the top-story of the adjoining vicarage a light was still burning, silhouetting the shadow of

a man grotesquely against the ceiling. That was Pastor Engzelius, busy probably with his sermon for the ensuing Sunday. Rabbi Eisenmann battled down the bitter feelings that reared themselves in his heart as he wondered what the reverend pastor's text might be. Was it charity and kindliness to the helpless and distressed? Eisenmann pictured to himself over again the one and only interview he had had with the Herr Pastor. He had called on him and begged him as a colleague-in-God, as well as by reason of the professional esprit de corps which

ought to exist between them, to use his influence to secure the Rabbiner's admission as burgess. The Herr Pastor had looked at him superciliously, and had informed him that, being a conscientious servant of God, Father and Son, he confined himself strictly to the performance of his duties, which were the spiritual cure of his flock, and that he on principle never interfered in matters municipal. He was also much surprised at the fact of the Herr Rabbiner approaching him at a time when he surely must know, it being the talk of the town, that the Herr Pastor's wife was passing through a critical stage in a severe illness; and to burden a man with extraneous troubles at a period of great domestic affliction showed distinct bad taste, if not an absolute callousness of heart. The Herr Rabbiner, refraining from the retort obvious, had most humbly

apologised, and had withdrawn, cordially wishing the Frau Pastorin a speedy recovery for her own and the Herr Pastor's sake. Since then the two men had often met in the street, and had passed each other without speaking and with the most frigid interchange of outdoor civilities. Nevertheless Rabbi Eisenmann derived considerable comfort from the other's assurance of neutrality; for, despite his austere exterior and unsympathetic demeanour, Pastor Engzelius could not but impress one as being a man whose word was his bond.

Softly the Rabbiner tiptoed into the house; but his precaution was unnecessary, for as he entered the sitting-room he was faced by Rahel with an eager, 'Well, what news?'

He looked with affectionate displeasure at the face, still pretty, but setting forth the tale of anxious months in shadows and angles.

'I told you not to wait for me, Rahel,' he said gently.

She gave him a look of reproach. 'Do you expect me to sleep, dear, while I know that you are away battling, with your life almost, against our evil destiny? Were you satisfied with what happened to-night?'

Eisenmann shrugged his shoulders wearily. 'Satisfied? I suppose I ought to be. Anybody else would perhaps consider it a distinct sign of progress. The burgomaster drank three tankards more than he did last time, and Herr Schwefelgeist slapped me on the back and said I deserved a better fate than to be a Jew. At any rate they promised me that the meeting would be held as soon as they could conveniently fit it in with their business arrangements—whatever that may mean.'

'We have only ten days more,' sighed Rahel. 'And then'-

'And then—you mean if their decision is against us?' interrupted Eisenmann. 'And then, Rahel, I tell you, we must bow to our doom and make the best of things. We have enough money left to take us to England or even to America, and people say that God lives there as well.'

Rahel threw up her hands and shuddered. 'What! cross the water, and perhaps never have a chance of seeing father's grave again?'

'He will forgive you for it, dear. He would be the first to tell you that he gladly makes way for the duty we owe to the living. Did you see, dear, that Moritz did his home-lessons properly? I have always considered it a happy omen that they allowed him to attend the municipal school during the time of our provisional stay. I think we have shown ourselves grateful enough by the way we have kept him to his books.'

A troubled look had come over Rahel's face at the mention of little Moritz. 'No, we cannot complain of his industry,' she began slowly. And then it seemed as if she were deliberating whether to make any addition to or qualification of her remark. In the end she closed her lips and kept silent.

Eisenmann, wrapped in his own thoughts, noticed

nothing of her hesitation. Taking his wife's hand, he pressed it with affectionate warmth as he said, 'Yes, please God, he will make us a good son. And I know also to whom the credit for that will be due'

However desirous the mother might be to keep secret what had occurred that night in connection with little Moritz, the lad himself made concealment impossible and unnecessary the very next evening. The Rabbiner was keeping at home; there was no symposium at the 'Lame Horse'-one of the councillors had killed a pig that day, and the corporation was celebrating the event at his house. Little Moritz, under his father's supervision, had written 'Labour is the sweets of life' seven times in his copy-book, and done his two division sums and proved them by multiplication; he then had eaten his supper, said his grace, finished his Hebrew reading lesson and the translation of the usual five verses of the Pentateuch—he was already up to the sixth chapter in Genesis—and then had duly gone off to bed. Two or three minutes later, enough for him to undress, there came from the adjoining room in which he slept the sound of his childish treble uttering words which made Rabbiner Eisenmann start up and stare about him like a man awakening from a bad dream. Then he softly stole to the door, looked in, and-yes, sure enough, there was his little son Moritz kneeling by his bedside in his clean white night-gown, his hands clasped in prayer, his words clear and distinct and heartfelt, leaving no doubt that he understood their import: 'Good Jesu, Thou who shepherdest the little children, watch over me in my slumbers, and make me to love Thee with a contrite spirit, for the sake of God Thy Father, for I have sinned grievously, and in Thee is all our salvation'-

'Moritz!' the Rabbiner called to him in a hoarse whisper.

The little fellow turned, and, seeing his father's look of agonised amazement, stopped abruptly. At the same time Rahel pushed her way in and caught him in her arms.

'Who told you to pray like that?' asked Eisenmann, his voice harsh and steady.

Little Moritz, frightened out of his life by the unnatural tone, began to whimper piteously. Eisenmann had to repeat his question.

'The Herr Pastor taught me the prayer, father dear, in the Bible-class, me and Joseph Kaufmann, and Adolph Abrahamson, and all the other Jewish boys; and you always told me I was to obey my teachers in everything, father dear.'

Eisenmann nodded, and with a curt, 'See to him, Rahel,' walked back into the sitting-room, and measured its length and breadth for a little while with quick, impatient strides. Then he took pen and paper, sat down at the table, and wrote furiously. Rahel came in again presently, having soothed poor little trembling Moritz to sleep, sat down opposite, and watched Eisenmann silently. She knew quite well what and to whom he was

writing, and she might have had her own views on the matter; but she never committed the grievous error of foisting her counsel upon her husband till he asked her. That was how she had retained his love more than by her pretty face and winning ways; and this time it was surely a case for his own discretion to handle. The Herr Rabbiner's letter, of course, was to the Herr Pastor. He made a preamble to the effect that he preferred sending this written communication, because he would not run the risk of causing the Herr Pastor domestic inconvenience by a personal call. But he hoped the Herr Pastor would give this letter the considerate attention he would no doubt have accorded to a verbal representation. The circumstance that Herr Engzelius had included some Jewish boys in the New Testament class without first consulting their parents on the point was, of course, merely an oversight, and had only to be brought to the Herr Pastor's notice in order to ensure its non-occurrence on any future occasion. He was quite certain that the Herr Pastor would take this friendly remonstrance in a proper spirit, and not consider it an act of supererogation on the part of the Herr Rabbiner, who, in spite of his appointment being of only a provisional-nay, even precarious-nature, dared not, during his period of office, relax in his vigilance over the spiritual welfare of his congregation, both great and small. In conclusion, Eisenmann, either giving way to his anger or to emphasise the fact that the Herr Pastor's legal standpoint in the matter was insecure, reminded him that in all cases of this description referred to the District Religious Education Consistory, the decision had been that the children of Nonconformists should be exempted from instruction that might be contrary to the tenets of their faith.

Eisenmann enveloped and sealed the letter, and sent it round to the Herr Pastor's house, scarcely a five minutes' leisurely walk. Within a quarter of an hour the messenger returned. Eagerly Eisenmann received the envelope, which bore no superscription, wondering greatly at the rapidity with which Herr Engzelius must have framed and penned his reply, yet drawing a good augury from his despatch. But a single glance into the open envelope informed him how it was that the Herr Pastor had managed to reply with such lightning speed. The Herr Pastor's reply was the Herr Rabbiner's own letter torn into a hundred bits.

Rahel saw too, and recognised the contumely of the contemptuous ultimatum; but though, again, she might have had her own views on the matter, and might even have urged the inopportuneness of taking further action for the present, she said nothing as she saw her husband resume his seat at the writing-table, this time with tight-set lips and an indignantly shaking hand. Her husband was about to do his duty: dared she stand between him and that?

So the Herr Rabbiner wrote his memorandum to the District Religious Education Consistory, giving the details of the case in all unvarnished nakedness, not minimising things by a nail's-breadth, even going to the length of describing the manner in which his well-founded protest had been received and rejected. He posted his letter that same evening, and then went round to his congregants to inform them of what he had done. They received the intelligence, as he had half-expected, with some shrugging of shoulders and much shaking of heads; but, at any rate, he induced them to aid him by a policy of masterly inactivity-namely, by keeping their children away from school till the decision of the District Consistory had arrived. It might take a week, a month, a year—possibly, as they all knew, he might not be there to see the result of his action. Then they would be free to do as they deemed fit. For the present, however—the argument carried more weight with them than it seemed to have done with the Herr Pastor-he was their spiritual guide, and as such he had to do his duty to them.

Two, three, four days passed, and then on the morning of the fifth the Herr Rabbiner received a politely worded request from the Herr Pastor to call on him some time during the day. Eisenmann's conscience smote him. Why had he not waited a little? Why had he sent off his passionate denunciation in such hot haste? Engzelius, too, had evidently thought better of it, and was willing to come to an amicable settlement; surely that was the only construction to be put on the overtures implied in his invitation. The Rabbiner's regrets redoubled on entering the pastor's house, where he was welcomed in the sitting-room by the Frau Pastorin, a sweetfaced woman, pale and withered, her hair prematurely whitened by long suffering, half-seated, halfreclining in her invalid's chair. Cordially she asked him to sit down; the Herr Pastor was in his study, and would be down presently. No, she was not feeling so well again lately; the terrible heat was torturing her cruelly-not a drop of rain had now fallen for ten weeks; if only the rain would come it might save her. The first thing she had made up her mind to do as soon as she could move out would be to pay a call on the Herr Rabbiner's wife, of whom she had heard many good things, and especially she believed in people who followed the same profession standing on a friendly footing towards one another, regardless of such artificial distinctions as creed and nationality. Were we not all the children of one God? Ah, there was the Herr Pastor'-

Eisenmann rose quickly, making a keen scrutiny of the pastor's face as the latter entered. What the Frau Pastorin had said had been so significant that the Rabbiner's hopes of a thorough reconciliation had become almost a certainty; and, therefore, he was considerably taken aback to see the clean-shaven, austere features as austere and cast-iron as ever, with two deep furrows, caused by the wrinkling of eyebrows, running along the breadth of the forehead, the unmistakable trail of some fierce storm of anger that was sweeping across the man.

'Good-morning, Herr Pastor; you see I have not lost any time,' said Eisenmann, smiling nevertheless, and holding out his hand to the other.

'And therefore I shall not lose any time either,' said Engzelius icily, ignoring the proffered greeting. 'I have certain news, Herr Rabbiner, which, although I am fully entitled to hold it secret, I think it right and fitting to acquaint you with. You will be glad to hear, Herr Rabbiner, that your appeal to the District Consistory has been a brilliant success. They have addressed to me with miraculous promptness a reprimand—I may term it a most severe reprimand'—

'I regret exceedingly, Herr Pastor'——stammered Eisenmann, flushing up.

'I dare say you regret it, Herr Rabbiner,' continued Engzelius in the same icy tone; 'but you should have considered that before. When a man throws down a challenge he must expect to have it taken up, especially if his opponent is stronger than he. And that I am stronger than you, Herr Rabbiner, I think I shall be able to prove, if not altogether to your satisfaction.'

A deeper look of pain had come over the Frau Pastorin's face as she listened to the strange colloquy.

'Robert dear, I don't know what the Herr Rabbiner has done; but I am sure he meant it for the best,' she pleaded gently.

The vicar acknowledged her intercession with a gesture of negation, and turned full on Eisenmann. 'Honestly, sir, I fail to see what you thought to gain by your interference. Presumably you wished to impress me with an exhibition of your steadfastness to your official duties, which brooked no delay in your taking the step you have taken, not even the diplomatic delay of a few days till your position here might possibly be assured. Your attempt missed fire, and I am not ashamed to say so. Your first consideration'-unconsciously he gave expression to the sentiment poor Rahel had been too loyal to utter-'your first consideration should have been for your wife and children. If ever there was a case where charity should in all justice have begun at home, it was here. You may appear to yourself a hero; to me you simply appear a fool. And I have no patience with fools.

'Robert!' again pleaded the invalid.

'Please, Emma,' remonstrated the vicar a little more sharply, 'the Herr Rabbiner and I are quite capable of settling this matter by ourselves.—Are we not, Herr Rabbiner? To be frank with you, Herr Eisenmann, you have forfeited all your chances of acquiring the citizenship in my parish. I had fully intended to preserve my neutral attitude. I even made no comment when, for the attaining of your object, you adopted measures which, to say the least, were unworthy of a minister of religion. But now—well, you see I have taken up your challenge.'

'Herr Pastor,' replied Eisenmann, his nether lip trembling, 'I will not say—God forbid!—that your measures, too, are a little undignified. But I did not expect that you would divert the original cause of our quarrel into a side-issue. I thought that at least you would explain to me'——

'I owe you no explanation,' retorted the other stiffly. 'You may put whatever construction you please on the original cause of our quarrel, as you term it. Perhaps in doing what I did I merely intended a test of your disposition and character. If so, you did not stand the test well. However, all that is a matter of the past. I will only repeat that you are trying a futile experiment, and counsel you, for the sake of your wife and children, to husband your energy—and money. It is hardly probable that you will succeed in undermining my authority with my parishioners in the four or five days you have still to remain amongst them.'

'Four or five days!' cried Eisenmann hotly, galled into open revolt by the acid callousness of his adversary. 'That may not be as you think, Herr Pastor. With the Government's goodwill to support me, it ought not to be impossible for me to secure a prolongation of domicile here until'——

'Until you have drunk the corporation into compliance,' smiled Engzelius. 'You make an exceedingly bad diplomat, Herr Rabbiner. You are showing up all your trump-cards. To your new challenge, therefore, I reply that I have come more and more to the conclusion that Ostrokov is not big enough to hold the two of us, and that consequently, while I am vicar here, you shall never be rabbi. That is my last word. I wish you a very good morning, Herr Rabbiner.'

SOME LITERARY LANDMARKS OF CENTRAL EDINBURGH.



HE heart of literary Edinburgh, as far as bookselling and publishing was concerned, at the beginning of last century and on the eve of an era of exceptional brightness and activity, lay in the High Street,

mainly between St Giles's and the Tron Church. Only two booksellers were then located in the New Town! As so many of these literary landmarks have been changed, or entirely removed, it may be interesting to recall some of the most famous, such as the original publishing house of Archibald Constable & Co., whence emanated most of the Waverley Novels and the Edinburgh Review. In no guide-book or topographical work that we are aware of—in the

latest there is a guess which is entirely wrong—is the whereabouts of Archibald Constable & Co. in the High Street exactly given. This we have now settled after some hunting up. The novels of Sir Walter Scott, after Constable's failure, and between 1826 and 1849, were published by Robert Cadell at 31 St Andrew Square; afterwards by Adam & Charles Black, first at 27 and then at 6 North Bridge Street, both of which warehouses have disappeared in the rebuilding of that street.

When Archibald Constable went as an apprentice to Peter Hill's, on the south side of the High Street, at the end of the eighteenth century, there were some twenty booksellers and publishers in the Old Town: in 1867 the number in the Old and in the New Town was one hundred and twenty-eight, and it now stands at about one hundred and forty. Charles Elliot, in Constable's youth, was the most distinguished member of the trade, with vigour and independence enough to start a branch of his business in the Strand, London, in 1785, and so carried competition into the camp of his rivals in those easy-going days. He issued, amongst other books, the works of Dr Cullen and Bell's System of Surgery. He left no successor, and his copyrights were purchased by the London and Edinburgh trade, who had previously shown a jealous and illiberal spirit towards him. A sister of Elliot's was married in 1807 to Mr John Murray, the well-known publisher of Albemarle Street, so that on both sides of the house this firm has had early connecting-links with Edinburgh.

In an address to the Edinburgh Booksellers' Association, the late Mr Adam Black revived the shadows of some of the old booksellers as he remembered the trade at the beginning of last century. On the south side of the High Street, above Hunter Square, was the shop of Mackay, who had the largest circulating library in town, the one originally founded by Allan Ramsay, but which had been previously in the hands of James Sibbald, in Parliament Square. Higher up the street was the shop of James Dickson, then Peter Hill's, where Archibald Constable was trained. The shop of Bell & Bradfute, to which William Blackwood went as an apprentice in 1790, was reached through the piazza into Parliament Square, and had the reputation of being the best-conducted business of the time, although there used to be so little change in the law-books in the window that a gentleman writing from India indicated the book he wanted by its position as he remembered it. Constable then thought John Bell the most thorough gentleman in the trade. He had been educated for the Church, possessed good abilities, and was succeeded by his nephew and partner, Mr Bradfute. John Ogle, Symington, and Sibbald (who began the Edinburgh Magazine), and Alexander Lawrie of the Edinburgh Circulating Library, were all on the east side of Parliament Square. Messrs Manners & Miller, on the south side, had the most fashionable shop in town, and Robert Miller seems to have behaved in the same hospitable way as Robert Chambers did later to visitors to the capital, and acted as guide, philosopher, and friend to many distinguished folks. Adam Black says he was 'an amiable man, with an aldermanic presence, witty, sang a good song, and whistled like a laverock.' In the Back Stairs passage to the Cowgate was Mundell & Doig's wholesale warehouse. William Creech, once Lord Provost, and who had published the Edinburgh edition of Burns's Poems, had his place of business at the eastmost end of the block of buildings, afterwards removed, which stood between St Giles's and the High Street. He might often have been seen standing at his shop door, hands in pockets, hair curled and powdered, as if enjoying the view down the Canongate. His Fugitive Pieces, published by his successor, John Fairbairn, contains a storehouse of information regarding the condition of Edinburgh in the eighteenth cen-Just above Creech's shop was the place where Allan Ramsay began the first circulating library in Scotland. Robert Ross, bookseller and auctioneer, was in the same block; he was afterwards partner for a year with William Blackwood when on the South Bridge, opposite the College.

The improvements in front of the Edinburgh Council Chambers have caused the removal of the editorial room occupied by Hugh Miller when editor of the Witness. The publishing office of the Witness was at 297 High Street; the Scotsman, which was first issued from 347 High Street, in 1842 was at No. 257; the Caledonian Mercury was issued from 265, and the Courant at the Cross. Fifty years earlier James Donaldson had been printer of the Edinburgh Advertiser; D. Willison, of Craig's Close, of the Edinburgh Review; and Smellie, in Anchor Close, printed the Edinburgh edition of Burns's Poems.

All these names we have mentioned must give place to that of Archibald Constable, whose place of business was on the north side of the High Street, opposite the Cross. On concluding his apprenticeship at Peter Hill's, after a visit to London, he started business in 1795, with the legend over his doorway, 'Scarce Old Books,' which the wags translated into 'Scarce o' Books.' Constable soon showed that he had uncommon energy, ability, and sagacity, and thoroughly knew the second-hand book-trade as well as that in new books. He had just married Mary Willison, daughter of the printer above-mentioned, which lent a further spur to his energies. His opportunity came when the early promoters of the Edinburgh Review-Jeffrey, Brougham, and Sydney Smithplaced this publication in his hands in 1802; he acted as an admirable foster-parent, dealing liberally with Jeffrey, its first editor, and raising the rates of payment for certain contributions from twenty guineas to twenty-five guineas a sheet. Its success was phenomenal, its influence far-reaching; and it caused John Murray to solicit the powerful

aid of Scott, who had been offended by some of Jeffrey's personalities in its pages, to assist in founding the Quarterly Review. The booksellers shook their heads when in 1812 Constable purchased for between thirteen and fourteen thousand pounds the copyright of the Encyclopædia Britannica from the trustees of Andrew Bell, and gave it a new lease of life by the production of a supplement to a fifth edition, paying Professor Leslie two hundred pounds to go over the twenty quarto volumes and give him a note of shortcomings, and Professor Dugald Stewart sixteen hundred pounds for his 'Dissertations.' When the star of Scott was in the ascendant there seems to have been quite an ambitious struggle in the trade to secure something from his pen. Longman, Murray, Blackwood, in turn, were forced to retire before the 'Crafty,' who carried everything before him until that fatal period in 1826, when the collapse of their London agents and the state of trade brought down Constable, Ballantyne, and Scott.

The Blackwoods were keenly interested in the turn of events, although they weathered the storm. Alexander Blackwood wrote to his father, William Blackwood, from London, in 1826, that Constable's downfall would 'make you the first bookseller in Scotland; and I think the Whigs will feel this most dreadfully. I am afraid you will hardly be able to get Sir Walter's novels without being too much involved with Ballantyne.' Blackwood and Murray had steered clear of the Ballantyne difficulties; but Sir Walter's choice in giving Cadell his future patronage was fully justified.

Scott in his time said many hard things of Constable; but he also said that 'never did there exist so liberal and intelligent an establishment.' To him more than any member of the trade J. G. Lockhart ascribed the fact that no new book then published in Edinburgh could be entirely neglected. Lord Cockburn termed him the most spirited bookseller in Scotland, who, abandoning the timid and grudging system of Creech and others, became a patron to rising talent, and 'confounded not merely his rivals in trade, but his very authors by his unheard-of prices.' Hogg the Ettrick Shepherd brought a fresh manuscript to Constable one day, he said, 'What skill have you about the merit of a book? Constable replied: 'It may be so, Hogg; but I know as well how to sell a book as any man, which should be some concern of yours; and I know how to buy one too.' This was quite true; and Lockhart, who never errs in overpraise, while condemning him for being careless in the examination of balance-sheets, gave his verdict that, 'for anticipating the chances of success and failure in any given variety of adventure-for the planning and invention of his calling—he was not, in his own day at least, surpassed; and among all his myriad of undertakings, I question if any one

that really originated with himself, and continued to be superintended by his own care, ever did fail.' The Blackwood wits ridiculed the 'Crafty' in the Chaldee Manuscript, and laughed at his Farmers' Magazine and Scots Magazine, which he took over in 1801. He was certainly not destined to shine in periodical literature. If William Blackwood failed to enlist Scott in his team after his unfortunate criticism of the Black Dwarf, which drew down the ire of the author on the independent publisher, he was saved many complications, and achieved a brilliant success with Maga. John Murray and William Blackwood, as Mrs Oliphant points out, shrewd and astute as publishers, were also full of a genuine literary enthusiasın which was the basis of their success. We get one peep of the trade jealousy and rivalry in 1815 between Blackwood and Constable, which was kept alive by the scribblers in two political camps, in the account of the dinner at Blackwood's house, Salisbury Road-a tenement now covers the spot-when Scott was a guest, and Byron's new poem Parisina was read. The rumour that Scott dined with Blackwood, read the poem, and was in raptures with them, went over the town. Blackwood said to Murray, 'I should have liked to have seen Constable when he first heard the intelligence.'

The great publisher does not seem to have been greatly helped by at least two of his partners. From what we read in that wonderful record of business activity, Archibald Constable and his Literary Correspondents, edited by his son, Thomas Constable, the exploits of Mr Alexander Gibson Hunter of Blackness seem to have lain in a convivial direction. When he became a partner in 1804 he advanced two thousand five hundred pounds. In 1811, when he retired, he had drawn that sum and about four thousand pounds besides, which, with the seventeen thousand pounds paid up on his retirement, showed that he had gained something like twentyone thousand pounds by being Constable's partner over that period. Robert Cathcart and Robert Cadell entered when he retired. Cathcart died within a year; but Cadell was of no small value in steadying the firm. 'Constable without Cadell,' Scott wrote after the crash of 1826, 'is like getting the clock without the pendulum, the one having the caution, the other the ingenuity of the business.' Cadell became Scott's publisher for the later novels and new editions. He spent some forty thousand pounds on the Abbotsford edition, and by his skilful farming of Scott's works all Scott's debts were wiped out, and Cadell left a personal fortune of one hundred and thirty thousand pounds, mainly from the sale of the Up till the date of Cadell's Waverley Novels. death in 1849 the profits on Scott's writings have been set down at three hundred thousand pounds. How much this meant to Scottish printers, papermakers, and booksellers it is not easy to say. This sentiment from the preface to Nigel is quite

true: 'I think our Modern Athens much obliged to me for having established such an extensive manufacture.'

One naturally wishes to know the exact situation in the High Street of Archibald Constable & Co.'s publishing warehouse, from which first emanated the Edinburgh Review and Waverley, and the bulk of Scott's other novels. Dr Archibald Constable, grandson of the publisher, of the firm of T. & A. Constable, University Press, in reply to a query of the writer's, says: 'I regret to say that I cannot help you at all. This is one of the many things that—no doubt with varying intensity—bring home to me my lost opportunities. It seems strange that one should have asked so little about those who are your own, those who are now also gone. Within the last three or four years I have lost an old friend in Edinburgh, Mr Archibald Bowers, at the age, I think, of ninety-nine -a bookbinder, who was often in my greatgrandfather's (David Willison's) printing-office in Craig's Close, and to whom my grandfather's shop must have been quite familiar.' We turn to Williamson's Edinburgh Directory for 1795-96, and find, not in the body of the book, but in the short supplement at the end, this entry: 'Archibald Constable, Bookseller, Cross: House, Gavinlock's Land.' Later Directories give 'opposite the Cross,' and he says himself 'north of the Cross.' This means not the present Cross, but the old Cross, the marking of which may be seen on the causeway in the High Street in front of the present Police Office. Further, the number is given as 255 High Street in the Directory of 1815. This is something gained. Both Adam Black and William Chambers are explicit as to the appearance of the warehouse. The former, referring to 1800, says: 'After passing Simson's, in front of the Exchange, coming down the High Street, I came to Constable's, at that time a dingy, dark shop, filled with an indifferent stock of old books. He was a jolly, good-looking man, fond of fun, and a frequent visitor at Fairbairn's, whom he and Reid of Leith made their regular butt. Constable's clerk was little David Forbes, a crooked, conceited body, who would boast to his companions when fou, that "though they saw his body they could not see his soul."' William Chambers recorded in a paper on Constable in Chambers's Journal for 1874, how some fourteen years after the beginning of the century he was sent to that High Street shop time after time for fresh supplies of Waverley, then in great demand. Doubtless he never dreamt that he and his brother Robert would, twenty-six years later, add another literary landmark to the High Street, when they settled at No. 339, a little higher up, from which their Journal, Encyclopædia, and various publications have been issued ever since. There is an interesting relic at 339 High Street: the chair at present in use by Mr C. E. S. Chambers, which, after the downfall, was purchased by the late William Chambers at the sale of Constable's effects. The tradition is that both Scott and Constable sat frequently thereon. It is a good, stout, sensible chair, and must have been well able to support the portly publisher.

Lockhart mentions that Scott and himself, and the exiled Gustavus Vasa, witnessed the ceremony of the proclamation of King George IV., on 2nd February 1820, from a window over Constable's shop. Scott, in one of his facetious prefaces, intended as a blind to his authorship, placed at the front of Nigel, describes the dark rooms in the back settlements of Constable's shop, where in a vaulted room, dedicated to secrecy and silence, the author of Waverley was found sitting reading 'a blotted revise' of one of his new novels. William Chambers, in the article already alluded to, confirms Adam Black's description, and mentions the degree of awe with which, as a bookseller's apprentice, he visited this august temple of literature.

In 1822 Constable & Co. had removed to the first shop at the east end of Princes Street, Nos. 10 and 11, next to the Register House. Four years later he was a broken man, and although he did struggle to his feet again and publish his Miscellany, a design struck out when visiting Abbotsford in 1825, the iron had entered his soul, and a full and strenuous life was brought to a close on 20th July 1827, at the age of fiftyfour. His Encyclopædia Britannica passed into the hands of Adam & Charles Black, of 27 North Bridge; and this firm also purchased the copyrights and stock of Scott's novels from Robert Cadell's trustees in 1851 for twenty-seven thousand pounds, and removed to No. 6 North Bridge in the same year. The Edinburgh Review went to Messrs Longman & Co. Thus, until the copyrights expired, and the removal of Messrs Black to London a few years ago, the works of Scott were issued from near the heart of Edinburgh for over fifty years.

Gavinlock's Land in the High Street, the first residence of Archibald Constable after his marriage, was a stone building, bought by the Bank of Scotland in 1848, on the north side of the street. In 1800 his private address was Calton Hill; in 1805 it was almost next door to his shop, at the foot of Allan's Close; in 1809 it was Craig's Close, and from 1817 till 1823 at 3 Park Place. Some of his documents are dated Clermiston, and before his failure he occupied a country-house at Polton; thither Scott drove early one morning on hearing a discomforting rumour as to business in London. His horses were 'smoking' at the door ere the publisher was out of bed; but the end was not yet. Lockhart on his visits here was agreeably surprised to witness the calm courtesy and gentlemanly bearing of one whom he had critically described in his Peter's Letters. Constable drove to and from Edinburgh, as Cadell did later from his

estate near Ratho, in a deep-hung and capacious green barouche, drawn by a pair of sleek, black, long-tailed horses, with a coachman in plain blue livery. He was twice married, first to Mary Willison, and next to a daughter of Mr Neale, a silk-mercer. It was Neale who built the shop in Princes Street occupied by his son-in-law after 1822, which had this peculiarity, that it earned the bonus offered by the magistrates of being free from burghal taxation, as the first house erected in the New Town. Neale went thither in 1794, rather prematurely for his customers, and returned to the Old Town. James Dun, an innkeeper from Blackshiels, came next, who for the first time used the word 'Hotel,' which was then thought to have an unholy meaning!

Messrs Oliver & Boyd, Tweeddale Court, High Street, of Edinburgh Almanac fame, were the first printers of Blackwood's Magazine; then it went to Ballantyne's printing-office at the North Back of

the Canongate, until the house of Blackwood established a printing-office at 45 George Street. William Blackwood had first established his name and fame by the issue of a remarkable second-hand book catalogue; he was destined to be still better known by the founding of his famous Magazine, which emanated from 17 Princes Street ere its removal to 45 George Street. The remarkable story of the house of Blackwood has already been told in these pages in 1897.

The firm of Thomas Nelson & Sons had its genesis in a small shop, No. 2 West Bow, long since removed. The firm of W. Oliphant & Co., long in 7 South Bridge, still survives as Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier in St Mary Street; while the palatial Scotsman buildings have been erected at the North Bridge on the site of what was once the old General Post-Office, and for some years the publishing office of A. & C. Black, at 27 North Bridge.

VANCOUVER ISLAND FROM A FARMER'S STANDPOINT.

By ERIC DUNCAN.



HIS island—which has been called 'the England of the Pacific' because of its harbours and minerals—lies, roughly, between the latitudes of Exeter and Paris, and covers as many degrees of longitude as would

a line connecting these two cities. Approximately, it is two hundred and eighty miles long by seventy-five wide, with an area of sixteen thousand four hundred square miles. It has a very extensive coast-line, owing to its multitudinous bays and fiords, many of which are safe and commodious enough for the largest ships. There is plenty of fish in the adjacent seas, though, salmon excepted, they seem to me scarcely equal in quality to those of the Atlantic.

The climate much resembles that of England, minus the bitter east winds so prevalent there in the spring, which here are shut off by the mainland mountains. Mildness and moisture are its chief characteristics, as attested by the huge forests and heavy undergrowth, trees five feet by two hundred and fifty being the most common. The extremes of temperature are four degrees above zero and ninety degrees in the shade. Everything that grows in England will grow here with less care; and, while atmospheric conditions are not ideal for the weak-lunged and rheumatic, to people in good health they are very agreeable. Sunstroke is unknown, and thunderstorms extremely rare. Snow is very uncertain. Sometimes, as in the winter of last year, there is scarcely a flake; but generally there is a week or so of sleighing, and at long intervals a heavy fall. It comes down without wind, there is no drifting, and ridge and hollow are blanketed

alike. About twelve years ago it snowed incessantly for three days great feathery flakes till there was a universal depth of six feet; and then were the times of groaning, rending, collapsing buildings, and of night-and-day shovelling to lighten roofs; and curious were the predicaments of many people. Numbers had to use their fences for firewood, though they had plenty of fuel ready cut in the edge of the bush less than a mile off. They had been waiting for a little snow to haul it out on sleighs, and they got too much. It was impossible to break roads; nothing was broken but harness and sleighpoles, and occasionally the legs of wildly floundering animals. The main road was with difficulty kept passable; and that reminds me of one ridiculous episode. An old horse, tired of long confinement, got out one day and started off along this road, following its wide curve round to a hillside, where he stopped to look at his strange surroundings. Thence, suddenly beholding his own stable in the valley below, with all intervening fences submerged, he made a bee-line for it. He wallowed down the slope a couple of hundred yards, and then stopped; and there he rested for two weeks, his owner snatching time from more pressing duties to carry him a bundle of hay daily. He came out all right, and still, at the age of thirty, looks upon the sun, though the man who saved him is gone. That snowfall, which was the longest I can remember, came on about the middle of December, and the snow lay till the sun wore it away in April.

Very often the plough is at work every month of the winter, though nothing is gained by putting in seed before April. Haying generally begins about the 20th of June, and harvesting about the 1st of August; but the weather can never be absolutely depended on, and sometimes it pays to postpone having till the middle of July; and then the hoe is busy, for the moisture helps the weeds as well as the pasture amazingly. Potatoes are dug in October, and it is well to have turnips and beets under cover by the middle of November, as after that the alternate rain and frost make them nasty to handle and spoils their keeping qualities.

At one time there was no natural grass of any account on the island, almost every open space, except swamps, being covered with a dense growth of fern, often as tall as a man, the roots of which were matted thickly underground like those of hops or nettles, making ploughing very difficult; though, as they kept the soil loose and porous, enormous crops of splendid potatoes were raised in early days, and even now it is claimed that Vancouver Island can beat the world in that line. I knew a man who for five years in succession raised ten tons to the acre on the same piece of land without manure; but it is only fair to add that it yielded him nothing but sorrel for a long time after. Here, as elsewhere, sensible people rotate their crops. Sown grasses of all kinds, but especially clovers, thrive wonderfully; in fact, the white clover is spreading everywhere, covering the roadsides and making itself a kind of nuisance in gardens and hay-fields. I am sorry to say the weeds of civilisation are getting here at last.

Unfortunately for agriculture, a rugged range of mountains runs from end to end of the island, and the good land is mostly confined to the valleys of the short rivers which flow therefrom. Without doubt the finest of these is the Comox district, in the middle of the east coast, where the writer has farmed for the last twenty-five years, and where he hopes to end his days. All the best land in this locality was appropriated many years ago, and owners are backward to sell; but unimproved land can be bought from the island railway company, which now owns all the unoccupied land in the vicinity, for from twelve to twenty shillings per acre. This applies to the surface only, the company reserving all minerals. In other parts of the island, however, land can be bought from the Government by actual settlers in one hundred and sixty acre lots at four shillings per acre, and there are several river-valleys yet practically empty. But this is no country for 'gun-and-rod farmers;' it has long been strewn with the wrecks of that class, because temptation is strong, and men of means find plenty of sport. A self-dependent man must forswear all that. A glance at the huge ground-cumberers shows him his work, and harder work it is than pioneering in eastern Canada, where the timber was comparatively light, the weather reliable, and a fire once started would sweep the 'slashing' (a tract of trees simply thrown down, without being cut up or piled). Here the weather is uncertain, a good burn the exception, and often even the small brush has to be laboriously piled. By way of compensation, however, the growth is marvellous. A clearing burnt off in September, and sown immediately with timothy or cock's-foot grass among the stumps, will yield so heavily the following summer that the scythe can hardly cut it. If burnt off and not sown it becomes a fearful mass of weeds.

The Vancouver Island farmer works much harder than the average British labourer; but his home is his own, and if he is at all careful he can take things easy after he is fifty. Good hired men are scarce on the farms, and readily get five pounds a month, with board and lodging all the year round, and six or seven pounds if employed only during the three months of having and harvest. Dairying is becoming the principal industry, and before everything else a farm-hand must be a good milker. The favourite cattle, in their order, are the dairy shorthorns-Jerseys, Holsteins, and Ayrshires. The last would be higher on the list were it not for their tiny teats, which are their peculiar drawback along the whole Pacific slope. Nearly every farmer has a cream-separator, and there are three co-operative creameries on the island. Every settlement has its sawmill; but with the exception of a large oatmeal establishment, which took first prize for rolled oats at the Chicago World's Fair, there are no grist-mills on the island. The bulk of the grain is fed to stock, and flour is imported from Manitoba.

Here are the average prices for farm produce in sterling money, though, of course, we have only dollars and cents; and there are no copper cents either, nor does anybody want them, the smallest coin being a silver five-cent piece, very much like a threepenny-bit. Vancouver Island has completely discarded the bushel, with its varying weights, and everything is reckoned in pounds. Rates—per one hundred pounds: wheat at seven shillings, oats at five shillings, barley at six shillings, peas at eight shillings, potatoes at four shillings, onions at eight shillings, carrots at six shillings, and turnips at two shillings; per fiftypound sack: flour at five shillings and sixpence; per pound: butter at one shilling, beef by the carcass at threepence halfpenny, pigs on foot at threepence, sheep on foot at threepence, beef by retail at fivepence to eightpence, pork at sixpence, mutton at fourpence to eightpence, wool at threepence halfpenny; eggs at one shilling per dozen. The price of groceries and clothing, including shoes, is very similar to the English figure.

Although the arable area of the island is limited, it has other resources which at present employ far more labour. As stated, every district has its saw-mill; but there are also one or two large concerns which ship lumber to Australia, South Africa, and all other nearer points. The humid climate not only produces immense trees, but discourages the forest fires so destructive in other parts of the continent. The Douglas pine is the mainstay of the lumberman. It is very strong and greatly valued for construction work of all kinds, furnishing an average log five feet in diameter and one hundred and

twenty feet long, clear of knots. The red cedar—mainly used commercially for shingles, doors, and sashes—attains an even greater girth, and is so straight-grained and easily split that a settler with only an axe, saw, and wedge can make his house, furniture, and fences all by himself. Fence-posts of this wood put in by the writer fifteen years ago are sound to-day. There are several other varieties, such as white spruce, white pine, hemlock, and balsam among evergreens; also, enormous cottonwoods, maples, and alders among deciduous trees, many of which are valuable for paper-pulp making and cabinet-work. Lumber hands get from nine to twelve shillings a day, and settlers without capital often work part of the year in the camps.

Vancouver is pre-eminently a mineral country. Gold, silver, copper, and iron are all found in paying quantities; but what may be called the chief industry of the whole island is coal-mining. Nanaimo, the second town, with a population of seven thousand, is entirely the creation of coal, and all the villages worth mentioning owe their existence to it. Two powerful companies have been engaged in this business for the last thirty years, and the bulk of the coal is shipped to California. The quality is far ahead of any elsewhere on the Pacific coast, and that found in the Comox district is pronounced equal to Welsh coal, and is used by the North Pacific squadron and United States gunboats. The annual output of the island is nearly two million tons. Between the collieries and the lumbering operations, the farmers find an ample market for all the food-stuffs they can raise, and there are large importations besides. Miners usually work by the ton, and make from twelve to twenty shillings per day of eight hours.

There is a great fuss made by the labouring class here over the influx of Chinese and Japanese, which is supposed to cut down wages. While it must be owned that in many ways they are an undesirable addition to the population, yet they seem at present indispensable if the country is ever to be developed. The necessaries of life on the average are as cheap as in England, yet common labourers demand and get from nine to ten shillings for ten hours' work, while Chinamen and Japs work for from four to six shillings. This is not a bad living wage in England; and it is little wonder if mine-owners, lumbermen, and farmers endeavouring to clear land avail themselves as far as possible of the services of the heathen.

The aborigines are a thick-set, stolid, inoffensive people, living chiefly by fishing and hunting and on the innumerable berries abounding in the woods from June to October. Their houses, always on the seashore, are large, barn-like structures of cedar, each sheltering half-a-dozen families. In early days the ease with which they made a living occasionally led degenerate whites to follow their example. Of late years some of them, influenced by the prosperity of the white farmers, have begun to raise crops on their reserves, and others work around salmon-

canneries and coal-wharves, and are beginning to put up small separate cabins for themselves. But, like most savage races, they are far more apt to copy the white man's vices than his virtues, and as a consequence they are rapidly passing away.

The present population of the island is about thirty-five thousand; it could just as well support a million. Victoria, the capital of the province of British Columbia, with twenty-one thousand inhabitants, is the chief town, and the first port of call for Transpacific steamers and those of the Australian line. It is a solid, English-looking city, with some good buildings, and is generally considered the finest residential place in the Dominion of Canada. Esquimalt, three miles distant, is the British Admiralty station for the North Pacific, with a fine harbour and dry-dock.

The three leading religious denominations, in their order of strength, are the Anglicans, Presbyterians, and Methodists. They support missions among the Indians; though there the Roman Catholic Church, having been first on the coast, has the strongest hold.

Of course, the towns are well supplied educationally; and all through the country districts the Government maintains free schools three miles apart wherever there are a dozen children of school age. Education is heavy on the revenue; it swallows up an annual tax of twelve shillings levied on every adult male in the province except clergymen and Indians. The teachers get an average salary of ten pounds a month, and this occupation is being fast monopolised by girls, who have made over domestic service, with its three pounds a month and comfortable board and lodging, to Chinamen and Japs. Teaching is naturally with most girls only a prelude to marriage; but this never diminishes the supply, for the examination board lets them in faster than the clergyman lets them out.

In conclusion, Vancouver Island is a good country for young, strong, hard-working men without capital, and for capitalists of any age; but the supply of shop-clerks and 'white-shirt workers' has always exceeded the demand.

SUNRISE AT SEA.

Far in the dark a furtive flicker grows,

Widens and spreads till all the east is gray,
And dawn, pale-red with presage of the day,
Loiters across the livid water-rows.

The sea-line quickens. Colour comes and goes
In cloud and foaming surge and flying spray;
While, through the glare that blurs the waves away,
The splendour of the sun-dawn overflows.

Now all the billows are ablaze. The sea

Revels in silver glamour and in gold,

And, tremulous with ecstasies untold,

Heaves homage to her lord's ascendency;

Captive to Pate's immutable decree,

But mutinous with glories manifold.

MAX DALRYMPLE.



ANECDOTES OF THE CLERGY.

By Sir RICHARD TANGYE.



N a former paper in Chambers's Journal (vol. iv. p. 90) I gave some characteristic anecdotes of the Quaker of the olden time, the disappearance of whom from amongst us is a distinct loss to the lovers of quaintness and

picturesqueness in speech and costume. Anecdotes of the Quakers are always interesting; but there is another class of men who are only a little less peculiar in their costume and in some of their characteristics than the ancient Friends. I refer to the clergy of all denominations, but more particularly to those of the Established Church. Many of the latter have practically adopted the old Quaker dress: the broad-brimmed hat, and what Charles Lamb called the 'straight-collared collarless coat.'

On one of my voyages to Australia we had a curious old representative of 'the cloth' on board, who preached to us every Sunday. His sermons were not remarkable for originality or profundity, although he did once tell us of a coal-mine which was twelve miles in depth! One day we had a discussion about the best means of inducing people to attend church; to our surprise, our reverend friend informed us that he had no difficulty in getting a regular attendance on his ministry. We failed to understand the secret of his success, and he did not explain it; but on arriving in the colony it became clear: he was the chaplain to a cemetery! His 'living' was amongst the dead.

This is how the overweening confidence of a young curate in a certain parish in Cornwall lost him all chance of securing a fair young lady as his bride. The lady had two suitors besides the curate, one of these being an officer in the army and the other in the navy; and both of these gentlemen were frequently absent on duty, sometimes for a considerable time together, thus giving the curate a great advantage in pressing his suit. But the reverend youth lacked judgment, and showed a lamentable ignorance of the workings of the femi-

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nine mind; for on one occasion, in speaking of the officers to the lady, he remarked, 'There be landrats and water-rats.' 'And ou-rats,' retorted the lady.

A clergyman on his first visit to Cornwall attended a parish church, and, as the district was a very populous one, was surprised at the smallness of the congregation. After the service he interviewed the clerk, and asked him how it was. 'You see, sir,' replied that functionary, 'we be a God-fearing people, and most of us go to the Methodist chapel.' A shocking case of dissent within the Church!

It is well known there are three classes of clergymen: High, Low, and Broad or Latitudinarian. The former was amusingly illustrated by a wellknown second-hand bookseller in the latter days of old Snow Hill. This man had a shop with a deep doorway in the centre of its front, and when some important new book came out he would call attention to it by a quaint announcement on the opposite windows of the doorway recess. When Hymns, Ancient and Modern, came out, this is how he called attention to the book. On one window he gave a representation of a Roman Catholic priest, under which he wrote 'Him's Ancient;' and on the opposite window he exhibited another drawing intended to represent the High Church clergy, which he labelled 'Him's Modern.' But they were so much alike that no one could tell the difference; it was a case of 'you pays your money and takes your choice.'

An amusing definition of the difference between the High Church (Anglican) and the Roman Catholic communion was once given by a priest of the latter located in a well-known Cornish town. On a hill at one end of the town stands the parish church, where the ritual is supposed to be 'high;' opposite, also on a hill, is situated the Roman Catholic chapel. A friend of mine, pointing to the former, and alluding to its 'high' ritual, asked the priest what the difference between them really Reserved.!

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was. 'The difference?' replied the witty Roman Catholic. 'Well, this is the difference: they call us *Papists*, and we call them *Apists*.'

But it is not always that the 'highest' church is the one on a hill-top. Sometimes, indeed, the reverse is the case. In a neighbouring parish where the ritual is decidedly ornate, the sacred building is situated in the deepest part of the valley, while at Bath the 'lowest' church is on a hill-top.

Dr Dale, the eminent Nonconformist divine, once made a very curious slip in a speech on the Coercion Bill, delivered in the Birmingham Town Hall. The Doctor, who was a powerful speaker, after expressing in eloquent terms his regret that it should have fallen to the lot of a Liberal Government to introduce such a measure, proceeded in emphatic tones to say, 'I hate conversion.' For a moment there was a great hush amongst the vast audience, succeeded by a ripple of laughter. This somewhat annoyed the speaker, so, as I was sitting next him, I said, 'Coercion, Doctor!' But he failed to hear me in the excitement of the moment, and repeated in still more emphatic tones, 'I hate conversion.'

On another occasion, speaking in the same place, John Bright, who was a preacher of righteousness although not a minister of religion, made a curious error in a Scriptural quotation. Speaking of certain politicians, he said, 'Can the Ethiopian change his spots, or the leopard his skin?' And then followed a similar scene to that which occurred when Dr Dale made his amusing slip.

In Cornwall many of the mine managers, or 'captains,' as they are locally termed, are also local preachers amongst the Wesleyans. On one occasion Captain C., who had shortly before 'reported' on a new mining venture in what was believed to be too glowing terms, undertook to preach in a neighbouring chapel, choosing for his text the verse, 'Who hath believed our report?' This was rather too much for a youth sitting in the opposite gallery, who entertained an opinion adverse to the preacher's mining report, so he promptly replied, 'Nobody.'

Ratcliff Highway seems a somewhat unpromising locality in which to hold a Quakers' meeting. At one of these gatherings the silence was rather prolonged, and a sailor, quite unable to comprehend it, got up excitedly, exclaiming, 'It's enough to kill —!' Upon hearing this a minister rose, and said, 'Friend, that is just what we want to do,' and proceeded to deliver an impressive address. Sometimes English Quakers receive what are termed 'religious visits' from ministers of the Society hailing from the Western States of America. Many of these Friends are very primitive in their habits, being quite unacquainted with the ways and conveniences of town life. One of these visitors, accompanied by his wife, on landing in Liverpool was taken to the house of a Friend there. Soon after they had retired to rest the master of the house was alarmed by cries proceeding from his visitor's room, on reaching which he found the poor man in a state of great excitement. 'There's an evil smell in the room,' he complained, 'and it is becoming worse!' The host's nose quickly told him what the cause of the trouble was; and, going to the chandelier, he turned the gas off and then opened the windows. The old man had blown the gas out!

A Cornish clergyman, having allowed his church to get into a state of disrepair, was ordered to restore it. He commenced with the sounding-board over the pulpit, on completion of which he took his gardener into the church in order to test it. Having placed the man in a remote corner, the parson mounted the rostrum and read the lesson for the day. 'How does that sound, James?' 'Sounds very well, maister; 'eered every word,' replied the gardener. 'Now, James, you change places with me and say something.' Nothing loath, James ascended the pulpit-stairs, and this is what he said: 'Haven't had any wages for a month. How does that sound, maister?'

Apropos of sounding-boards, my friend the Rev. Mr E. told me he once preached at Cambridge University, and was greatly puzzled by the peculiar sound of his own voice; there seemed to be multitudinous voices babbling all round him, and he was greatly troubled. 'I think I must be going mad,' was his thought. After the service was over he spoke of the matter, and it was explained to him that he had not stood in the proper place under the sounding-board; hence the discord.

Here is a story that would hardly be believed were it not vouched for by a high dignitary of the Church. Canon Knox-Little says he remembers a lichgate in front of a church which was being restored, over the door of which was painted, 'This is the Gate of Heaven!' while underneath was a notice in large characters, 'Go round the other way.' The Canon did not say if the 'other way' led to the Dissenting Chapel.

Here is the latest method of taking leave of a valued pastor. A Wesleyan minister in Cornwall was taking leave of an old lady of his congregation on the expiration of his three years' residence. 'Well, good-bye, Mrs A.' 'Good-bye, sir,' said the old lady; 'the Lord never takes a good thing away without sending a better in its place!' Another Wesleyan minister, on arriving at a chapel where he had been asked to preach, found only seven persons there—all women. 'Where are your husbands!' said he. 'They're all at home, sir. 'Tis too rough for them to come out!'

Cornish local preachers sometimes give their opponents powerful home-thrusts. On one occasion a local brother was dealing with the alleged necessity for an 'educated priesthood,' upon which the clergy of the Established Church were always insisting. He naturally did not recognise this necessity, and proceeded to illustrate his point by a reference to the Apostles Peter and Paul. 'Was

St Peter an eddicated man?' he asked. 'No,' said he; 'he was a poor fisherman. But what happened when he preached? Why, thousands was converted. Then there was St Paul; now he was eddicated, for we are told that he sat at the feet of the great Gamaliel. But what happened when he preached? Why, a young man in the gallery went to sleep, and tumbled down and broke his neck!'

How is it that one hears so many stories of parsons of all denominations? Here is another. A well-known type in the profession is the man who appears to think he can make up for a lack of deep insight into the needs and condition of himself and his hearers by the use of high-sounding words and phrases. Some one was telling me of a preacher in Cornwall who was suddenly pulled up by a humble member of his congregation in the midst of a prayer, in which in sonorous tones he had ascribed to the Supreme Being all the attributes and titles he could call to mind; and then, after a pause, he continued, 'And what more shall we call Thee, Lord?' 'Call Him Father, and ask Him to supply our wants!' cried a shrill voice, while all the people said, 'Amen.'

The Bishop of London, in speaking at a meeting of the Architectural Association, told the following story of a curate who had recently 'married a wife.' Calling upon the great lady of the village, the reverend gentleman introduced his spouse as 'a poor thing, madam, but mine own.' Whereupon the lady, looking on the curate severely, replied, 'Your wife ought to have introduced you as "a poorer thing, but mine owner."'

There is a parish in Cornwall called St Eval. A young student was up before Canon X. to undergo an examination prior to ordination. When the business was over, the Canon asked where the young man was going after ordination. 'To Cornwall, sir,' replied he. 'Oh, indeed! I know Cornwall very well. What parish are you going to?' 'To St Eval [commonly pronounced San-deval], sir,' replied the incipient parson. 'Dear me!' said the puzzled and slightly shocked divine; 'I knew that Cornwall was a county where there were many saints, but I never knew that they had canonised him.'

I will conclude with the story of the clergyman who, on getting into his pulpit, discovered he had left the manuscript of his sermon at home, whereupon he thus addressed his congregation: 'My dear brethren, I can only give you what God will send me; but to-night I will come better prepared!'

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE TRYING OF BARBE CARCASSONE.



HEN began for Alain Carbonec and Barbe Carcassone such a time of trial and suffering as only a vindictive woman who has gained the ear of the law can inflict on an innocent man and the heart to whom he is

dearer than all the world.

As soon as she heard of Alain's resuscitation, Madame Cadoual went straight to Plouarnec and demanded audience of M. Besnard de Sarras, the examining magistrate. She told her story with such explicitness of detail and such emphasis of assertion, stating as fact what was at most only possibility, and backing it all up with the statements of the Paris detectives, that M. de Sarras had no option but to order the immediate arrest of Carbonec. Doubtless, in her own heart, Madame Cadoual believed all her assertions. She had thirsted for vengeance; she had raged and chafed at the disappearance of the man at whom all the facts pointed. Now when he was suddenly delivered into her hands she did not waste a moment. The volcano within her blazed into new life, and M. de Sarras was overwhelmed in the molten flow. He briefly examined the accused, listened to the extraordinary story which was the only evidence he opposed to madame's sworn statements, and duly committed Alain to the assizes.

Barbe was heart-broken. Gaudriol was deeply chagrined. Alain's preliminary examination had, of course, taken place in private, and afforded him no chance of doing more than tell his own story; and the story he told was so surprising that the magistrate received it with a doubt which he hardly took the trouble to conceal.

Gaudriol saw M. de Sarras, and did his best to get him to look into the prisoner's side of the case. M. de Sarras told him plainly that the matter as it stood was beyond his powers to deal with; it must go before a jury. It would only be a question of another month's detention; and, said the magistrate with a shrug, after the experiences Carbonec had gone through, that would be the merest bagatelle.

That month between Alain's arrest and his trial at Plouarnec was the longest and dreariest Barbe ever spent, and there was that in it, too, for the trying and testing of her soul which none but she and One other ever knew. She had thought when she believed Alain dead that sorrow could bite no deeper. She had yet to learn that death is not the worst that may threaten or befall one, and her heart was still to be wrung white with anguish for him and for herself. Not for one second did she believe him guilty. But night after night she and Gaudriol went over the facts of the case; and even

Gaudriol, as sure of Alain in his own mind as Barbe was herself, could not but acknowledge to himself, though never to her, that the facts against him were terribly strong, while those that made for him seemed painfully weak.

Barbe lived with Mere Pleuret. The old lady had insisted on it; but every evening, when Sergeant Gaudriol's duties were over, barring rare and unexpected calls, she went to the old man's cottage and sat before his fire; and he smoked and assured her that all would be well with Alain, with so much insistence that she began at last to have her doubts about it. She walked the six miles to Plouarnec almost every day, in the hope that the rigidity of Alain's seclusion would be relaxed; but it was not, and she never once set eyes on him till he was brought into court on the day of his trial.

And now that befell Barbe which occasioned her distress of mind so great that the remembrance of it never left her. The outward and visible sign of it remained all her life long in a deepening of the understanding in her grave, dark eyes. She passed into the furnace a girl, with all the vague fears and hopes of maidenhood before her. She came out of it a woman who had looked sorrow in the face, and had wrestled for her life, and—saving grace—for the life of another dearer than herself, and for whom she had been willing to throw her life away. It was only by the mercy of God that the sacrifice she was ready to make was not consummated. She never forgot it.

Gaudriol had sought out for Alain's defence a certain young advocate, one Noel Bernardin, whose acumen had greatly impressed him in other trials. It was not without difficulty, however, that he succeeded—or, at all events, was instrumental—in winning him to the cause, for Bernardin was a rising man and much run after.

Noel Bernardin came of the old Huguenot family down near Saintes in the Lower Charente. His mother was a Scotswoman, one of the Kerrs of Dalkeith. His father was, of course, that General Bernardin who fell in the Hell Trench at Gravelotte just when the fate of France and Prussia hung by a hair. After the General's death Madame Bernardin spent much of her time among her people in Scotland, and young Noel finished the English side of his education at Merchiston, in Edinburgh, and learned there many things not found in books, which stood him in good stead. Without this training—well, the bullet at Gravelotte which sent him to Merchiston made for the salvation of Barbe Carcassone.

These things are necessary to explain him. From his father he inherited the hot blood of the Bernardins, which had never thinned nor cooled even under the refining influences of Huguenot teaching or persecution. From his mother he got a clear, logical head, a warm heart, and great tenacity of purpose. From Edinburgh he went to Paris, and flung himself into the student life in all its

phases, good and bad, as heartily as he had learnt to fling himself into the games on the Merchiston fields. Whatever Noel Bernardin did he did with all his might, and when he set his heart on a thing it rarely escaped him. He was at this time a brilliant lawyer, as good-looking as he was clever, and was making a great reputation at the Paris Bar. His thoroughness was something to wonder at, and his honesty was such that his fellows first predicted failure for him, and then marvelled greatly at his success. It was he who refused a fee of twenty-five thousand francs, in a somewhat scandalous case, from the Jew banker Roussillon; and he refused it because, in the first place, he did not like the look of his would-be client; in the second place, because he had already formed his own opinion on the matter, and believed Roussillon quite capable of all that was imputed to him, and more, which is saying a good deal. And when the man was sent into retirement for a long term of years the only fault Bernardin found in the matter was that the sentence was not twice as long.

But Paris is a trying place for hot young blood, a furnace whose fires scorch and devour more than they cleanse; and, in spite of-perhaps to some extent as the effect of, or at all events in the rebound from—the strict training of his earlier years, Noel Bernardin, when he came to years of indiscretion, went the pace with the rest. His mother died just before his majority, and with her went the only possible brake on his fast-spinning wheels. But he had the worldly wisdom to keep the two phases of his life distinctly and wide apart. In the courts he was the clear-headed, strenuous advocate who never lost a case if law and logic and infinite striving could win it. For the rest-well, perhaps the less said the better. He did as others did.

Gaudriol had written to him in Paris. The old man's heart was in this business. It was as tender a heart as one may sometimes find below a grizzled moustache and an official uniform. He liked Alain and he loved Barbe, and he was determined to see them through this business. He had his savings, for the possibilities of spending were small in Plenevec, and no opportunity had ever presented itself before by which he would get more enjoyment out of his money. So he got Noel Bernardin's address in Paris from the clerk of the court at Plouarnec, and wrote to him begging him to undertake the defence of an innocent man on trial for his life.

Bernardin, by a fortunate chance, was holidaymaking in the neighbourhood of Roscoff. He claimed the Île de Batz as an original discovery of his own, and found much entertainment in its beauties, natural and feminine; and few possessed a keener eye for both than himself. Gaudriol's letter followed him there, and he determined, goodhumouredly, to run over to Plenevec and take a look at the matter, and see if it was interesting enough to amuse him. It was only a cross-country jaunt, and that bit of the coast was new to him. So the old Sergeant was delighted one afternoon by the sight of the elegant figure of M. Noel Bernardin strolling unconcernedly along the shingle, absorbing the local colour of Plenevec.

- 'Ah, monsieur, you do me too great honour!' said the old man, hastening up to salute the young one.
 - 'You are Sergeant Gaudriol?' said Noel.
 - 'At monsieur's service,' with another salute.
- 'Your letter caught me at Roscoff, so I thought I would just run over and have a chat with you. Now, what's it all about?'
- 'If monsieur will do me the great honour of accompanying me to my house I will explain it fully;' and they went in together.
- 'The facts are strong against you, my friend,' said Bernardin at the end of a long talk. 'They are purely circumstantial, of course, and inevitably so under the circumstances; but things don't look bright for your man. I know what country juries are: they always convict on circumstantial evidence sooner than let a crime go unpunished.'
- 'I know it,' said Gaudriol gloomily. 'But this man is innocent, monsieur. I would stake my life on it.'
- 'If the innocents convicted by country juries on circumstantial evidence could all return and haunt the men who condemned them there would be some pretty lively times,' said the barrister, tapping his gold pencil between his teeth.

Was it worth his while to break into his holiday? After all, it was only the possible life of a common fisherman. There was not much glory in it at best, and if there was one thing he hated, it was trying to drive light into the dark brains of country jurymen. It was like driving nails into a fog. Then he had some big cases coming on which would take up all his time. No, on the whole, he did not think it was worth his while.

He was on the point of saying so when a tap came at the door, and in answer to the Sergeant's 'Entrez!' Barbe Carcassone's face glimmered in on them and the slim girlish figure stood outlined against the sunshine outside.

'Come in, ma fille,' said Gaudriol, as she stood hesitating at the sight of the tall stranger. 'It is of your affair we are talking. This gentleman can save Alain if he will'——

'Oh, monsieur!' and Barbe's great eyes rose to Noel's, blazing and swimming with the tumult of her feelings, and her hands clasped up towards him as though he were the Holy Mother herself.

Noel Bernardin's eyes dwelt on her with great appreciation. There was something worth looking at in Plenevec after all. He looked again into the dark eyes and the sweet, anxious face, and then he said, 'Bien! I will undertake it.—But, you understand,' to Gaudriol, 'it will not be easy.'

Barbe ran to him and would have kissed his hand. 'You give me life, monsieur. You give me

hope. I was in despair. They will not even let me see him. I go each day, but they will not admit me. And he is innocent—as innocent as I myself'——

'We must prove it, mademoiselle. I will come back to-morrow, and you shall tell me all you know, and show me all these curious places. It is as strange a story as ever I heard;' and to himself he added, 'and you are the prettiest girl that ever I set eyes on.'

He went back to Roscoff, and thought all the way of nothing but Barbe's lovely, eager face and those great eyes of hers into which a man's soul tumbled and lost itself; and all that day Barbe thought of him—when she was not thinking of Alain—and magnified him into a demigod who had only to speak and stretch out his hand and Alain would be free. For the bitter knowledge still lay ahead of her that our earthly demigods are mostly made of clay.

I have seen Barbe Carcassone in later times, and even then there was a charm about her which is difficult to describe, but which haunted one like a dream. She had a sweet, oval face, in which the tender softness of the girl was just moulding into the firm, chaste lines of the woman. The cheekbones were perhaps just a trifle high, showing her Celtic origin; the brow was broad and placid, the nose straight and wonderfully delicate, the mouth just ripe, and the curving lips just full enough to indicate the feeling that was in her. When I saw them they met a trifle more firmly than they probably did at this time-before she had learned her lessons. But it was her eyes that held you captive, and never let you forget them. They were large, and of a very deep blue-black at times with the intensity of her feelings, and at times a velvety violet. They were rather deep-set, and looking into them you thought of dark, shaded pools in whose depths you might surprise the glimmer of quiet stars. There was in them at all times-when I saw them-a trustful glow which made for the rekindling of one's faith in humanity, and a quiet appeal which was infinitely pathetic and touching: the wistfulness of the girl who seeks to know, with the tender depth of the woman who has known. She was only a peasant girl; but there have been queens with infinitely less grace and few with greater beauty.

Noel Bernardin had seen his share of beautiful women. He had had his tender thoughts of them, and more. But Barbe set his blood on fire as no other woman ever had done; and, far from attempting to fight the flame, he fed it with both hands. He went back to Roscoff that first day very full of thought. Perhaps he was pondering the points of the case he had undertaken. Perhaps he was thinking of other things. 'Mon Dieu!' he murmured more than once. And again, 'What a find!' And yet again, 'But she is incredible!'

Strange indeed that so meek and quiet a thing should kindle so fierce a fire in so experienced a

man! But it was so. Barbe's fresh young beauty swept him like a devouring flame; and before it all his higher feelings, his early training, his self-control, disappeared like a drop of water on a red-hot bar. Perhaps the strange chance that had thrust her thus upon him had something to do with it. God knows, opportunity brings about as many a fall as inclination or intention.

He rode over again next day, having secured a horse from the hotel at Roscoff, and had another long interview with Sergeant Gaudriol and Barbe; but I doubt if his knowledge of the case was greatly increased thereby, for he was looking at Barbe most of the time and thinking of her all the rest.

No one, however, could be two minutes in Barbe Carcassone's company, and discuss the case of Alain Carbonec, without seeing that all her heart was given to that fortunate unfortunate, and that every hope of her life was bound up in him; and so Noel Bernardin saw that he must tackle the matter from a business point of view. So he flung himself heart and soul into Alain's case, as was his way with whatever he undertook; and in this case a twofold cord drew him swiftly on. Conflict was life to him; a fight against odds, when he had faith in his cause, a great and fierce joy; and in this case he promised himself a fee commensurate with his services—a fee beyond the capacity of Sergeant Gaudriol's bank account to pay—a fee du diable.

Day after day he rode over to Plenevec, till he knew everything that was to be known which bore in any way on the case. He learned all about Cadoual and Pierre and Alain and Barbe, and their relations one with another. He went down into the great cavern with Loïc Breton, and marvelled at what he saw there. Under Barbe's guidance he inspected Cap Réhel from the top and from the bottom, and wormed himself after her into the cavern under the stone, and subjected it to the minutest scrutiny, but found nothing that had escaped the previous searchers. The fee he would demand depended on his winning his case, and he spared no pains to that end; and day by day, and hour by hour, the fire within him burned more fiercely, till at last the flames broke out.

It was only three days to Alain's trial. Noel Bernardin and Barbe Carcassone had been viewing the way by which Alain had been in the habit of scaling the cliff from the sea, and Bernardin had shuddered at the thought of anything without wings going either up or down.

'Sit down here and listen to me,' he said when they had done, and his eyes burned on her face; and, all aflame as he was, he found it difficult to begin when Barbe's innocent wells of truth rose to meet the fire of his own.

- 'What is it, then, monsieur?' she said with a gasp, for his look startled her.
 - 'You want me to save Alain Carbonec?'
 - 'Mais, mon Dieu, monsieur! Can you doubt it?'
- 'Well, I will save him if man can save him. But—my fee will be a high one.'

- 'Anything, monsieur—everything in our power, if you will only give us time to pay it. I would give my soul for Alain.'
- 'It's not your soul I want. It is you yourself—you.'
- 'Comment, monsieur! I myself? Mon Dicu! what can you mean?'
- 'I want you, Barbe, you yourself, all to myself.'
- 'But, mon Dieu, monsieur! I belong to Alain.'
 - 'It is no good belonging to a dead man.'
 - 'But Alain is not dead.
 - 'He will be unless I save him.'

She stared at him wild-eyed—the horror of it biting into her heart like an icy tooth, and her blood chilled as his meaning forced itself upon her.

- 'Well?' said Bernardin. 'What do you say? Is he to live or die?'
- 'Mon Dieu!' and she rocked to and fro in her anguish for Alain and for herself. 'Will no less satisfy you?'
- 'Nothing less. I want you, Barbe—you. You have set me on fire. You will come to Paris with me. Everything you want shall be yours, and of the best that money can buy: dresses and jewels, horses and carriages—everything. My God!' he blazed, 'there is no woman in all Paris to compare with you.'
 - 'I want only Alain-Alain,' she wailed.
- 'And I want only you. I will save Alain to get you. I won't save him for you.'

She moaned, and cast herself on the turf at his feet, and clawed it with her trembling little brown hands. 'Spare us, monsieur, spare us! All our lives we will bless you—and work to pay off the debt.'

He sat down beside her, and put his hand gently on her shaking shoulder, which shook the more at his touch.

'See, Barbe!' he said. 'I cannot help it. You have possessed me body and soul. I would go through hell itself to win you.'

Her coiffe had slipped—she had bent to the fashion since she had come to live on shore—and the dark hair rippled out from its confining cap. His wandering fingers touched it caressingly. His whole body shook, and the wind whistled in through his nostrils. He held his breath as though he held something else in with it, and she shivered and crept along the earth away from him.

Perhaps some touch of the better nature that was somewhere in him rose at sight of her utter desperation. Perhaps the violence of his passion upset his brain for a moment.

'I will marry you, Barbe,' he said hoarsely. 'You shall be my wife!' and at the moment he meant it, for at the moment there was no thing in heaven or earth that he desired but the lovely young thing that lay there under his hand.

'I shall die,' moaned Barbe.

'On the contrary,' he said, coming back to himself, 'you shall begin to live and learn what life is like. Now, listen to me, Barbe! You shall swear to me by the Holy Virgin that you will speak of this to no person whatever, and that when Alain Carbonec is free'—Barbe shivered and moaned again—'you will come to me at my bidding. Swear it!' he said again, as she remained prone and silent. 'Eh bien!' he said at last as he got up, 'then, as sure as you live, Alain Carbonec's head goes into the basket;' and he turned to go.

She heard the pressure of his foot on the turf. It was the foot of Death striding on Alain. Her white face rose and looked after him in mortal agony. She scrambled to her knees—to her feet—and ran after him—ran after him to pluck back

Death from Alain at a price at which Alain would not care for life; but to her the one thing was to save his life—even at the cost of her own. And she said to herself as she ran, 'When Alain is free I will throw myself into the sea. I will kiss him once when he is free, and then I will throw myself into the sea.'

'I will swear!' she panted behind Bernardin.

He turned and took her two hands in his and looked into her twisted face. 'By the Holy Mother?' he said.

'By the Holy Mother!'

He bent and would have kissed the brown hands, but she snatched them from him and bent and sped away along the hillside, like one who had sinned and shunned the sight of man; and Bernardin stood and watched her, and then turned and went on into the village.

WILD-GEESE.

A far-heard clang, the wild-geese fly, Storm-sent from Arctic moors and fells, Like a great arrow through the sky, Two dusky lines converged in one, Chasing the southward-flying sun.



ARIOUS types of wild-geese visit our shores annually, coming from Norway, Sweden, Finland, and Lapland, a few only breeding in Sutherlandshire and the Western Hebrides. The most common are the pink-

footed-goose, the gray-lag-goose (gray-legged-considered to be the origin of our tame goose), and the bean-goose, so called from its fondness of feeding on bean and pea stubbles. Specimens of all these three are to be seen in the ponds at St James's Park, London; and often during the winter months they may be seen hanging at the doors of our poultryshops. There is also the barnacle-goose, more of a sea-bird than the three former. Boece the Scottish historian mentions the curious old idea that this latter bird was supposed to originate from the rotten timbers of ships and old trees becoming covered with a sort of fungus-growth that in time takes the form of a bird; they were also supposed to grow on a kind of tree-plant, curious old woodcuts of which are sometimes seen. No doubt from this source came the belief of the Scottish peasantry that the solan-goose grows by its bill on the cliffs of the Bass Rock, Ailsa Craig, and St Kilda.

On the east coast of Scotland, at the present day, the wild-goose generally seen is the pink-footed variety. They mostly frequent large bays and sand-flats, sitting half-asleep on the sand at low-water or floating lazily on the sea when the tide is in. At daylight they rise with a weird, clanging noise, form into long arrow-shaped lines, and fly inland to feed on stubbles, grass, and young wheat. On some farms in East Lothian, so persistent are they in feeding on the young wheat that the

farmers have sometimes to put a boy to scare them off, as a flock of a hundred or more do much damage by trampling, and their droppings have a bad effect on the crop. When the moon is near the full they sit all day by the sea, and fly up-country to feed at night, returning seaward again at break of day.

Their 'far-heard clang' is very welcome to the sportsman as he rubs up his trusty 8-bore, and remembers the welcome thud, thud of falling victims. Surely it must have been a shooter of these wild-fowl who originated the expression 'a wild-goose-chase;' no one knows better than he the many fruitless waits and stalks this cunning bird causes; yet, though most wary of approach to the sportsman, it will often let the field-labourers or shepherds come within easy shot. They are certainly most wily birds, and perhaps the only silly thing they do is to give warning of their approach when flying by the loud clang of their hoarse voices; and when feeding or walking up to fresh-water, the occasional honk, honk of odd birds warns the gunner of their whereabouts in the dusk or faint moonlight.

There are different modes of pursuing our pink-footed friends; but with any gun smaller than an 8-bore it is hardly worth while tackling the job. Of course, occasionally lucky chances are to be had; but many a weary, cold wait with a smaller bore is only rewarded by the loss of two cartridges fired in vain at these high-flying, thick-plumaged birds. The best and most certain plan, if it can be arranged, is to get permission from a farmer on whose fields the geese are feeding to follow them up. You can then either stalk them or have them driven over you whilst lying in ambush; or, when they are flighting by moonlight, you can go to the field they are frequenting and there await their arrival, when a successful shot is almost sure to be had. Last year a

neighbouring farmer kindly sent me word that a large flock were feeding on his young wheat, and that he had set his collie to scare them; but they just flew round a bit and landed again. I at once summoned a friend who was very keen to bag a wild-goose, and he by a considerable detour and much crawling managed to gain a ditch in the direction of which they were most likely to fly. I then started to raise them, and up they got with a prodigious clamour, about three hundred of them, and made straight for said ditch. When near it they swerved a bit, as if scenting danger; but some twenty passed over my friend, who got two with his first barrel and one with his second. This with a 12-bore and No. 2 shot; and well pleased he was, as, although he had accounted for various head of big game in South Africa, these were his first wildgeese in this country.

Another way, and perhaps the one most generally followed, is to watch for flighting-time, either at daylight when they leave for the fields, or at dusk when they return seaward, or when they flight by moonlight; and in the latter case as a rule they do not fly so high as at daybreak. In this kind of shooting it is necessary to find out more or less their line of flight, and when this is ascertained, to erect a low shelter of sea-ware, &c., near high-water mark. Like most wild-fowling, this requires much perseverance and patience. It is no joke getting up and dressing by candle-light on a cold, dark winter morning about six o'clock, to start out and stumble over perhaps a mile or more of rough, uneven ground, till you arrive at the seashore, then crawl behind your rough shelter and wait for daylight, cheered by occasional honks heard in the dim distance. Then, as it gets gradually light, you hear the whistle of duck-wings as they pass overhead; and then 'the pewits, plovers, and whaups cry dreary,' followed presently by a great clanging noise away by the sea, and you can see something like a gray cloud rising far out on the sands, and gradually it forms up and spreads out into a long line of separate dots, each one seeming to try to outhonk his neighbour. On they come: a most exciting time, as you lie grasping your gun, and wondering if they will pass over you, and yet hardly daring to hope so. Alas! they swing wide and pass well out of shot. Hardly have their cries ceased to be heard in the distance when again a hoarse clamour by the sea warns you of another flight approaching, and these also, after raising fresh hopes and fears, decline to come near enough. You almost begin to wish you had stayed in your warm bed, when, hark! another lot are on the wing, and this time they swing well over you with outstretched necks and fierce cries; then both barrels belch forth, and the welcome thuds are heard as three good birds fall on the frosty ground. A warm glow comes over you, and you trudge home to a hearty, well-earned breakfast.

Perhaps, again, some stormy evening, with a strong head-wind, they may pass sufficiently low to afford a good shot, if you are lucky enough to select the spot where they cross as they return from feeding inland. At some bays where there are small runlets of fresh-water, a good chance may be had when the geese come to drink, which they often do on dark nights or when the moon is too small for flighting; but this often entails long, fruitless waits, success only being accomplished when tide, wind, and moon are all favourable. Certainly, if they do come you are well repaid, as, if you lie quite still, and allow the first few birds to drink and paddle about undisturbed, the whole drove, being less wary than usual in the uncertain light, will come up well within shot, and you can 'brown' them. Lately a friend of mine got five in this way with two shots; and quite recently two men got no less than fifteen geese in one evening, the birds coming up no less than three separate times to the water near where the gunners lay flat out behind a low shelter of seaweed.

After the lessons the late war has taught us, wild-fowling should be encouraged by landed proprietors, not hindered and attempts made to put it down as is the case in some districts. What are a few wild-fowl to them, with their well-stocked game-coverts? You will find few better scouts than the man who has followed wild-fowling in his youth, and to whom the sweetest music is the harsh quack of the wild-duck, the whistle of the widgeon in the distance, or 'ye curlews cry thro' a clud, and whistling plover,' as he lies crouched behind some rude shelter on a bitter winter's day and braves the cold and wet for a chance-shot at some of our wary wild-fowl.

SHEPHERD AND SHEEP.

PART III.



ISENMANN went out, but not before he had heard another supplicatory 'Robert!' from the white lips inside. He tottered home, his thoughts all in a tangle, and it was not until he saw the dumbly questioning eyes

of his wife upon him that he realised the full sorrow of the tidings he had brought her. 'Forgive me, dear,' was all he could say, standing before her with bowed head and clasped hands.

True to her habit, Rahel asked no questions; but she flung her arms about his shoulders and murmured, 'Never mind; God will help.'

Yes, God would help, thought Eisenmann, grimly setting his teeth; but meanwhile he would not let the grass grow under his feet. A reunion had been

fixed for that evening at the 'Lame Horse,' and Eisenmann knew that it afforded him his last and ultimate opportunity. Well, he would seize it and drain it dry to the very dregs-the metaphor was appropriate—of its possibilities. He would throw all scruples to the wind; he would stop at nothing. Unless he to-night forestalled his enemy the vicar, all his toilsomeness, all the weary striving of the last three arduous months, would be in vain. Yes, he would fight hard to-night. If it cost the last coin in his pocket, if he spent the last breath in his body, he would force these mule-headed stupids to do his will. He would bribe, cajole, threaten; he would ransack his imagination for all the dire consequences that could befall a recalcitrant community which sets its face against the thinly disguised wishes of the Government. He would insist that they should constitute themselves into a formal meeting of the town council, and ratify his admission to citizenship there and then. He would—ay, he would prove to the Herr Pastor that right was not always on the side of might.

The long, hot summer's day crept wearily to its close. Towards evening Eisenmann said his vesper prayers with even more than customary devoutness, took a handful of gold pieces from his sadly attenuated store—he must be provided, for probably it would mean Moselle and champagne to-night—and repaired to the 'Lame Horse.' There he sat down in his usual place, not noting the look of mingled malice and regret with which the proprietor received him, and waited. It surprised him a good deal that he should be the first arrival; but perhaps, he thought, in his anxiety he had come inordinately early. Yet eight o'clock struck, and the half-hour after, and still nobody had come. By nine o'clock Eisenmann could no longer conceal from himself that his adversary had, after all, got the better of him. It was, of course, the pastor's doing that no one had come-not even Notarius Schwefelgeist, who had been heard more than once to declare his regret that he had not been born a hundred years ago, when the devil was still alive, so that he might make over to him his immortal soul in exchange for unlimited beer.

At a quarter-past nine Eisenmann got up and walked out of the 'Lame Horse,' knowing that he would never set foot there again. Now he was convinced that his doom was finally sealed he felt unnaturally calm. After all, he was an Oriental; fate had conquered him. Kismet! But he would not go home just yet; the extra hour of blessed ignorance in which he would leave his wife Rahel would probably be set down to his credit in heaven. So he strolled on and on till he came to the outskirts of the town, wrapping the solitude round him luxuriously like a garment. At last he halted, for his way was barred by the little brook which, gently purling, cosily crooning, lapped the edge of the town. Now that he had apparently finished with the great things of life, reflected Eisenmann,

it was only due that he should give a thought or two to its pettinesses, its indifferences. For instance, the topography of Ostrokov. He looked back. It was really beautifully situated, this cruel, inhospitable place which had refused him sanctuary. There it lay below him, bathed in the generous light of the half-moon, cradled primly, selfsufficiently, in a sloping hollow with an almost grotesque tilt towards its lower end. At the back of it started up the high hill-tops, fringed thickly with gnarled giants of oak having branches that seemed to brush the skies, and roots that seemed to strike down into the depths of the centuries. On the other side of the brook rose a wall of rock sheer and steep, as though it was there that creation had been bidden to halt; and between the town and that end-of-the-world wall, the two bound together by a bridge strongly riveted and solid of masonry—yes, between the two-flowed the little brook, now coy, now petulant, tripping, running, bounding with long, lusty leaps, a thing of never-ending selfdelight, until a mile or so farther down it flung itself joyously upon the broad bosom of Mother Warthe, the full, strong river of which it was a toy tributary.

Eisenmann took out his handkerchief and dried his forehead. How heavily leaden was the stillness! Only from above came a grating swish, swish, a dull, monotonous sound, where a sawmill was busily working on in a sullen, automaton fashion; but above the grating swish Eisenmann seemed to hear another sound, a piteous cry of white, harddrawn lips, the wail of an agonised soul begging relief for its poor tortured body. 'If only the rain would come it might save me!' The plaintive voice seemed close at his ear; he seemed to see the frail frame writhing on its bed of sickness, the hollow chest heaving, gasping desperately for a whiff of the life-giving air. If only the rain would come! Eisenmann's eyes struggled hard against the crowding tears. Poor agonised soul; poor tortured body! And then, in the hearing of the frivolous little brook, which seemed to gurgle back at him its mockery, he began to recite from memory, as far as he could remember them, the prayers for rain that go up in the synagogue on the Seventh Day of Tabernacles, concluding with the jubilatory outcry: 'He causes the great wind to blow and the rain to rush in torrents.' So Eisenmann prayed for the Frau Pastorin, the stricken wife of his adversary, forgetting that prayers have wings, and that, as with all winged things, the mode and bearings of their flight are but rarely regulated by human understanding and human desire.

So three more days passed, bringing down the remainder of Eisenmann's stay to its narrowest margin. He might almost have considered it a source of consolation that the depression which prevailed in his household rested in fullest measure upon the whole town. Life and movement in the place had come to a standstill. Man and beast and nature groaned beneath the burden of the pheno-

menal heat, which, instead of abating, had increased from hour to hour, and the wonder was that it had not long ago touched suffocation-point. The Eisenmanns, in a way, were better off than the rest, because they were compelled to occupy themselves, and so distract their attention from the physical discomforts of the hour by making preparations for their impending departure. The Rabbiner had already written to Hamburg to arrange for lodgings there in order to be as near as possible to the place of embarkation if they were eventually forced to put into effect their last resource—the crossing of the seas to more hospitable shores.

At last everything was packed and ready for transport. It was Friday night, and their departure had been fixed for the following evening, at the termination of the Sabbath. For the last time but one Eisenmann had conducted the service in the synagogue. The humble, unpretentious House of God had grown very dear to him, and he knew that his heart would feel heaviest at the moment when he would bid it farewell on the morrow. And now the Rabbiner and his wife—the children were in bed-were sitting over their simple supper, the table spick and spruce in all its Sabbath finery; for, come what might, the Sabbath must not be dishonoured. To Rahel, indeed, the room had never looked so bewilderingly resplendent, because the two stearine tapers, bent and dripping though they were in the all-conquering heat, had blazed out into a hundred-crown candelabrum—so at least the crystalline mist through which she gazed at them made it appear to her. The curtains had been decorously drawn, and therefore neither she nor Eisenmann had seen the strange light which earlier in the evening had filled the spaces without. The sun had gone down in a fierce, rebellious splendour, and now, a full hour after its setting, a weird, coppery glare streamed down in a broad, straight sheet upon the horizon. Far, far off a tiny speck, no bigger than a child's hand, had appeared against the sky. For a quarter of an hour it remained stationary and unchanged; and then, in a moment, it had suddenly bulged out into a thick, voluminous cloud, from which, after another and much briefer interval, there rolled out another and yet bulkier cloud; and from there onward the blue-black masses of darkness billowed along the heavens, as though to shut off from the watchful eyes of God what now was about to ensue on earth.

So it was that neither Eisenmann nor Rahel had witnessed anything of the splendidly terrible transformation on high; and therefore neither of them, taken suddenly and unawares, could repress a cry of terror as a dazzling javelin of flame shot past the window, followed instantly by a deafening crash that seemed to set the world rocking. Before they could recover breath, another javelin hurtled by and a second roar ravenously swallowed up the echoes of the first. After that came flash and crash, flash and crash, one upon the other in ruthless, rhythmical sequence. With a drawn, shamefaced

smile at Rahel, Eisenmann rose, and reaching down from the bookshelf his copy of the Pentateuch, laid it upon the table, and with an unsteady hand sprinkled upon the open page a handful of salt. Rahel threw him a grateful look, knowing well that it was mainly in consideration for her that her husband observed the ancient custom of their race to conjure off and make innocuous the peril of the lightning. Eagerly Eisenmann listened: would it never come? Ah, yes! there it was, the sharp, brittle crackling of the rain—the blessed rain that was trickling balm into the heart of the writhing woman in the vicarage; and Rahel, looking at her husband, could not understand the sudden air of triumph that had spread over his face. Why should he not feel proud? This was his achievement. The rain had come. Had he not prayed for it?

But the rain, having been so long in coming, evidently did not think it right to be satisfied with a short visit. An hour later the brittle crackling that had been as the voice of newly-lit fuel had grown to the angry howl of a gigantic furnace. Husband and wife sat clasping each other's hands, the one seeking to reassure the other by this the most expressive language of love. The Rabbiner at last broke the silence.

'We should not complain, dear,' he said, with a bitter smile; 'we are at least going off with much éclat. Why, we are making history in Ostrokov. This will be spoken of as "the great thunderstorm on the night before we drove the Rabbiner away."

Rahel opened her lips to make reply; but she shut them again with a snap, as it were, and the grip of her hand on her husband's became frantic. He, too, sitting up in tense alertness, showed the sudden alarm that had come upon them. There had been no thunderclap, and yet both had felt the ponderous boom which this time had really set the world rocking.

'I—I thought the house shook,' stammered Eisenmann.

Rahel nodded corroboration, unable to utter a sound. The Rabbiner sprang up, and disengaging his hand, hurried to the window, and tore back the ourtain. Before him was a sight that made his heart give one great bound and then suddenly stand still. The roadway had disappeared entirely, and the pavement itself was barely visible beneath the three inches of water that covered it; and along the swirling waterway between the two rows of houses whirled a confused mass of logs both great and small, half-grown trees, pieces of furniture, kitchen utensils, hedges, and thatch-work—a fearful conglomeration. It was one of the largest logs that, like a battering-ram, had impinged against the house and set it shaking from basement to gable. In the distance lanterns and blazing pitch-torches were seen to hurry, and the indistinct hum of terrified crowds spoke of some dire catastrophe.

'I cannot stay here. I must go out, Rahel,' said Eisenmann, pale to the lips. With a scream of terror she flung herself upon him, clinging to him desperately; then, as though on second thoughts, she pushed him from her, and with both hands to her face went within where her two children slept, in token that he might do as he thought fit. Eisenmann gave another glance through the window, and saw that no immediate danger threatened his loved ones; then he hurried out to see what peril was impending for these strangers.

Carefully wading and evading the swift-darting objects bearing down in his path, he made his way towards the upper part of the town, where the panic and commotion seemed to have gathered to a head. Soon he passed out into one of the main streets, where he came upon an excited crowd of men all thronging in the same direction. The one frantic cry among them was, 'The brook! the brook!' Eisenmann pushed past them, quickly outdistancing them, so as to learn for himself the meaning of that cry. A quarter of an hour later he had climbed the slope near to the spot where he had stood three God, how different the scene was! nights ago. Now, too, he saw at a glance the fatal bearing the brook had on the destiny of the town. The lower end of it was running sparsely, with scarcely more than an inch or so of water to its bed; but in the upper part, the part above the bridge, it had become a mighty torrent rushing headlong from the oakbearded hill-tops, dashing down madly as far as the bridge, and, finding no thoroughfare there, overflowed in a broad cataract upon its left bank—the right was guarded by the steep rock-wall-down into the hollow in which the town nestled, for the space underneath the bridge had become dammed up. A large stack of logs piled by the side of the sawmill above had been snatched up in the embrace of the flood, carried down to the bridge, and there, in the wild pell-mell to find a passage, had become jammed between the uprights. Rotten twigs and large tufts of moss torn away from the hill-side had filled up the interspaces.

Eisenmann had taken his stand on the lower reach of the brook, where the foothold was comparatively safe and dry. Around him surged a number of men, the bolder spirits of the place, who had hurried to the scene of disaster and seemed to have lost their wits on the way. There they stood gazing at each other blankly, helplessly. It needed no explanation from them to tell Eisenmann what it was they apprehended. Down at the lower end of the town stood their hay-stacks, their hen-coops, their barns crammed with the summer's gardenproduce, all at the mercy of the encroaching waters; and unless the torrent were given free flow beneath the bridge into the Warthe below, gone was the year's prosperity, not counting the danger to life and limb that threatened in addition. At the back of the crowd Herr Notarius Schwefelgeist, sheltered under a huge umbrella, was running up and down excitedly asking the local fire-brigade of two and the constabulary of one what on earth, or rather on water, as was more appropriate under the circumstances, they drew their munificent salaries for if they could not rise to an emergency like this. Eisenmann felt himself jostled on one side, and a voice—the pastor's voice—was saying to him:

'Here, my man; hold my coat. I must go and see what can be done.'

'I shall come with you, Herr Pastor,' replied Eisenmann on the instant, passing on the other's coat to a bystander and taking off his own.

He had spoken the words before he himself was aware of it. He had uttered them with no motive, with no premeditation, with no bravado, with no glimmer of self-interest or possible advantage. He had made his offer because a long-smothered instinct seemed suddenly to have become alive in him. Ah, yes, that was it! He was no novice at this water-He had been trained in it as a lad when he had helped his father to build the rafts on the banks of the Vistula. Raft-making was to have been his own vocation in life, and he had never intended anything else until one fine morning he had seen his father drown before his eyes as he was punting himself to the other side of the stream on a single log. That had disgusted him somewhat with the raft business, and he had taken to becoming a scholar as an alternative. Now, strangely enough, his old craftsmanship was to stand him in good stead. It was he who first set foot on the tightly-rammed timber, and the pastor followed without a word.

'We must have ropes and poles,' said Eisenmann. 'Ropes!-poles!' shouted the pastor, and in a trice the implements of rescue were ready to hand. And then began the work. It was simple work, its simplicity only equalled by its peril. It would have been impossible had not the downpour ceased, and the thunderclouds rolled away, and the clear, lambent moon played full upon the sphere of action. So the two men, each suiting loyally the other's convenience, worked on in grim, deadly earnest. About the neck of each log was slung a noose, the other end of the rope thrown to the men ready to catch it on the bank, and then each huge piece of timber was pulled high and dry, singly and with care, for the hap-hazard scaffolding whereon the pastor and Eisenmann stood gave but precarious foothold, growing more and more precarious with the removal of each constituent. On the bridge above stood the men with poles, ready to thrust off any random log, and there were many of them dashing in to take the place of their extricated fellows. Steadily, successfully, as though by the immediate blessing of God, proceeded the work. The finger-nails of the pastor and Eisenmann were torn and bleeding, and their arms and legs, scraped bare of skin, showed inch-long patches of the raw flesh; but not a word, save an occasional necessary question or exhortation, had passed between them all these hours, not until almost the very end, when the scaffolding had sunk to a third of its height, and the water was beginning to find vent across the

diminished barrier. The pastor was down on his hands and knees, wrestling with a more than usually unmanageable plank, when there was a shout from the men on the bridge, and he felt himself suddenly jerked back by the Rabbiner's iron grip. Engzelius looked to see the reason for the shout and the jerk; and there, where his head had been an instant ago, a huge oaken log was being desperately stemmed by the poles, which it had eluded until almost too late.

'I told you you were a fool,' said the pastor gruffly. 'You should have let that log batter my brains out, and then there would have been no one to oppose your becoming a burgess.'

'I knew that, Herr Pastor,' replied Eisenmann quietly; 'but unfortunately for me I am only a fool and not a knave.'

An hour later their task was accomplished. The water was rushing freely and yet more freely beneath the bridge into the waiting river below.

'I think we may leave the brook to finish its own work now,' said the pastor, stepping on to the bank.

'Just as you please, Herr Pastor,' replied Eisenmann, following him.

For a few moments the Rabbiner paused irresolutely, not knowing what to do. If he stopped it might appear that he was waiting to beg their thanks. It would be a good while before they would be finished with their pastor. He had saved their hay, their hen-coops, their cabbages; he had protected them from want and starvation. He was a hero. What had he—the stranger—done? Nothing. Only just risked his life. was it not sufficient reward for a Jew to know that by risking his life he had saved a barnful of good Christian cabbages? And so he turned off towards home just as the pastor was being lifted up by the huzzaing multitude to be carried shoulder-high back to the vicarage. But the Rabbiner, for all that, did not go entirely unrewarded. As he raised his face to heaven to give thanks for his own deliverance from death, it was his eyes that first caught the glory of the dawning morn as it came to scatter the last lingering shadows of that ghastly night.

There was no service in the synagogue that morning, for people were far too busy sleeping off the bodily fatigue and anxiety of the past hours to have any time to attend to their spiritual repose. Eisenmann waited till eleven o'clock, but not even the necessary prayer-quorum of ten assembled. Well, he would, instead, make the afternoon servicewhich probably would be more numerously attended -the occasion of his final leave-taking from the congregation. So he walked back home, feeling the need of a further rest, especially to prepare himself for the weariness of the night's journey that awaited him. For the first time he seemed to become aware that his walk took him past the pastor's house. Involuntarily he paused outside it. Perhaps it would be only common politeness to look

in and ask how he felt after the exertions of the night. Politeness cost nothing. After another little struggle he briskly entered the open corridor and knocked at the door of the sitting-room. A strange silence seemed hanging over the house.

'Come in,' called the pastor.

At sight of Eisenmann he got up laboriously from the arm-chair in which he had huddled up. Great black rings were under his eyes. He looked wizened and old. He held out no hand.

'You deserve to be brought up before a magistrate and sentenced to detention,' he said harshly. 'Suppose something had happened to you in the night, we should have had your wife and children on the rates. What business was it of yours?'

'I knew nothing would happen,' said the Rabbiner, meeting the other's gaze steadily.

'You knew?' and Engzelius wrinkled his browa 'Then you are wrong, sir. Something has happened. If you will go to the burgomaster he will hand you your certificate of burgess. I made them stop at the market-place and go into the town-hall and settle your business there.'

Eisenmann gasped and grew pale. 'This is a cruel jest, Herr Pastor,' he stammered.

'And, therefore, it is not a jest. Look! here is my application for Muehlendorf.'

'Muehlendorf?' echoed Eisenmann, bewildered.

'Yes, certainly. Why not? I am applying for the post there. Did I not pledge you my word that you would not be Rabbiner here so long as I was pastor? I presume you do not expect me to perjure myself?'

'But Muehlendorf—a tiny curacy of scarcely more than two hundred souls—what will you do? The Frau Pastorin is ailing; she requires good medical advice and expensive nourishment. I dare not accept your generosity, Herr Pastor.'

'The Frau Pastorin needs no expensive nourishment. The Frau Pastorin is cured. Come, I will show you how well she sleeps.'

He took Eisenmann by the hand and led him into the bedchamber. The blind was down, and the Frau Pastorin really seemed to be enjoying a most refreshing slumber.

'I knew the rain would do her good—would cure her perhaps,' Eisenmann whispered joyously.

'Yes, it has done her a great deal of good. She is dead. The shock of the thunderstorm killed her. I found her like this when I came back.'

Silently they walked out of the death-chamber into the glorious sunshine. On the threshold outside they paused. The pastor took the other's hand.

'You are a wonderful people, and you have a wonderful Providence watching over you,' he said. Then after a slight pause he added wistfully: 'Muehlendorf is not very far—if you have time, Herr Rabbiner—I may be lonely.'

THE END.

THREE MONTHS IN A LONDON WORKHOUSE.

By AN INMATE.



HO cares to hear about the joyless and monotonous life of the parish pauper, that social outcast, whom every one scornfully commiserates, while secretly anathematising him as the most superfluous of mortals,

and relegating him to the tender mercies of Guardians and Masters? A fairly interesting trio, nevertheless, the Guardian, the Master, and the Pauper-the first living in dread of the overburdened ratepayer, the second steering his difficult course between the Scylla of the first and the Charybdis of the other, and the last a problem knotty enough for the wisdom of a Socrates and the tact of a Richelieu. Why do not some of our realistic portrayers of the wearisome ways of the fashionable defaulter, the criminal, and the ornamental stalkers of our drawing-rooms turn their X-rays upon the London pauper and his surroundings, and show what manner of man he is? But they don't; for even George Gissing has fought shy of him; and pauperdom remains a terra incognita to almost all but those who have the ungrateful task of attending to its needs or of disciplining its more refractory denizens.

'Needs must when the devil drives;' and I made my first bow to the Guardians of the Poor of Lambeth when the city was sweltering under the rays of a sun that would have done credit to a New York Fourth of July. Would you know the process of matriculation for the workhouse, kind reader? It is as exacting in its way as that for the army or the Civil Service, and red-tape rigidly binds together all the links of it. Before taking the first step you inquire of yourself whether you have resided in the parish for a period of three years; and, failing that requisite for a permanent settlement, whether you have slept within its precincts on the night preceding your application for admission. Having cleared your mind on this point, you betake yourself to one of the relieving officers of the district—a policeman will direct you; and the former gentleman, after many questions, presents you gratis with a card of admission, which is to be your passport at the door of 'The House.'

Arrived there, you are searched by the receiving officer to see that you have neither money, tobacco, nor a knife concealed about your person—the money, if you have any, being subject to confiscation for your maintenance, and all other small luxuries or conveniences being stowed away against the day of your liberation. The most scrupulous cleanliness being one of the features of the workhouse, you are then led down into the basement of the edifice to have a hot bath administered underthe direct supervision of the receiving officer, who makes a note of any marks or scars or various

veins you may have about your body. Next comes the ordeal of fitting on your workhouse uniform, a clumsy suit of corduroy or moleskin which has been washed out into a ghostly white from its original brown colour. And such 'circumferential' inexpressibles as you now handle for the first time, with their flapdoodle appanages and clumps of buttons meeting no holes to suit your girth, must have been designed by some cynical knight of the bodkin from a portrait of the late lamented Claimant in his palmier days. That night you are fed and bedded in the probation ward, and next morning at nine o'clock, clad in your white and uncomfortable array, you go through your paces before the Master and the doctor, after which you may be regarded as on the effective strength of the establishment, and a subject for the experimentation of the labour-master or task-master, as he is indifferently called.

But you are not quite out of the wood yet, for in a day or two you are visited by the passmaster (they are all 'masters'), a suave and insinuating official, who deftly worms out of you every secret of your life, with a view to ridding the parish of you, if possible; and on the next 'full Board day' you are put up in a special suit of blue and wide-awake felt hat and marched to the other and much larger house, to answer for yourself before the male and female Guardians there assembled to cross-examine you at their discretion. If you are caught fibbing or even equivocating, woe betide you; if you give your answers in a straightforward manner you are admitted an alumnus of the institution, permanently if you belong to the parish, but only provisionally if vou do not.

London workhouses are under the jurisdiction of the Local Government Board, and that body has seen fit in its wisdom to draw the line which separates young men from old men at one's sixtieth birthday. I shall treat chiefly of the young men, quorum pars fui, and only incidentally of the far more numerous as well as more privileged bluecoats, many of whom, owing to their being pensioners paying for their keep (ninepence per day), or to having formerly been ratepayers in a small way, have come to consider themselves, as it were, the mandarins of pauperdom. There were about thirty 'young men' in the Princes Road Workhouse when I entered it, the number swelling to over fifty with the approach of cold weather; and we made a motley crew of so-called 'able-bodied men,' of ages ranging from twenty to fifty-eight. The simple fact is, that an equal number of the old men, taken at random from the one hundred and twenty in the house, would better deserve the epithet.

Almost half of us 'young men' were cripples or imbeciles, and among the remainder ex-soldiers, time-expired or invalided, figured prominently. These, with a broken-down policeman or two, two or three decayed artisans, one or two 'clerks,' and several really able-bodied young married men, made up our number. The latter—such is the surpris-ing character of workhouse legislation—are being detained in the prime of their days in the Princes Road Workhouse, while their wives and children are being respectively supported and educated at the larger house and at the workhouse-school at Norwood, Surrey. Why are these young men so detained, and the parish burdened with their maintenance? The answer is, to prevent the risk of their 'skipping' to evade their responsibilities as husbands and fathers. Young men who were free from such encumbrances, and who were passed by the doctor as fit, were driven off to a 'test-house' at Notting Hill, only, however, in many cases to be bundled back again by the more exacting medical officer of that place, who requires a man to be sound in mind as well as in wind and limb before accepting him for the task of breaking nine hundredweight of stone per day. Neither Guardians nor Master can turn a man into the street after he has been once admitted. The most they can do is to make his life so unendurable that he is driven to take his own discharge, or transfer him to his own parish if he is an interloper, or keep banging him at the door of the Notting Hill recreationhouse until he gets sick of his life and disappears.

A few new-comers get frightened at the start by the roughness of their welcome—which, to some of them at least, must be suggestive of that which awaits the suicide on the confines of the other world—and, vowing loudly they would rather die in the street than endure such treatment longer, give the usual twenty-four hours' notice of discharge, and then vanish for ever from the scene. Those of tougher fibre soon get broken in to the routine of the place, and presently begin to take their discharge at regular intervals, either for the purpose of looking for work outside or ostensibly so, while really giving themselves a much-yearned-for outing among their former haunts and comrades.

Nowhere is the soothing weed, tobacco, more highly prized than in the workhouse, and most ingenious are the devices resorted to in order to procure it. An allowance of one half-ounce—in some special cases of an ounce—per week is made to the old men, and they can smoke at will; but the use of it is prohibited to the young men (all those under sixty years) under the penalty of twenty-four hours' bread-and-water diet. But most of them manage to smoke their pipes surreptitiously nevertheless. Tobacco is the current coin of the workhouse, the standard of value for every little service rendered or received.

There is no stone-breaking done in the Princes Road Workhouse, as in most other places of the kind, the only task-works being grinding nine

pecks of corn on a mill per day and picking four pounds of oakum. Not all of the men adjudged to the latter task can finish it, and so far as my observation went, very few indeed were able to empty their mills before bedtime. I had one day on a mill myself; and with my utmost efforts at the cruelly-monotonous work, I succeeded in turning out only five pecks. It is an exercise that can be confidently recommended as a cure for obesity, only that is not a common complaint among the inmates of a workhouse. Like every other contrivance of the sort, devised to measure up to a man's full strength, there is a knack in it which, if the operator is lucky enough to hit upon it, will enable him to come off successfully; but even then it is work which, as the men pithily express it, 'wants doin'.' The secret of oakum-picking is, I believe, much more easily compassed, it being not so much a matter of sheer strength and endurance as of patience and ingenuity. The task-master—the officer who has the power of making your life miserable or tolerable in the workhouse—can see at a glance whether a man is trying to do his level best on the corn-mill; and if he finds him really unable to finish the allotted task, he puts him next day on something else more within his strength—that is, if the mill, on its part, fails in its chief function, which is to drive its able-bodied manipulator out at the gate.

All the other work is of a general kind-sawing and chopping wood, scrubbing floors, cleaning stairs, passages, and windows, and painting, all of which are carried on under the supervision of the lynx-eyed labour-master, who has to cater in work not only for the young men, but for the old as well. His position is not an enviable one, for if he does his duty unflinchingly it is next to impossible that he shall not have cordial haters among the more mulish and insubordinate inmates, who look upon him as their natural enemy and oppressor. On the morning after my admission I was sitting disconsolately on the end of my iron bedstead in the receiving ward, when a tall young man with falcon face spied me as he passed through the room, and roared out, 'Come, get on with some work, will you! You didn't come here to sleep. Get him a broom, Bill'—this to an old inmate—'and let him sweep down these passages.' After finishing that light job I was on my knees for a while wet scrubbing a floor, and was then called away abruptly when half-done, and set to scrape off paint from doors and windows outside, with the meridian sun playing with such effect upon my neck that I could hardly turn my swimming head when I finally laid down my worn-out pumicestone at the welcome sound of the cease-work bell.

The workhouse-day is portioned off as follows by the clanging of that inexorable bell: The inmates rise at half-past five in summer and half-past six in winter; breakfast is served in the general dining-hall half-an-hour later; after this, work lasting, with intervals, till five-and-twenty minutes past five, according to the kind of labour. On Saturday work ceases at four o'clock, to give the young men an opportunity for bath and change of clothing before tea-time. Old men leave off work an hour earlier, and begin an hour later, on all days; and they have better food, with tea three times a day. Tea is served at six o'clock, and afterwards the men have the short evening to themselves till eight, which is bed-time for every one all the year round. The old men have two large, comfortable rooms to themselves - one for recreation and the other for reading—on the ground floor of the main building; the young men are relegated to a draughty, doorless attic, of narrow dimensions, over the mill cells at the rear, which, strange to say, is heated by steam-pipes when all the men except two or three oakum-pickers are away at work, and allowed to become cold and cheerless by the time they return to it at five o'clock. The reason is, that the engineer and stoker, who live outside, turn off the heat before four o'clock, as they are making ready to leave for the night.

One small table and five deal forms constitute the furniture of this 'young men's day-room,' as it is called; the walls being decorated by one or two framed texts and, of all things in the world, an obsolete map of Turkey. The young men have two papers brought up to them daily, two or three days behind date, for they have to pass through many hands before reaching those of the 'ablebodied.' A lot of miscellaneous papers of all sorts and dates are also sometimes thrown on the table, outside donations presumably. can get a work of fiction out of a well-stocked little library every Saturday, which, if they are not addicted to draughts or dominoes, they can read of an evening to the certain detriment of their eyesight, for the gaslight is hung so high that, while it brilliantly illuminates the sloping wooden ceiling and skylight overhead, it leaves the space below in almost twilight darkness.

The dietary scale for the young men is as follows: On three days of the week there is a meat dinner of five ounces of boiled beef, with a thin, white gravy, potatoes, and four ounces of On Monday dinner consists of a pint of pea-soup and six ounces of bread; on Wednesday and Saturday, six ounces of bread, with a piece of cheese and an onion, and a pint of an unheard-of species of soup made of oatmeal and a few vegetables. In both kinds of soup there are always placed a few small cubes of left-over meat of the toughness of gutta-percha, and absolutely tasteless, which I make bold to hold responsible for the prevalence of nightmare in the young men's dormitory on the nights following the soup-dinners. On Friday perhaps the best dinner of all is served, a round of suet-pudding, which, in my own case at least, eased the qualms of an ever-besetting hunger better than ever did the meat (beef, never mutton), which was almost always tough and cartilaginous, and devoid of all natural flavour.

Breakfast consists of six ounces of bread, with a pat of butter and a liberal pint of tea, except on Tuesdays and Thursdays, when a basin of good oatmeal gruel takes the place of the tea, to the disgust of many who will not touch the 'skilly,' as they contemptuously call it. Supper or tea consists of the same allowance of tea, bread, and butter as at breakfast, on three nights of the week; cheese taking the place of butter on three other nights, and Thursday night being reserved for the discussion of a thin beef or mutton broth (with six ounces of bread) which the men scornfully designate as 'fly-water,' and is the theme of endless jesting. In this menu the bread and butter are invariably good, so are the tea and the gruel; the cheese, generally good, comes too often (five times a week); the potatoes are often poor, and the meat, at its best, is innutritive and insipid to a degree not at all due to its qualities as it comes from the hands of the butcher.

And now I will describe briefly the work I had to do on this diet, premising that I could eat very little of the meat, and durst not eat much of the cheese from fear of indigestion. After a week of paint-scraping I was put into the boiler-house as stoker's mate or drudge. My first duty in the morning was to sweep down the top of the two boilers, and then, descending from that torrid region, to sweep and mop up the boiler-house floor; and, finally, to sweep the roadway as far as the dust-bins, which I had to keep tidy at all times. In the course of the day, while incidentally shining brasses and carrying off and drenching hot ashes and clinkers whenever the fireman cleaned out his fires, I had to keep him constantly supplied with a large barrow of coals, to the amount of from one and a half to two tons a day, which I had to break up to the requisite size in the coal-hole before wheeling Twice a day I had to clean the engine away. which runs the various machinery of the washhouse; and I was liable at any moment to be called away by the engineer to light the smithy forge, to clean out choked gullies, drains, or pipes, turn the grindstone, or cut and drill holes in ironwork-in short, to help him in any of the multifarious duties of his office. By the close of the day I could have welcomed what was unattainable in that place, a quiet corner for undisturbed rest.

Now, to a man who has been inured to manual labour, perhaps such work would not seem hard, if he was adequately fed, or at least could readily assimilate the workhouse fare. But if a man has never done such work, or is in delicate health, or suffering from some sharp stroke of misfortune, his case is indeed pitiable. No matter how he suffers in mind or body, or his bones ache with rheumatic twinges unavoidable in such a factory of draughts as the many-

cornered, many-corridored workhouse is, he has no time to attend to his sensations, but, while his strength and spirits are ebbing surely away, is carried on dumbly through the weary routine of his life like a veritable beast of burden. But a whole volume of description would not explain to the outsider the peculiar loathing that is entertained by the initiated for 'The House.' Analyse the feeling, and you will find most of it unreasonable; but it is there nevertheless, deep-sented and inextinguishable. The loss of liberty, of course, is the bitterest ingredient in it.

The young men's dormitory is situated at the top of the main building, and is the only one which is not supplied with steam-pipes. Consequently, although the beds are good and well covered with clothing, it is very cold up there under the rafters and stormy ventilator-shaft in cold or windy weather. Here thirty-four young men, several of them heads of families, lie down nightly at eight o'clock, when the voices of children at play are heard in the street below—an inversion of the natural order of things which is not without its sting.

It is obligatory on all Protestant young men to attend divine service on Sunday afternoon and Tuesday evening in the chapel over the dining-hall. To some of us not in sympathy with the tenets of the Anglican Church it smacked of injustice to be dragged to church in a chilly building, on a week-day, to pass the last hour of our day in going through alien religious exercises.

During my enforced sojourn in the workhouse two grievances were especially irksome to the young men. On Sunday mornings, when the weather was fine, one's legs cried out for exercise, and this was impossible in the narrow bit of a yard at our disposal, even this space being curtailed by a large wood pile erected at one corner of it. Again, the large dining-hall, which is fitted at one end with a little stage with scenery, and which should have received its annual coat of paint in common with the other parts of the building during the summer, underwent such an endless process of painting and decorating during the ten weeks preceding Christmas that, what with the smell of paint, the constant wet scrubbing, and the many windows kept open over our heads in all weathers, it was simply misery to go in to meals there. And all this messing and fussing and general discomfort was inflicted on the sneezing, coughing people who thronged hatless into it three times a day, just in order that it might blaze forth brilliantly as a concert-hall for one or two nights at Christmas, before the Guardians and their admiring friends, and before the newspaper reporters.

I have not a word to say in disparagement of the officers. The nature of their duties no doubt compels the Master and labour-master to adopt a rough and masterful tone towards the men under their charge, many of whom are of a decidedly difficult character; but at bottom these officers seemed to me to be just and reasonable men.

One word in conclusion. Drink contributes its full quota of victims to the workhouse; but there are other well-known factors at work in the same direction, independently of drink, and not even favoured by it, which it is to be hoped a more enlightened law will in the near future rigidly discountenance.

THE INCANTATION OF IONE.

On, yellow sands and shifting purple sea,
And murmuring music of the crescent tide!

I charge you, lure my lover back to me
Before my heart has died.

Oh, little ships that press the barren foam
With eager breasts, or woo the wanton breeze!
Spread your white sails and whirl my lover home
Across the glinting seas.

Oh, golden poppies! dashed with the clean, clear surf, Where the pale sea-flower with the land-flower blends, And in a tapestry of thyme and turf The earth's luxuriance ends:

Oh, pallid poppies! charm him, lure him hither; He loved your dusky leaves, your delicate gold, And sighed to see your wilted petals wither When Boreas blew acold.

Oh, sea-birds! ye who furl your weary wings
Where the grim nesses scowl across the waves;
Oh, swallows! from the eaves of swarthy kings
And Attic architraves,

Fly south and find the boy who snared my soul And burnt my body with his cruel lips; Whether upon the long and lonely mole, Amid the silent ships,

He loiters, when the fruit-sellers have gone, Watching the kindled lamp of Ptolemy Paint a broad riband of vermilion Across the placid sea;

Or, lying in the bosky Latmian shade,

He hears the bees hum in the noontide heat,
And sees the flickering sunshaft in the glade

Flash on the nimble feet

Of woodland nymphs who run from Pan's embrace; Or dreams there till the milky moon's return Weaves snares of silver round his resting-place Of moss and fragrant fern;

Whether he taste the spume of the farthest sea,
Or tread with fearful step earth's ultimate rim,
Or eat the sad fruit of Persephone,
I charge you, summon him.

Oh, southward-faring wind and wandering waves,
And birds as fleet and fair as blown sea-foam!
Clamour my grief in all your resonant caves,
And lure my lover home.

ST JOHN LUCAS.



THE PEARL NECKLACE.

By JAMES WORKMAN.

CHAPTER I .- THE DUEL.



the month of May 1657, I, Captain John Hawthorne, obtained leave to visit my estate in the country, from which I had been absent for several years. I was mighty well pleased to do so, for indeed the old house, with

its ivy-covered walls and the dear ones dwelling there, from whom I had so long been separated, had been much in my mind of late. It was, therefore, with boyish eagerness that I mounted my horse and rode forth upon my journey. Such speed did I make that on the next evening I was once more in the old familiar room, my dear mother, spectacles on nose and book on lap, sitting opposite to me, and my pretty sister Patience, seated on a stool at my side, holding my hand in hers and listening with wide eyes and bated breath to the story of my adventures.

Ah, it was good to enjoy a season of rest in that peaceful, quiet haven, after the storms through which I had passed, and to be flattered and caressed and made much of as though I were a person of very great importance! Indeed, I think that in the loving eyes of Patience and my mother, Fairfax and Lambert and Ireton—yea, even the Lord Protector himself—cut but a sorry figure in comparison with a certain Captain John Hawthorne. Nay, I doubt not they were firmly convinced that it was mainly owing to my presence, and to the great valour and wisdom I had displayed, that the Cavaliers had been finally overthrown, and those who had drawn the sword for liberty and freedom of conscience had sheathed it in triumph.

I soon discovered that if my humble exploits in that grim and bloody struggle between King and Parliament gained me favour and sweet, if foolish, flattery at home, it was far otherwise among those of our standing in the neighbourhood, who were, with scarce an exception, open or secret Royalists. Even those who had been my dear friends and playmates in earlier years passed me by with averted

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faces, or made so cool and curt a response to my greeting as I own cut me to the heart. Nay, some of the younger men would jeer openly at me as I went by, and more than one attempted to pick a quarrel with me. Now, I have ever scrupled to draw my sword in a private quarrel, my conscience not assenting thereto; and, moreover, I was most unwilling to do aught to prejudice my mother and sister in the eyes of their neighbours. Therefore I swallowed my wrath as I best might, though there were times when my fingers itched to chastise them for their insolence. This was so in the case of those for whose friendship I cared little or nothing; but it was sorrow and pain I felt rather than anger when those I loved and honoured turned their backs upon me.

Among these was Sir John Woodville of Oakwood Hall, who had been the dear and intimate friend of my dead father, and was, indeed, a most worthy and excellent gentleman. He had impoverished his estate to aid the late king's cause, and had himself fought most gallantly under Prince Rupert. Being wounded and taken prisoner at Naseby, he had been kept in confinement for a year or two, and then released through the influence of relatives upon the winning side. But no misfortunes could shake the good knight's loyalty. It was well known that but for the breaking out of an old wound he would have struck a blow for the King of Scots at Worcester; and it was whispered, though I tried to turn a deaf ear to such rumours, that he had a finger in every Royalist plot that was formed to restore the young man Charles Stuart to his father's throne. Indeed, I was told that some who had chanced to pass by the Hall at night had heard the clank of arms, and had seen men drilling in the park by moonlight. They also affirmed that they had clearly recognised the voice of him who gave the orders as that of a certain Colonel Montague, who had been a guest for some weeks at the Hall, and was suspected of having come but recently from MAY 23, 1903.

France with a commission from the late king's son. I strove to put these tales aside as so much idle gossip; but there were times when they troubled me greatly, for I could not blind my eyes to the fact that in our neighbourhood at least there was much disaffection to the Lord Protector, which might lead in the end to renewed strife and blood-shed.

Now, I had no doubt that sooner or later news of what was going on would come to the ears of the Protector, and that the punishment of all concerned in the business would be swift and certain; but though I longed to give a word of warning to Sir John, I knew well that it would be worse than useless for me to do so. At one time I had been a frequent and welcome guest at the Hall; but those days had gone by, as it seemed, for ever. Whenever I chanced to meet Sir John, for whom I had always cherished the most sincere esteem and affection, he passed haughtily by me, his blue eyes stern and cold, and his face set as though carved in stone. Moreover, his son Frank, a fine, tall young man of twenty, who, as a curly-headed boy, hand-in-hand with his little sister Dorothy, had trotted gladly at my side when I went fishing or shooting, gazed stonily at me in answer to my greeting, and then turned on his heel with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders. But worse was to come, though I little foresaw it.

I had gone forth one day, as my custom was, to take the air, and going farther afield than usual, I passed through the small village of Farmby, a mile or two from the Hall, in which I do not believe there was a man, woman, or child who was not an avowed Malignant. A group of unruly urchins were playing in the road; and as I passed they began to jeer at me, calling me, when I was at a safe distance, a 'crop-eared rebel' and such-like scurrilous names. Presently, as I went on without deigning to glance at them, a stone whizzed past my ear, and, wheeling round, I saw a hulking youth slink into a doorway.

Now, you may think this a small matter to speak of, and yet it hath much to do with what followed; for, though I could not with dignity resent the insolence of these brats or even of their elders, my anger was kindled by it, and I was in no mood to submit meekly to any further insults.

My way homeward led through the fields, and presently I came to a stile on which sat two men—none other, I perceived to my dismay, than Master Frank Woodville and the Colonel Montague about whom I had heard so many strange particulars. I had seen the man before, and taken a dislike to him at the first glance. Yet, like or dislike him, I could not but own that as far as looks went there was but little to complain of. Indeed, he looked the very picture of a dashing Cavalier, with his slashed velvet doublet, long-fringed breeches, broad lace collar, and wide plumed hat, and the Spanish rapier dangling at his side from an embroidered swordbelt. He had a singularly handsome face, with

bold, dark eyes, and long black moustaches beneath which glimmered his white, even teeth. Moreover, he was tall and well built, and carried himself with a supple grace that betokened both strength and agility. I had more than once thought that he would be a very formidable antagonist to deal with in close combat. It was said that he had seen much foreign service and was a noted swordsman, and from his appearance I could well believe it.

Though I was in no very pleasant mood, I was most desirous, for divers reasons, to escape being dragged into a brawl, and would willingly have avoided them; but it was impossible to do so unless I had turned back and retraced my steps, and that I could not bring myself to do. I saw them whisper to each other, and look at me and laugh; and, though I could not pass over the stile unless one of them made way for me, they both remained seated, gazing at me with a cool, insolent smile. I waited for a few moments in silence, but they still continued to stare at me without moving.

'Will you be pleased to allow me to pass, gentlemen?' I said at length.

Whereupon Montague turned to Frank.

'Do you not hear, Frank?' he said coolly. 'The gentleman wishes to pass.'

Frank, who looked flushed and excited, shrugged his shoulders with a foolish laugh.

'Faith, I hear him well enough,' said he; 'but I am very much at my ease. Make way for him yourself.'

'I am weary,' rejoined Montague, with a yawn, 'and this worthy gentleman's legs are long. If he jogs back some fifty yards he will find another path'

It was no longer possible to doubt that they spoke with the deliberate intention of insulting me, of forcing me into a quarrel. I felt the blood come to my cheeks and my heart throb quickly, and so held my peace that I might speak the more mildly.

'Gentlemen,' I said at last, 'this is a public footway, and you have, as you are well aware, no right to dispute my passage; therefore be so good as to stand aside and allow me to go about my business.'

'Here is much ado about nothing,' cried Frank.' Why, man, you wear a sword. If you consider yourself aggrieved we shall be happy to give you satisfaction.'

'Frank! Frank!' I exclaimed, amazed at the young man's heartless speech; 'is this the way in which you carry yourself to an old friend?'

'The tool and parasite of a regicide, and the enemy of my king,' replied Frank, his clear young face flushing hotly, 'is no friend of mine.'

'Come, come, Frank, speak not so harshly,' said Montague in his cool, sneering voice. 'Remind the good gentleman that the path I spoke of is but fifty yards away: it will be enough. He is of a prudent turn of mind. It is not the first time that he has thought it wise to turn his back when there has been talk of sword-play.'

I had, indeed, on more than one occasion refused to take part in a duel, finding it, as I have said, against my conscience to do so; but there was something indescribably insolent in the fellow's tone, and this last taunt stung me to the quick. My hand went to the hilt of my sword as I faced him. But Frank—God forgive the kind, brave, hot-tempered lad for his folly!—was determined that it was with him I should have to deal, and so leapt from the stile and interposed between us.

'I will ask you a plain question, Master Hawthorne,' said he: 'will you fight or will you not?'

Now, it was one thing to cross swords with the sneering bully at his side, and quite another to engage in what might well prove a fatal struggle with the lad I had loved for his kind heart and merry ways when he was but a laughing, rosycheeked boy.

'I have never yet shed blood in a private quarrel,' said I, 'and God forbid, however ungenerously you treat me, that I should shed yours, Frank. The way is now open, and I will leave you to reflect at your leisure upon your unkindness to one who hath done little to merit it.'

I put my foot on the stile to pass over it; but he caught me by the arm and swung me round.

'You coward!' he cried, and struck me across the face with his open hand.

I had hitherto mastered my wrath, but now it overpowered me. I clutched him by the wrist, and glared at him for some moments speechless with anger. Presently, as hath ever been my wont in battle, I grew very calm and quiet, with a strange feeling as though I were some other person who was very cold and polite, and yet, God forgive me! utterly ruthless. I loosed his wrist, and stepped back with a smile and a bow.

Montague laughed out sneeringly.

'Try the other cheek, Frank,' cried he. 'My faith, if the meek shall inherit the earth, this good gentleman should own all broad England.'

'Hold your peace,' said Frank irritably. 'Enough has been said and done for all purposes.'

Then he turned to me.

'Will it please you to settle the matter here and now,' he asked, 'or do you wish to procure a second?'

'There is no time better than the present,' said I, 'and I am entirely at your service. I would, however, venture to point out that this place is somewhat public, and for the matter in hand a more private spot would be preferable.'

'You speak the truth,' he replied, and hung his chin in his hand thinking. 'Would the glade in the oak-wood suit you?'

'The very spot,' said I. 'Lead the way, and I will follow you.'

So they got over the stile, and I after them; and we strode along the path through the fields in the peaceful afternoon sunshine, with the corn rustling beside us and the larks singing overhead. As for me, so cold and light of heart did I feel that I

smiled as I walked along, and seeing some scarlet poppies growing in the corn, I wondered what flowers the boy's sister would plant above his grave. It is a thing very extraordinary to me that I should have thought about such a matter, yet so it was. I had no more doubt that I should kill him than I had that I could see the bees and butterflies flitting about among the flowers, and at that moment no more pity for him than for some wretched insect that might be crushed beneath my foot upon the path. I only thought it strange that he should step along so briskly and gallantly when in a few minutes he would be lying white and still like the corpses I had seen at Tredah and Preston, Dunbar and Worcester.

At last we came to the glade. 'Twas a spot exactly suited to our purpose. Not a living thing was visible, save the birds hopping about among the trees or a rabbit scampering through the underwood, and the turf was smooth and level as a bowling-green. Many a time had Frank and his sister been with me to this very spot in other and happier days.

We took off our doublets and rolled up the sleeves of our shirts; and I, for my part, had never been more cool or unconcerned. Indeed, I felt a strange uplifting of the spirit. The grass seemed greener, the sky bluer, the song of the birds clearer and sweeter than they had been for many a long day before. I carried my head high and smiled, and the ground seemed very firm beneath my feet. I stepped into the glade, sword in hand; and the sunshine sparkling on the polished steel, and the swelling muscles of my naked arm, made my heart throb quickly with a sure foreknowledge of victory.

Now, by this time Frank was greatly sobered. A braver lad never breathed; but it was his first affair of the kind, and, though he showed not the least sign of fear or hesitation, his face was pale, and more than once he spoke irritably to Montague, who was whispering advice and warnings into his ear. He stepped boldly forward, and yet I cannot but think that my absolute unconcern a little daunted him, for his eyes looked anxious, and there was now not a trace of the jeering smile with which he had at first regarded me.

We saluted, our swords crossed, andwhat would you have? He was but a raw youth, and I a veteran soldier who had been through some half-dozen pitched battles and innumerable sieges and skirmishes. I could scarce forbear smiling at the ease with which I foiled him. To this day I marvel why, in my then mood, I spared him; for, God is my witness, I could have taken his life a dozen times as he dashed recklessly in at me, striving to end the business at a blow. And he knew it. His breath came in quick gasps; the perspiration stood in great drops upon his brow. I saw the fear of death-it comes to the bravest at such moments-growing in the kindly blue eyes that had so often smiled into mine. And presently -I fervently thank my God for it-I came as it

were to my better self. Yet it seemed but a trifle that moved me. I chanced to hear the musical splash of a brook some twenty yards away, and remembered how the boy and his sister, having one day found a kingfisher's, nest would have me go and see it, and were beside themselves with longing to take the eggs, and yet would not do it from pure kindness of heart. And this memory, even while our swords were clashing and grinding, awakened a score of others; and, thinking of the past, my heart was melted, and I could not slay the lad though my cheek still tingled with the blow he had given me.

He paused for an instant to take breath, though standing vigilantly on guard. Whereupon I lowered the point of my sword.

'Come, Frank,' said I, 'let us have done with this. Put up your sword, and be wiser and kinder in the future.'

His pride would not let him consent. 'No,' cried he with tears of rage in his eyes, 'I would rather die a thousand times than you should go and boast that you had humiliated me thus.'

He attacked me again so suddenly and unexpectedly that but for a swift leap backwards I had been sped.

'Well,' said I, 'then it seems that I must teach you a lesson.'

Whereupon a few moments later, seeing no other course open to me, I ran him through the swordarm. I can see before me now his white, bewildered face, and the blood trickling down his arm as the sword slipped from his fingers and he staggered backwards. I was stepping forward to support him when there came a sudden patter of light hoofs, and out of the shadow of the woods and into the open glade came a young girl on a very slim and dainty black mare. It was Frank's sister Dorothy, whom I had not seen since I went away to the wars. I recognised her at a glance, though my little friend and playmate had now grown into a tall and beautiful maid. I think I have never felt such shame as I did at that moment, as I stood before her with my bared arms, and the blood dripping from my sword. In the presence of that fair and gracious child, with her sweet face and dainty garments, I felt like a butcher come from the shambles, and flushed and hung my head.

She was on the ground in a moment; but by that time Montague had caught Frank in his arms as he fell back in a dead faint. Thereupon she turned to me. I can see her yet as she stood by the mare's head with pale, fierce face and flashing eyes, and hear again her clear, ringing voice as she spake such words as made me quiver and wince like the strokes of a whip. I scarce know what she said, for I was bewildered with shame and the shock of seeing her there; but the wounds she gave me stung and rankled for many a weary day as no sword-cut or bullet-wound hath ever done. When at last she bade me begone I looked stupidly at my crimson sword, and slunk away without uttering a word in my own defence. Picking up my hat and doublet, I moved off through the wood like one dazed.

Presently I heard a footstep behind me, and felt a tap on my shoulder. Wheeling round, I saw that I was face to face with Montague. There was no sneer about his thin lips—nay, rather, he eyed me with the air of one who had been guilty of an error of judgment, and was surprised to find himself mistaken.

'I will fight no more to-day,' I said gloomily, and my eyes fell again on the clouded steel, and I shuddered, as I had not done at Tredah or Dunbar, because it was Frank's blood, and his sister had seen it.

'I ask you not,' said he coolly. 'I have other business on hand. I am going to get a couple of men to carry the youngster to the nearest house.' Tis a forward cockerel, and a little blood-letting will do him no harm. But you and I will meet again, sir. Had I guessed you were a swordsman you would have had to deal with me, and that, let me tell you, would have been no easy task. Have a care when next we meet, for I will not spare you. Au revoir, monsieur.'

I let him go without a word, and saw him stride jauntily away, whistling some profane melody he had picked up in the wars. There have been times when I have wished that I had struck him, and fought it out with him then and there; but God knows best, and He willed it otherwise.

MONTENEGRO.

By REGINALD WYON, Author of The Land of the Black Mountain.



WO years ago chance led me to Dalmatia, that beautiful, half-forgotten summer colony of the Romans, and latterly an important possession of the Venetian Republic, rich in architectural treasures and possessing

scenic beauties unrivalled in Europe. The proximity of Montenegro induced me, like many other tourists, to take the drive up the mountains, chiefly, I think, to be able to say that I had been there, for

I knew nothing whatever about the country. It is an impulse which leads many of us to travel. A week was allotted to the tour, which I carefully planned should comprise a drive via Cetinje and Podgoritza to Niksic. I reached Podgoritza, stayed ten days, and then went back to civilisation, bought an outfit, put my affairs in order, and returned to Montenegro, staying there off and on for two years.

Montenegro certainly does not belong to the well-known countries of Europe, and I dare wager that

very few of my readers could tell me exactly where it lies. We British are notably weak in geography; but that is not very strange. Austrians, whose land borders on Montenegro, have spoken very vaguely to me as to its position, and have described its geographical situation with a wave of the hand and the remark that it is 'somewhere down there.' As a matter of fact, it lies half-way down the Adriatic, though its sea-front is very small. Austria borders it by her kingdom of Dalmatia and the occupied provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina. and Turkey separate it from the parent country of Servia in the sanjak of Novi-Bazar, and Albania completes the circuit. For these reasons I received letters while staying in Montenegro from certain friends, who evidently prided themselves on geography, addressed to Montenegro 'in Servia' or 'in Austria.' The latter designation must have proved a bitter pill to the Montenegrin postal officials, for whom the spectre of ultimate Austrian annexation looms ever dark and threatening.

However, it is not my intention to deal with the present Balkan problems in this paper. Rather, I would endeavour to give a rough idea of that unique little nation—of some of their glorious traditions, of their present mode of life—who live on the very borders of Western civilisation, yet know nothing of it.

To understand the heroism of the Montenegrins in the past it is necessary to take a map of Eastern Europe. Glance at this, and, finding Montenegro -it looks even to-day ridiculously small-reduce it by an imaginary border-line exactly one-half; then please colour-mentally, of course-the rest of the map red around this dot, to represent the Turkish Empire of the past few centuries. This will comprise the whole of Albania, Bulgaria, Bosnia, Herzegovina, part of Dalmatia, Servia, Roumania, and even part of Hungary-the Turks once, you remember, nearly conquered Vienna-all of which lands acknowledged the sway of the Turks. The inhabitants of this little dot round about Cetinje, the capital, mustering in all some ten thousand fighting-men at the most, held out about five hundred years, and maintained their independence against the Moslems, even forcing the Sultan ultimately to acknowledge it, and wresting a tract of land as big again as their original principality from their mighty foes. This last and most glorious episode happened, too, in comparatively recent times -namely, in 1876-78. Since then Montenegro has enjoyed a spell of peace whose length is only a quarter of a century, yet unprecedented in its history.

I do not propose to give a cut-and-dried treatise on Montenegro, its law and administration, products and imports. Facts concerning these can be gleaned from any encyclopædia, and will be found more or less reliable; if I can conjure up a few scenes, and with my pen put them before you as I saw them, then I shall be satisfied.

It is a scorching midsummer morning; the sun is flaming down upon a small, treeless plain with

a town in its midst, the half-ruined bastions and crumbling walls surrounding dilapidated houses, high-walled gardens, two mosques, and narrow alleys. Upon the other side of a little stream flowing between deep banks is another town, of plain one-storied houses, the broad, right-angular streets planted with young trees. In its centre is a market-place crowded with a strange people, and on the outskirts, towards the lofty banks of another river, broad, deep, and swift-flowing, is gathered together a vast concourse of mules, donkeys, and small horses, some laden with chopped wood. The former was the old Turkish town of Podgoritza, ceded by Turkey in 1879, and the latter is the new town, which has been built since the last war.

Several thread-like paths radiate from the town in all directions; and along them proceed, with long, swinging strides, tall men, each with a rifle on his shoulder. There is a broad road, too, traversing the plain; it branches off beyond the great river to Cetinje and Niksic, and is Montenegro's only highroad. At one end of the plain, playing quaint tricks with our vision because of the ever-constant mirage, rises a misty distance where simmers the vast Lake of Scutari. The other three sides of the plain are closed in by great mountains, climbing tier upon tier into the glassy firmament. Snow-topped, wild, and forbidding on the one side, these are the Albanian Alps, home of the fiercest nation in Europe, and as unknown as Central Africa. It is a magnificent mountain panorama, which grows upon us day by day, increasing in grandeur and wild beauty.

Upon the road patient oxen are drawing clumsy carts with huge wooden wheels emitting piercing shrieks from their oilless axles. Grave men, clad in red jackets, baggy blue breeches, white gaiters, and wearing little red-and-black caps, accompany them; a magazine-rifle over their broad shoulders, a gay sash round their waists containing a huge revolver.

Along one of the many thread-like paths coming from the snow-peaked mountains stride half-a-dozen men in single file, each carrying a Martini rifle, at exactly the same angle, on a sling over their shoulders, a brawny hand upon each butt. They are attired in tight-fitting white serge jackets, and trousers with fantastic broad black braiding, a bandoleer of snub-nosed cartridges round their waists, with a revolver and a yataghan in the middle. About their heads are swathed long cloths, leaving only their fierce faces visible. They are Albanian clansmen going to market, as are the Montenegrins with the screeching carts.

Let us accompany them into the town itself. Market-day in Podgoritza is one of the most wonderful sights in the country. It is full of these white-clad Albanians, whose frontier is but half-an-hour's walk from the outskirts of the town. The border runs across the small plain, where to walk is sometimes to court death. Yet we are quite safe amidst this crowd of implacable foes who meet together twice weekly to buy and sell in peace. It is custom that ordains that they shall come armed;

a never-broken law forbids shooting in the town itself, and the bitterest of enemies jostle each other in the market-place, each sworn to kill the other at sight—but outside.

Here we have them all: the gorgeous goldembroidered Montenegrin officials and landowners; tattered plainsmen, tanned to a mahogany tint, small and wiry, some in great sheepskins in spite of the heat; red and blue clad mountaineers of Kuc, famous warriors; huge, lean men in white costumes, resembling those of the Albanians, but with narrower braiding, and wearing the Montenegrin cap, the inhabitants of the most dangerous border district of Vassovic; Mohammedans in loose, baggy trousers and red fezes; Scutarines in flowing skirts of spotless white and wearing red skull-caps with enormous blue-silk tassels; Albanian mountaineers, a short black-tasselled cape over their white dress; careworn women staggering under huge loads of wood or sacks of maize, slovenly and slatternly attired; wonderfully pretty girls in tight, bell-shaped skirts reaching to the knee, white and black trimmed like those of their Albanian fathers; fearless-looking, dapper Montenegrin gendarmes, distinguishable by the metal shields on their caps, keeping ever a watchful eye on the passing, haggling crowds.

Men are squatting beside a handful of fruit or tobacco, a loaded rifle at their side; boys scarcely in their teens, with thoughtful faces, nonchalantly carry long rifles; every sash displays at least a revolver, and many carry a heavy sword or yataghan as well. There is little noise. The men bargain in even tones, musical and self-contained. Here and there a Turk becomes excited at his customer's obstinacy, and raises his voice; but it has no effect upon the imperturbable buyer. In a few hours' time the crowd will melt away, those travelling towards Albania walking in larger parties, with the incessant watchfulness which becomes natural to a man when the time of his death may be now, to-morrow, or next year.

Before we leave the plain of the Zeta let us look at another picture.

Upon the dead level, two hours walk from Podgoritza towards the misty outlet, flocks of sheep are grazing, eating their way slowly towards the 'Black Earth,' that neutral stretch of land on both sides of the border-line. Shrilly singing songs of dead heroes and past battles, two shepherd-boys, armed with rifles nearly as long as themselves, accompany their charges, half-dreamily. They are very proud to-day, for they have just attained the age when they are judged worthy of carrying rifles like men. They do not notice that a little distance away are more flocks attended by grown men clad in Albanian garb. It is foolish of them; but they are thoughtless boys, and now it is too late. The Albanians have hailed them, telling them to drive away their sheep, and that they have no right to graze here on land belonging to better men. It has not been tactfully expressed; many insults have accompanied this otherwise harmless request.

The boys answer fitly as the sons of fearless warriors, and bravely shout that where an accursed Turk can graze his sheep so can a Montenegrin. Hourse laughter follows, and a Turk expresses a desire concerning the boys' female relations. A rifle rings out, and the Turk flings up his hands. It was a good shot, and has pierced his heart. The other boy bravely seconds his comrade; but an irregular volley crashes out, and both boys fall, riddled with bullets.

The shots have been heard. To the plainsmen of the Zeta this is no new thing, and they are ever prepared. From all directions they come doubling swiftly to the spot where lie the dead children; so also do the Turks, and here they meet for a short, sharp battle which costs the Turks seventeen lives, till at last they scatter before the deadly magazinefire of their hereditary foes. It is soon over, and is only an insignificant episode in these men's lives. A few may be imprisoned—rather an honour than otherwise-and a sharper lookout will be kept by the border guards for the next few months. Not that this will avail anything. Sooner or later, be it in a week or ten years' time, the kinsmen of those fallen Turks will come and claim their debt of blood.

Let us away into the mountains, out of the heat and the bloodshed. I know a spot, the farthest village of Montenegro to the north, where live a body of quiet men, under the shadow of a mighty mountain. For a day we must drive in a carriage to Niksic, past St Vasili's resting-place at beetling Ostrog, where at Whitsuntide gather together a vast concourse of pilgrims from every country in the Balkans: Serbs, Macedonians, Bosnians, Herzegovinians, Dalmatians, Albanians, Greeks, and Turks in a truly marvellous mass of quaint, brilliantly coloured national costumes. The monastery is far away from us, but we can distinguish its whitewashed walls perched in a cranny of those giddy heights.

In Niksic, a sedate and prosperous town, we hire horses, and for two long days we ride over rich grassy uplands, sleeping at night in sweet Savnik, hidden away in a deep ravine at the junction of three small rivers. Then up, ever higher, the wind cutting keenly over the lofty passes which we scale, a wild but fascinating panorama of rugged hills around us, through a dense forest of giant beeches, until our goal looms up, grand, awe-inspiring, and sombre. That colossus, a confused jumble of snow-clad peaks, is the Durmitoz, Montenegro's highest mountain. At its very base we shall find Zabljak, a village in the midst of pines, alone and forsaken.

It is evening as we ride noiselessly down the grass-grown path between the rows of log-built huts, and we gather our cloaks tighter about our persons, for we are now over five thousand feet above the sea and the scorching plain we left but three days ago.

Save for the telegraph-poles, which link us uncannily to civilisation, we are here literally at the end of the world. Silence reigns supreme on this pine-clad wold, visited once a week by the mail-carrier in the summer, and snowed up for the other nine months. High, conical roofs, massive timber huts, a little church on a hillock outside, and the Prince's log-house, as simple as that of the villagers, for he loves to come to Zabljak to revel in these vast solitudes.

When the clouds drive down, enshrouding us in an impenetrable mist, we can gather round the fire and watch the flames lighting up the stern visages of the lonely men who spend their lives on these heights, knowing and asking for nothing else. Rough, good-hearted giants, showing a fine scorn of the cold which nips us to the very marrow, they will eat feasts of lamb with us, play cards, and drink raki, till we return to our own homes once more.

Or we will go up into the mountain itself, and climb its loftiest peak, being rewarded by a view worthy of ten such ascents. Bosnia, Herzegovina, the whole of the sanjak of Novi-Bazar, distant Servia, little Montenegro in its entirety, and the snow-clad mountains of savage Albania are at our feet.

If we are very hardy we will swim in the Black Lake, rivalling the famous Kœnig's See in beauty and grandeur, and itself deserving the wearisome ride thither. Its limpid, unruffled depths reflect the snow-clad heights which rise abruptly from its bank and its fringe of primeval pine-forest, perhaps the most perfect scenic gem of Montenegro.

This rough stone bench is where the Poet-Prince loves to come and sit as we are now doing, marvelling at the wondrous splendour so lavishly set before us. There are duck to be shot, or shy mountain goats up the giddy slopes; and at the conclusion of the day a lamb is roasted whole and served to us by hospitable mountaineers in a forest glade. This is the Montenegro that I love, and that draws me like a lodestone back again to those open-hearted men.

However, the most fascinating life of all is in summer-time on the great pasturages of the Brda, whither the shepherds migrate with their flocks during the hot months. Forsaking their substantial stone houses in the sheltered valleys, they journey into the uplands, living in the rudest of wooden huts a life of primeval hardness and simplicity. We have ridden from dawn till sunset across the limitless downs and through beautiful forests, tired, jaded, and starving, when the smoke of the evening cooking-fires curls in welcome from a cluster of huts. Gone is the fatigue of the day as we gather round the comforting smell of a bubbling cauldron, coughing and wiping our eyes, maybe, at first as the penetrating smoke envelopes us in that chimneyless abode. Our host, a brawny giant, offers us his tobacco-tin; and as we roll cigarettes of the fragrant weed, the welcoming cup of ceremonial black coffee is presented to us by a shy maiden. Youths have hastily caught a lamb in spite of our protest that we have food sufficient in the maize-meal porridge in the cauldron; but it avails us nothing, and the sacrifice is slaughtered. The children stand around holding in their chubby hands sticks of flaming wood, patiently and contentedly acting as living candlesticks, and regarding us with wondering, half-frightened eyes the while. Juicy steaks of meat are cut from the still-warm carcass, deftly spitted on a long rod, and roasted over the fire. The bottle of raki is produced—ours, for one of our saddle-bags must always be reserved for the national spirit of the land—and we quaff each other's healths in liberal tots, answering strange questions to the best of our ability.

Then the meal is served, and with twelve-hour appetites we rejoice our hosts with the heartiness thereof. Indifferent eaters are looked at askance by these generous people. Afterwards we sit round the fire, other men come in, and the bottle is soon finished; but no matter, for to-morrow it will be replenished in Kolasin, famous for its raki. Courteous hands roll us cigarettes, others hand us glowing embers, and we feel that the world is very good. A stifled yawn is the signal for bed. Piles of rushes or half-dried grass spread over with a blanket of felt is all that is necessary. A maiden draws off our riding-boots; and, covered in our cloaks and a sheepskin, we compose ourselves to rest.

The young men and maidens, some half-dozen of them, servants of our host, retire likewise to the farther side of the hut, their preparations consisting, as in our case, solely in the removal of their shoes, and under rough blankets they are soon snoring side by side. It is the final picture that we see in the flickering light: the row of sleeping figures; the housewife, busy to the last, cleaning a pot with a stick; our host lingering before the fire with another visitor over a final cigarette, and conversing in low tones; and then sweet sleep presses down our eyelids and we sink into deep slumber.

We are in a town once more. Plain, substantial red-roofed houses of gray stone line the broad, right-angular streets, of the same dull hue as the surrounding barrier of rock. Patches of rich green only intensify the grayness of the long, narrow, rock-bound valley.

Before a simple one-storied house, facing without protecting railings upon a square, is gathered together a great concourse of men. They are from every part of the land, and have an expression of eagerness, tempered with an unwonted air of Half-a-dozen broad steps lead up to deference. the main entrance of the house, and upon a chair sits a huge man, of stern yet kindly visage, weather-beaten and fringed with close gray His apparel is gorgeous: a white surcoat, over which he wears a sleeveless jacket of black silk stiffly embroidered with gold; a scarlet undercoat covering his broad breast, likewise rich in gold-work; a multi-coloured silk sash holding the inevitable revolver; and wide blue trousers gathered at the knee into a pair of patent-leather boots. He wears the little Montenegrin cap, with the black

border signifying mourning, its red centre symbolical of the field of blood, and the five semicircular rings of gold proclaiming that the fifth century has come—and gone—since the fatal battle of Kossovo was fought, that battle which shattered the once mighty Serb Empire for ever. It is Prince Nicolas, Sovereign Lord of Montenegro, and the day is one of feasting, when the lowliest of the land can fearlessly approach the 'Gospodar' and tell what he will. A group of men surround the Prince in equally bright array—ministers, voivodas, and the captains of the land.

Listen. A rough peasant is standing at the foot of the steps in the only clear space, and, cap in hand, is speaking to his Prince. His ragged yet clean clothes are in grave contrast to the gorgeous red-and-gold uniform of the young man standing near him in the dress of a personal adjutant of the Prince; yet there is not a man there who thinks the less of him for that. The poorest peasant is often related to the Prince himself; and as for nobility, there are none.

The man is speaking in clear tones, stating his petition boldly, and it is that he has—no revolver. See! he touches his empty *kolan*, or weapon-girdle. He has no money, he says, with which to buy himself a revolver such as every man should carry, and this wounds his pride far more than the lack of good clothes.

'I, who have fought for thee and for the land for which my fathers have fought and died, have no weapon. It is not right, Lord, and I ask thee to give me one that I may go armed as a free man.'

The Prince gravely answers that the request shall be noted, when a boy comes impulsively forward from behind the Prince's chair, clad as are the men, even to the little revolver at his waist.

'I will see that thou hast one, friend, even if I buy it with my pocket-money,' he says in a boyish voice, and a great, hoarse shout of delighted laughter goes up from that crowd of men, for it is Prince Petar, youngest son of the Gospodar. His father frowns and orders his son back; but the boy has not reached his place before the Prince's face relaxes, and he gives a low command to an orderly standing near. The man springs down the steps and hands the waiting applicant his heavy revolver.

'I thank thee, Lord, and thee, Prince Petar. My wish in life has been fulfilled. S'Bogom, Gospodar' ('With God'—the Montenegrin farewell). So saying, the man joyously places the revolver in his belt, adjusts his cap, and with a smart military salute he mingles in the crowd, his hand upon his new possession. He will remember his annual visit to Cetinje to the house of his Prince and father. In his lonely mountain home he will tell this tale with his dying breath, unless Fate wills that he shall die with the treasured gift still smoking in his hand. It is a fate which each true Montenegrin would envy.

Small as is the country, each district is different, presenting other characteristics, illustrating

other customs. We may journey to the sea, and find an almost entire Turkish population, yet with Montenegrin hearts which centuries of Turkish rule have not altered. We may stand before the shotriddled walls of the fortress of Antivari, and listen to the tales of heroism performed there; of reckless deeds of 'derring-doe,' where men played with death in order to win the name of junak, or hero; and of the wild enthusiasm when the mighty fortress fell, and the Prince led his victorious army to the sea, theirs once more after centuries of deprivation, and upon which they had gazed with longing from the giddy heights of their mountain homes. Or we may go farther, to Dulcigno, and hear of a man who, after weary weeks of hopeless siege, went alone under a murderous fire from a thousand rifles and blew up the aqueduct, causing the town to capitulate at once. This same man we can see in the market-place of Podgoritza shouting in terrible tones, and hurling awful curses at every passing Turk, who but shrugs his shoulders and The old man is hopelessly mad, his brain laughs. turned by that reckless deed of his twenty-five years ago.

There are the men of the lake, earning their bread by fishing half the year in the vast swamps or out upon the treacherous waters that have claimed too many victims in their sudden storms; and tilling the ground when in summer the water recedes, leaving acres of fertile earth—brown men, often shaking with fever, yet happy and contented, living for generations one day under the rule of their Montenegrin brethren, the next as Turkish serfs.

Best of all are the Albanian border mountains and the fierce clans who live there. We can journey to Medun, home of the once mighty chieftain of the Kuc, who in 1876 fought and worsted with his little clan a great army of Turks on the heights of Fundina, overlooking the valley of the Zeta. That memorable battle fired the whole of Montenegro, and inaugurated the last brilliant campaign; and now Chief Marko—poet, historian, and soldier—rests upon the little hill of Medun, in the heart of his native country, round his grave the battered walls of a fortress which he wrung from the hands of the Turks in a wild, reckless onslaught.

Beyond the mountains of Kuc lies the Vassovic, in the farthest corner of the land, surrounded on two sides by bitter foes, yearly threatened by invasion, and where border raids are summer pastimes. Here we must proceed circumspectly. Sturdy mountaineers will accompany us wherever we turn, eying watchfully each boulder lest a foe should be concealed, bent on border vendetts. Their shame would be unspeakable should aught happen to us, their guests, whose safety is in their hands till once more we leave their hospitable frontier. Then they will crowd around us with many hearty hand-shakes and kisses—for here men kiss and are not ashamed. They will bid us come

again, and right soon; and as we swing into the saddle we hastily loosen our revolver in the holster, for we know what is coming—the heartiest and most eloquent of all farewells—a volley of pistolshots: 'S' Bogom!'—crack, crack—'S' Bogom!' Our ponies start; and, amidst a storm of bullets flying upwards, the rattle echoing round the ravines, we empty our weapon in return, and a sense of something lost steals over us.

Ah, it is a good life in the border-lands of Montenegro, amongst the stupendous majesty of those silent mountains, and the valiant, simple children who live there!

There lives a hermit on the heights of Ostrog. He is over eighty years of age, and there he has built himself a tomb. Often have I accompanied him to it, and helped him to water the flowers he has planted there, listening the while to the stories he tells. Six years ago he came to Montenegro—'came back,' as he would say, though he had never before set foot upon it; but his father and his father's father were Montenegrins, and for him it is his native land. Upon the white stone are engraved his name and date of his birth; then there is a suggestive space to be filled in hereafter; and in conclusion: 'Farewell, Montenegro! May thy leaves turn to gold. I go to my eternal rest and leave thee here all that I have—my poor bones.' It is characteristic of the love which every Montenegrin bears his land.

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

CHAPTER XXV .-- THE TRIAL OF ALAIN CARBONEC.



LL Plenevec went to Alain Carbonec's trial; and if the jury had been drawn from the Plenevec men Barbe's heart might have been eased of part of its fears. But the trusty panel was all Plouarnec, and Plouarnec knew not

Alain, and sat there proud and grim, with determination in its conscious eye, prepared to do its duty to the last letter of the law, and with perhaps somewhat of a bias against the accused, or at all events a leaning towards the belief that if he were found guilty the reproach of an undiscovered crime would be wiped out.

When the court had taken its place with all due ceremonies, Alain was led in by the same two gendarmes who had arrested him that day at Plenevec. He was pale still, but no longer pallid. He seemed, in fact, in better bodily case than when he first issued from his prison in the rock. His bearing was easy and confident, as of a man satisfied of his own innocence and trustful of the law to give him justice. The unjust imprisonment by his fellows had tried him less hardly than the nerveshattering experiences of the caves. His eye swept round the room and settled instantly on Barbe's, A smile of pleasure flashed into his face, and Barbe's pale face filled responsively with momentary colour. But it passed and left her pale and Noel Bernardin sat with a anxious as before. face like a hawk, and waited for the fray to begin. He looked once at Barbe, and then sat back in his seat and watched the jury.

- 'Tell me your name, your age, your profession, and where you live,' said the president of the court to Alain.
 - 'Alain Carbonec, twenty, sailor, Plenevec.'
 - 'Listen to the charges brought against you.'
 - The clerk of the court proceeded to read them.
- 'You have heard the crime of which you are accused,' said the president. 'Answer clearly the questions I shall put to you.'

- 'I am ready, monsieur. I have committed no crime, and I have nothing to fear.'
- 'We shall see. For the present confine yourself to answering my questions. You knew George Cadoual?'
 - 'Yes, monsieur.'
 - 'On what terms were you with him?'
- 'On good enough terms at first. We were partners in the boat.'
 - 'And afterwards?'
- 'Not so good. He was not too easy to get on with.'
 - 'You quarrelled?'
- 'Occasionally, of course.'
- 'What did you quarrel about?'

Alain hesitated.

- 'Answer,' said the president.
- 'Eh bien! monsieur, it is known. We both loved Ma'm'selle Barbe of Grand Bayou;' and Barbe jumped at the mention of her name and went momentarily red again.
 - 'And which of you did the young lady favour?'
 - 'Myself.'
 - 'You are sure?'
 - 'Quite sure, monsieur.'
 - 'Did you ever come to blows?'
 - 'We have done.'
 - 'Why?'
- 'He used insulting words about her one night, and I struck him.'
 - 'What words?'
- 'Monsieur-I wiped them out. They are forgotten.'
 - 'Bien! You had other reasons for hating him?'
 - 'I do not think so.'
- 'He found out your real name, and told Pierre Carcassone who you were.'
- 'That is true. But I did not know it till he told me so himself—in the cave, you understand. He told me that and other things to try and make me angry enough to kill him.'

- 'How then? He asked you to kill him?'
- 'He was in terrible pain—all his bones broken, you understand—and he cried to me night and day to kill him and end his trouble.'
- 'And how came he there with all his bones broken?'
- 'That, monsieur, I do not yet understand. He told me it was he who threw me into the cave. But I did not believe him, for I could not see why he should be there himself in that case.'
 - 'How did you think you got there?'
- 'Candidly, monsieur, I thought it was Pierre Carcassone who put me there;' and Pierre in the audience smiled grimly.
 - 'Ma'm'selle Barbe's father?'
 - 'Yes, monsieur.'
 - 'And why should he put you there?'
- 'I do not think he wanted either of us. You see, monsieur, Cadoual being there too made me think it must have been some one else who put us both in there. If I had been alone I might have believed it was Cadoual who did it; but I could not see why he should be there too if he did it himself.'
- 'Quite so. Very ingenious. And how do you suppose he got there?'
- 'That I know no more than how I got there myself, monsieur. I swam ashore from the Light after returning the boat'——
 - 'Why had you taken the boat?'
 - 'To take ma'm'selle ashore.'
- 'You had carried mademoiselle away from her father?'
- 'Yes and no, monsieur, if you will permit me. Pierre, you see, said he was not her father, and if that was so he had no right to keep her.'
 - 'Who did he say was her father?'
- 'He said she was the daughter of Paul Kervec, whom I then heard of for the first time as my father.'
 - 'He said you were sister and brother, in fact?'
 - 'Exactly, monsieur.'
 - 'But you took her away all the same.'
- 'As her brother I had better right to care for her than a man who said she was not his daughter, and who hated the man whose daughter he said she was.'
- 'And did you believe she was your father's daughter?'
 - 'Mon Dieu! no, monsieur, not for a moment.'
 - Why?
 - 'We did not feel to one another like that.'
- 'But you took advantage of the position to remove her?'
- 'Assuredly. Would not you have done the same?' which raised a ripple in the court.
- 'Don't trouble yourself about me. It is you who are being tried—for your life, remember. Now, continue. You took back the boat; you swam ashore. What next?'
- 'I climbed the Cap by my usual road, and went along the Head among the stones. The next thing I remember I was lying in darkness with great pain

- in the head, and then by degrees I came to myself, and found I was in the upper cave among the doves' nests.'
 - 'And Cadoual?'
- 'I knew nothing of Cadoual. It was two days before I found him in the cave below, with all his bones broken.'
 - 'And when you found him?'
- 'Mon Dieu, monsieur! I did what I could for him, as any one else would have done. I bound him together as well as I could. The leg and the arm and the head I could manage, but the breakages inside his body I could not get at and could not understand.'
 - 'He was stabbed in the throat.'
- 'That was later. He suffered horribly, and begged me night and day to kill him and put him out of his pain. That I could not do, of course. I fed him and gave him water and did what I could. Then one night when I was tending him he plucked my knife from my belt and stabbed me in the back—here'—and he put his hand up behind under his right shoulder-blade—'and then plunged it into his own throat.'
- 'That is a strange story. Do you expect us to believe it?'
 - 'It is the truth, monsieur.'
- 'You say he told you it was he who threw you into the cave.'
- 'He said that when he wanted to make me mad enough to kill him.'
 - 'Did you believe him?'
- 'I did not. I believed he said it only to anger me.'
 - 'Do you believe it now?'
- 'I do not know, monsieur. It is possible. I know absolutely nothing of how I came into the cave.'
- 'You know there is a cave under the menhir on the Head?'
 - 'We found it the day I got out of the cave.'
 - 'You had never seen it before?'
- 'Never, monsieur. If there is an opening from it into the lower cave, that is doubtless the way I was thrown in. It could not have been by the way I came out.'
 - 'There is such an opening.'
 - 'Ah! then that explains that part of it.'
- 'And you cannot explain how Cadoual got into the cave?'
 - 'No, monsieur, I have no idea.'
- 'However you got in,' said the president insinuatingly, 'the rest is simple enough and not unnatural. Each of you thought the other had put him there, and you fought about it. Was it not so?'
- 'No, monsieur. Cadoual was in no condition to fight; he was in pieces.'
 - 'He was able to stab you, however?'
- 'It was his last effort. The pain had crazed him. He had made up his mind to die. I would not kill him, so he tried to kill me as well as himself.'

'And you can cast no further light on the matter?'

'None, monsieur. I have told all I know.'

The surgeon was called who had examined both Cadoual's body and Alain's wound. He stated that the breakages of Cadoual's bones and head were the result of a fall from some great height.

'And the wound in the throat?' asked the president.

'That of course was from a knife.'

'From your observations would you say it was caused by another or self-inflicted?'

'It is impossible to say for certain. Ordinarily, however, a blow from one in front would land on the left side—that is to say, the side facing the right side of a right-handed man.'

'Is the prisoner right-handed?'

'He is.'

'And if Cadoual had inflicted the wound himself it would ordinarily be on the left side also, would it not?'

'Ordinarily yes, but not invariably so.'

'Or, again, if the prisoner had struck round from behind?'

'It might fall anywhere, of course.'

'Quite so. What do you say about prisoner's own wound?'

'It could not possibly have been self-inflicted. It is a blow from above downwards. It ripped open the shoulder-blade and went in below.'

'Supposing they had fought together?'

'Then prisoner must have turned his back to receive the blow. Moreover, it is impossible Cadoual could have fought. Almost every bone in his body was broken.'

'Could he have made such an exertion as prisoner states?'

'As a supreme—a final—exertion, he might.'

'The wound in prisoner's head?'

'It might have been from a fall or from a direct blow from behind. It would produce slight concussion of the brain.'

'Can you incline one way or the other—to the fall or the blow?'

'I incline to the blow, for this reason: a fall down an incline, such as I understand is the alternative, would produce an abraded wound, tending up or down according to whether he fell head first or feet first. This blow shows no such symptoms. It was a blow straight from behind, straight in towards the centre of the head, so to speak.'

'How soon would such a blow produce unconsciousness?'

'Instantly, and it might last for hours or days.'

'So that a person receiving such a blow could do nothing after it?'

'Not till he recovered consciousness.'

'Returning for a moment to Cadoual's wounds: could a man so broken inflict such a wound as that in prisoner's head?'

'Certainly not—not after he was broken.'

The president intimated to the surgeon that he

had finished with him; but as he was stepping down Bernardin desired to ask him a question.

'You examined the body of Cadoual. Had any attempt been made to cure his breakages?'

'Yes, undoubtedly; and it caused me great surprise. The arm and leg had been, and indeed still were, tightly bandaged to keep the broken bones in position.'

'Could Cadoual by any possibility have done that himself?'

'Not unless he was left-handed, and then I doubt if his broken ribs would have allowed him to do so.'

A score of voices in the audience exclaimed that Cadoual was right-handed, and the President threatened to clear the court.

The evidence so far was in prisoner's favour. So, evidently, was popular feeling.

Madame Cadoual, a smouldering volcano in black, was briefly examined, and stated that her son and prisoner were on bad terms because of that girl at the Light. Her son had started one morning for Landroel to do some business, and she had never seen him again till his body came ashore. She had employed detectives from Paris, and they had given it as their opinion that Alain Carbonec was responsible for the murder. She never took her eyes off Alain, and they flamed and blazed as though they would scorch him out of existence.

One of the Paris detectives—the other was manhunting in Algeria—told of their researches in and round Plenevec, and how they had come to the conclusion that the missing man was the murderer. But when Bernardin took him in hand the smart gentleman from Paris had a bad five minutes. With questions that struck like blows in the face, the barrister ripped to pieces the other's assumptions and laid bare the poverty of the land.

'Can you produce one single iota of fact that you yourself discovered which in any way connects Alain Carbonec with the death of George Cadoual?' asked Bernardin in a scornful voice.

'The fact that Carbonec disappeared on the very same day as M. Cadoual'—— began he from Paris.

'We know all about that. Nothing else? Thank you. I will not detain you;' and the detective regretted he was not in Algeria with his colleague.

Then: 'Pierre Carcassone!' called the president, and Pierre stepped forward and took the oath.

'You objected to prisoner coming to the Light after your daughter?'

'Yes, monsieur.'

'You forbade him to come?'

'Yes, monsieur.'

'But he continued to come all the same?'

'He did.'

'And in the end-what?'

'I took my own way of separating them.'

'You did not know the prisoner was Paul Kervec's

'Not till Cadoual told me.'

'And then?'

- 'I made use of it. I told them they were brother and sister.'
 - 'That was not true?'
- 'Mon Dieu, monsieur!'—with a shrug—'it might have been. It was good enough to use, anyway.'
- 'Prisoner, however, took advantage of the relationship you ascribed to your daughter and himself to take your daughter away?'
 - 'He did.'
- 'He took her away in the lighthouse boat to Plenevec. What happened when he came back with the boat?'
- 'We quarrelled. He jeered at me for what he called the failure of my plan, and told me I had lied.'
 - 'And you?'
 - 'I struck him.'
 - 'You fought?'
- 'No. He went away down the ladder and swam ashore.'
 - 'And you?'
 - 'I followed him as soon as I got the boat down.'
 - 'What was your idea in following him?'

Pierre hesitated, and then said in a quiet, matter-of-fact way, 'I intended to kill him.'

- 'Well? Continue.'
- 'He was ashore before I got there. He dressed and climbed the Head, and I followed him.'
 - 'You climbed the Head? Continue.'
- 'It was new to me, and I was a long time after him. When I reached the top I could not see him at first. Then of a sudden I caught sight of his head coming up out of a hole in the ground close by one of the stones. His back was towards me, and I lay down behind another stone and watched.'
 - 'What did you see?'
- 'His head was bleeding. He seemed stupid. He looked about till he found his cap; then he kicked the grass and bushes about with his feet, and then he went into the hole again.'
 - 'How long were you behind him?'
 - 'It might be a quarter of an hour or more.'
- 'The surgeon tells us Carbonec would be unconscious for a considerable time after the blow he had received.'
- 'I know nothing about that. I tell you only what I saw.'
 - 'After that?'
- 'He did not come out again, and I walked away, and went back to the Light.'
- 'Now, tell me: did you, while quarrelling with prisoner, tell him who gave you the information as to his name and parentage?'
 - 'I did. It slipped out.'
 - 'What did he say?'
 - 'He said I was a fool and Cadoual was a bigger one.'

The president had done with Pierre. But Bernardin had not.

'You come here,' said he, 'telling us that you tried to separate Carbonec and your daughter by a lie which you knew to be a lie'—

- 'It was as likely true as not,' said Pierre gruffly.
- 'When you brought the children ashore eighteen years ago, after murdering the father of the one and the mother of the other, you took them to Sergeant Gaudriol, and said, "This is my child, and this is his." Is it not so?'
- 'Ma foi, monsieur! Eighteen years is a long time to recall one's very words.'
- 'Have you ever during these eighteen years hinted, in any way or to any one, that Barbe was not your daughter?'
 - 'I had no occasion to do so.'
- 'And you wish us to believe that for eighteen years you have fed and cared for the child of the man you murdered?'
 - 'She was useful to me.'
- 'For many years she could not possibly be useful to you, and you could easily have got some one who would have been, and who also would not have had the disadvantage of being Kervec's child.'

To that Pierre had nothing to reply beyond a shrug.

- 'You say you climbed Cap Réhel from the sea, and went back the same way. Doubtless you can show us whereabouts you climbed, and could do it again. I ask the court to send you in custody of two gendarmes and an officer of the court to climb it again in their presence. If you succeed and come back alive—— But you will not. Your mouth is full of lies. When Sergeant Gaudriol went over to the Light to inquire into the disappearance of Carbonec you told him you had not seen him when he returned with the boat. Was that true?'
 - 'Obviously not, in view of what I have stated.'
- 'You lied to an officer of the law in the pursuit of his duty?'
- 'He was trying to fix on me a crime I had not committed.'
 - 'So you lied to him?'
 - 'He showed he did not believe me.'
- 'It is to his credit. No sensible man would believe you. I have here,' said Bernardin, 'the record of your daughter's birth, which took place six months before you parted with your wife when you started on your last voyage to Newfoundland. This story of Barbe being Kervec's daughter was a lie, and you knew it to be a lie, and used it simply as a means to an end-namely, the getting rid of Kervec's son, whom we know as Alain Carbonec. Your evidence now given is a lie from beginning to end-with the same end in view. You come here with a mouthful of lies, capped by the statement that you followed Carbonec with the intention of killing him, and you expect the jury to believe a single word you say. Faugh! You are rotten-putrid. In the sight of all honest men you stink. In the sight of God'-
 - 'Gently! gently!' said the president.
- 'It is not easy, M. le President,' said Bernardin with warmth, 'in the presence of carrion such as this—come here to swear away the life of an

innocent man to satisfy an old grudge against the father'----

'May God strike me dead,' cried Pierre, foaming at Bernardin's words, 'if'——

Then, in the sight of all of them, his eyes fixed wide in a stare of frozen horror on something behind

the barrister—something which was invisible to any other. His face grew white, and then the colour of lead. The arm he had flung up in vehement assertion dropped to his side. He swayed for a second, and fell with a crash like a falling tree. When they picked him up he was dead.

RAINBOW-TROUT IN BRITISH WATERS.



HE introduction some years ago of foreign trout into our waters received a well-deserved check through injudicious stocking with Salvelinus fontinalis, a fish generally believed in this country to be the American

brook-trout, but really one of the handsomest of all the chars. English fish-culturists and the owners of fishings were much impressed by their apparent suitability for our waters; and had their peculiarities been thoroughly ascertained and provided for all would have been well; for, without doubt, certain British waters would profit by their introduction. Instead, they were distributed without the slightest regard to the suitability of the various waters in which they were placed. The inevitable result followed: on the whole, they did more harm than good, and were ultimately voted a failure, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of a few prominent fish-culturists who knew their value under proper conditions.

It is a fact that fontinalis delights in clear, cold mountain streams and lakes of low temperature. A water that warms up to anything above sixty degrees means the decimation of a stock of fontinalis, if not, indeed, their total destruction. In their native habitat they leave the streams in hot weather and seek shelter in the deep water of lakes; and they thrive only under such conditions of temperature.

I do not think our fishings lost much by the failure of fontinalis; and certainly the owners and not a few fish-culturists learned a lesson in stocking that has been profitable to them ever since. The pity of it is that a creditable carefulness has in some cases degenerated into extreme prejudice against the introduction of any foreign trout whatsoever, with the result that at one time we were very near condemning rainbow-trout (Salmo irideus), whereas time has proved that caution only is necessary. Thus, with the exercise of caution and common-sense, we may add to our sport and to our food-supply one of the handsomest and gamest of all the Salmonidæ. In my opinion—and in that I do not stand alone—the rainbow has come to stay.

Some time ago, in a paper read before the members of the London Piscatorial Society, Mr William Senior ('Red Spinner') expressed an opinion that the rainbow had been tried once at least in fish-culturists' hands in England, and had not been continued; and he ventured to doubt if any further effort would be

successful. Now, as there is no more staunch supporter than I am of the gifted editor of the Field, and no more sincere admirer of his work and methods on behalf of the sport which, equally with himself, I love to uphold, I hope that my venturing to differ from him somewhat on this matter of the rainbow-trout in British waters will not prevent careful considerations of the opinions I submit. But, first, I would like to know if Mr Senior has or has not seen cause to qualify that opinion since it was expressed. There would appear to-day sufficient evidence to prove that at least one important reason why the cultivation of the rainbow-trout was not entirely successful in the hands of British fishculturists was because it was declared proven that the fish was an uncertain breeder. This objection arose principally because—as Herr Jaffé has pointed out-'the rainbow-trout, on its introduction, was taken, both in planting and rearing, as being on allfours with the old favourite brown trout, which it certainly is not.' Therein lies the cause of failure, if failure it was; and therein lies also the curse of trout-culture even to-day. Fish-culturists, for the most part, will consider the rainbow-trout only as 'on all-fours' with the brown trout; whereas they are quite distinct, and in their culture that issue should be kept quite clear. Then it might-nay, it will and does—prove profitable.

For some time an opinion obtained in England, America, and Germany that the rainbow-trout (Salmo irideus) was identical with the steel-head salmon of the Pacific coast (Salmo gairdnerii); and when it is remembered that such prominent pisciculturists as the late Sir James Maitland and Mr Fred Mather inclined towards this opinion, the great difficulty of successfully combating it can easily be realised. As a matter of fact, the rainbow-trout is quite a distinct variety, and must no more be confounded with the steel-head or any other variety of salmon than with any of the chars. This, again, brings to mind the action of those who would cross irideus with fario. It is difficult to understand what can be gained by such a cross; whereas the harm done by this useless crossing of distinct varieties is quite apparent. Brown trout are quite distinct from rainbow-trout, and it should be the constant care and study of pisciculturists to keep the varieties as nature has intended them, and, what is perhaps of even more importance, keep each variety as pure in strain as possible. Nothing is to be gained by crossing either of them with any

other, for each species is absolutely perfect after its own kind.

In this connection it is as well to remember that even the spawning of irideus is not and never can be 'on all-fours' with the spawning of fario. Here I quote from Herr Jaffé at some length, merely adding as a preliminary that my experience and observation go to prove his opinion to be correct: 'Rainbows are not farios, and want quite a different treatment in the hands of the pisciculturists. . . . I used to lose at the start 50 per cent. and more of my rainbows from imperfect impregnation, as I thought; and I put it down to the fish not being fitted or not fitting itself to European conditions, and for this same reason English fish-culturists dropped the fish as being too uncertain a breeder. Rainbow eggs at that time were impregnated much the same as fario eggs-namely, by stripping the female fish, and carefully avoiding every drop of water before the milt was added. Now, two things are noticeable in opening rainbows when near their spawning-time-namely, the very large, comparatively, size of the milt-sacs of the rainbow male (nearly four times as much as the fario), and the comparative large amount of a watery fluid which surrounds the ripe ova of the rainbow female. Further investigation showed that if kept in this fluid the rainbow ova would not lose its capillary power anything like so quickly as the dry brown trout eggs will when spawned into water, and since then this fluid has been carefully spawned along with the ova, securing nearly perfect impregnation. As to the unusual size of the rainbow milt-sacs I have not been able to arrive at definite conclusions; but I can only state as a fact that the milt-sacs of rainbows caught on the natural redds in a wild state show a much larger quantity of really good milt ready for immediate use than is present in the brook-trout male, and that this is perhaps one of nature's kind provisions for counteracting the loss of the watery fluid unavoidable under natural spawning circumstances, by providing an unusual amount of useful milt.'

In this way one important difficulty, at least, has been overcome, and the trouble that beset the efforts of British fish-culturists in connection with the cultivation of *irideus*—notably Sir James Maitland and Mr Thomas Andrews—exists no longer. But should not Herr Jaffé's experience prove a warning to those who would endeavour to cross *fario* and *irideus*, for herein is a natural and all-important objection to such useless experiment?

It is not only in spawning and rearing rainbows that fish-culturists and the owners of fishings err most lamentably; indeed, I am inclined to think that in the 'planting' of the fish—that is, in the distribution of the fish over certain waters—occurs the greatest mischief. But before proceeding to discuss why and where I think rainbows should be introduced, I would express the emphatic opinion that wherever brown trout will thrive, they, and they only, should be planted. I do not make this

assertion idly. I have made most careful inquiries, and have visited fishings and fish-hatcheries all over the United Kingdom, and it has always been my most earnest effort to ascertain the conditions under which certain fish thrive and others do not. It may be taken for granted that in many cases where only troutlings are found in a water, the remedy lies rather in the introduction of more food than in stocking with some other variety of trout. The judicious introduction of new blood-that is, brown trout from some other British water-is. however, at times advisable. It is quite possible, also, that a water may be overstocked; and if so, the fish are sure to degenerate in size and condition. In such a case the remedy is obvious. I think I am right in asserting that the brown trout proper (Salmo furio) has reached a higher state of perfection in this country than in any other. It is one of the noblest of game-fishes, and as a surface-feeder has no peer. This latter fact alone should, and does, endear it to every British angler; and therefore, I repeat, wherever it will thrive, there it should be encouraged and the strain kept as pure as possible.

However, after the whole of the suitable waters in the British Isles have been stocked with British trout, there will still remain many thousands of acres of water in which brown trout will not thrive; and where it is possible to stock these waters with some other variety of Salmonida the work should be done. There are many coarse-fish waters in this country that could be stocked with rainbow trout, and still there would remain sufficient for the purpose of the coarse-fish angler. There are also many waters stocked with brown trout that could be improved in value without any interference with fario. In its native waters the rainbow-trout is found to thrive in a wider range of temperature than any other of the Salmonida; its habitat is by no means limited to slow, deep, and warm-running rivers, although it certainly seems to thrive better in such waters in this country. It is this adaptability to a high or low temperature of water that has made stocking with rainbows in this country not only possible but actually profitable; and it is the fact that they will stand a much higher temperature than the brown trout that has made it possible to stock with rainbows where the introduction of brown trout is impossible. In big rivers and lakes they will thrive side by side with fario, and I see no objection to their introduction there. They would certainly thrive in such rivers as the Itchen, the Test, the Darent, the Derwent, the Coquet, and other similar waters, but only at the expense of fario; therefore their introduction is unadvisable. Lakes and reservoirs, however, best profit by their introduction, especially if there are feeders up which the fish can mount at spawning-time. Rainbows are easily reared; and, granted two conditions—plenty of food and plenty of shade—they well repay cultivation. The condition of shade may arise from depth of water or from the presence

of trees or aquatic plants; but it is most important that it should exist, otherwise ophthalmic troubles occur. Rainbows hold their own in waters containing pike and perch; but under these circumstances they must have plenty of range. Where waters communicate with the sea, rainbows sometimes will migrate, but, apparently, only when food is insufficient in the waters into which they are intro-The rainbow-trout would starve on the amount of food sufficient for the brown trout. I cannot see any particular objection to the development of the migratory instinct. They are pretty sure to return to their old quarters in due season, and their journey to the sea makes them much bigger, handsomer, and more valuable fish. The rainbow-trout matures at the third year, but is of

most use for spawning purposes from the fourth to the seventh year. They are very game fish, and rise freely to the artificial fly, but would seem to prefer fancy patterns rather than the orthodox duns, gnats, and spinners. This is another reason why they should not be introduced side by side with fario into a dry-fly fishing stream, although they might ultimately settle down to a dry-fly diet. Approved patterns of flies for rainbow-trout are: a silver body with black wing and red feather tag, claret and grouse, woodcock wing and red feather mixed and yellow reddish wool body with silver twist, black wing and light blue and silver body, coachman, partridge and green, woodcock and peacock herl, alder, zulu, red tag. All flies should be dressed fairly large, about the ordinary size used on Scottish lochs.

HOW MARY M'GILLIVRAY'S COW ATE THE PIPER.



HIS is the story as it is still told round the peat-fires of Strathnairn and Stratherrick, and as it was told to me.

Angus M'Leod, piper to Dunvegan, was fleeing westwards with the spray

of the broken clans after black Culloden, where he had cut his red swath with the bravest—fleeing westward for a long day, when he was free to fly, and needs not hide in the hags or among the long heather, where the English troopers quartered the ground like pointers on hot scent of the game.

Having got as far as the heights above the Faragaig, where the ground begins to slope down to the Great Glen, he stopped to draw breath, and was debating the comparative chances of safety in Cluny's country or across Loch Ness in the wild region which lies beyond Strathglass, when the clattering of hoofs and the jingling of accoutrements bade him stand to his arms once more. Sorely wearied was Angus; but, like a stout clansman, he still had his claymore with him, though he had cast away his great pipes among the heather, and indeed he felt like piping no more. He had supped his fill the day before of war and war-piping; but he could still strike a good blow for freedom against the sidier dearg. The horseman drew nearer, and at sight of the tartan broke into a furious charge. A trooper of Hawley's Horse, Angus! So now strike hard, and strike swift, if you would see the heights of Drummoocher or far Loch Laggan. One upward sweep of the broad blade, and the horse is scouring away wildly northwards, with the empty stirrups lashing at his sides, while Angus has his foot on the breast of one trooper who will ride no more for King George.

Now, as our piper stood grimly contemplating that foot, he realised for the first time that he had flung away his brogues a good ten miles behind, that he might run the lighter, and that the way was long to Badenoch, and rough. But here was a good pair of King George's boots on the cursed trooper!

Long military boots and the philabeg do not exactly constitute full Highland dress; but Angus was far from the lassies of Skye and their criticisms, so he essayed to make spoil of the Sassenach foot-gear. The devil was in the boots! Off they would come by no manner of tugging; and time was flying, and there might be more troopers to come the way of their comrade.

The Gaelic, and especially that spoken by the Skyeman, with a Scandinavian eke to it, is as full of expletives as any language that is Aryan; so the moorfowl had the benefit of some of it, and that of the fullest flavour. 'Diaoul! but I will be taking the pody's legs, too then;' and, sure enough, when Angus continued his march, under each arm he had a dragoon's long boot, but these not empty, and on his track for a time were left gruesome traces of the contents. The dragoon had been a stout fellow, and the burden was heavy; so, it being dusk when Angus reached the change-house hard by the side of Loch Ness, he thought he would risk demanding a lodging, and before morning he might get rid of the weighty and compromising contents of the boots, and get them on.

All was bustle and confusion at the little clachan as Angus strode up to the door, and the steaming horses of a small detachment of cavalry were hanging wearied heads in the yard after their long day's chase of the flying tartans.

'In here with you, man!' reached him in a frightened whisper as he passed the byre-door, where a tall old woman stood beckoning him to the friendly darkness of the interior.

'You will be the cailleach; who is the mistress here?' said Angus as he stooped to enter the low doorway.

'Ay, I am Mary M'Gillivray, wife to Ian Mhor of Clan Chattan, or I was yester morn; but sorely I fear me Ian lies over yonder on the black moor. And who may you be, my lad? Is it your life you will be tired of to be offering your throat to these

gentry there for the cutting? Or maybe you left your brogues where better men left their lives before you clashed swords with Hanoverian riders? How else is it you do not know the cattle of the murdering dragoons there in the yard? Hark to the black villains within, how they carouse, as they may who have gralloched a rare stag-royal over there yesterday.'

From the kitchen within the house came the stormy chorus of rough voices:

And, oh, the bluid o' the rebels rude Alang the field that ran! The hurdies bare we turned up there Of mony a Highland clan.

'Oich, oich, mistress! but I am sore spent, and must rest a while till morning; and may the tiel breakfast on the loons. Though I was piper to M'Leod when the western clans made head, and might have looked for a better billet, yet I'll be fain to make my bed here in the byre-straw. Hap me up, mistress, in the hake at the cow's head till morning, for I am heavy with sleep.'

'Ay, ay! and that will be best too. Lulan is a discreet beast, and will annoy you not at all, be sure.'

Angus was fumbling with his spleuchan for a coin or two as a grace-penny.

'Hanail! hanail! Not from one of Prince Charlie's lads will I have anything at all; but mind and be up and beyond the Fechlin by dawning.'

Soundly Angus slept that night, with the fragrant smell of hay and the sweet-scented breath of his bedfellow Lulan in his nostrils. Long ere morning he was up, and wrestling with the boots, to make them available for the journey, finding it an easier task than he expected, as their contents had somewhat shrunk by the keeping. You may be sure he lost no time in drawing on what was literally his booty; and, flinging the disjecta membra of the erstwhile dragoon into the rack at Lulan's head, was soon speeding away in the direction of Badenoch and safety.

Mrs M'Gillivray was also up betimes in the morning, so that she might be assured of the safety of the piper. Going into the byre, she said, 'Well, he's away, to be sure; but I'll chust be giving Lulan's fodder a shake up where the pody has been lying.' On looking into the rack, it was not long before the good woman was speeding to the door, skirling with fright, while her scanty locks were crinkling beneath her mutch.

All the herds ran out, and all the serving-wenches, with King George's men in close attendance, as is the manner of the bold dragoon, to hear the good wife's skirls of 'Oich! oich! But ta coo ate ta piper! But ta coo ate ta piper, all but ta leg-banes and ta nails!'

'What's this, mistress?' said the sergeant. 'A piper here all night, and we did not know of it?'

'Well, well, and you can take all that the coo has left of him in the byre there,' said Mrs

M'Gillivray, now a little alarmed for the consequences of this disclosure. Sure enough, in the straw-rack, where Lulan was contentedly making her innocent meal, lay, for all men to see, portions of two unmistakable legs; 'well nourished,' as the doctors say, and which might well have belonged to a piper.

'This beats all!' said the sergeant. 'Do you really mean to say the animal has devoured the rest of him? It looks like it.'

'Sure the beast must be possessed,' groaned Mary, 'and to think that I have milked her this five year; but into the loch she goes this very day with a tow and a big stone at the end of it.'

'No, no, goodwife; let the beast be. I see the cow is a good Hanoverian cow, who knew the smell of a stinking rebel, and has kept his legs to show for the bounty.'

To make a long story short, the trooper's legs got the burial from the natives that was due to all that was left of a good patriot piper, and the tale passed into a tradition in the neighbourhood.

It was not till long after that Angus M'Leod heard from a wandering packman, in his home in Skye, whither he had crept when the hunt for rebels had subsided, that, among other fearful portents after the battle of Culloden, a cow in Strathnairn had eaten a certain piper from Skye, blood and bones, all but a small bit of the legs. Many a laugh had Angus over it before the fire on a winter's evening, with the girls, and a potent stoup of usquebaugh.

DANDELION.

STARRY-RAYED, and a heart of gold,
Looking up to the sky,
A lifted face to the sun and rain,
A smile to the passer-by:
Wayside warder, sentinel flower,
What is your password—say?
You know the seasons, you tell the hour,
And you hold a title, in sun and shower,
To a simple right-of-way.

You have sisters inside the garden wall,
Tended with human care;
They grow up graceful and fair and tall,
But naught of your freedom share.
Their beauty is hid from the vulgar gase,
They pine in a wilting ease;
But you—you are light of the lowly ways,
You shine on the common, you star the brace:
Boon-comrade of the breese.

A lifted face to the rain and sun,

Byes moist with the morning dew,

A nod and a smile for every one,

And the joy of living for you.

Starry-rayed, and a heart of gold,

Planted by God's own hand;

Too poor you are to be bought or sold,

Too free to forsake the heathy wold:

Star-flower of No Man's Land.

WALTER C. HOWDER.



BURNS AS COMMENTATOR. SOME ORIGINAL NOTES BY THE POÉT.



MONG the valuable Burnsiana collected by the late Mr Craibe Angus, and sold in Edinburgh after his death, was a volume of the 'Works of Laurence Sterne,' with marginal notes in the poet's handwriting.

The volume was purchased for the trustees of Burns's Cottage at Ayr, where it will soon find a permanent place of exhibition among the many relics collected in the Cottage museum.

The volume is entitled The Koran; or, The Life, Character, and Sentiments of Tria Juncta in Uno, M.N.A., or Master of No Arts, and abounds in tales, quotations, and sentiments such as must have influenced Burns.* His many annotations on the margin prove that he read the book somewhat carefully, and these notes of his show much of the real man.

The first note is certainly very emphatic. Sterne suggests a new style of poetical composition, in addition to 'the many difficult conceits of the ancients'—namely, that the first and last words in a line should rhyme! 'The last word in every line is always made to chime to the first throughout the poem,' thus joining the strength of blank verse and the shortness of rhyme together. Specimens are given, such as 'Love is the pivot on which all things move.' Burns wipes out this fanciful conceit with one emphatic word—'Nonsense!'

He enlarges in his next comment. The paragraph marked reads: 'I never drink. I cannot do it on equal terms with others. It costs them only one day; but me three: the first in sinning, the second in suffering, and the third in repenting.' Underneath this sentiment the poet places his view of the matter. 'I love drinking now and then,' he admits. 'It defecates [purges] the standing pool of thought. A man perpetually in the paroxysms and fevers of inebriety is like a half-drowned, stupid wretch con-

* The Koran is now admitted to be a literary forgery, but was included in the first collected edition of Sterne's works. Richard Griffith, the author, has reproduced in a clever style the thought and language of Sterne.

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demned to labour unceasingly in water; but a nowand-then tribute to Bacchus is like the cold bath: bracing and invigorating.—R. B.' This is the only comment to which he adds his initials. Perhaps he thought it rather good. It certainly describes his own sentiments most forcibly, and it is a frank exposition of one of the principles which shaped his character.

On the same page this sentence occurs: 'Free-thinkers are generally those who never think at all,' and against it the bard has written 'Quibble.'

'St James says, "Count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations," arrests him, and he writes 'Ah!' in the margin. The poet is evidently not quite sure of it. How much of Burns is in that single exclamation! Is it pity that he cannot resist temptation, or sorrow that he has so often fallen a victim to it, or a question of the virtue of the process—or all three together? In any case, the poet's 'Ah!' seems somehow strikingly pathetic.

Here is a story which pleased him, and opposite it he has written 'Good:' 'A lady of my acquaintance told me one day in great joy that she had got a parcel of most delightful novels to read that she had ever met with before. "They call them Plutarch's Lives," said she. I happened, unfortunately, to inform her ladyship that they were deemed authentic histories. Upon which her countenance fell, and she never read another line in them!' We can easily picture Burns chuckling over this anecdote as his pen marked it. Perhaps he had some presentiment of the public library!

If the above anecdote pleased him, the next must have tickled him greatly: 'A servant-maid I had once,' writes the author, 'returned home crying one day because a criminal, whom she had obtained leave to go see executed, happened to get a reprieve.' 'Human nature!' observes Burns; and it could not be more neatly and effectively hit off.

In his next brief comment Burns turns philosopher. The paragraph which delays his pen says: 'The Lex Papia forbade men to marry after sixty, and women after fifty. I think the law was wrong

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in the first article, because men may have children long after that age, or their wives may, at least, which answers as well for the community.' Could Burns have been true to himself if he had given any other opinion than 'Follow Nature,' which he has boldly written on the margin? Underneath, in smaller letters, he writes 'Oracle,' as one would add an author's name to a quotation from his works. 'Follow Nature'—might not that stand as the poet's motto? In varying interpretation, it covers his life.

To a long paragraph on 'determining ourselves'—the necessity of inclining to take one side of a question more than another (two men boxing, two horses running, or even two fishwomen quarrelling)—Burns adds the remark that 'whim enters deeply into the composition of human nature, particularly of genius.'

On the next leaf mention is made of an Italian nobleman, Count de Bonarelli, who had never written one line of poetry till he was threescore years of age, and then he wrote a pastoral poem which he executed with a fame equal to Tasso's Aminta. The fact strikes the poet, as it would strike any reader, as very unusual and even unlikely, and he writes 'Strange' on the margin. From his own letters it is evident that while poetry was the inspiration of his life, yet he laboured sedulously to perfect his verses and train himself in the art-and he had so striven from his youth; and yet here was the Count, undreaming of it for sixty years, and then sitting down to win fame! Little wonder that even Burns thought it 'strange' that such a performance were possible.

On page 178 of the volume the poet breaks out strong on Queen Elizabeth. A paragraph states that a letter by Mary Queen of Scots has come to light which makes Elizabeth's character not so problematical as general history has left it; and at the bottom of the page Burns writes in pencil: 'I would forgive Judas Iscariot sooner than Queen Elizabeth. He was a mercenary blackguard; she was a devil, genuine, real as imported from Hell.' These are almost cruel sentences, even from an ultra-patriotic Scot; but they illustrate the native independence of the poet's mind and the extraordinary vigour of his thinking. The writing is much blurred, and 'real' is very like 'neat,' with a comma after it. Queen Bess as a neat devil would be a quaint and not unfit characterisation, from the poet's view-point.

One anecdote is recorded by Sterne which secures Burns's approval so completely that we may give it as it stands. 'I asked an hermit once in Italy how he could venture to live alone, in a single cottage, on the top of a mountain, a mile away from any habitation? He replied that Providence was his next-door neighbour.' To this fine reply the poet appends his praise in the single but sufficient word—'Admirable!' He was not ready to give himself away without cause. Several of the paragraphs are specified as 'Nousense,' 'Good,' 'True,' while others are marked by a simple cross; but to this one alone he adds 'Admirable!'

A very characteristic note is appended to the tale of a certain count who was taken prisoner by the Saracens and condemned to work in the Sultan's garden. The Sultan's daughter fell in love with him; but, although he informed her that he already had a wife, she proposed to marry him notwithstanding, lest he should never regain his liberty-stipulating that if he recovered his freedom and found his first wife, she would retire. He agreed, married her, secured his freedom, and sought his first wife; but the two wives were so drawn to each other that they declined to separate, so the three lived together and were buried in the same grave. To this strange tale Burns adds a query: 'Query-Is Love like 2 present of ribbons, that you cannot share it among womankind without lessening the quantity each should receive?' The argument is a curious one, even for Robin.

There is only one other annotation worthy of notice. 'A friend of mine once conceived a particular aversion to persons who had been born with red hair,' writes Sterne. 'He used to say that he could never confide in a friend or a mistress of this complexion, for that the men were false and the women frisky.' Burns writes his comment in pencil against this paragraph; but, lest it should fade, he repeats it in ink at the bottom of the page (the only instance in the volume). His comment is: 'Golden locks are a sign of amorousness;' and then he adds: 'The more love in a woman's composition, the more soul she has.' One wonders at first why the bard so carefully rewrote his defence of red hair; but Highland Mary's hair was red or auburn! The Bible which Burns gave her (now in the monument at Ayr) contained a long lock of her auburn hair.

The volume has been thoroughly thumbed, and in looking through it the reader is struck with the similarity of its sentiments with those of the poet. 'The rank is but the guinea's stamp' is only a finer casting of this paragraph on page 109: 'Titles of rank are like the impressions on coin-which add no value to gold or silver, but only render brass current.' 'Holy Willie's Prayer' was written on a real character; but it might have been suggested by another paragraph on the opposite page, which avers that 'some folk think it sufficient to be good Christians without being good men, to spend their lives in drinking, cheating-and praying.' an imagination like the bard's, all the features of Holy Willie are in that paragraph. Such passages as the following seem to have been written by Burns himself: 'I have an higher opinion of the sense and virtue of women (and ever had) than men or even women themselves generally have; ' 'Love and friendship form the only natural alliances,' &c. And it is not altogether improbable that

> Her 'prentice han' she try'd on man, An' then she made the lasses, O,

may have been suggested by 'Man was originally made of the dead earth, but woman of the living man—therefore of a more excellent nature.'

THE PEARL NECKLACE.

CHAPTER II .- THE COMING OF CORPORAL FLINT.



OR some days after the duel in the wood I kept within the house in order to avoid any further quarrels, which I knew would certainly be thrust upon me by hot-headed young Royalists when the result of my

encounter with Frank became known. Moreover, I had no heart to go abroad, being much cast down in spirit, and troubled to an extent which I should formerly have believed impossible. In what way was I to blame? The quarrel was none of my seeking. Indeed, I had done all that lay in my power, short of accepting a blow, to avoid it. Nay, I would have let the lad escape in the heat of the combat had he not forced me to wound him in order to preserve my life. As for his sister's bitter speeches, they were made in ignorance of the truth, and should have had no power to rankle as they did. So I reasoned with myself; though such reasoning brought me but little comfort.

I was also troubled by another matter. account of the duel had been carried to my mother and Patience, and I was astonished and grieved to find that from that moment Patience avoided me, or, when that was impossible, treated me with a coldness which contrasted strangely with the affectionate warmth of her first greeting. Indeed, I would have taken her to task about the matter; but whenever I began to question her, my mother, who seemed full of pity for her, would interpose, and I could get no explanation of her strange conduct. So it came about that, what with my duel with Frank and Patience's coldness, the visit to which I had looked forward so eagerly brought me but little pleasure, and I was glad when the time came for my departure.

How well I remember the events of the night on which I announced my intention of setting out for London the next day! Indeed, I have good cause to do so, for it was then that the extraordinary adventures began which I here set down for the first time.

My poor mother was in tears, and even Patience, who looked pale and thin, was kinder to me than she had been since the news reached her of my unlucky combat with Frank. We were sitting together, talking quietly and somewhat sadly—for who could tell in such times as those whether we should ever meet again?—when I heard the trampling of a horse's hoofs rapidly approaching the house. I think that from the very first moment I heard that ominous sound I had a foreboding of evil; and it was with a sinking heart that, going into the hall, I found myself face to face with a grim-visaged trooper, one Corporal Flint, who handed me a letter addressed to me, as I saw at a glance, by the Lord Protector himself. Ordering some refreshment to

be provided for the corporal, I withdrew to read the letter. It was, as I had supposed, from Cromwell, and the contents troubled me greatly:

WHITERALL.

'To Captain Hawthorne: These, in all speed.

'SIR,-I desire you to take command of the troopers accompanying the bearer of this letter, Corporal Flint, and to proceed instantly to Oakwood Hall, the residence of Sir John Woodville, and arrest one Colonel Montague at present residing at the Hall. This Montague is hand-in-glove with the wretched creature Colonel Sexby, and others of a like nature, who are endeavouring once more to plunge this poor, distracted country into the horrors of civil war. I have information from a sure source that he is now engaged in raising and drilling the Malignants in the neighbourhood, and hath collected a considerable store of arms and ammunition at the Hall. Fetch them off; but move not Sir John's old weapons of his fathers or his family trophies. Be tender of this, as you respect my wishes, of one gentleman to another. It is credibly reported that Montague brought moneys with him from France, a large sum in gold, to further the conspiracy. require you to make diligent search for the same, and also for such papers as may relate to the business.

'Sir John, coming to London yestereve, hath already been taken and lodged in the Tower. As to the members of his family: should you find proof that they are concerned in the plot, I desire you to arrest them and to send them hither.

'You must act lively. Neglect no means. The Lord direct you what to do.—I rest your friend and well-wisher,

OLIVER P.

'Corporal Flint will inform you of other particulars which I hold it not prudent to set down in writing.'

It was with infinite dismay that I read this letter. Sure there was not a man in all England who would have undertaken such a task more reluctantly. Strive as I would, it seemed as though I could not avoid being forced into appearing as the enemy of those I would so willingly have served as a friend. First had come the duel with Frank, and now I was ordered to seize the Hall, and it might well prove to be my duty to arrest both Frank and his sister. These were things that could never be forgiven; and I saw that the friendship that had existed between our families for so many years was now finally to be put an end to. It was, therefore, with a sad countenance that I went to bid farewell to my mother and sister, and to inform them of the orders I had received.

To my astonishment, Patience rose to her feet with a white face and flashing eyes.

'And you will do this?' she cried.

'Why, what choice have I in the matter?' I answered impatiently. 'I have the Lord Protector's orders, and must needs obey them.'

'What!' she exclaimed. 'You will act thus to our oldest and kindest friends? I would not do it for fifty Lord Protectors.'

'Nay, Patience,' said my mother, laying her hand gently on the child's shoulder, 'John must do his duty, come of it what will. Go, my son, and God be with you.'

The kind voice trembled, and there were tears in her eyes as I stooped and kissed her, and went forth from the room with a drooping head and heavy heart.

The corporal was waiting for me in the hall, a thin, tall, gaunt man, with small, cold blue eyes, close-set lips, and a hard, shaven, weather-beaten countenance which might have been carved out of wood, so expressionless did it seem. While my horse was being brought from the stable he informed me that the troopers were waiting on the high-road some hundred yards from the house.

'Are you acquainted with the Lord Protector's instructions?' I asked.

'Partly,' said he. 'I know that we are to arrest a certain Colonel Montague, who is now at Oakwood Hall, and search the place for arms and papers, and so forth.'

'But His Highness informs me that you have some information of a private character to impart to me which he holds it not prudent to set forth in writing.'

'Even so,' said he, and glanced quickly round and lowered his voice. 'It relates to Jacob Watkins, a serving-man at the Hall, who will supply you with full particulars as to the sayings and doings of Montague and the rest.'

'In plain words, the fellow is a spy,' said I, with a gesture of disgust, for I could never reconcile myself to the employment of such creatures. I speak not of the soldier who, with his life in his hand, enters the camp of an enemy, but of the base wretches who, for a few pieces of gold, betray those whose roof they share and whose bread they eat.

'Doubtless he is a spy,' said the corporal dryly; but it is expedient that none should know him to be so. His Highness therefore desires you to hold no conference with him except in private, and to treat him harshly in the presence of others.'

Never was there a man who could speak more bluntly to his enemies or strike at them more boldly and openly than Oliver Cromwell; but when aught was to be gained by cunning, few could match him. His spies were everywhere, and again and again the most ingenious conspirators were caught like flies in a spider's web. They would be taken and clapped in prison at the very moment when they had no longer any doubt that their plots would succeed, and that a bullet or dagger would put an end to him and place Charles Stuart upon the throne. Well, I think he had no choice but to fight them with their own weapons, to circumvent them

by craft and cunning, and by employing those to spy upon them who were as subtle and treacherous as themselves. Still, I could not endure the idea of this Watkins playing the spy at the Hall, and it was with difficulty that I checked the angry and imprudent words that rose to my lips.

'Come,' said I curtly, 'my horse is at the door, and we must be jogging. I will decide upon our plan of action as we ride forward.'

A few minutes later we joined the troopers standing silent and motionless on the highway, and bidding them ride as quietly as possible, I led the way to the Hall. Little as I liked the business—and, indeed, it became more distasteful to me at every step we took—I was determined to go through with it and do my duty, come of it what might. Many a time I had faced death on the battlefield. Now I was called upon to face the pain of wounding my once dear friends, and truly I would rather have charged Prince Rupert's fiery horse or stormed again the breaches of Tredah or Wexford. Still, the thing had to be done, and I set my face as a flint and resolved to do it.

Oakwood Hall was some four or five miles distant, the lodge gates opening on to the highway along which we were trotting. Now, I had no doubt that the gates would be closed, and that Montague would be warned and have time to make his escape before we could force our way through them; but I knew of a gap in the wall a mile or so nearer, and through this I decided to take my men, and follow a cart-road through the wood that would bring us within fifty yards of the Hall. By proceeding in this way it would be easy to surround the place without fear of an alarm being given.

We reached the gap without meeting any one by the way, and, passing cautiously through it, rode silently into the dark wood beyond. The stars were shining bravely above us, and the sky in the south-east beginning to brighten with the coming of the moon; but we rode in the black shadow of the tall trees that grew on either hand, and at times it seemed as though we could scarce see a yard before us. To me that ride through the gloomy wood hath ever appeared like an evil dream, so heavy of heart was I, and so little did I relish the task which had been thrust upon me. Yet I scarce knew why I so shrank from it. Sir John had treated me with haughty insolence, Frank had forced a quarrel upon me, and his sister had uttered words that still made my cheeks flame to think of. Moreover, the loss of other friends, brought about by the war, had disturbed me but little in comparison. Why, then, I asked myself, should the widening of the breach between myself and Sir John and his family occasion me such misery? I could find no answer to the question.

There was but one thing in the whole business which brought me any comfort, and that was that I should presently put a stop to the crafty schemes of the man Montague. I had heard rumours with regard to his character which made

my blood boil when I thought of him as the companion of those I loved and esteemed. Yet it was said that he had acquired very great influence over Sir John, and even rumoured—though it seemed well-nigh incredible—that there was some prospect of a marriage between him and Mistress Dorothy. Well, it comforted me to think that, whatever enmity I might gain by it, I should put an end to any such project, for I doubted not that Master Montague, once in custody, would take a voyage to the Barbadoes or have his career cut short by a rope or bullet.

At length we halted at the edge of the wood, and saw the Hall, still screened from the moon by the thick trees, rising darkly before us. Not a creature was visible, not even a dog barked, and there were few lights to be seen in the windows. I felt sure that no warning of our approach had been given.

I gave my orders in a whisper, and slowly and noiselessly—the horses' hoofs almost inaudible on the soft turf—we encircled the Hall, still keeping in the shadow of the trees. Then we began to advance stealthily towards it, listening intently for any suspicious sight or sound. As I rode forward, pistol in hand, I more than half expected to see the door thrown open and Montague rush forth to break through the ring of steel that was gradually closing round him. But the door remained shut, and no sound but the low murmur of hoofs and the faint jingling of spurs and scabbards broke the profound stillness.

When I dismounted within a few paces of the doorway I found Corporal Flint beside me.

'I think we have him safe,' I whispered.

'Ay,' said he grimly, and I heard his sword grating in its sheath, and saw the naked blade glimmer in the starlight.

Stepping quickly forward, I knocked at the door, and for a few moments we stood in breathless silence, waiting, sword in hand, for what might follow. Presently we heard the sound of approaching footsteps and the clash of a bolt, and the door was slowly and cautiously opened. Instantly I thrust forward my foot, and, forcing my way inside, presented a pistol at the head of the serving-man who had answered my summons.

'If you move a step or cry out,' said I, 'you will get a bullet through your head. Answer my questions, and no harm shall come to you. Is Colonel Montague within?'

'Nay, your honour,' he stammered, shrinking backwards.

I put the cold barrel of the pistol against his forehead.

'Is this the truth?' I asked. 'If you lie to me, as God lives, I will'——

I stopped suddenly, for the lamplight fell full on the fellow's face—a thin, crafty, fox-like face—and I guessed at once with whom I had to do.

'What is your name?' I asked.

'Jacob Watkins,' he answered in a low voice, and with a hurried glance behind. I caught a glimpse of the pale countenances of the other servants in the background, and once more raised the pistol, giving him a meaning look as I did so.

'If you attempt to deceive me,' said I, 'you will do so at your peril. If Montague be not within the house, where is he? Come, out with it!'

'I know not. Indeed, I know not, sir,' he replied, affecting to be overcome with terror; 'but he said he would return before ten of the clock, and it wants but a few minutes of the hour.'

This was a situation I had not foreseen, having been confident that we should find Montague in the house, and for a moment I hesitated, scarce knowing what to do.

'Bid them close the door,' whispered Jacob. 'If he sees it standing open he will take the alarm and ride off.'

'You speak truly,' I muttered, and hastily beckoned the corporal and the troopers, who were lingering in the doorway, to enter.

'And now,' I continued in a louder voice, 'are Master Frank Woodville and Mistress Dorothy within?'

'Master Woodville is from home; but Mistress Dorothy is in her chamber, your honour,' he replied.

Whereupon I ordered him roughly to stand aside, and bade the rest of the servants retire, which they very gladly did. When they were beyond earshot I turned again to Jacob.

'Listen,' said I, 'and take heed that you do as I bid you. You will remain here and open the door for Colonel Montague without informing him of our presence, and close it instantly behind him. It will be understood that you act thus in fear of your life, and none will suspect you.'

'Yes, yes, sir, I will do this, or anything you desire,' he said eagerly.

I then instructed the corporal to bring in the rest of the men, leaving three or four to watch that none escaped from the house, and to guard the horses, which were to be kept carefully out of sight. Our preparations were quickly made, and presently we were lurking in the rooms and passages about the hall, ready to spring upon Montague the instant he was admitted. But minute after minute dragged slowly by, and he did not come. So intense was the silence that we could hear the ticking of the clock in the hall and the faint chirping of a cricket in the servants' quarters. It comforted me to think that Mistress Dorothy was asleep in her chamber, and would know nothing of the business until we had Montague safe in our clutches; but as the time went by and still he came not I grew restless and uneasy.

'Sure he cannot have been warned of our coming?' I whispered to Corporal Flint.

'Nay, I know not,' he muttered, and in the dim light I could see his eyes fixed gloomily on the motionless figure of Jacob, who was seated in the hall. 'I would never trust the word of a spy. Such vermin are ever ready to betray those who employ them if it be made worth their while.' 'Hush!' said I, clutching his arm. 'What is that?'

'I hear nothing,' he replied.

'Twas but the wind perhaps. Nay, there it is again. As I live, 'tis the trampling of hoofs.'

Far away in the distance, but rapidly approaching, I could hear beyond doubt the murmur of a horse's hoofs.

'He is coming,' said I. 'Be ready, men, to leap

out on him the moment the door closes; but remember that, if possible, he must be taken alive.'

There was a low shuffling of feet and a faint tinkling of steel as the men drew their swords and prepared for action, and then silence reigned again. Even the cricket had ceased chirping, and we could hear nothing but the ticking of the clock and the hammering of the hoofs coming up the avenue.

(To be continued.)

THE ETHICS OF SCHOOL ATHLETICS.

By W. BEACH THOMAS.



ORTY years ago men at the universities were unacquainted with football and knew little of athletic sports; and it was not until 1863 that there was first a talk of an inter-university meeting. Consider-

ing that running races is one of the first forms of competition among children, it is astonishing that athletic sports came so late, and, having come, developed so little. Much of this is due to the fact that even to-day athletic sports are not regarded in our schools as they should be-that is to say, as a game. The majority of boys think of such sports only in relation to a one or two days meeting at the end of the Easter Term; but there is no reason at all why athletics should not be played as a game, like football, day after day. Here and there, indeed, it is so. At Rugby, for instance, there are few more popular forms of amusement than a form of cross-country running, in which those who take part have to cross and recross two streams that wind in the valley. Now and again a headmaster has either prohibited this sport, or else has sanctioned it only on condition that the boys do not get wet feet; but, despite edicts, it has flourished for generations, and there is one particularly muddy jump which local tramps are said to fish regularly, and not unprofitably, in search of cast-off shoes.

There is no better form of amusement of its kind, though singularly neglected, than a sort of 'follow my leader' expedition with jumping-poles. Half a century ago boys of all sorts used to practise this excellent exercise in the neighbourhood of the towns of South Wales; but for some reason it has fallen into disuse. Rugby ought really to set the example of restoring the pole-jump to favour. The school runs at Rugby were primarily looked upon as training for the school steeplechase, the prettiest race perhaps of its kind, if not also the most difficult, unless perhaps it is excelled by that at Shrewsbury, with its element of stiff hedges. water-jump is so easy as to be hardly worth training for. Hence the preparation used to consist in great measure of what were not too euphoniously known as 'belly-hedging' trials, in which mixed parties of seniors and juniors went forth protected by thick hedging-gloves, and the junior candidates were instructed by their elders in the gentle art of jumping on the top of a stiff hedge and swinging over by a peculiar hitch of the legs. Shrewsbury—thanks perhaps to the encouragement of its two steeple-chases—has a unique system of cross-country runs, which are of weekly occurrence through one term, and organised on the principle of a hunt. Thus there are the gentlemen, the whips, the pack, and the huntsman. Runners of promise are duly promoted from 'hounds' to 'gentlemen,' an advancement associated with certain valuable privileges; while the post of huntsman, which is associated with the privilege of managing the school sports, is perhaps the most autocratic position in the school.

From time to time, though not often, runs on the Rugby model are tried at Bradfield, where the water-meadows are very favourable to the game, though the introduction of the jumping-pole would have popularised it much more. Its finish is usually through a pool of the Pang, best of Berkshire trout-streams, up the sluice, and so to the winning-posts on the football-field. Old Bradfield boys remember long after they have gone to other scenes of activity the original grammar of the notice-board, which informs the outside public that 'the start of the steeplechase will be on the Reading road, and will finish on the football-field'!

It is commonly assumed that Americans have done much to improve athletics in England; but those who examine the facts will find, instead, that they have destroyed them-as a game at any rate. In the States there is no such game as cross-country running, though races as short as sixty yards are common. They get to have a most exaggerated respect for times and records, and, in consequence, they train so strictly that the line of demarcation between amateur and professional becomes blurred. Their university athletics are never without their professional overseer, who talks of the university team as his own. When the teams went across the Atlantic from our universities they were assailed by hordes of newspaper reporters, and all manner of ludicrous tales were related of them. One very young and nice-looking runner was amazed to learn from the local paper that it was his practice to play every evening on his banjo the sad refrain of 'The

Girl I left Behind Me,' with the tears coursing down his smooth cheeks. Another was described as 'running as if he carried a fairy princess on his back.' As long as the Americans look on athletics as a business, our teams are likely to be beaten by them; but they have not yet won the long races, and it is not likely at present that they will. If they have taught us anything, it is that we should view athletics like other games. They are the best polejumpers and the best throwers of the weight and hammer in the world. We do not sufficiently practise these sports in this country. Not many years ago there was a huge athlete in the university sports so thoroughly at the mercy of the hammer, which with practice he should have managed with ease, that it finally slipped from his hands and nearly felled an umpire, who, poor man, amused the crowd by cowering behind his umbrella! A sixteenpound hammer would be too much for most schoolboys; but there seems no legitimate reason why smaller weights and hammers should not be as much a part and parcel of the ordinary school equipment as bats and wickets.

If boys and their elders could only be got to believe it, no game is much better fun than athletics if properly played. Curiously enough, the big London schools have done more for athletics than those in the country, and form-sports are a recognised amusement at two of them. The London Athletic Club always has a race or two for schoolboys; but there are obvious reasons for their not being very widely patronised. Yet it is difficult to understand why our public schools should not play each other at athletics as they do at cricket or football. It is possible that the increasing number of inter-university challenges noticeable during the last few years may before long find an echo among the schools; but the improvement seems long in coming.

One of the beauties of school-sports is that they are run on grass, which is almost as fast as a cindertrack, and infinitely more pleasant. Charterhouse used to run a school mile on the road, the gradient of which was found so favourable to times that one boy was famed for doing the distance in four minutes twenty-seven seconds! He afterwards, by the way, made a famous runner; but he never repeated that school-time at Oxford. The writer also knew (and beat!) a Haileybury boy who was said to have run his one hundred vards at school in nine and three-quarter seconds! Has not, when one comes to think of it, a school long-jumper cleared his twenty-three feet? School time-keepers are, indeed, a class by themselves. A famous master at a northern school once possessed a stop-watch as old and as cantankerous as himself. It always needed a shake to start it. When each race was over, this gentleman would slowly calculate the time, reckoning so many minutes, so many seconds, so many fifths, and so many shakes; but he never could be made to determine accurately how many shakes went to a second. Still, the times do not matter much, and not even winning is everything —that is to say, with those who look upon athletics in their right light, as a game.

One advantage of athletics, viewed in this way, is that they afford a deal of exercise in a reasonable time. 'Remember,' said the wise Oxford tutor to an athletic pupil, 'that he who runs may read;' and it is common knowledge that those who excel at the universities in the gymnastics of the body more often than not excel in those of the mind.

As a proof, moreover, that athletics can be learnt like other games—a fact which is often questioned -it is only necessary to watch the steadily increasing records. Once it was regarded as impossible to jump twenty-two feet; but now twenty-four feet have been cleared. It may not, perhaps, be generally known that W. G. Grace taught himself in early days to be a good hurdler. Among other heroes, he raced Mr C. N. Jackson, so long treasurer of the Oxford University Athletic Club, the last time the latter ran. Mr Jackson writes of this occasion: 'I brought to an untimely end a promising career by spiking a hidden oyster-shell when going "full bat" in a hurdle handicap after the seven-leagued legs of W. G. Grace. From that day forth I have never run again, never tasted an oyster, never spoken to W. G. the Great!'

It is interesting to remember that on Marston Moor, where Mr Jackson learned his athletics, Lord Jersey also began his; and it is one of the anecdotes of this historic ground that he was on one occasion called upon to dig out an Oxford long-jumper, who had pitched into a clay-pit and there lay embedded and helpless.

It is the prize system that kills athletics. It is less atrocious at schools than at Oxford, where the winners go to a specified shop, and, like any professionals, order prizes up to a certain value; but it is bad enough. This business of winning prizes has gradually induced in the athlete a conviction that running, jumping, or throwing can only be practised effectually under the stimulus of a bribe. The exact value of the first and second prizes is usually printed boldly on the programme-cards at local meetings: surely a most humiliating practice. Every one having the control of school-sports should make the list of events as wide as possible. Even an obstacle-race is a good test of endurance. Polejumping and throwing the cricket-ball should find a place.

People are apt to laugh nowadays when they are told how, when Lord Alverstone was running, in his young days, the hurdles were roughly trimmed with a bill-hook to the requisite height. But is it certain that we could not, even to-day, get a good deal more genuine fun out of the 'game' of athletics if the arrangements were a little less precise, less Americanised? In America you can knock down the hurdles with a touch; in fact, they are swung, not fixed in the ground. How ludicrous this is when we remember that they are primarily supposed to be obstacles!

If athletics are to make any headway in our

public schools, let them be approached in the spirit of a game and not with any view to prizes. The hope to win is harmless, though we have known at least one veteran athlete who entered in the long-

distance races out of sheer enjoyment of the exercise. He invariably came in last, but always with a smile and a vow that he could have beaten all the rest if they had gone on long enough.

BARBE OF GRAND BAYOU.

CHAPTER XXVI.-THE GOLDEN WAY.



OU may find twenty men this day in Plenevec who saw Pierre Carcassone fall and die, and they tell of it yet with bated breath. For, you understand, one does not see the good God stretch out His hand like that every

day in the week-happily for some folk!

The court adjourned while the doctors gathered over Pierre's body like birds of prey, and debated as to the actual cause of his death. But if all the doctors in Christendom had proclaimed it anything whatsoever other than that which it so manifestly was—the direct reply to Pierre's blasphemous challenge—no single man in Plouarnec or Plenevec would have listened to them. Doctors are but men, and this was the finger of God. It was like ants arguing about a thunderbolt, as Noel Bernardin tersely put it when he got over the first shock.

Barbe had sat through it all, growing colder and colder, till her very heart was chilled with fear, and her face was like the face of a Madonna carved in white marble. She did not believe a word of what Pierre said; but she saw how terribly it must tell against Alain if the jury believed it. And she sat with her dark eyes fixed on them, and learned every line of their faces, and saw them in her dreams for many years after. Bernardin's voice rang in her ears. His fiery words stirred her heart and chilled it, for every word brought the end nearer. She heard the crash of Pierre's fall. They told her he was dead, and her heart cried 'Thank God!' and the colour came slowly back into her face.

Alain had stood watching her until Pierre's lying evidence forced his attention. Then he watched Pierre, and his eyes blazed as he saw the net the unhappy man was trying to weave round him. He was watching him intently to the moment when he fell. And when they told him he was dead his heart too cried 'Thank God!' for it seemed to him that God had indeed spoken for him.

All the time the doctors were discussing Carcassone, Noel Bernardin sat with his arms folded, staring before him with gloomy eyes which saw not. It was his attack that had provoked the man to his death; but it was not of Pierre Carcassone he was thinking. He did not give one thought to him.

When the court met again, an hour later, the president intimated that the prosecution would call no more witnesses.

'I call Sergeant Gaudriol,' said Bernardin quietly.
'My client is innocent, and I will prove his inno-

cence beyond all questioning. He was very pale, and spoke very gravely, and was evidently labouring under strong emotion.

The old Sergeant stepped up.

'You searched the cave under the stone on Cap Réhel. What did you find there?'

'These,' said Gaudriol, and produced from a cardboard box three cigarette-ends, a ring of wax on a flat stone, and Alain's stocking-cap.

'Tell the jury, if you please, what these things tell you.'

'The cigarettes are the same as George Cadoual smoked, and no one else in Plenevec could afford them.'

Ordinarily the president would have said, 'Yes, the prisoner took them from Cadoual's pocket and smoked them after felling him.' Gaudriol was prepared for that, and waited for it.

'Continue,' said the president.

'M. Cadoual always smoked with a holder,' said Gaudriol. 'His humour was such that he could not smoke as others do. If he tried he bit the cigarette to pieces. If you wish, M. le President, you can have twenty confirmations of both these facts.'

The president only bowed and murmured, 'Continue.' He had had enough of the business, and desired only to see the end of it.

'If M. le President will have the goodness to examine those cigarette-ends, he will see that they have been smoked with a holder.

The fag-ends were handed up to the president, who glanced at them and passed them to the jury.

'I say, therefore,' said Gaudriol, 'that it was George Cadoual who was in the habit of using that cave—not Alain Carbonec. Next I produce a ring of wax, the remains of a candle—that is it, M. le President. I found that also in the cave. The wax is similar to the candles used in the Cadoual household. It is of a quality used nowhere else in Plenevec. M. Cadoual, therefore, had light in his cave.'

M. le President might have had something to say on that head also; but he only bowed wearily and said again, 'Continue.'

'This,' said Gaudriol, handing up the bloodstained cap, 'is Alain Carbonec's cap. The dark stain is the blood from the wound on his head. He was struck from behind, probably by a stone, dragged into the cave, and flung through the opening in the long passage into the lower cave. Why and how Cadoual came to follow him God only knows.' No word from the president, and Sergeant Gaudriol's evidence stood unopposed.

The prosecution declined to address the jury, and Bernardin took the same course. Without leaving the box the jury pronounced Alain Carbonec 'Not Guilty,' and the two gendarmes fell back and left him a free man.

A buzz of satisfaction ran round the court; but the sense of what had just happened was upon them all, and it scarcely rose above a murmur.

Alain strode across to Barbe, and taking her white face between his hands, looked into her eyes and kissed her on both cheeks. He thought the strained whiteness of her face, on which her eyes looked like two great black stains, arose from the shock of her father's sudden death.

There was only one man in the room who knew what it meant, and what anguish of heart lay behind it; and he rose, his face almost as pale as hers, and he spoke through his clenched teeth. He came quickly to them, took Barbe's cold little hand in his, and felt the agonised throb beat through the coldness of it as she lifted her heavy eyes to his and waited his pleasure.

'She is yours, Carbonec,' he said, and the sharp ring of his voice was gone, and it came huskily through his teeth. 'God has spoken it. Take her, and be very good to her,' and he placed Barbe's hand in Alain's and turned and went. And Alain never knew why Barbe reeled and almost fell. He had turned to load Bernardin with his thanks for all he had done for him, when the twitch of Barbe's hand drew him to her. Before he looked up again Bernardin was gone.

Morally, Bernardin had been guilty of an atrocious wrong, but it was never accomplished. At the very moment when the prize for which he had been willing to sell his soul was in his hand, God spoke and turned him from his purpose. I like to think that, even without that, he might, when it came to the point, have refused the sacrifice to which Barbe had pledged herself; and I like, too, to think that perhaps his training at Merchiston and the Scottish strain in his blood might have helped towards that end. Of the depth and strength of his feeling for Barbe there could be no doubt. Years afterwards, when he had attained to a high position in the land, and was happily married, and had his children growing up about him, I have seen him fall suddenly silent at a casual mention of Barbe Carcassone's name; but I had seen Barbe myself, and I was not surprised. One did not soon forget her.

The Plenevec men gathered round Alain and Barbe, and gave them hearty congratulation, and Barbe's face was no longer white, for all the warmth of the new-given life beat in it and shone through her eyes.

'And who tends the light to-night?' asked Sergeant Gaudriol, returning from an ineffectual chase after Bernardin.

- 'Ma foi! I forgot the light,' said Alain.
- 'I will tend it,' said Barbe valiantly.

- 'I go with you,' said Alain.
- 'But no,' she said, with a charming timidity, 'that could not be, Alain.'

'Allons, donc, you two,' cried the jovial Gaudriol, beaming on them like a ferocious tiger who sees his meal approaching. 'Come straight away to the Maire, and we will have you married at once, or something else will be coming between you. The good God intended you for one another from the very first, and we're bound to help Him if we can.'

The neighbours in their enthusiasm clapped the official uniform on the back, a thing no man had ever dreamt of doing in his life before, and Gaudriol did not resent it.

Alain looked at Barbe with a great eagerness in his eyes; and Barbe looked up into them, and putting her hand trustfully into his, said, 'I am ready;' and the neighbours shouted aloud and streamed out in a vociferous throng to the Maire's office. And, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, M. le Maire consented to marry them on the spot, and did so, and thereby saved himself from possible indignity and the smashing of his windows.

The sun seemed hesitating for his evening plunge when the crowd which escorted them came crunching down the shingly beach at Plenevec. Perhaps, after all, he was only waiting to see these two, who had suffered so much, and were at last united, and desired to add his mite to the proceedings. He did his best, and it was up a shimmering pathway of gold that Alain Carbonec rowed his bride home, while all the people stood on the beach and watched them go.

Barbe waved her hand to them and then turned her face to the Light and to her husband, and Alain saw nothing of the black throng behind, but only the face of his girl-wife; and her face shone in the glory of the setting sun, as it had shone that other morning in the glory of the rising sun. But, then and always, there was in it for Alain a glory and a brightness that no suns could put there, and which shone for him in foul weather as in fair, and shone for him alone.

Barbe sat quite still, with her hands in her lap, till they had passed out of the bay and were approaching the Plenevec side of the Pot. Then she kicked off her unaccustomed shoes and drew off the suffocating stockings, and the little round toes worked comfortably; and Alain, with a joyful laugh, drew in his oars, and stepping cautiously to her, knelt before her, and kissed first her feet, and took advantage of her jump of alarm to fold his arms about her and draw her down to him in the bottom of the boat. And he kissed her—hair, and eyes, and ears, and mouth, and shielding hands and arms, everywhere where a kiss could be planted.

'Little sister! Little sister!' he cried. 'You are mine, mine—the gift of the good God'——

'The good God has been very good to us, Alain,' she said, all rosy red with joy at his vehemence.

'We will never forget it,' said her husband.

THE END.

THE ROMANCE OF THUGGEE.



MONGST the mass of reports in which Indian officialdom has always delighted, there is one of absorbing interest: the report of Major Sleeman on the Thugs (1840). Compared with the atrocities revealed in this report,

the barbarous deeds of Italian brigands, West Indian pirates, or Greek bandits sink into insignificance. Apart from the fascination of its horrors, the report is interesting, because it shows the quaint differences which exist between Eastern and Western methods of thought.

Thuggee had, it is believed, been practised in India since the thirteenth century, and was therefore an organisation of great antiquity. The first allusion to the Thugs by a European author occurs in Thevenot's Travels, published in 1687. The worthy Doctor thus quaintly speaks of a noted Indian highway: 'Though the road from Delhi to Agra be tolerable, yet it hath many inconveniences. One may meet with tygers, panthers, and lions. The cunningest robbers in the world be also in that country. They use a certain rope with a running noose, which they can cast with so much sleight about a man's neck when they are within reach of him that they never fail to strangle him in a trice.'

From the days of Thevenot we find no mention of the Thugs by European authors till British rule became established in India. At the beginning of the last century, however, it was found that a large number of sepoys, when given leave of absence, failed to return to the army. Careful inquiries were made about these supposed deserters, and after a time it was discovered that a vast system of organised murder existed in India.

The Thugs were the most curious of all India's curious sects. They professed to worship the goddess Kálí, the wife of Siva; yet quite half of them were Mohammedans. From their ancestors they had inherited the profession of murderers, yet in private life they were the most estimable of men. They never had the smallest scruple in taking life and property when on their murderous expeditions, and they would never take property unless they had first murdered its owner. They were of different races, but were firmly united in a blood-brotherhood; they had a mystic freemasonry by which they could recognise each other, and a secret language in which Thugs of different races could converse. The semimasonic signs and the secret language enabled the Thugs to recognise each other at once, although strangers, and thus prevented what they regarded with particular horror-the accidental murder of a Thug by a gang of Thugs who did not know him. They carried out the rites and ceremonies of their religion with scrupulous care, and in their own quaint way were the most religious people in India. It is stranger still to the English mind to

find that these murderers had an intense horror of cruelty, and that in their own homes they were models of honest dealing. Only in India, that land of contradictions, could Thuggee have existed.

It must be remembered that Thuggee was essentially a religion; though the Thugs took propertythat was a detail—their main object was to sacrifice victims to their goddess Kálí. Perhaps the simplest mode of describing the religion of the Thugs will be to give an account of one of their expeditions. The leader of each band of Thugs always carried about his person a consecrated pickaxe; presumably this was much smaller than the English pickaxe, or it must have occasioned the chief considerable personal inconvenience. Before he called his companions together a sacrifice was offered, and the pickaxe was anointed with costly oils. This ceremony completed, the leader summoned his companions from their peaceful occupations: the linen-seller from the bazaar, the water-carrier from the river-side, the indigo-grower from his plantation. All the members of the band then purified themselves and offered sacrifices in order to be in a sufficiently holy state of mind for their truly religious work. Then, after the consecrated pickaxe was twirled in a cloth, the expedition started in the direction in which the sharp end of the pickaxe pointed.

The conduct of the Thugs whilst on an expedition was regulated by a most complete set of signs and omens. Every member had to wear a turban, and if a turban dropped to the ground the expedition was given up; if a drop of blood fell on a Thug's clothes, the expedition ceased for two days till the gang had purified themselves by sacrifice. The cry of nearly every animal or bird was significant of meaning to the superstitious gang: the howl of the jackal heard in the day-time was a sign that they must instantly leave the neighbourhood, and the squeak of the lizard promised success in their undertakings; if a wolf crossed the road from right to left, they might proceed on their murderous journey with confidence, and if it crossed the road from the left to the right side, then it was a most evil sign. The bray of an ass on their right at the outset of an expedition was a sign of great success; but the most noteworthy omen of all was the sight of a dog by moonlight, which signified death and destruction to the gang. Thunder without rain caused expeditions to be abandoned; but thunder with rain was most favourable. There were a multitude of other signs and omens, so it would seem that it was a difficult matter for the Thugs to pursue their holy vocation; as a matter of fact, it is believed that evil omens caused them to abandon quite half of their expeditions.

Let us suppose the great omen difficulty overcome, and the gang fairly on the road. There are perhaps a dozen, or a score, of unarmed, amiable

men anxious to be friendly with other travellers, and to join company with them in order to avoid the perils of the road. They overtake a gang of labourers in an indigo-plantation journeying towards their home in the hills, with the hoarded wages of the last six months. The Thugs, most courteous and friendly of men, are soon on intimate terms with the travellers, first ascertaining where they had come from and whither they are bound, as it would be impolitic to kill residents in the neighbourhood. When they get to know that the travellers are from a distance it is then necessary to ascertain what their occupations are, for a Thug is bound by strict rules not to kill certain classes of people at the start of an expedition-for example, he must never kill a deformed person or a seller of oil: and, in addition, the first victim of an expedition must not be of the female sex, a religious mendicant, potter, blacksmith, goldsmith, carpenter, elephant-driver, any person having a domestic animal with him or carrying the bones of his parents to the holy river, musician, or dancing-By another self-denying ordinance, the Thugs were ordered not to take as their first victim any person wearing gold conspicuously about his person: this was in order to avoid covetousness.

When fully informed as to the occupations of their fellow-travellers, and that they were fully qualified to be victims, the Thugs travelled with them till one of their favourite beles, or places for murder, was reached. Superstition played a great part in the selection of these spots. A Thug would rather let his victim escape than kill him at a place unsanctified by some favourable omen. On arriving at the bele, the Thugs suggest that they should camp there for the night. The poor travellers fall in with the suggestion of their amiable companions, the camp-fire is lit, and all sit around it and eat their evening meal together. All was good fellowship and friendliness. One of the Thugs usually answered to the name of Bajaid Khan, another to the name of Mohammed Khan. If the Thug who was on the watch saw that the coast was clear, he called out, 'Bajaid Khan;' if, on the other hand, he saw the likelihood of interruption, he called out, 'Mohammed Khan.' If the fatal cry 'Bajaid Khan' was heard, the Thugs nearest the victims proffered them hookahs, and in Eastern phrase asked them to drink tobacco. As the victim bent forward to take the hookah he was seized by a Thug on each side, whilst another who had crept up behind dexterously flung a fine cloth round the victim's neck, and with a quick turn of the wrist strangled him. Perhaps in all the records of crime there is nothing more horrible than the descriptions of these murders: the wearied traveller seated by the fire, the friendly meal partaken in common, the hospitable offer of the hookah, and then the devilish, cat-like spring of the murderers and the distorted faces showing ghastly by the firelight. So expert did the Thugs become in this art of strangling that when they have had an inconveniently large party

of travellers to deal with they have strangled all those on one side of the fire without the friends of the victims seated on the other side being aware that anything out of the common was happening till their turn came. Directly the murders were completed, the bodies were stripped of all valuables and carefully buried. Heavy stones were laid upon them to prevent their disinterment by wild beasts, and noxious herbs were strewn in the neighbourhood of the graves to keep the jackals from scenting the corpses. Then the Thugs, conscious of having done a good day's work, went to sleep by the graves of their victims. They could sleep with quiet consciences, for had they not offered a highly acceptable sacrifice to their divinity and made an honest profit for themselves?

Even in the midst of murder, however, the Thug could be checked by some evil omen. A graphic narrative remains to us of one Gunga Din, who was travelling alone to Benares. He fell in with four fellow-travellers, and unsuspiciously journeyed with them. It was not till they reached a lonely camping-ground that Gunga Din suspected that his fellowtravellers were Thugs. With Oriental resignation, he calmly awaited his fate. He heard the fatal cry, 'Bajaid Khan,' and then the head-Thug offered him the hookah. The men on each side had seized him, the cloth was already round his throat, when there came from a neighbouring wood the cry of a screechowl. Immediately his fellow-travellers released him, and pretended that they had only acted in jest. Another interesting item in the Indian judicial records is the full confession of a Thug. It gives an account of a fortnight's journey of one gang, which was verified by the disinterment of all the buried corpses. During that fortnight the gang of eleven men murdered fifty-three persons. One passage is of special interest to English readers. Whilst companies of a dozen natives were summarily murdered, a solitary unarmed Englishman was allowed to pass in perfect safety, secure in the terror of the English name. It is believed that the Thugs never dared to murder an Englishman.

It may be asked why this hideous state of things was allowed to continue so long in India? It must be remembered that Eastern ideas of the value of life differ strangely from those current in European countries. The ordinary Hindu cares as little for the murder of an unknown stranger passing through his district as he does for the death of a dog. The Thugs took great care only to murder travellers from a distance, and were excellent neighbours. No men cultivated with more care the esteem of their neighbours or courted with more assiduity the goodwill of all local authorities. To men who did not know them, the Thugs appeared to be amongst the most respectable, the most amiable, and the most intelligent of the lower orders of society. The local landowners encouraged Thugs to settle on their estates; and the gang, in acknowledgment, paid a commission on their murderous gains to the landowners. It is on record that this commission was

always paid with scrupulous regularity. The Thugs always had some ostensible occupation; and many, by the careful investment of their ill-gotten gains in their business, became wealthy. However, wealth never induced them to give up their criminal expeditions. The Thugs viewed roadside travellers in exactly the same light as an English sportsman views hares and pheasants. The wealthy merchant went forth to his sport of murder exactly as his English prototype frequents the golf-links or the grouse-moor. A Thug who had killed a traveller who was not a fit subject for murder was looked on by his companions with the contempt which English sportsmen extends towards the man who has shot a fox. The love of the sport of murder grew on them, and it was a saying with them, 'Once a Thug, always a Thug.' There were even among them wealthy amateurs who only sought the excitement, and charitably divided their share of the spoil amongst the poorer members of the gang. They had quite a pride in their beles, and when two gangs of Thugs met, angry discussions often arose as to which gang possessed the best beles.

When the Indian Government began its investigation into Thuggee the extent of the evil was scarcely appreciated. The following quotation from the report of a most active and efficient magistrate will show how artfully the Thugs worked: 'When I was a civil magistrate at Nursingpore in 1822, no ordinary robbery would take place without sooner or later coming to my knowledge; and if any one had told me that a gang of assassins by profession lived within four hundred yards of my court-house, and that a hundred murdered travellers were buried by the roadside, I should have called him a fool or a madman.' Yet this was actually the case at Nursingpore. The Indian Government had to establish a special department for the suppression of Thuggee. Major Sleeman was placed at the head of it, and in a few years Thuggee was extinct

within British India. A thousand Thugs were executed, two thousand transported, and a large number placed under strict supervision. Of those who were executed it may be observed that they had committed amongst them some four thousand murders, for as many bodies were exhumed. It may be noted, however, that the English authorities only exhumed a sufficient number of bodies in each locality to prove that the prisoners' confessions were founded on fact. Thus if the Thugs said a hundred bodies were buried at a certain bele, the magistrate merely exhumed ten or twenty bodies to convince him that the confession was correct. It was calculated that the convicted Thugs had murdered some twenty thousand people altogether; and as this system of murder had been in operation for six or seven centuries, its victims must probably be reckoned by millions. A crushing blow was given to Thuggee when the leaders of the gangs were all executed; and it is now believed to be non-existent in India, unless a few devotees practise it in the worst-governed native states.

We must not omit to mention the river Thugs who ran murder-boats on the Ganges, and ingeniously adapted their methods to suit a nautical career. Perhaps if the English Government had not dealt Thuggee such a crushing blow we should now have had an admirably organised society of railway Thugs.

We cannot quit the subject without alluding to the loyal conduct of the supervised Thugs during the great Mutiny. They remained loyal, because—surely a very quaint reason—they had a horror of bloodshed! It may also be stated, as a curious exemplification of the striking differences between Eastern and Western ideas of humour, that wealthy Thugs often left legacies to pay for the digging of wells for the benefit of thirsty travellers.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

RADIUM.



HE rare element radium shares with a few other substances the curious property of being radio-active—that is to say, it continually emits radiations which act upon photographic plates, and have penetrative properties like

the X-rays. More than this, the radiations are accompanied by a sensible amount of heat, and scientific men are now endeavouring to solve the problem of the source of this heat. One well-known physicist suggests that radium itself is not hot, but that it emits particles which are arrested by the surrounding air, and thus a rise in temperature occurs, just as in the case of those larger particles, the meteorites, which are heated by

friction with the earth's atmosphere. nately radium is so rare that at present it costs £250,000 per pound. Pure radium, as a metal, does not exist, only its salts being known; and it is said that an impure specimen of one of these, weighing about half a gramme, can be purchased from a manufacturing chemist in Paris for the trifling sum of one thousand pounds sterling. The only specimen of radium which is chemically pure is owned by Professor Curie; it is the size of a buck-shot, and of very great value. Radium is found in pitch-blende, and many tons of that material contributed to the tiny specimen owned by Professor Curie. He is the discoverer of radium, and from his researches into its physiological action, he has been led to express the opinion that he would not venture into a room containing one kilogramme

of the material, as it would probably destroy his sight, shrivel up his skin, and even kill him.

WIRELESS MESSAGES.

Doubts having arisen as to the feasibility of sending messages by wireless telegraphy across the Atlantic without paralysing the action of the Marconi apparatus which is now installed on so many ships, it was recently determined to settle this important point by experiment, and Professor J. A. Fleming has lately published the results recorded. The power-station at Poldhu, Cornwall, for transatlantic communication is six miles from the Lizard, where there is a Marconi mast for intercourse with ships, and one hundred yards from the big installation at Poldhu is another mast which is used for experiments. Professor Fleming prepared sixteen messages, half of them being of the kind which would be used for intercourse between ships, and the other half (some of which were in cipher) of the kind that business men would despatch across the ocean. These messages were enclosed in sealed envelopes and entrusted to a reliable man at Poldhu, who undertook to see that they were sent off simultaneously from the two stations there, Professor Fleming waiting at the Lizard to receive them. Arrangements were also made to receive the long-distance messages at Poole, two hundred miles away. The Lizard mast was furnished with two receiving apparatus, each specially tuned to the two transmitters at Poldhu, one of which represented about twenty-five horse-power, and the other only one-tenth of a horse-power. The messages were received at the Lizard without mistakes, and the one apparatus did not interfere in the least with the other. The receiver at Poole intercepted three of the long-distance messages, and repeated them to the Lizard by ordinary wire.

HONITON LACE.

East Devon became famous for its beautiful lace nearly three centuries ago, and it received fresh impetus from the arrival in this country of a number of Flemish workers; but the next century saw a decline in the industry. Gradually the caprices of fashion brought about a deterioration in the artistic qualities of the product, and finally the machine-made article all but extinguished it. The Devon County Council has recently drawn up a report with reference to the present condition of the lace-making industry and the best means of reviving and encouraging it. The Education Acts of 1870 and 1876 drew the children away from the work; and, although this was regarded at the time as a misfortune, if not an injustice, the change was good for the little folk, who exchanged the close air of the cottage workshop for that of the healthy school. Queen Victoria always took much interest in Devon lace, and her own wedding-dress, as well as those of her daughters, found its chief adornment in that material. Last year the prospects of the Coronation saw the workers with more orders

than they could fulfil, so at least there seems to be a revival in the trade. About seven hundred persons are now engaged in it; and as the initial expense of embarking in the industry is very slight, and the product of much value, it has great attractions for the industrious cottager. The Council is now employing a staff-teacher to give and organise instruction in lace-making; and, with the introduction of new and approved patterns, the old industry is likely to have a fresh lease of life in spite of the rivalry of the cheaper machine-made article.

THE CENTRIFUGAL RAILWAY.

The feat of 'looping the loop,' as it is now called, is not quite such a new thing as many persons suppose, and the centrifugal railway at the Crystal Palace, in which visitors have the opportunity of rapid transit on a car which at one stage of its course is literally upside down is by no means the first of its kind. La Nature, the French scientific journal, reproduces a woodcut which appeared in the year 1846, showing how the idea was carried out at that time in the Jardins de Frascati at Havre, and it differs very little from the modern appliance. The car starts from a high tower down an inclined plane, where it gains sufficient impetus to carry it round a loop, after which it runs up another incline to a similar tower, where the passengers disembark. To the best of our belief, a centrifugal railway on the same principle was shown at a place of entertainment in London about the same period. To our American cousins is due the idea of replacing the railway by a bicycle track, thereby adding to the excitement, but introducing an element of danger which did not exist when a car on guiderails was the moving object.

HELIGOLAND.

The island of Heligoland, which was ceded by Great Britain to Germany in 1890, has become an important base for the navy of that country, and has been fortified with guns of the most modern type; but although it does not anticipate attack from any foreign Power, the ocean is doing its best to swallow it up piecemeal. According to tradition, the island was once five times its present size. The work of destruction still goes on, and in the opinionof many no human power can stop it, for the disintegration is due to geological causes. The rock is sandstone, and the waste is most perceptible on the western side of the island. Heligoland is a favourite seaside resort, and ranks among the most fashionable watering-places in Germany. It is said that the Emperor recently appointed a committee of experts to report upon the incursion of the sea upon the coasts of the island, and that these gentlemen took a very gloomy view of the situation.

CANCER.

While that terrible scourge phthisis, or consumption, seems to be now better understood, and there is every prospect of its mortality-table being checked,

another dreaded malady, cancer, seems to be rapidly increasing the number of its victims; and the report of the commission which was appointed to deal with the subject will be anxiously awaited by many others besides the medical profession. It has been hinted that the forthcoming report will recommend the 'high frequency' electrical treatment of the disease, while others contend that the Röntgen ray treatment has achieved such good results at the Middlesex Hospital and elsewhere that it would be unwise to drop it. It cannot be said that either mode of treatment has effected a cure of malignant cancer; but the Röntgen rays have apparently cured that form of cutaneous cancer known as rodent ulcer. On the whole it would seem that the X-rays give more hope of success than the high-frequency apparatus. In both cases the treatment is absolutely painless.

PROSPECTING BY ELECTRICITY.

The divining-rod, around which so much romance has gathered, will, it seems, now be displaced by an instrument of a more scientific nature. A demonstration of a new system of ore-finding by means of apparatus invented by Mr Leo Daft and Mr Alfred Williams has been made at a mine in North Wales, where it was shown that a hidden vein of lead ore could be clearly located. This mine, the Telacre, is situated at Prestatyn, and for some little time it has ceased working for the reason that it could no longer be kept going except at a loss. The tests applied foretold the presence of ore in new places and in the deeper workings, and borings are now to be made in order to corroborate the predictions of the instrument. At another mine, at Cwmystwyth, Mr Williams had similar success, a lode of lead and blende being found in an unsuspected place. The system seems to depend upon the production of electric waves which are affected by the near presence of metallic ore in the ground, the position being judged by that wonderful detecter of delicate sounds, the telephone receiver.

COLOURED SILK.

A curious experiment in silk-culture is described in a German paper. Silk, which is a secretion of two glands situated close to the digestive canal of the silkworm, is colourless when it first issues, and hardens into a thread by exposure to the air. Sometimes, however, it is straw-yellow or greenish in tone, and this colouration has been attributed to the tint of the mulberry-leaves upon which the worms feed. This opinion would seem to be correct, for it has been found that when the leaves are saturated with a non-poisonous red or blue aniline dye the worms assume the same colour and secrete silk to match.

PNEUMATIC MESSENGERS.

Large establishments are obliged to employ methods to expedite business which would have considerably astonished our forefathers. In our drapers' shops and stores, for example, we no

longer see boys or girls running to and from salesmen and cashier. The bill and money paid are enclosed in a wooden ball which runs along a miniature railway, and presently rolls back with the receipt and change within it. In America the pneumatic tube system is the one generally adopted, the tubes being two and a quarter inches in diameter and sometimes even five hundred feet in length. The money and purchase-check are placed in a brass cylinder by the salesman, which is inserted in the tube and drawn by suction to the cashier or bookkeeper at a rate varying from one thousand to two thousand five hundred feet per minute, according to the power of the air-current available. The air is exhausted by fans, and the engine is generally of such a size as to afford a halfhorse power for each tube in use. This pneumatic system has a hygienic value in that the air of the room in which these tubes are employed is constantly being sucked away and changed. Perhaps the largest installation of this kind in the United States, says the Scientific American, is in Philadelphia, where a plant of one hundred and fifty horse-power is utilised for the service of nearly twenty miles of tubing!

FLUORINE AND HYDROGEN.

M. Moissan the eminent French chemist, who was the first to isolate the element fluorine, has recently given to the French Academy of Sciences an account of certain interesting experiments which he has made in collaboration with Professor Dewar. These experiments dealt with solid fluorine and its behaviour with liquid hydrogen at a temperature as low as two hundred and fifty-two degrees centigrade. As most of our readers are aware, hydrofluoric acid is used for embossing glass, the vapour from that liquid eating into the material where it is not protected from its action. It is now ascertained that fluorine gas when pure and free from moisture does not attack glass, so that it has become possible to seal up pure fluorine in a glass tube, and by immersing that tube in liquid hydrogen to cause the contents to solidify. It was next determined to ascertain whether, at the low temperature to which both the hydrogen and fluorine had been reduced, chemical action would be suspended, as is the case with most other bodies, and the dangerous experiment was tried of breaking the fluorine tube while immersed in liquid hydrogen. The result was a violent explosion accompanied by a sheet of flame and a shattering of the apparatus. The question was most effectively answered.

ICE-CREAM.

Fifty years ago the confection known as an 'ice' was, like champagne, a luxury only obtainable by the well-to-do; but about that time Carlo Gatti laid the foundation of a fortune by selling penny ices in London. Since that time the taste for ices has so spread that they are now commonly sold from barrows in the streets of London and elsewhere by

the hap'orth and even by the farthingworth. Some of these cheap compounds, which hitherto have mostly been made by the foreign purveyor in the retirement of his not-too-clean habitation, have been analysed, and have given results which it is best not to describe too minutely in print. The London County Council has now passed a bylaw forbidding the manufacture of ice-cream in dwelling-rooms under a penalty of forty shillings, and so the young children who are the patrons of the street barrows are protected from a very grave danger to health. Possibly the itinerant vender and small shopkeeper will now find it to their profit to cease the manufacture of ices, and to obtain supplies from a company which has recently been formed with the object of supplying an article of guaranteed purity—that is, a mixture of new milk and fresh eggs compounded as for custard, and frozen by refrigerating machinery. This establishment, the largest of its kind in the world, is capable of manufacturing six thousand quarts of ice-cream daily. That the taste for this comestible is very popular is shown by the circumstance that at one place of amusement alone a hundred and fifty pounds per week is the average amount spent upon it by pleasure-seekers.

ELEPHANT-STEALING.

At first sight an elephant would seem to be the last thing in the world to attract the attention of any of the light-fingered gentry; and yet, judging from some interesting statements made by the British Consul at Chiengmai in his annual report as to the trade of Northern Siam during 1901, there are places where, if you happen to have a few domestic pets, no matter what their size, you have to keep an eye always on the stable door. Elephant-stealing in Siam was very prevalent during 1901, and is still a source of anxiety to the foresters. Regulations were made as recently as 1897 by the British and Siamese authorities with a view to the repression of this crime. Later on these were supplemented by other regulations, laying down definite rules for the purchase and sale of elephants, and imposing penalties on all persons in possession of these animals who are not provided with sale-papers properly executed before the local authorities; yet, in spite of these precautions, somewhere about fifty elephants were stolen from British foresters during the year, representing a loss of, roughly, eight thousand three hundred pounds. The Karen tribesmen are the chief offenders; but though their somewhat inaccessible villages are well known to the nearest kwen, or district official, in no single instance has the assistance rendered by the Siamese officials led to the discovery of the elephants stolen or of the thief. In short, recovery, when effected, has been due to the activity and energy of the British foresters themselves and the search-parties sent out by the British companies who employ the foresters. It is feared that the evil practice, like dacoity, will continue until more intelligent administrative cohesion exists between the different officials forming links in the

recently introduced village system, or until the present unworkable skeleton system is filled up with a more intelligent class of officials, carefully selected for their knowledge of the country, and who take a more sympathetic interest in the commercial welfare of the districts under their charge.

THE ORIGIN OF THE PEARL

It was once a widespread belief that the beautiful pearl was formed in the oyster-shell by the solidification of a drop of dew. Pliny the naturalist fostered the idea, and many a poet has descanted upon it in flowing language. Columbus found the same notion prevalent among the semisavage tribes of the New World. But since science dealt with the question in her usual matterof-fact manner, it has been generally believed that the formation of a pearl is due to the presence in the shell of some small fragment of foreign matter, such as a grain of sand or a small particle of drift-wood. This intruder irritates the mollusc, which pours forth an extra quantity of nacre, the secretion which solidifies into mother-ofpearl, so as to cover it, by which process it gradually becomes a pearl. In other cases the valuable product may be formed in the shape of a hillock to defend the inmate of a shell from the incursion of some boring creature. Professor Herdman, who was recently requested by the Colonial Office to investigate the conditions of the pearl-fisheries of Cevlon, in a lecture before the Royal Institution differentiates between a pearl produced by the irritation of a foreign substance and what he calls a true and natural pearl, which is stated to be due to the presence of a parasitic worm. Professor Herdman illustrated his remarks by a very beautiful series of slides which demonstrated the life of the pearl-oyster from the young freely moving spat to the time when it becomes a fixture upon old shells or other convenient objects.

A NEW GRAIN-LIFTER.

There will shortly be seen in London a novel appliance for unloading grain. This is a large floating structure which carries machinery and air-pumps, by means of which grain is sucked up from the holds of vessels, and either delivered to weighing-machines or emptied into barges alongside. The grain is sucked up along with air through pipes into an air-tight chamber on board the 'unloader,' and falls into a hopper below. From this hopper the grain is taken by an automatic valve, which lets the grain out without destroying the vacuum in the chamber, and the grain is then lifted by a bucket-elevator to the upper deck, where it is delivered. As a great deal of dust comes along with the grain, this has to be separated from the air to prevent damage to the air-pumps. The grain is separated from the air in the first chamber by means of a large box of perforated material on the end of the suction-pipe, so that only air gets through.

The suction-pipe leads into a second chamber, inside which is also a partial vacuum, and which is about half-full of sea-water, kept at a constant level by means of pumps in the engineroom. The air in the suction-pipe passes through this water and so gives up the dust which it carried, goes to the air-pump, and is discharged. The apparatus, which is the invention of a Mr Heugh, and has been built at Leith, is said to be capable of lifting a hundred tons of grain per hour. The compound horizontal engine on board is capable of developing five hundred horse-power, each cylinder driving a pump tandem. The grainlifter can be taken to any part of the docks, and its use should effect a great saving in manual labour and expense. In this connection it may be mentioned that at Portland, Maine, there is a monster elevator, the largest on the Atlantic coast, three hundred feet long. It was built last year, and has a capacity of one million five hundred thousand bushels. By it grain can be run into three vessels at one time.

TWO ITALIAN INVENTIONS: A SUBMARINE SALVAGE-BOAT AND A HYDROSCOPE.

Two very ingenious inventions of Guiseppe Pino, an engineer of Milan, promise to be of great importance in the work of salvage. One of these, a boat for examining the bottom of the sea, has been tested by Signor Pino before the Italian authorities with the greatest success in the Gulf of Genoa. The engineer descended in his boat to a depth of two hundred and ninety-two feet, and ascended in ten minutes with a small barque which had been sunk there. Divers cannot work at a greater depth than thirty mètres (about a hundred feet) on account of the great pressure of the water, which at forty mètres is about one hundred and twenty-four pounds to the square inch; but the vessel of Signor Pino can withstand any pressure, and consequently can work at any depth. It is in the form of a spheroid nine feet nine inches in diameter, is constructed entirely of steel, and is in one single piece. Having two mechanical arms which can be extended, withdrawn, or doubled up, and are capable of acting like human arms, it can perform all the work of divers; while, by an ingenious contrivance, dynamite can be placed at any desired spot, and damaged ships and cables repaired. Two men are required to manœuvre the boat, and an experiment at a depth of nearly two hundred feet showed that it can be kept shut up below water for twelve The vessel will descend or consecutive hours. ascend at the rate of eleven feet six inches a minute; it can be set in motion, stopped, and kept stationary with the greatest ease; and, by means of a wheel driven by an electric screw, it can be moved on the sea-bottom. By the use of special crystal glasses the men can see where they are going, and communication with those at the surface is kept up by means of a telephone.

The other invention of Signor Pino also deserves

notice. This is a hydroscope, by which objects at a great depth can be seen from the surface of the sea. An experiment made in the Mediterranean gave very excellent results. A volume of water of over sixteen thousand square yards of a surface at the bottom of the sea, with a perimeter of over sixteen hundred square yards, was so brilliantly illuminated that everything could be distinctly seen. As the instrument used was small and inexpensive, it is evident that still more wonderful results might be achieved. Not only will botany, geology, and zoology be greatly enriched; but the mineralogy of the ocean is henceforth open to scientists. The hydroscope may render the torpedoboat useless, as should the captain of a cruiser see the projectile he could destroy it before any damage was done. In navigation the instrument should also be serviceable, as rocks and sandbanks will be clearly seen, the cause and extent of many disasters ascertained, and sunken vessels examined; while the coral, the sponge, and the pearl-oyster will be more fully available. Then, all over the world, a very large number of ships sink with their treasure every month; and the salvage of these, as well as the immense wealth lost by the wreck of vessels long ago, should prove a rich harvest for those who adopt the inventions of the Italian engineer. It is stated that the Greek Government has been in communication with Signor Pino as to the recovery of the treasures carried off by Pompey; and the remains of the great Persian fleet in the Dardanelles and part of the Spanish fleet sunk in 1702 by the British in Vigo Bay still await exploitation. In recent times the loss of the Bourgoyne alone amounted to twenty-four millions of francs (nine hundred and sixty thousand pounds).

MY HEART AND I.

O HEART of mine! The golden days are drifting Too swiftly by.

I watch the perfumed lilacs proudly lifting Their plumes on high.

O heart of mine! So full of sweet suggestion Are these spring hours; I find an answer to Love's every question In books of flowers.

O heart of mine! In Love's glad garden ever My feet would stray. 'Mid blooms that Time's destroying touch can never Blight or decay.

MARIE HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps

should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



LORD CUMBERWELL'S LESSON.

By W. E. CULE.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS .- CHAPTER I.



HE Earl of Cumberwell, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, was in a most enviable condition of mind. Even the most prudent of men may sometimes feel it safe to laugh at Fortune, and such a moment had

come for him. He toyed with the slip of paper which he had been reading, and smiled benignly through the window of his cab.

'Now,' he thought, 'everything is within my grasp. Nothing can possibly happen to mar my plans—nothing!'

He had every reason for his confidence. Our relations with two of the Powers had lately reached an extremely critical point, and he was now on his way to the third meeting of the Cabinet which had been summoned in the course of a week; but on this occasion he felt that he could meet his colleagues with a light heart, for he had just made himself master of the whole position. He had nothing but favourable intelligence to offer, and knew that the brilliant plan he intended to submit would be received with approbation. Then in the course of three days the country would ring with the story of his official success and the national triumph.

Always inclined to be sanguine and self-confident, the Minister felt now that he might safely disregard even the possibilities of circumstance. 'And nothing,' he repeated confidently, 'can happen to spoil my plans. I can laugh at Fortune!'

The cab rolled into Downing Street, and he caught a glimpse of the crowd of idlers which usually collects on such an occasion. He picked up his handkerchief, which lay upon the seat of the cab, and hurriedly restored it to its place. A moment later he alighted, his despatch-box in his hand.

Several persons saluted him as he crossed the pavement, and he responded courteously. In his present mood he was inclined to value those signs of popularity as good omens, and even as compliments fully deserved. In a few days the nation would declare him worthy of much more.

When he entered the room where the meetings were usually held, he found himself engaged for a few moments in greeting those members who had arrived before him. The entrance of another Minister presently enabled him to turn aside, and he laid his despatch-box down upon the table. When he had done this he drew a small bundle of papers from his breast-pocket.

With quick fingers he turned them over, once and again. Evidently none of them was what he required, for he made another search in his pocket. Finding it empty, he examined several other pockets without result, and even lifted his despatch-box to look beneath it. Then he paused to consider, and a sudden look of uneasiness appeared upon his face.

A moment later he was speaking to the attendant in the hall. 'My cab,' he said hurriedly; 'is my cab gone?'

The man stepped to the door. One glance was enough.

'It is gone, my lord.'

Lord Cumberwell advanced to the door himself, and glanced up and down the street. He seemed quite unconscious now of the gaze of those upon the pavement.

'You did not observe which way it went?'

'No, my lord. But perhaps some of those people noticed. Shall I inquire?'

The Minister gazed at the group of spectators. 'No,' he said; 'it does not matter. Did you see the number of the cab or the name of the owner?'

'No, my lord. I am very sorry; but I did not notice.'

'It does not matter,' repeated Lord Cumberwell; and he returned at once to the room in which his colleagues were waiting.

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The business of the meeting commenced soon afterwards, and everything went as he had anticipated. The value of his information was fully acknowledged, and the plans which he had mapped out to meet the crisis were received with cordial approval and admiration. Not a word was said, not a suggestion was made, that tended to hamper his intentions or to cast a doubt upon his triumph, and the general attitude was one of confidence and congratulation. Yet no one could help observing that even in the moment of his success Lord Cumberwell seemed strangely anxious and uneasy.

This was due to a circumstance of which his companions were totally ignorant. Just before leaving his house that afternoon he had written out, upon the back of a letter addressed to himself, an outline of the plan he intended to lay before the Ministers. He had done this in a careless way, proposing to keep the slip for reference at the meeting. During his journey he had taken it out to look it over, and had probably laid it down upon the seat beside him. In the hurry of alighting he had forgotten to pick it up.

The consequent position was intensely disquieting. That slip of paper had contained information of the utmost importance with regard to the intentions of the Government towards Austria and Spain. If this information were made public too soon the situation would be complicated beyond hope, and every hard-won advantage lost. A whisper in London would be flashed across the Channel, and the enemy would find himself in a position to deliver an effective counter-blow. The folded letter, travelling about the City on the seat of a public conveyance, might fall into the wrong hands at any moment. Perhaps it had fallen into them already!

It was not surprising, therefore, that the Foreign Minister was uneasy during the meeting. For a time, it is true, he was obliged to concentrate his attention upon the work in hand; but at every opportunity his thoughts persisted in returning to that most unfortunate accident. He saw the conclusion of the business with sincere relief.

He was not the man to take a hazard if he could possibly secure himself, and he set to work at once to retrieve the situation. Proceeding in haste to Scotland Yard, he soon found himself face to face with an attentive and capable official. To this person he made everything clear.

'I must say at once,' he explained, 'that I am not able to help you in the least. The cab was not called from a stand, but was hailed as it was passing my door. Further, I did not notice the number of the vehicle or the name of the owner.'

'Perhaps your lordship observed the driver,' suggested the official. 'Even the slightest description may prove useful.'

The Earl gave all the information he had, and the points were carefully noted. Then he described the lost document. 'It was a letter,' he said; 'a printed circular, I believe from the National Club, on small-sized note-paper. My remarks were written in ink upon the back of the fly-sheet. They were very brief; but of course their brevity would present no obstacle to an intelligent reader.'

'And there are so many intelligent readers just now,' said the official.

'Exactly: four men out of every five would grasp the situation at a glance. My own name upon the first page would make everything clear to them.'

The official made further notes. 'I think I must tell you what I fear,' proceeded the Earl, anxious to leave nothing unsaid that might strengthen his efforts. 'It is simply that the paper may fall into the hands of some one whose interest it would be to publish it. That would be fatal.'

The official saw this clearly enough. Probably both he and the Minister had in mind at that moment the name of a daily newspaper to which such a discovery would be an absolute godsend—the Hour. At the same time he suggested that there was no reason to despair. It was quite possible that the person who found the slip would be some one quite unable to see its value, some one who would throw it away and think no more about it. There was also the chance that an ignorant cabman would cast it out with the dust, or that the paper itself might slip to the floor of the cab and so escape observation.

These suggestions were only slightly comforting. A cab passing through the Westminster district was less likely to be hailed by a so-called outsider than by some indolent but intelligent clubman, some hasty journalist, or some inquiring member of the Opposition. In either case the result would be much the same.

'Very well, my lord,' said the official. 'What you say is certainly true. I need not assure you, however, that we shall do our best. Any result shall be made known to you immediately.'

'Thank you,' said Lord Cumberwell, rising. 'I shall be at the Foreign Office for the next two hours. After that I shall be at my own house, 41 Baynton Square.'

'Very good, my lord.'

The interview over, the Earl drove to the Foreign Office, where he set in operation the plan which had been approved by his colleagues. He did this with the painful knowledge that before many hours had passed the whole design might be thrown into utter and shameful confusion. For the present, however, there was nothing to do but to go straight on and await events.

He then reached his house in time for dinner, a quiet and informal repast at which his private secretary was his only companion. Indeed, everything connected with the Baynton Square establishment might be described as quiet and informal, for the Earl had no family, and had chosen his residence and arranged his household with a simple regard

for convenience, comfort, and proximity to the Government offices and the Houses of Parliament. His home and his heart alike were in a northern county, and he only came to town when his presence was absolutely necessary. In every sense, therefore, his sojourn in the Square was purely a convenience, and there was no sign of state in connection with it.

He did not disclose his difficulty to his companion. He was naturally reserved, and the Honourable Philip Lombard was quite a new acquisition as a private secretary. Further, he felt painfully conscious that his action had been foolishly, criminally careless, so that it was no pleasant subject to discuss. For these reasons he kept silence, dreading the worst but hoping for the best.

After dinner an adjournment was made to the study. There a sheaf of correspondence was dealt with, and after a while the secretary retired with his papers. When he had gone, the Earl turned to an uninterrupted survey of the position.

As was his custom when alone with his books, he had divested himself of his somewhat imposing evening attire, and had slipped on an old and comfortable garment which his valet was accustomed to describe contemptuously as his 'study-coat.' He had been quite unable, however, to throw off the doubts and fears which had haunted him since that unfortunate incident occurred. Unable to sit still, he paced the room restlessly, working himself rapidly into a fever of apprehension and selfreproach.

Again and again he counted the probable cost: the public outcry, the Opposition laughter, the general excitement. He thought of the leader which would appear in the Hour-a leader which the editor, possibly, was at that moment engaged in writing, with that priceless slip on the desk before him. He found himself picturing the startling placard which would face the public in the morning, the sensational headlines on the fifth page. He tried to picture the faces of his colleagues when they should discover that the finest diplomatic triumph of the decade had been ruined by an inexcusable blunder. The thing was awful!

In his growing nervousness he strained his ears to catch sounds from without—the footsteps of Prettiman in the hall, the distant clang of the doorbell. He had given orders that only messengers from Scotland Yard or from the Foreign Office should be admitted; but now he almost regretted these instructions. On ordinary occasions they were necessary for his own protection; but to-night even the incursion of a troop of interviewers would be something of a relief.

At that point a brilliant idea flashed upon his mind, and brought him to a sudden pause in the middle of the room.

What if some one should bring back that paper? It might have been picked up by an altogether harmless person, one whose first idea would be to return it to its owner. As his name and address were both upon it, such a person would proceed at once to Baynton Square. And then ?-and then the placid but inflexible Prettiman, acting on his instructions, would bar the way, and turn the welcome visitor from the door. Perhaps he had done so already!

He must be told at once. Lord Cumberwell stepped in the direction of the door; but at that moment he heard once more the clang of the bell. He paused and listened.

It was an unfortunate pause. He heard Prettiman cross the hall to the door, and then he heard a murmur of voices. It lasted some moments, for the visitor was evidently importunate; but Prettiman at last prevailed, and the door was

Lord Cumberwell met the man as he came back. 'What was it?' he asked hastily. 'Who called?

Prettiman was taken by surprise. 'It was a lady, my lord,' he stammered. 'She had a letter'-

'What!' cried the Earl.

'A letter, my lord. She'-

Lord Cumberwell strode to the door, threw it open, and stood on the steps without. Bareheaded and excited, he glanced to right and left.

'Which way did she go?'

'I don't know, my lord. I did not notice.'

Lord Cumberwell blamed heavily, at that moment, the man's stupidity and his own unfortunate pause in the study. But just then he saw a woman's figure pass under the light of a lamp some little distance away; otherwise the Square seemed quite deserted. Turning into the hall, he snatched up a hat which was lying on the table, crushed it upon his head, and went out in pursuit.

Prettiman, filled with amazement, was left in the hall alone. He realised that his master had gone out in his study-coat, a thing which had never happened before during the whole period of his service.

CHAPTER II.

UCH was the way in which Lord Cumberwell went out to his humiliating lesson. If he had paused to reflect at that critical moment, he might have been

saved; he would have ordered Prettiman to recall the visitor, or he would have assured himself, at least, that there was misapprehension on his own part. But his last pause had been so ill-timed that he saw only danger in another, and he was in such a state of nervous irritation and excitement that he could not act with his usual caution. His only thought was to overtake the woman and to recover the paper at the earliest possible

By this time, however, she had gone some little

distance. He could see that she was walking rapidly, making apparently for a short street called Baynton Gardens, which led from the Square into a large and moderately busy thoroughfare. He quickened his steps, but without visible advantage. He did not care to call, and he could not forget himself so far as to run. In that point his natural dignity did not forsake him.

A minute later the woman turned the corner. There was a lamp at the corner, and the Earl caught a better glimpse of her as she passed beneath it. As far as he could see, she was a person of medium height, of somewhat slender build, and dressed in dark-coloured garments. As soon as she had turned the corner he again quickened his steps. If she passed beyond Baynton Gardens he might lose her altogether.

He had not travelled with so much haste for some time, and before he reached the corner himself he was almost breathless. Then he began to see the hopelessness of his attempt to overtake her. She was already half-way down the Gardens.

What was to be done? Beyond he heard the murmur of traffic and saw numerous lights. The woman seemed to be increasing her speed, and if he intended to stop her he must call.

He prepared to shout. The place was very quiet, and that was an advantage; but he suddenly realised that he had not shouted for a considerable time, and that the act required some courage. However, there was no time to lose, and so he made the effort.

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It was not an effective shout. It did not by any means startle the Gardens, as he had almost expected it to do. In fact, no one seemed to hear it but himself, and the woman held on her way. He tried again.

'Hi!' he cried, panting. 'Hi!'

It was useless. The noises of the thoroughfare beyond were growing louder, and his feeble shout never reached its object. Two or three moments later that object had passed out of Baynton Gardens, and it was too late to shout at all. She paused at the corner, and then vanished abruptly.

Her pause had given the Earl just a chance, and he felt sure that he would not lose her. When he reached the corner he saw that an omnibus had pulled up a few yards farther on, apparently to receive passengers. One of these was a woman of medium height, dressed in black.

Lord Cumberwell saw this figure, and did not trouble to look in any other direction. It was necessary to make another effort, and he gave a last shout. Several passers-by heard it, and stared at him; some one laughed, but some one else whistled to the omnibus conductor. Directly afterwards the Earl, breathing hard, was at the foot-board.

'Room for one inside,' said the conductor.

Lord Cumberwell had not intended it; but, as the woman had gone in, he could do nothing but follow her or give up his quest. No thought of giving it up occurred to him, so he entered the vehicle and took the only seat that was left. Yet he had a vague feeling that he was going farther in this affair than he had meant to go. Everything was moving in a hurry.

The bell rang; the omnibus started with a jerk. He thrust aside his feeling of helplessness and a dim sense of the absurdity of his position, and thought of the lost document. Before that thought all else faded into insignificance.

He glanced at his fellow-passengers, but did not examine them closely. They seemed to be a miscellaneous party, mostly of women. On the other side, and two or three places away, sat the woman he wanted, and from the moment he saw her he paid little attention to any one else.

She was still a young woman, and was quite neatly dressed. Her face was ordinary, but not at all unpleasant in expression. 'In fact,' said the Earl to himself, 'she seems a good-natured person. She is just the person to return a lost document to its owner at the first opportunity.'

The woman carried in her hand a small ornamental bag of crocodile leather, and his eyes fastened upon it eagerly. He had not the slightest doubt that it contained the paper which he would have given so much to recover. It was impossible to speak now, because he had no intention of letting half-a-dozen omnibus passengers get scent of this affair. Neither this woman nor any of the others appeared to recognise him, and he could not help feeling slightly surprised at the fact. One might have supposed that his face was familiar enough to at least one in ten of the London public.

At that point he found that the woman with the hand-bag had become aware of his scrutiny, and that she was looking at him in a questioning way. It was certainly unwise to make himself remarkable, so he transferred his attention to another passenger. This was a stout, middle-aged man in the farther corner, who was endeavouring to read a copy of the *Evening News* by the light of the lamp. The vehicle jolted so heavily that reading must have been impossible; but he continued to hold the paper before his face. The Earl regarded his efforts with natural interest until he saw that the man was only using the paper to conceal a face full of amusement.

Then he saw more. Two other people in the omnibus were smiling in the same furtive way. Two others, who were not smiling, were looking at him curiously. What did it mean?

He soon discovered its meaning. While he was wondering, he suddenly caught a glimpse of his own reflection in the glass before him, over the shoulder of one of the passengers. It must be his own reflection, because he recognised the features; but what was that curious object which surmounted his face? A hat—could it be a hat? Then, with a shock, the truth came home. In his haste to leave the house he had caught up some one else's hat.

It was, in fact, the hat of his private secretary, a soft, gray, almost shapeless affair which he had often remarked with strong disfavour.

The general amusement was natural enough. He had never dreamed that a man could look so absurd simply by a change of hats. As far as he could see in the faint reflection, his whole appearance was subtly but certainly altered, and his usually sober, grave, and statesman-like demeanour had been changed for one which was only to be described as rakish and sporting.

His first sensation was one of annoyance and discomfort. His feeling of self-respect and dignity had received a shock; but in a few moments he perceived that the matter had a brighter side. He did not wish to be recognised while on this quest, and Mr Lombard's hat made recognition less probable. His discomfort wore off by degrees, and when a diversion came he was almost himself again.

'Fares, please,' said the conductor.

Fares? The Earl started, and began to search his pockets hastily. By the most fortunate of chances, he found in one of them a stray shilling. It was while searching for it that he noticed the coat he wore, that comfortable but ancient garment which had not seen the streets for years. Well, it did not matter—he was all the less likely to be singled out as a Minister of State!

'Orl the w'y?' asked the conductor, looking steadily at the private secretary's hat.

'Ye-es,' answered Lord Cumberwell.

He received his ticket and the change. Although he had agreed to go all the way, he had not the slightest idea of what that way was. His knowledge of London outside Baynton Square was extremely vague.

They jolted on for twenty minutes, and he saw that they had left the better residential quarters well behind. Once they changed horses, and halted more than once to deposit a passenger on the pavement. Still the woman in black held fast to her corner. Apparently she, too, was going all the way.

They passed through another business thoroughfare, and turned into a series of quiet streets, consisting of what seemed to be a very modest class of villa property. He was just wondering how much longer the journey would take when some one called:

'Stop here, please.'

It was the woman in black. The conductor signalled, and the omnibus stopped. Briskly the woman descended, and as soon as she had reached the road her pursuer also prepared to alight. He was not precipitate, because he did not wish to make his object noticeable; for this reason he slightly delayed the bus and attracted the unfavourable attention of the conductor.

'Yer not goin' orl the w'y, then?' said that gentleman crisply.

The Earl did not answer, but alighted.

'Orl right,' said the conductor, with increased irony. 'We don't charge any hextra for gettin' out 'ere!' And then, with a noisy jerk, the horses moved on.

Lord Cumberwell found himself standing at a corner, beneath a lamp. The woman with the hand-bag had turned off into a rather dark street containing small villas of the kind he had already noticed. She was walking rapidly, and had now gone some distance. He hurried in pursuit.

At first he gained a little, but then she began to walk more quickly. He fancied that she had observed him, and he therefore decided that it would be better to speak out. This ridiculous business had gone far enough, and it only required a few words of explanation to end it.

'Excuse me!' he said loudly.

The woman did not turn; instead, she seemed to increase her speed.

'Excuse me,' said Lord Cumberwell again; 'just a moment'—

There was no satisfactory response. But the woman positively began to run.

Puzzled and irritated, Lord Cumberwell fell back a little, and the space between them increased. Just then they were met by a policeman, who looked curiously after the hurrying woman. She turned a corner abruptly, and he then transferred his attention to the Earl. His scrutiny was somewhat close and careful.

Lord Cumberwell reached the corner just in time to see the woman enter a house five or six doors away. His irritated feelings thrust aside the suggestion that he had better give up the quest at this awkward point, and he walked on till he reached the house. She had entered in such haste that both the gate and the door had been left wide behind her. After a moment's pause he advanced to the door.

Within he saw a narrow hallway, with the stairs facing it. A narrower passage ran beside the stairs to a coloured-glass door, which was closed. On the other side of this door was a lighted room, evidently the kitchen of the house.

'This is absurd!' thought Lord Cumberwell; 'most absurd!'

He referred chiefly to the curious action of the woman in running away when he had addressed her. There was nothing for it now but to knock at the door and interview her formally. He looked for a knocker or a bell, but found neither; consequently he was obliged to knock with his knuckles. There was no reply. His knock was drowned in a noise of voices which reached him from behind the coloured-glass door; and before he could knock again he heard a sound behind him which at that moment was most unwelcome. It was the heavy, measured tread of the policeman.

He remembered the close scrutiny which he had received just before, and guessed that the man had turned back to keep him in sight. The fright of the woman and his own excited appearance gave sufficient room for inquiry, and he saw that complications were imminent. What was to be done?

A prudent man would have awaited events, and knocked again; but he was in anything but a prudent mood. Perhaps he recollected at that instant that he was a Minister of State, and that he need not always act by ordinary commonplace rules of conduct. He stepped quietly into the house, and pushed the door after him.

PAYING GUESTS AND THEIR ENTERTAINERS.

By ARTHUR O. COOKE.



HE outsider who possesses a modicum of common-sense is chary of offering advice on professional matters to the professional; but the writer of this paper is emboldened to set forth a few suggestions by the fact that

those who offer a home, temporary or permanent, to paying guests are essentially amateurs, being a class entirely apart from keepers of lodgings or boardinghouses.

Paying guests and those who cater for their entertainment are a product of comparatively recent growth. As to the guests, the cause of their supply is easily accounted for. The number seems increasing yearly of those who, while desiring a change from home, are unwilling or unable to pay the frequently high prices of hotels and lodging-houses at popular resorts, and, moreover, do not care for a holiday the pleasure of which is so often heavily discounted by expense or discomfort. The solitary, too—the 'unprotected female' in particular—often prefers something of a home-circle to the loneliness of lodgings or the isolation of a crowded hotel.

The demand for such guests has so far fallen short of the supply, and the reason is easily found in our national character. John Bull and-though perhaps in a less degree—his womankind like to 'keep themselves to themselves.' The idea of strangers at the domestic fireside and round the family mahogany revolts honest John; but of late many circumstances have combined to break down this British reserve. However plentiful money may be in general, there are many with whom it is not so in particular. It is scarce with the farmer; scarce with the once well-to-do tradesman struggling against co-operation and 'multipleshops;' scarce with bank-clerks and cashiers, whose salaries do not rise with dividends; scarce, above all, with many clergymen, widows, and so-called retired people 'living on their means.' Meanwhile, expenses frequently move in inverse ratio to income. Not only are most necessaries as dear as ever, but what may be termed either necessary luxuries or luxurious necessaries increase upon us. It is hard to miss the pleasures so common around us: the seaside holiday, the bicycle, the camera, the much-needed new frocks or new carpet. Never, in a word, was money scarcer or more wanted than at the present time in ten thousand homes; and at the doors of not a few the paying guest is tapping with a welcome 'remedy against this consumption of the purse.'

It goes without saying that the paying guest is but an aid to income; as the sole means of support the guest becomes a boarder in a boarding-house. This understood, it may be said boldly that there are comparatively few well-ordered middle-class households where, with proper management, a little contrivance, and much tact, such a visitor may not be satisfactorily accommodated. Children, it is true, will be a practically insurmountable obstacle to the reception of paying guests. They may be unfeathered angels-though such are unfortunately, under present-day management, rather scarce; but people will not risk the spoiling of their holiday. One really well-bred girl of twelve or more might, indeed, be of help in entertaining and amusing visitors.

It is an entire mistake to imagine that in places of popular resort alone can paying guests be hoped for; that London for the country cousin and watering-places for the dweller in town are the only happy hunting-grounds for the would-be entertainer. England is, for its size, perhaps the most varied country under the sun. Hardly two counties possess entirely identical features. Devon joins Somerset, Worcester joins Shropshire, yet the boundary-lines can soon be identified. The tamest of scenery on the Welsh marches will be a revelation to a dweller in the Fens, the 'rine'-divided pasture-lands round Bridgwater a novelty to a 'dalesman' from Westmorland. There are thousands in London and the great manufacturing cities to whom the little country town which you think so dull, with its cobble-stoned and empty streets, its feeble bustle on market-day, and its gossip, will be a delightful surprise and relaxation. The beauties and interests of our islands are so crowded together that one is never more than a mile or two from something that will interest somebody. Stafford, for instance, is not famed as a pleasure-resort, is perilously near the Black Country—a much-maligned region, by the way-and to all appearance contains little else but shoemakers. Yet we have but to stroll down the main street to be in touch with George Borrow at the Swan Hotel; while within a fourmile circuit lie Cannock Chase, a Highland grousemoor in miniature; for the artist, some of the finest black-and-white houses in the kingdom; and, for the antiquary, the battlefield of Hopton Heath, and Tixall Hall (at the gates of which ill-fated Mary of

Scotland was arrested at a sham hunting-party on the explosion of her last conspiracy). Something there is, in short, for every one; and many other apparently commonplace towns are centres of equal interest.

Having shown, or at least suggested, that sufficient out-of-door attractions to suffice as bait for a guest may be found almost anywhere in this tight little island, let us proceed to matters of internal economy. And, first, to demolish a popular bugbear. I hear some one say, 'A paying guest or two would be a great help; but we could not manage the late dinner; we've never been accustomed to it.' My dear, simple friend, no more, if you will believe me, have one in ten of the boarders and hotel guests who dine so demurely at seven, as if they had never in their lives sat down to roast mutton and turnips at one. It is a popular middle-class delusion that every one but ourselves and our immediate acquaintance dines at the fashionable hours, and with all the style and accessories of the beau-monde. The lady who is preparing her guest-chamber for a prospective occupant can set this trouble, if trouble it is, behind her. If she dines late, her guests will doubtless assume a virtue if they have it not, and appear as if to the manner born; but if she adheres to her midday dinner, substantial tea, and moderate supper, that arrangement will be to the taste of more visitors than may admit the fact. To many old-fashioned people the late dinner of the boardinghouse or the hotel is a decided drawback, and they will welcome a ménage run on less pretentious lines. A late dinner, however, has the advantage of leaving the whole of a summer day free for excursions. It also offers to young people the chance of a little extra display in the matter of dress, if only to the extent of a pretty blouse. In this, circumstances will be your guide.

As in all new enterprises, so here it is the first step that counts. You will perhaps have uphill work in establishing a connection, will advertise and answer advertisements to little purpose. Your hopes will be raised by writers of apparently eager letters who will 'cry off' at the last moment. The knowledge that there is 'always room at the top,' and that your arrangements for the comfort and enjoyment of prospective guests are the best of their kind, will sustain you.

Foresight in these arrangements must embrace mental pleasure and physical comfort. The absence of either will be fatal to success. 'Musical society,' 'quiet family,' are well-advertised attractions. But the association of a coming prima-donna and a lady whose musical masterpiece is 'The Battle of Prague,' or its modern equivalent, will not give mutual satisfaction; nor does it follow that the lady who finds conversation beyond monosyllables a difficulty will desire associates equally tonguetied. The speechless one will enjoy a lively companion; 'The Battle of Prague' may please some one whose music lies in the soul rather than the fingers. Skilfully arranged contrast is the secret

of successful millinery, tea-blending, and-other things.

In some matters, however, like to like will be a golden rule to follow. A rigid total abstainer will not care to sit daily at a decanter-covered table. Many abstainers are either shy or else enthusiastic to a degree; if the former, the skeleton at the feast will be uncomfortable; if the latter, some one else—yourself probably. A house known to be run on abstaining principles, with a liberal and choice regimen of non-alcoholic beverages—tea, coffee, and cocoa of the best, with milk and lemons always at hand—will be sure of support.

Which leads us to creature comforts and domestic arrangements in general. We will suppose that you are possessed of a fair-sized house in the country, with garden, orchard, and et ceteras to match. Your house, if picturesque, is probably old-fashioned, and the sanitary arrangements will be an immediate stumbling-block. Suffice it to say that you cannot hope for return visits and recommendations unless everything necessary is provided within doors. You may put up with what contented your grandparents, but paying guests will not. A moderate sum laid out on lavatory and bathroom, with an ample cistern—filled daily by a force-pump if needful-will not fail to repay you. And do not, for the sake of a 'hap'orth o' tar,' spoil the ship by omitting a good-sized fixed washing-basin-a great boon, especially to gentlemen visitors, and a considerable saving of labour to your servants.

These and other details yet to follow may be accounted trifles; but trifles make the sum of life. It will be your cim, especially with your first guest or a new one, to leave a good impression. It is the minutiæ of the entertainment, the trifling conveniences, the absence of petty annoyances, that will count so strongly in your favour.

Be sure to have the bedroom of the visitor furnished to some extent as a sitting-room; however attractive your drawing-room, a retired hour spent in comfort will be sometimes welcome. A thoroughly comfortable but not necessarily expensive easy-chair, a small table steady enough to write at, and a few books. Gibbon's Decline and Fall need not be among these! Five per cent. of solid reading to ninety-five of fiction will suit most of your visitors. The former can perhaps be found on the top shelf of your bookcase; while a few shillings laid out occasionally on cheap editions of popular novels will be a very acceptable addition.

A word about the bed. Most people nowadays wisely prefer the cool and healthy spring mattress; and young visitors need not be consulted on the subject. To those past middle age, however, a fortnight on a mattress after fifty years of feather-bed is very unwelcome; and one of the latter should be available. Most people, it is true, can put up with a mattress; but if the paying guest is to return, the less to 'put up with' the better.

If the bathroom is impossible, a bath must be

provided in the bedroom. A small box-ottoman couch is convenient, inexpensive, and a great boon to tired limbs; but do not let it exclude the easy-chair.

A study of newspaper advertisements will to some extent enlighten the would-be entertainer on the subject of terms, which will of course adjust themselves to the style of your accommodation. Charge a remunerative but not a fancy price. The paying guest is often a person of limited means; therefore, make your terms as inclusive as possible. It goes without saying that no such 'extras' as bootcleaning are admissible. Let your charge include as much outdoor amusement as you can manage, especially if you intend to attract young people. If there is a stream near with anything resembling a fin in it, if possible secure the fishing; if your house is on the bank of a river, have a boat, or at least obtain the use of one for the summer. People holidaying wish to take advantage of every novel attraction, and will come again where such amusements are included ad libitum.

In the country, if a pony and trap are kept, and the station is within reasonable distance, the guest should be fetched and taken without charge. Ladies will enjoy a drive occasionally; more than this will hardly be expected free; but many noncyclists, when spending a country holiday far from shops, will be prepared to pay pretty freely for the use of a horse and trap, perhaps to visit distant ruins and similar attractions. To such, nothing is more annoying than to be compelled to loaf about, money in pocket, because of a lame horse or a cast shoe.

You must know all about these ruins, too. If you don't already, find out before the arrival of your first guest. 'Can't' and 'Don't know' when asked for anything, from blankets to information, are replies your visitors must never hear. Know your local history and legends thoroughly.

And—I speak with bated breath—don't altogether taboo a little gossip, local and other. We can't all be wholly cultured and scientific, or emulate the 'blue' lady who commenced conversation at breakfast by asking her neighbour what she knew about cephalopods. You may have as a guest a quiet old lady who, besides appreciating your offer of the feather-bed, will find not unpalatable a little such village scandal!

Your catering must, of course, be good and plentiful, well cooked, and unimpeachably wholesome. Such joints as pork and veal must be provided sparingly, and with an alternative dish. Many besides the Sage of Chelsea are powerless to digest even veal. Beef should not appear too often on your table—certainly not six days weekly, as once occurred in the writer's experience. Mutton is always a safe dish; those unable to digest it are far gone indeed; and spring chicken will be welcome to any one accustomed to the tender mercies of London poulterers. Do not attempt elaborate sweets, especially pastry, unless you are conscious

of a perfect 'hand.' Even then daintily prepared fruit, jellies, and milk-puddings will be safer, and simplicity will be the surest road to general satisfaction. Well-made oatmeal porridge is a popular breakfast dish; so is fish, which in the country you will have perhaps some difficulty in procuring. Try to give your guests something novel and unexpected every few days; variety is the spice of life.

Have fixed times for meals, and keep to them; this will give satisfaction all round. Many elderly people eat and drink by clockwork, and suffer much by even a brief delay—or think they do, which is the same thing to you; while to young folk, eager to set off on a cycle or boating excursion, nothing is more aggravating than to see the cool morning slipping by because breakfast is half-an-hour late. Always remember to offer sandwiches, biscuits, &c. to those who may be going for a day's excursion; and never send your guests away empty to bed, especially after an evening at theatre or concert. It looks more hospitable to receive them yourself with a cup of coffee and a biscuit than to keep up a tired maid, besides being safer with a view to a punctual breakfast next day.

It is well to have a few simple rules as to mealtimes, &c., hung in a conspicuous place or in each bedroom.

If your guests number more than one or two, the servant question will be a crucial one. Secure, if you can, 'biddable' and good-humoured maids. Better have a little more to look after yourself than to 'go softly' day by day in fear of an explosion from a capable but cross-grained cook. Our own experience is that a smart boy to clean knives and boots, carry coals, and do rough work generally is a good substitute for an extra maid. Above all things, avoid what is not uncommon, a crisis with the entire domestic staff on the eve of a houseful of guests. Good servants are scarcer than they were; but they are not, as many mistresses seem to believe, quite impossible to procure, nor difficult to keep if treated with due consideration. Many girls prefer a lively household, and the trifling gratuities of the parting guest are some inducement to them to

To ensure thorough success in this undertaking three qualifications will be necessary: tact, more tact, and still more tact. You will not have sufficient for your task without possessing most other gifts and graces. You have a part to play, delicate if not difficult; a course to steer between Scylla and Charybdis. What you give for your guests' money must be punctually rendered, and yet so rendered that the visitor shall detect no soupcon of the boarding-house, but must feel a happy blending of home-comfort with friendly hospitality.

Avoid the least approach to dull evenings as you would the plague. Music will probably be your chief stand-by in the matter of amusement. If you have among your visitors a performer whose voice or touch is decidedly pre-eminent, be careful that you do not call upon her for a display too oftcn.

You will thus avoid a double peril: that of extinguishing your less gifted guests, and the equally undesirable suspicion that the much-praised singer or pianist renders her services for a consideration. You may safely leave the 'pressing' of a favourite visitor to the fellow-guests.

Inexperienced hostesses and amateur poultry-feeders have a fault in common: they usually overdo their work with disastrous results. The hens give up laying; the guests sigh for a little peace and quiet. The paid hostess must guard specially against this excess of zeal, because, while the invited guest, conscious—more or less—of duties towards her hostess, will suffer smiling, the paying guest will, save in rare cases, consider that her

duties begin and end with the monetary 'consideration' paid, and will, after a week or two of your well-meant attention, depart bored to death. Your kind feelings and desire to give value for money will be more likely to lead to excess than lack of attention; the more so that to many people a great benefit of change is the opportunity for throwing off the restraint of social duties and enjoying a little vegetation.

Always offer or suggest any sort of excursion or amusement, especially if your own company is included, in such a way as to leave room for a refusal. Where such offers are accepted con spirito you will know you are on the right track; then lay yourself out to give your guest a 'real good time.'

THE PEARL NECKLACE.

By JAMES WORKMAN.

CHAPTER III .- THE PEARL NECKLACE.



HE trampling suddenly ceased, and for a few moments we stood waiting and listening in breathless suspense.

Had some sight or sound aroused Montague's suspicions? Would he wheel round and ride off ere a bullet

from one of the watchers, crouching in the shadows outside, could bring him down? I knew him to be crafty and quick-witted; and such men can, as it were, scent danger in the air, and avoid ambuscades and lurking foes by a kind of instinct. Every moment I expected to hear the clash of his horse's shoes on the flying pebbles as he spurred headlong into the darkness. I moved a step forward, a finger on the trigger of my pistol, and then drew back with a sigh of relief. He was coming. There was the sound of footsteps approaching the door. He was stepping into the trap, and we should be upon him ere he was aware of our presence. He knocked loudly. Jacob, who was pallid with fear and excitement, drew back the bolt and threw open the door. A figure stepped out of the gloom beyond, and into the brightly lit hall. I was about to cry out to the men to spring forth; but the words died on my lips, and I stood dumb and motionless, scarce able to believe my eyes.

It was Mistress Dorothy!

I was so sure that she was asleep in her chamber, and so confident that Montague would enter through the doorway, that the sight utterly bewildered me. Followed by a brisk, rosy-cheeked servant-maid, she advanced into the middle of the hall, and glanced quickly round her. Truly I thought I had never seen so comely a sight as she stood there in her brave apparel and white-plumed hat, the lamplight falling full upon her fair young face and glimmering among her waving curls. Yet there was something about the way in which she carried herself that greatly discomposed me. Her cheeks

were pale, and she held her head very high in the air and glanced about her with flashing eyes. So she might have looked had she known of our presence there. It seemed impossible that she could do so; but my doubts were quickly set at rest.

'Well, Jacob,' said she in a clear, loud voice, 'what has become of the guests you have had the honour of entertaining during my absence? Sure they are not of so timid a disposition as to fly at the approach of a woman.'

There was no help for it. Forth we had to come, and I cannot think that in all my life I ever cut so sorry a figure. It is many a year ago now, and I can smile at the terror which took possession of me; but, by my faith! 'twas no laughing matter at the time. I confess without shame that I have ever been afraid of an angry woman, and I felt as I crept from my hiding-place that I would rather have crossed swords with a dozen Montagues than be compelled to listen to what Mistress Dorothy might have to say about myself and my proceedings. To judge from the hang-dog countenances of my companions, their feelings were as little to be envied as my own. We looked like a pack of truant schoolboys in the presence of a master with a ferule rather than a company of veteran soldiers.

'I will not profess to bid you welcome, sir,' said she, 'for I see you have already made yourself at home as self-invited guests are in the habit of doing. I came but to bring you a message from Colonel Montague, who regrets that business of some importance will prevent him from enjoying the pleasure of meeting you here to-night.'

As she spoke she regarded our bewildered and chop-fallen countenances with a triumphant smile, and the maid tittered, and I for one wished myself at the other end of the world. Finding us all

struck speechless, she made some signal to the girl, who tripped swiftly up the broad staircase. Then she turned to me.

'And now, sir,' said she, 'may I venture to ask whether your errand is accomplished, or whether you propose to take up your residence here during my father's absence?'

Stammering and flushing, and with much the same air, I suppose, as that of a criminal confessing a crime, I told her of the orders I had received from the Lord Protector. I ended by declaring that, however much it might appear otherwise, she could always count upon me as a friend.

'A friend?' cried she, and her eyes rested upon Corporal Flint and the rest of the troopers, who were standing about the hall. 'You choose a very singular method of showing your friendship, Master Hawthorne.'

'Tis one of the unhappy necessities of war that a soldier must perform his duty however painful it may be to him,' I answered. 'Yet if there is aught in which I can be of service to you, I trust that you will not hesitate to command me.'

'Oh, sir,' said she, with a bitter smile, 'you are indeed most chivalrous; but it becomes the vanquished to act with all fitting humility. It is for you to command. For our part we have no choice but to obey.'

It would have been best, I think, that I should have remained silent; for what could I say that would excuse my presence there on such an errand? But I longed so ardently to induce her to think less unkindly of me that I could not hold my peace.

'If you will put me to the proof, Mistress Dorothy,' said I, 'you will find, I trust, that you have cruelly misjudged me.'

At that she drew herself up, and her eyes flashed scornfully.

'Put you to the proof?' she exclaimed. 'Sure we have already received sufficient proofs of the sincerity of your friendship. My brother's blood is on your sword, and but for a timely warning my father's guest would be your prisoner, on his way, I doubt not, to the gallows. You come here to spy and pry for money and arms and papers, and so forth, that you may convict us all of what you are pleased to consider treason against the usurper; and then, forsooth! you expect us to regard you as an old and trusted friend, who would do aught that lay in his power to be of service to us. You mock us, sir, with these pretty speeches, and indeed I think your acts speak very eloquently for themselves. Pray do not hesitate to fulfil your duty to the uttermost. What more would you have? As I will not spend one night under this roof while you remain here, I have sent my maid to bring a few small necessaries of the toilet; but if I have presumed too far- Or stay, I believe I have myself some trifling article of value about me, which should no doubt be demanded by one so scrupulous in the performance of his duty.'

Before I could speak she had unclasped a slender necklace of pearls she wore around her neck. It had been a favourite ornament with her as a child, and as she held it out to me, her face pale and quivering with pain and anger, I knew not which way to look or what to say.

'Come, take it,' said she. 'Do your duty.'

'Oh, child!' said I, cut to the heart that she should so cruelly wrong me, 'do you take me for a highwayman, or think that I serve one, that you treat me thus? Not only your trinkets, but all the things that you possess are entirely at your own disposal, and shall remain here, or be sent wheresoever you please. Your slightest wish in the matter shall be respected and instantly complied with.'

'Let me tell you, sir,' she replied scornfully, 'that I will accept no favours from either you or your master.'

Whereupon she let the necklace fall from her fingers, and having, as I suppose, broken the string in hurriedly detaching it from her neck, the little white pearls rolled here and there about the marble flooring. Then she gathered her skirts about her, as though she feared they might touch me and be polluted, and so swept past and out through the doorway, the burly, grimfaced troopers shuffling right and left to get out of her way.

When she was gone I stood there gazing stupidly at the scattered pearls, very sore and wrathful, and yet feeling that the child had much excuse for the bitterness with which she regarded me. It was as I had expected. There could be no other end to the business, and at that moment I raged at the Protector for selecting me of all men to perform such a task, and at myself for consenting to undertake it. So distraught was I that when the corporal whispered in my ear that it would be well to detain Mistress Dorothy I scarce heard him; and when he doggedly repeated what he had said I curtly bade him be silent. So far we had no proof that she had taken an active part in the plot, and, moreover, I was fully determined that unless circumstances arose that would force me to act otherwise I would arrest none but Colonel Montague. The corporal drew sulkily back, and we stood silently waiting until the rosy-cheeked maid came hurrying down the stairs. She carried a bag and some wearing apparel in her arms, and the corporal eyed her suspiciously.

'How now, mistress,' said he, 'what have you there?'

She courtesied profoundly as she half-opened the bag, though I fancied there was a mocking twinkle in her eye.

'Nought but some changes of raiment and articles pertaining to my mistress's toilet, if it please you, sir,' said she.

'Ay,' said the corporal grimly, 'paint and powder, and jewels and laces, and such-like vanities, I warrant you, stumbling-blocks for the unwary,

pitfalls for the blind; but in vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird.'

'Indeed, sir,' she said demurely, with her eye on his glum, wooden countenance, 'it would be a bold maid that should presume to set a snare for such grave and godly men as you.'

Not a muscle of the corporal's face moved; but he eyed her dubiously.

'You are young,' said he, 'and therefore foolish and light-minded; a woman, and therefore vain and fickle. Put aside the vanities of this world, and take heed lest ye fall, for the day of reckoning is at hand.'

'Truly I hope so,' answered the maid pertly, 'and

I trust that when it comes there will be good stout rope in store for you, Master Corporal.'

'Begone, you impudent jade,' cried the corporal.
'I might have known that to speak words of counsel to such as you was but casting pearls before swine.'

'As for that,' said the maid, with a glance at the floor, 'I am not the only creature of the kind before which pearls have been cast this day.'

With that she dropped us a mocking courtesy, and sailed away with bag and baggage, and, it seemed to me as I looked at the corporal's glum countenance and the grinning faces of the men, with most of the honours of war.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE COTTON INDUSTRY IN SCOTLAND.



EW, if any, among the thousands of visitors who annually resort to Rothesay, the soi-disant Madeira of Scotland, in search of health, amusement, or beautiful scenery, are aware that the ancient royal burgh, now

given over entirely to catering for the strangers within her gates, can boast of an industrial past of no little interest. Yet it was in this town that the cotton industry of Scotland, which has done so much to make the country prosperous and wealthy, had its beginnings.

In one of the back streets, away from the Esplanade and the haunts of the day-tripper, stands a dilapidated old building which, until recently, was used as a dwelling-house. It has now, however, become too decrepit and squalid even for its slummy neighbourhood, and with its broken windows, mouldering wooden stair, and battered roof, uselessly encumbers the ground. It seems too disreputable and down-at-heel to call for even a passing mention, and yet this despised 'auld biggin' is the veritable cradle of the Scottish cotton industry, for here the first cotton-spinning machinery in Scotland was set up.

A muddy path and a stone wall shut it off from the lade which in the old days supplied the motive-power for its water-driven machinery. A little higher up, and on the other side, stands the tall Ladeside Mill—one of the many successors of this first little cotton-mill—now partly used as a steam laundry, the upper floors being empty. It is the only large cotton-mill left standing in the town. Now there is not a spindle here, the last mill having been shut down about ten years ago, although at one time the cotton industry was the mainstay of Rothesay, as many as a thousand hands being employed during the first half of last century.

The story of the establishment of the industry in this island-town of the West Highlands is rather curious. It very aptly illustrates how important events are often brought about through apparently trivial accidents. If Robert Oliphant of Rossie had chosen any other time to pay his visit to the Earl of Hopetoun it is extremely improbable that there would ever have been a cotton-spinner in Rothesay, except among the holiday-makers of these later days.

As the cotton industry of modern days had its first beginnings in Lancashire, we must start our story over the Border. Up till 1767 the spinning of cotton was still done by the old-fashioned handwheel. About that date, however, Kay of Bury introduced the fly-shuttle; and the demand for yarn was thus increased to such an extent that it became impossible to meet it by hand-labour. Necessity is ever the mother of invention, and in 1770 Hargreaves patented his spinning-jenny. The thread of the jenny, however, was only suitable for weft, and the roving process still needed to be done by hand. Even before this the construction of a spinning-machine had been exercising the mind of an ingenious Bolton barber; and, after a deal of thinking and experimenting, Richard Arkwright set up his first spinning-frame in the parlour of a house belonging to the Free Grammar School of Preston. This famous spinning-frame of Arkwright, epoch-making in its importance, is worth describing here, as it was machinery of this pattern that was first set up in Scotland. The frame consisted of four pairs of rollers acted by tooth and pinion wheels. The top roller of each pair was covered with leather to enable it to take hold of the cotton, while the lower one was fluted longitudinally to let the cotton pass through. By one pair of rollers revolving quicker than another the rove was drawn to the requisite fineness for twisting, which was accomplished by spindles or flyers placed in front of each set of rollers. This original invention of Arkwright has neither been superseded nor substantially modified to this day, although it has, of course, undergone various minor improvements.

The elaboration of his machine reduced Ark-

wright to sore straits, while the secrecy of his movements and the secluded situation of the house he worked in, surrounded as it was by an old garden full of large gooseberry-bushes, aroused in the minds of the good folks of Preston suspicions of witchcraft and of league with the Evil One. At last, however, he was satisfied as to the value of his invention; and, having patented it in July 1769, he moved to Nottingham, where he entered into partnership with Smalley, and erected a small spinning-mill between Hockley and Woolpack Lane. It is curious to note that this spinning-mill was at first driven by horses.

The privilege of spinning the yarn by machinery in England was thus by his patent secured to Arkwright and his assigns for a term of years. The monopoly, however, did not extend beyond the Tweed, and it occurred to James Kenyon, a shrewd Sheffield merchant, that he might secure some of the profits of the new industry by setting up machinery in Scotland. Accordingly, in 1779 he succeeded in buying off from Arkwright's works some men who were known to understand the construction and the working of the spinning-frame. The next step was to secure a suitable site for the erection of the proposed mill; and with this in view Mr Kenyon sent two of his friends to interview the Earl of Hopetoun, who at that time had the management of the Marquis of Annandale's estate. This domain, being near the Border, seemed likely to contain a suitable spot, as the idea at that time was merely to have the yarn spun out of England and taken back immediately for sale or to be wrought up. Such, however, was the situation of the Annandale estate at the time that, although the Earl of Hopetoun had the management of it, he could not grant leases to endure for more than nineteen years. The scheme thus looked as if it might be wrecked at the outset.

Among the Earl's visitors, however, there happened to be his kinsman, Robert Oliphant of Rossie, the then Postmaster-General of Scotland. gentleman was concerned in the management of the Earl of Bute's Scottish estate; and, finding that Hopetoun could not afford Mr Kenyon's friends the accommodation they sought, he directed their attention to the island of Bute. This, he assured them, was a more eligible situation than Annandale. The Englishmen could not readily believe that this western island would prove suitable until Mr Oliphant described it as situated in the immediate neighbourhood of Greenock, where raw cotton could be procured in any quantity, and through which their yarns, if not in demand in Scotland, could be speedily transported to England by the numerous vessels which sailed from that port. He assured them, however, that a ready market for an infinitely greater quantity of yarn than they could produce would be found in Glasgow, Paisley, and other manufacturing towns in the west of Scotland, with which there was constant and cheap communication by water to and from Rothesay. In addition, he pointed out that there was an abundant supply of water-power.

On the strength of these representations, the deputation proceeded to Bute, where they found that Mr Oliphant had in no way exaggerated the advantages of the situation. Negotiations were accordingly entered into for the leasing of the requisite amount of ground, and for the command of the stream to drive the machinery. The Earl of Bute was sufficiently wide awake to appreciate the importance of the proposed undertaking; and, foreseeing that the establishment of the cotton-spinning industry in Rothesay would greatly help the development of the town, he granted very liberal terms. Mr Kenyon and his partners were thus enabled to commence the construction of their new mill without delay.

While this building was still incomplete, the enterprising Sheffield merchant constructed machinery, with the help of the workmen bought off from Arkwright, and placed it in an old flax-mill which he acquired for the purpose. This flax-mill, till that time engaged in the then staple industry of Rothesay, the production of coarse linen cloths for the Indian market, is now in its old age the decrepit ruin above referred to. Thus it was that it became the first cotton-mill in Scotland. The new mill built by Kenyon & Company was the first erected in Scotland for cotton-spinning machinery.

As Mr Oliphant had pointed out, a ready market for the cotton-yarn which Rothesay now began to produce was found in Glasgow. The weaving of cotton was just beginning to develop in that city, and it only required the impetus of a good supply of yarn to become important. The calico-printing of Glasgow was even then famous, as that branch of the industry had been founded as far back in the century as 1738, fully thirty years before it acquired any importance in Lancashire. So readily did the Glasgow manufacturers buy up the Rothesay yarn that there is no record of any of it being sent to England.

The use of the fly-shuttle, however, was at that time not generally known among the manufacturers of Scotland. As the introduction of this contrivance had led to such an increased demand for yarn in England, the enterprising Rothesay company now set about procuring its introduction among the weavers whom they supplied. Among other ingenious servants of the company was a man named Thomas Rogerson, who was well acquainted with weaving with that shuttle. At the same time he could not only make that implement, but could also direct the making of the loom and all its apparatus. This man was accordingly sent as an industrial missionary to the lagging journeymen of Glasgow. Like other pioneers of new methods, Rogerson was at first by no means as successful as the importance of his work deserved. The Glasgow journeymen were haughty and very averse to receive instruction from a new-comer. However, he succeeded in getting several looms constructed, and on these he wove

some webs to show the new method of working; but it was not until the masters began to encourage the use of the fly-shuttle by increasing the price for each piece that the conservative weavers took kindly to amending their ways.

The result of the adoption of the fly-shuttle by the weavers of Glasgow had the looked-for result, and the demand for yarn soon taxed the limits of the Rothesay mill. The success of the venture was assured, and it soon became evident that the foundations of the cotton-spinning industry in Scotland had been firmly laid. The erection of the New Lanark mills by David Dale, the introducer of the famous Turkey-red dye in 1784, marks the close of the first stage of the story and the beginning of the long years of prosperous expansion. It is worthy of

note that Arkwright visited Scotland in that year, and it was by the help of his experience that the New Lanark mills were planned.

A few years afterwards, when a party of gentlemen were enthusiastically discussing the growth of the cotton trade in the west of Scotland, Mr Oliphant, who happened to be present, caused some surprise by jocularly remarking, 'I am the father of these fabrics.' His claim to that distinction was, however, readily admitted when he recounted how he had introduced Mr Kenyon to Bute, and how it had been principally by his advice that Rogerson had been sent to teach new methods to the weavers of Glasgow. To Robert Oliphant of Rossie, therefore, Scotland owes thanks for no small share of her present wealth and prosperity.

IN THE PRAIRIE PROVINCE.

By the Rev. ROBERT WILSON, St John, New Brunswick.



ANITOPAWAH—or Manitoba, as it is now called—was, until within the last few years, a part of the Hudson's Bay Territory, that Great Lone Land of which the outside world knew so little. Beyond the fact that its woods

abounded with fur-bearing animals, and that over its widespreading prairies the buffalo herds roamed at pleasure, its capabilities were unknown and its resources undreamed of. Indeed, it was the policy of those who managed its affairs to discourage settlement by representing the soil as unproductive and the climate as rigorous. The object was to keep the entire region as a fur-producing preserve; and as it lay far away in the interior, and the facilities to reach it were of the most primitive kind, the policy pursued was a signal success.

However, the organisation of the Dominion of Canada in 1867 introduced a new order of things. As the safety and success of the new confederation required the acquisition of British Columbia and the North-West, the necessary steps were taken to bring this about. British Columbia demanded the building of a transcontinental railway, and the Hudson's Bay Company agreed to surrender its rights for a cash payment of fifteen million dollars and some minor considerations. The burdens to be assumed were tremendous; but the Government of the day was composed of men of broad thought, practical sagacity, and progressive ideas, who, having great faith in the future of the country and in the enterprise and patriotism of the people, took the responsibility and closed the bargain. The cry of recklessness and folly was raised, and the Government denounced in all the moods and tenses; but the course then taken has been abundantly justified by the logic of events. The Canadian Pacific Railway has been built, the money paid, and the entire North-West now belongs to Canada. When Manitoba thirty years ago became a province of the

Dominion only eleven thousand persons were found dwelling upon its ten million acres; to-day there are over five hundred thousand, and the population is now increasing by leaps and bounds, and will ere many years be the home of millions. Winnipeg—then Fort Garry, with a population of two hundred and fifteen persons, made up of the employés of the Hudson's Bay Company and a few Indians and half-breeds—has now over forty thousand inhabitants.

In the early days the most conspicuous character in the land was the hunter and trapper; and many a stirring tale is told of wild adventure and of heroic daring. As the trappers' business was to kill the animals from which the aborigine largely obtained his food and raiment, the white man was not too favourably regarded by the lords of the forest. The 'pale-face' had always to be on his guard, to be careful not to give offence, and to pay his dusky neighbour due consideration and respect. The latter had some noble qualities, appreciated kindness, and had a high sense of honour. As a rule there was very little friction between the 'red man' and his white brother, and the Canadian Indian has never given the authorities a tithe of the trouble the Americans have had in dealing with the Indians under their care. But in spite of all this precaution difficulties have arisen, and many unwary whites have fallen beneath the blow of the tomahawk.

About the aborigine a few words seem necessary. When or by what route his ancestors came to Canada no one knows; but the new-comers on their arrival found the 'red man' in possession. He never took kindly to the ways of the 'pale-faces;' for him the blessings of civilisation had few charms, and he would have much preferred to be left alone. However, he has had to bow to the inevitable; and though his experience under the Union-jack has been much happier than that of his race beneath

the Stars and Stripes, extinction awaits them both. There is something pathetic in the passing of a whole people; but apparently there is no help for it, and the day is coming when the North American Indian will have for ever disappeared from the land of the living. The Indians numbered ninety-three thousand three hundred and nineteen at the 1901 census.

It was, however, in the animal realm that the greatest difficulties were encountered and the most serious dangers met with. To escape scathless out of the track of a herd of buffaloes running up into the hundreds, to grapple with a bear, to keep a pack of wolves at bay, or to resist the attack of some other ferocious brute required a knowledge of the habits of the animals, a fleet foot, a clear head, a steady hand, and great presence of mind. Did space permit, instances could be given of courage, of patience, and of endurance seldom excelled; of a resourcefulness in moments of peril truly surprising; and a generosity and self-sacrifice, even to enemies, of the loftiest type. But these are largely things of the past. The Indian is now the ward of the Government, cultivating his farm or working at some trade. The buffalo has disappeared, a herd owned and cared for by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company being the sole survivors of the vast numbers that once roamed in undisturbed quiet over the prairie; and other animals grow fewer and fewer yearly, either by being cut off by the increasing population or by retreating to the uninhabited regions beyond.

To-day, instead of the hunter is the farmer, and not furs but golden grain is the chief product of a country that as lately as 1884 was described in the London Standard as a region of snow and ice, and as utterly unfit for a white man to live in. It is now found to be one of the richest, if not the richest wheat-producing region in the world. The soil is so rich that for years after it has been broken up it requires no manuring whatever. While it is specially adapted to the raising of wheat, all the cereals and roots are raised in abundance. wheat is very heavy, weighing from sixty-two to sixty-six pounds per bushel, while the average yield per acre in 1901 was twenty-six bushels. In the harvest of 1902 the cereal products were over a million bushels, and of this considerably more than the half was wheat. For a population numbering some five hundred thousand this was a respectable result, but it by no means indicates what immense increases are yet possible. Large sections of these richly productive lands are yet unoccupied, waiting the arrival of the industrious toiler to afford them the opportunity to swell the great aggregate. Manitoba and the North-West Territories have many other resources that later on will be developed; but the present demand is for the farm, and every fresh acre brought under cultivation increases the output.

Nature has not devoted all her energies to the

utilitarian; she has not forgotten the beautiful, and the prairie has a charm and loveliness of its own. Recently a tourist, after speaking of the grandeur of the Rockies and the prairie as seen by day, thus expressed himself: 'Towards the day's end the miracle of the sinking sun is revealed on a stage fit for such a spectacle of glory. It is as if He who made prairie and hill, coulée and river, earth and sky, had spread all His rainbow colour over the face of the heavens. A great Painter as well as great Architect is the Creator of worlds. With the blossoming of the stars the true spell of the prairie is woven, when the little villages-tiny specks on the measureless levels-shrink behind the veil of night as twilight does into darkness, and the world of men and houses, trees and farms, is blotted out of sight. But in this vast Canadian picture-gallery there is still another scene of matchless beauty. Can the earth show anything fairer than a world of waving grain? A sea of wheat! -food for the hungry ones of earth, recompense for the toiler, prosperity for the state, are all involved in the forests of yellow stalks that dip their grain-laden heads to every passing breeze.' Such are some of the nature-pictures to be seen as one journeys westward with the sun across our fertile Canadian prairies.

While the people of Quebec are overwhelmingly French, and those of Ontario, British Columbia, and the Maritime Provinces are very largely of British origin, the people of the Prairie Province are of quite a cosmopolitan character, the representatives of nearly forty nationalities. In Winnipeg alone some twenty-five different languages are spoken, and on its streets and in its places of business all colours may be seen. In their costumes they are as varied as in their complexions; and in their manners, customs, and habits of life the differences are very striking. To blend all into one people will require time and much practical sagacity on the part of the dominant race. Fortunately that race has proved its ability to do this in many lands, and will doubtless do so in Canada. In this Canadianising process various agencies will be employed; and none will play a more important part than language. Few things are more reluctantly surrendered than the speech learnt at a mother's knee; but the process of assimilation and absorption will go on until the universal language of the people will be the one that was sung in lullabies over our cradles and will be sobbed in requiems over our graves.

Among the many strange peoples who have sought homes in this Western land, the strangest of all are the Doukhobors. They came here about four years ago, and number about eight thousand. All that was known concerning them before their arrival was that they refused to bear arms and restricted themselves to a vegetable diet; but as they were represented as honest and industrious, it was hoped they would make good citizens. Much sympathy was felt for them because of the per-

secutions it was said they had suffered at the hands of the Russian authorities; and the Government and the people vied with each other in giving them a hearty welcome, and in addition to the free farms allotted them they were generously cared for until after their first harvest had been garnered. To-day the feeling regarding them is one of disappointment. They soon developed communistic ideas; refused to obey the laws relating to the registration of births, marriages, and deaths; declined to hold their lands as individuals but as a people and in common; and in various other ways displayed a spirit of insubordination.

In the autumn of 1902 the Doukhobors became ultra-Millenarians, were seized with a religious craze, would neither eat the flesh nor wear the product of any animal, clad themselves in cotton garments, and deemed it sinful and wrong to employ either horse, ox, or dog to work for them. The cattle were turned loose upon the prairie. They locked up their houses, abandoned their belongings, and started out on a pilgrimage, as they put it, 'to see Jesus.' It was a picturesque but painful sight to see detachments of from five hundred to a thousand marching on a bleak November day, weirdly chanting a psalm, with occasional halts for prayer and exhortations, the infants borne in their mothers' arms, and the sick carried on litters. Argument was wasted upon them, persuasion was of no avail, and threatenings had no effect; the one and only answer was, 'We go to see Jesus.' The settlers along the route they took were exceedingly kind, and freely furnished such food and clothing as they would use; but so infatuated were they that mothers dashed the cup of milk, so generously and thoughtfully provided, from the lips of their perishing babies. Such conduct seemed cruel-was cruel; but it was not so intended. It was not because they were devoid of natural affection, but because of the supreme though mistaken sense of duty of which they had become possessed. What had at first been treated with derision became a serious question, and to save the poor demented ones the Government had to interfere. The wretched people were stopped, compelled to go on board the trains, and taken back to their described homes. It is to be hoped they will abandon many of their extreme notions. A people who will eat neither flesh, fowl, nor fish, and regard milk, butter, and cheese as divinely prohibited, and will wear neither woollens, leather, nor furs, cannot be tolerated by the Canadians. They have made application to the authorities of other states for permission to remove thither; but in each case the request has been met by positive refusal. Just lately they have shown symptoms of settling down, and have applied for the rights of British subjects.

Public attention in another way has recently been called to this peculiar people in connection with a romantic love-affair, in which a member of the British aristocracy and a Doukhobor maiden were the parties concerned. The Hon. Arthur Fortescue, a nephew of the Duke of ——, was led through curiosity to visit their reservation, where he saw a young woman of rare beauty harnessed with others of her sex to a plough. With him it was love at first sight. He sought an introduction, proposed, was accepted, and according to the usages of her people Olga Varinhoff became the wife of the Englishman. It has been suggested that he aspires to leadership among them; and if he is possessed of the necessary ability and tact he may possibly lead them to take a broader and better view of things.

While the people of the Prairie Province are intensely practical and seek to make the most of their opportunities, they are not unmindful of the social side of life. As all work and no play is good for neither body, brain, nor heart, the play is provided for, and their sports and pastimes are as numerous and as varied as their races. Lovers of music, the drama, and other popular amusements are catered for all through the year, while sleighing, skating, curling, and other sports of kindred character cause the duller days of the winter to pass In these outdoor sports there is cheerily away. rare enjoyment, and whether it be in skimming along to the merry jingle of the sleigh-bells, in the skating tournaments, in 'the roaring game,' or at the grotesque carnival, the pleasure is participated in by old and young. Christmas, New Year, Dominion Day (the 24th of May), Hallowe'en, and other festive occasions are devoted to family reunions, social gatherings, and general pleasureseeking, and at such times one wonders what has become of the toiling thousands met with on other days.

Religious interests are well looked after, and while the lawless and the disobedient are not unknown, there is a very general respect for what is good. 'Next to London,' says a recent visitor, Winnipeg is the most orderly city I was ever in, and this is as true of the Province as a whole.' All denominations are earnestly seeking to establish regular religious services wherever a few settlers make their home. This is especially the case with the Presbyterians and the Methodists, whose adherents number nearly one-half of the entire population. Between 1891 and 1901 the Presbyterian increase was twenty-six thousand three hundred and forty-seven, and that of the Methodist twenty-one thousand four hundred and ninety-nine, while the Anglicans during the same period have run up from thirty thousand eight hundred and fifty-six to forty-four thousand nine hundred and twenty-nine. The smaller denominations make a creditable show, and each is doing good service in the public interest. The Roman Catholics, who have been labouring there for centuries, are as zealous as ever, and have the spiritual oversight of thirty-five thousand six hundred and seventytwo-an increase in the above period of fifteen thousand one hundred and sixty-one.

No account of the North-West would be complete that did not make mention of Donald Smith, now Lord Strathcona, who has been a great benefactor to Canada, and whose record is truly noble and inspiring. When a lad of eighteen he left his father's house on the banks of the Spey in Scotland, and entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. Almost the first work he had to do after his arrival in Montreal was to go to Labrador, a journey of hundreds of miles, which had to be performed on an Eskimo sled or on snowshoes. The following thirteen years were spent among the aborigines, among whom he discharged the duties of pastor and doctor, in tying the nuptial knot, and in ministering to the sick and at the grave. Step by step he pushed his way to the front, and won the best positions in the gift of that great organisation. He rendered such important service to Canada in connection with the suppression of the Riel rebellion as to receive the thanks of the Dominion Parliament. Later on he entered the Canadian House of Commons, was knighted by Her Majesty Queen Victoria, was sent to London as High Commissioner for Canada, and was raised to the peerage under the name and title of the Right Honourable Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal and of Lochneil Castle of the United Kingdomthe one Scotch, the other Canadian. His princely contributions to educational and philanthropic objects and institutions, aggregating over fifty million dollars, have won for him enduring fame; but nothing so touched the national heart as his fitting out at his own cost a force of five hundred men to assist the Motherland in her war with the Boers. It was a splendid gift laid on the altar of patriotism, and Canadians everywhere were proud of the man who had outdistanced every Colonial contributor to the strength of the nation. still in active service, and his influence is great both in Britain and in Canada. It must be exceedingly gratifying to him to note the wonderful development of the territory in which he served as a clerk and ruled as a governor.

Lord Strathcona continues to be keenly interested in the development of Canada, where last year eighty thousand persons from other countries established new homes in the North-West. High Commissioner he would like to see the tide of emigration set in more strongly thither, and for this purpose he thus summarises the advantages which Canada offers to the emigrant: (1) A free grant by the Government of one hundred and sixty acres of land to every male settler of eighteen years and over; (2) a healthy climate; (3) a country where law and order are most strictly observed and enforced; (4) a system of education and educational institutions equal to those of any other country; (5) churches of various denominations, which are established, even in new districts, as rapidly as the country settles; (6) excellent transportation facilities for carrying to market the products of the farm; (7) good local markets and fair prices for products; (8) the fullest recognition of civil and religious liberty. To those who have an aptitude or liking for agricultural pursuits, who are willing to work and to exercise reasonable economy, especially during the first few years, farming is undoubtedly more to be relied upon as an industry in Canada than in any other country in the world.

In order to keep pace with the requirements of the country, the Grand Trunk Railway proposes to construct another transcontinental line between two thousand five hundred and three thousand miles in length, running from Ontario, through Manitoba and the North-West Territories, to the British Columbia coast. Another scheme is the Trans-Canada Railway, which it is proposed should have two termini on the St Lawrence, one at Quebec and the other at Chicontini on the Saguenay River, and winter ports at Halifax and St John's; the terminus on the Pacific coast is to be at Port Simpson. A British colony has also been organised under the auspices of the Canadian Government for the Saskatchewan Valley, where townships are being planted.

The future of Manitoba is bright and promising. Nature has given her a generous supply of fuel and water, and she has millions of acres of the richest lands still unoccupied, and a pure, healthful atmosphere. The privileges of an unexcelled school system are within the reach of all. The people govern themselves, and the laws are just and wisely administered. Railway, telegraphic, and postal facilities are being amply furnished; and the multitude of church spires that meet the eye indicates that Christianity and civilisation have gone hand-inhand in all directions. In the eloquent words of the late Lord Dufferin, when Governor-General of the Dominion: 'Canada, the owner of half a continent, in the magnitude of her possessions, in the wealth of her resources, in the sinews of her material might, is the peer of any power on the earth,' and 'the keystone of that mighty arch of sister provinces which spans the continent from ocean to ocean.'

IS THIS GOOD-BYE.

Is this Good-bye, dear Love—is this Good-bye;
And have we reached the parting ways so soon?
The larks still carol in a cloudless sky,
The rose still holds the secret of Mid-June.

No shadow falls around us where we stand,

No hint of harvest haunts the waving grain;

'Mid all the summer splendour of the land

There seems no room for our dark hour of pain.

Is this Good-bye, O Love!—is this Good-bye;
And have we reached the parting ways so soon!
Oh, hush your rapture, songsters of the sky;
Have pity, rose: forget that it is June!

M. Hedderwick Browne.



MEMORIES OF HALF A CENTURY.

CHARLES DICKENS AS AN EDITOR.

By R. C. LEHMANN.

PART V.



was through the introduction of our uncle, Mr W. H. Wills, that my parents became acquainted with Charles Dickens. They were then living near Sheffield, and the great novelist was on a visit to the town

with his dramatic company. I have no record of this first meeting; but a family legend has it that Charles Dickens and I became very intimate friends—I was then about two years old—and that he adopted me as his nephew. Indeed, he so refers to me in the following letter to my mother:

'GADS HILL PLACE, HIGHAM, BY ROCHESTER, KENT, Thursday, Twenty-first June 1860.

'MY DEAR MRS LEHMANN,—As to Tuesday evening, the 26th, your slave is a mere helpless Beast. I shall have Mr —— here, and shall abstain from Wellington Street in consequence, and shall (I fear) indubitably "put on a bored aspect" long before then, and keep it on for a week. I should have been delighted to come to you otherwise, but Destiny is too heavy for me. I beg to send my regards to Lehmann, and my love to my Nephew, and the most inflammable article to yourself that it is lawful to transmit by post.—Ever faithfully yours,

Charles Dickens.'

Between my father and Dickens there was a special bond of intimacy: they were both great walkers. During the first half of the year 1862, as I find from my father's notes, while Dickens was living in Hyde Park Gate South, he and my father used regularly to take long Sunday walks together. On April 2 of that year a dinner was given at the 'Star and Garter,' Richmond, to celebrate John Forster's birthday, and when it was over my father and Dickens walked back to town together. For two pedestrians so determined and so well trained

this was, of course, a mere trifle. In November of the same year Dickens was in Paris with his sisterin-law, Miss Hogarth, and his elder daughter, and my father and mother ran over and joined them there for a short time. My father notes that he and Dickens did a course of restaurants together. Of this course I possess one very pleasant memento. It is a carte of the Café Voisin, not a mere menu of the day, but a substantial catalogue, extending to many pages, of all the dishes and wines provided by that establishment, printed in French and English, with all the prices added. On the title-page are written in pencil these words: '19th Nov. 1862 .-In grateful memory of a wonderful dinner at the Café Voisin, from [here follow the signatures] Nina Lehmann, Charles Dickens, Georgina Hogarth, Frederick Lehmann, W. H. Wills, to Mrs Wills. The whole, encased in one of the red morocco leather covers of the restaurant, was sent as a peace-offering to Mrs Wills, who had remained in London while Mr Wills was away on a jaunt. As a matter of fact, he had gone over to arrange the Christmas Number of All the Year Round with Dickens, and had taken with him a gift of a boxful of flowers from Miss Burdett Coutts to the Empress Eugénie. This is his account, written to Mrs Wills, of how he executed his mission:

'27 Rue du Faubourg St Honoré, Paris, Sunday, 16th November 1862.

'I had a queer passage across. A rough sea, though there was no wind; but arrived comfortably at Creil at six o'clock in the morning. Of course I was anxious about the contents of the big box, and set to work unscrewing it with my pocket-knife. It got an awful clite at Dover. It being low tide, it was shot down into the vessel as if it had been a pig of lead, and turned quite over. Well, in the gray, mysterious dawn of morning, half-

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asleep, I could not help feeling, as I undid the screws, as if I were exhuming a dead body out of a coffin. However, though there had been a little crushing and one or two heads had tumbled out, the corpses were in very good preservation. By this time the buffet-women and porters crowded round me, and, as I watched them looking inside the box -some admiring, some pitying the accident, others awed by the fact that the bouquets were so gigantic and for so great a person as the Empress-I felt more like a body-snatcher than ever. They screwed down the half-alive flowers, however, and I went off at eight to Compiègne. At this station I found that the entire hireable locomotive power of the town was one omnibus, and that continually plying between the inn and the station. However, I hired that on the spot, went off to titivate, dressed in a delightful little bedroom out of a courtyard gallery prettily trelliced and covered with creepers, and finally departed triumphantly in the omnibus for the Palace. The driver, before I started, asked me with a kind of humour whether I wished to be driven into the cour d'honneur. I answered with dignity, "Decidedly." I can't say that my reception was encouraging at the conciergerie. However, a frown and some bad French sent off a valet with my letter and card to the Duke of Atholl, and I was shown into the apartments he occupied. They are gorgeous, but self-contained, exactly as in an hotel or étage in a private house. His Grace was not up. Would I wait? And I was shown into a bright, comfortably furnished room where tea and coffee were set for two. By-and-by out came his Grace, attired in a dressing-gown. Would I have tea or coffee? He poured me out a cup of tea, took a little for form's sake himself, and talked away about whatever he could muster as a topic. Then he sent for his servant, who sent for the box, which was brought into his private passage. The bouquets were exhumed, and pronounced to be in wonderful preservation considering. He would undertake everything: deliver Miss Coutts's letter to the Duchesse de Bassano, get the imperial gardener to touch up the bouquets, and save me all bother. Then the Duchess was sent for to see the flowers. She came in simply but most elegantly dressed, in a dove-coloured silk. A handsome woman whose gestures, if she were sweeping the stairs or opening oysters, you would call lady-like, about Miss Coutts's height, and a good deal of her sweetness of address. A little chat about the flowers, and I took a graceful leave of both. At my hotel (de la Cloche) I found a capital filletsteak and fried potatoes, and was off again for Paris at one, having written meanwhile to Miss Coutts describing my mission as having been a perfect success; which I think it was.

'The omnibus brought me to the room Dickens had ordered for me; a capital one with a good fire, and I went over the way. I found Mary and Georgina, Dick being out (it was half-past four). Very glad to see me; inquired after you very

cordially; didn't know that Nina and Fred were on their way. Dick, when he came in, very cheery. We had a capital dinner at 6 P.M., from the house at the corner of the Place Madéleine, where you remember we dined twice; they have all their dinners from there.

'Didn't I sleep last night! and here I am in the middle of the Xmas Number, writing this between whiles as Dick goes over his proofs.'

One memory of Dickens is indelibly impressed on my mind. I can recall the whole scene as if it had happened yesterday. I cannot have been more than six or seven years old when my father and mother took me to one of his readings at, I think, St James's Hall. First he read the death of Paul Dombey, which left me in floods of tears, and next came the trial-scene from Pickwick. I shall never forget my amazement when he assumed the character of Mr Justice Stareleigh. The face and figure that I knew, that I had seen on the stage a moment before, seemed to vanish as if by magic, and there appeared instead a fat, pompous, pursy little man, with a plump imbecile face, from which every vestige of good temper and cheerfulness-everything, in fact, except an expression of self-sufficient stupidity-had been removed. The upper lip had become long, the corners of the mouth drooped, the nose was short and podgy, all the angles of the chin had gone, the chin itself had receded into the throat, and the eyes, lately so humorous and human, had become as malicious and obstinate as those of a pig. It was a marvellous effort in transformation. When the reading was over my father and mother took me round with them to the room behind. As soon as Dickens caught sight of me he seized me up in his arms and gave me a sounding kiss. And so it comes that,

While Memory watches o'er the sad review Of joys that faded like the morning dew,

this particular recollection comes up bright and delightful and unfading out of the chambers of my mind. 'To have earned the goodwill of the great is not the least of merits,' even for a little fellow of six or seven.

I must now hark back a little in order to give a selection from Dickens's correspondence with his assistant-editor, my uncle, W. H. Wills. The first two letters are concerned with Household Words. They show not only how carefully and sympathetically Dickens discharged the task of reading manuscripts submitted to him, but how fertile he was in suggestions even when he was busy with his work of novel-writing:

'FOLKESTONE, Sunday, Twenty-second July 1858.

DEAR WILLS,—I have been so very much affected by the long story without a title—which I have read this morning—that I am scarcely fit for a business letter. It is more painfully pathetic than anything I have read for I know not how long. I am not at all of your opinion about

the details. It seems to me to be so thoroughly considered that they are all essential and in perfect keeping. I could not in my conscience recommend the writer to cut the story down in any material degree. I think it would be decidedly wrong to do so; and I see next to nothing in the MS. which is otherwise than an essential part of the sad picture.

'Two difficulties there remain, which I fear are insurmountable as to Household Words. The first is, the length of the story. The next is, the nature of the idea on which it turns. So many unhappy people are, by no fault of their own, linked to a similar terrible possibility-or even probabilitythat I am afraid it might cause prodigious unhappiness if we should address it to our large audience. I shrink from the responsibility of awakening so much slumbering fear and despair. Most unwillingly, therefore, I come to the apprehension that there is no course but to return it to the authoress. I wish, however, that you would in the strongest language convey to her my opinion of its great merits, while you explain the difficulties I now set forth. I honestly think it a work of extraordinary power, and will gladly address a letter to her, if she should desire it, describing the impression it has made upon me. I might, perhaps, help to soften a publisher.

'Miss L--'s story shows to considerable disadvantage after such writing. But it is what she represented it in her draft, and it is very clever. Now, as it presents (to cursory readers) almost the reverse of the medal whereof Miss J--- presents the other side, I think it will be best to pay for it at once, and, for the present (say even for a few months) to hold it back; not telling her the exact reason, but merely saying that we are pledged first to the insertion of other stories in four parts, already accepted. Miss J---'s is more wholesome and more powerful, because it hits the target (which Miss L goes a little about) with a rifle-shot in the centre of the bull's-eye, and knocks it clean over. Therefore it should have precedence-both on its own account and ours.

'But observe—I do not conceive it possible that Miss J—— can alter her story within the time you mention. What I want done to it is much too delicate for such swift jobbing-work. I question, on the other hand, whether it may not be politic just now, to have one monthly part without a long story—merely for the sake of variety.

'My thoughts have been upon my books since I came down, and I do not know that I can hit upon a subject for the opening of the new volume. I will let you know, however, by to-morrow night's post.

'I have written to Mr B—, whose paper will do. I expect my brother down to-day, and, if he comes, will send it and the pathetic story up to you by him.

'Miss L——'s notions of a criminal trial are of the nightmarest description. The prisoner makes statements on oath, and is examined besides!— Ever faithfully, C. D.'

'49 CHAMPS ELYSÉES, Thursday, January tenth, 1856.

'MY DEAR WILLS,-

H[ousehold] W[ords.]

'Forster does not think those two little poems are otherwise than original. That is to say, he cannot find them anywhere, though he has my general impression about them. Therefore, get them back from him, and insert them.

'My head is necessarily so full of my own subjects that I have not thought of that point to any advantage, though I have thought of it at various times. The police inquiry was never done, though I spoke to you about it when you were here. Accounts of the constitution of foreign armies, especially as to their officering, and as to the officer's professional business being his professional pride and study, and not a bore, are highly desirable. An article on the prices of fares on foreign railways, on the cost of making them, on the public accommodation, and the nature of the carriages, &c., contrasting their law with our law, and their management with our management, would be highly desirable. I suppose D— could do it directly. Would it be possible to strike out a new man to write popularly about the monstrous absurdity of our laws, and to compare them with the Code Napoléon? Or has Morley knowledge enough in that direction, or could he get it? It is curious to observe here that Lord Campbell's Acts for making compensation to bodily-injured people are mere shreds of the Code Napoléon. That business of the Duke of Northumberland and his tenantry: couldn't Sydney do something about it? It would be worth sending anybody to that recusant farmer who leads the opposition. Similarly, the Duke of Argyll, whom the papers drove out of his mind by agreeing to consider him a phenomenon, simply because he wasn't a born ass. Is there no Scotch source from whence we can get some information about that island where he had the notice stuck upon the church door that "no tenant under £30 a year was to be allowed to use spirits at any marriage, christening, funeral, or other gathering "? It would be a capital illustration of the monstrous nonsense of a Maine Law. Life assurance: are proposals ever refused; if so, often because of their suspicious character as engendering notions that the assured life may possibly be taken? I know of policies being refused to be paid on the ground that the person was murdered—and could insert an anecdote or so. Poisoning: can't Morley do something about the sale of poisons? I suppose Miss Martineau's doctrine of never, never, never interfering with Trade, is not a Gospel from Heaven in this case.

'For a light article, suppose Thomas went round for a walk to a number of the old coaching-houses and were to tell us what they are about now, and how they look. Those great stables down in Lad Lane whence the horses belonging to the "Swan with Two Necks" used to come up an inclined plane—what are they doing? The "Golden Cross," the "Belle Sauvage," the Houses in Goswell Street, the "Peacock" at Islington—what are they all about? How do they bear the little rickety omnibuses, and so forth? What on earth were the coaches made into? What comes into the yard of the General Post-Office now at five o'clock in the morning? What's up the yard of the "Angel," St Clement's? I don't know. What's in the two "Saracens' Heads"? Any of the old brains at all?

'Mr Payn might do this, if Thomas couldn't.— Ever faithfully, C. D.'

The next letter gives an inimitably graphic description of a scene that took place at one of Dickens's readings in Edinburgh:

'CARRICK'S ROYAL HOTEL, GLASGOW, Tuesday, Third December 1861.

'MY DEAR WILLS,—From a paragraph, a letter, and an advertisement in a Scotsman I send you with this, you may form some dim guess at the scene we had in Edinburgh last night. I think I may say that I never saw a crowd before.

'As I was quietly dressing, I heard the people (when the doors were opened) come in with a most unusual crash, and I was very much struck by the place's obvious filling to the throat within five minutes. But I thought no more of it, dressed placidly, and went in at the usual time. I then found that there was a tearing mad crowd in all the passages and in the street, and that they were pressing a great turbid stream of people into the already crammed hall. The moment I appeared fifty frantic men addressed me at once, and fifty other frantic men got upon ledges and cornices, and tried to find private audiences of their own. Meanwhile the crowd outside still forced the turbid stream in, and I began to have some general idea that the platform would be driven through the wall behind it, and the wall into the street. You know that your respected chief has a spice of coolness in him, and is not altogether unaccustomed to public speaking. Without the exercise of the two qualities, I think we should all have been there now. But when the uproarious spirits (who, as we strongly suspect, didn't pay at all) saw that it was quite impossible to disturb me, they gave in, and there was a dead silence. Then I told them, of course in the best way I could think of, that I was heartily sorry, but this was the fault of their own townsman (it was decidedly the fault of Wood's people, with maybe a trifle of preliminary assistance from Headland); that I would do anything to set it right; that I would at once adjourn to the Music Hall, if they thought it best; or that I would alter my arrangements, and come back, and read to all

Edinburgh if they wished (meantime Gordon, if you please, is softening the crowd outside, and dim reverberations of his stentorian roars are audible). At this there is great cheering, and they cry, "Go on, Mr Dickens; everybody will be quiet now." Uproarious spirit exclaims, "We won't be quiet. We won't let the reading be heard. We're illtreated." Respected chief says, "There's plenty of time, and you may rely upon it that the reading is in no danger of being heard until we are agreed." Therefore good-humouredly shuts up book. Laugh turned against uproarious spirit, and uproarious spirit shouldered out. Respected chief prepares, amidst calm, to begin, when gentleman (with fulldressed lady, torn to ribbons, on his arm) cries out, "Mr Dickens!" "Sir." "Couldn't some people, at all events ladies, be accommodated on your platform?" "Most certainly." Loud cheering. "Which way can they come to the platform, Mr Dickens?" "Round here to my left." In a minute the platform was crowded. Everybody who came up laughed and said it was nothing when I told them in a low voice how sorry I was; but the moment they were there the sides began to roar because they couldn't see! At least half of the people were ladies, and I then proposed to them to sit down or lie down. Instantly they all dropped into recumbent groups, with the respected chief standing up in the centre. I don't know what it looked like most — a battlefield — an impossible tableau-a gigantic picnic. There was a very pretty girl in full dress lying down on her side all night, and holding on to one leg of my table. So I read Nickleby and the Trial. From the beginning to the end they didn't lose one point, and they ended with a great burst of cheering.

'Very glad to hear that Morley's American article is done. Rather fagged to-day, but not very. So no more at present.—Ever faithfully, C. D.

'Will you reply to enclosed letter? 200 stalls let here for to-night!'

Finally, here is the record of a hospitable bet:

'OFFICE OF "ALL THE YEAR ROUND," No. 11 WELLINGTON STREET NOBTH, STEAND, LONDON, W.C.

Wednesday, Twenty-second January 1862.

'Dick bets Stanny that Masaniello was produced, as an opera, at Drury Lane Theatre thirty years ago; reference is supposed to be had to the date of the year, without reference to months. The bet is, a Dinner for four at Greenwich, Richmond, or elsewhere, for the party present—that is to say. Stanfield, Dickens, Wilkie Collins, Wills.'

Here follow the signatures. On the document somebody (I think Mr Wills) has added in pencil:

'I think C. D. lost, for Masaniello was produced as a ballet.'



THE PEARL NECKLACE.

CHAPTER IV .- THE SECRET PASSAGE.



E stood motionless and silent until the sound of the departing horses' hoofs died away in the distance, and then I stooped to pick up the scattered pearls, which I thrust into my pouch, the corporal watching me

with a very sour expression.

'Bring this Jacob Watkins to me presently,' I said in a low voice as I stepped into an adjoining chamber. 'I shrewdly suspect the fellow of having played us false.'

'I doubt it not,' said the corporal grimly. 'Tis ever the way with such as he.'

A few minutes later they entered. I motioned to the corporal to close the door, and beckoned Jacob to approach.

'How is this, Master Watkins?' said I. 'Did you not expressly inform me when I entered the Hall that Mistress Dorothy was in her chamber? Let me tell you that if this be the manner in which you perform your duties I shall be forced to deal with you in a way that will be little to your liking.'

'I told you the truth,' he answered doggedly.

'Take care, fellow,' said I sternly. 'If you lie to me, or play me false—and, let me tell you, I grievously suspect you'——

'Nay, sir,' he interposed, 'why should I tell you a lie by which I could gain nothing, and one, moreover, that could so easily be discovered? You have but to call in the rest of the serving-men and women, and they will tell you the same tale.'

'But the thing is clearly impossible,' I answered impatiently. 'If Mistress Dorothy were in her chamber when we entered the Hall, how could she afterwards ride up to the door with a message from Colonel Montague?'

'You must take us for fools or children,' said the corporal grimly, 'if you would have us believe so plain a falsehood.'

'Come, sir,' said I, 'have you no more plausible lie? This will scarce serve your purpose.'

'Nevertheless it is the truth,' rejoined he, 'and it but proves that which I have long suspected—namely, that there is some secret passage out of the house. That Mistress Dorothy was in her chamber when you arrived can be attested by all who were in the house, and that she did not escape openly your own sentinels will, I doubt not, bear witness.'

'That is an old story,' said I incredulously, 'and is told of well-nigh every hall and castle in the land; yet have I rarely met with such passages, though they should be as plentiful as blackberries if common report be accepted.'

'I do not claim to know it as a fact; but I cannot otherwise explain that which has taken place,' responded Jacob. 'By some means Mistress Dorothy

escaped from the Hall and warned Colonel Montague of your arrival. If she did it not by the aid of a secret passage, for my part I know not how she accomplished it.'

Little as I liked the appearance of the fellow, there was that in his manner which induced me to think that he was telling what he believed to be the truth, though the corporal half-turned away with a contemptuous gesture.

'It is possible,' said I; 'yet if there were such a passage I should doubtless have heard of it, having been acquainted with the Hall since boyhood. What hath led you to suspect the existence of one?'

'There have been divers meetings held here of late,' said Jacob. 'At midnight, when the servants have retired to rest, I have heard the voices of strangers that none but the members of the family ever saw enter or depart. The doors remained bolted—that I know for a truth—and not a horse or man was to be seen or heard outside, coming or departing, and yet at times the dining-hall hath been thronged with guests who came none knew how, and passed away as silently and secretly.'

'Yet you never discovered the passage?'

'Nay, sir, though I have searched most diligently for it.'

I looked at him keenly, but he returned my glance without betraying any signs of discomposure.

'Well,' said I after a moment's pause, 'I think you speak the truth as it appears to you. Now let us pass to other matters. I am instructed by the Protector to search for arms and money and papers. Know you where these things may be secreted?'

'As to the arms, sir,' he replied, 'there are some few muskets and swords in the cellars, but I think no great store of them. The moneys and papers of which you speak may, for aught I know, be in the Hall; but I have never been able to discover their whereabouts.'

'They are of importance,' I answered; 'but the capture of Colonel Montague is of more importance than aught else. What think you is our best plan? To scour the country night and day till we run him to earth, or wait till we have news of him before moving?'

'Had you a thousand horse at your back, or were the country-people devoted to His Highness, you might soon run him to earth,' replied Jacob; 'but by attempting to pursue him with the troopers under your command you would never see so much as the skirt of his coat. Every man and woman about the place would act as his scout, and would give him warning of your approach, and doubtless he hath many a hiding-place at his disposal. Nay, sir; an you would, leave it to me; I have a better plan. Turn me out of the Hall as though displeased with

me, and I will go to Mistress Dorothy at Poplar House, where the maid told me she was going to reside. My story will get me a welcome, and I warrant I shall soon have news of him. While she is there you may be sure he will not be far distant.'

Two things in the man's speech pleased me but little—namely, the suggestion that Montague was known to take pleasure in Dorothy's society, and that I should have any hand or part in placing a spy about her person. But the anger I felt concerning Montague enabled me to consent the more readily to Jacob's plan. Think of me what she would, I should do Mistress Dorothy good service by ridding her of such a friend. So, after some further discussion, I agreed to the matter being carried out as Jacob had suggested. Thereupon the corporal, to whom it appeared a labour of love, took Jacob roughly by the collar and bundled him out of the Hall, roundly abusing him as he did so.

When he returned later to report that he had duly posted sentries about the place, he found me gazing at the little heap of pearls lying on the table before me, and brooding over the strange events which had recently taken place. Indeed, they kept passing like pictures before my mind; but one stood out more clearly than all the rest. It was that scene in the hall when the little white pearls beside me lay scattered on the floor, and Dorothy with pale face and flashing eyes had scorned my proffered friendship. Why did I return to this scene again and again, and ever with the same feelings of remorse and regret? I scarce knew myself. Whence came this new-born indecision, these scruples and regrets? Hitherto the path of duty had often seemed rough and stormy to me, but plainly marked, and ever, God knows, the path I was ready to choose of my own free-will. Long lines of glittering steel, tossing manes, and thundering hoofs, squares of gleaming pikes, or shattered breaches vomiting fire and smoke: these I can affirm without vanity no soldier in Cromwell's evervictorious army had faced more readily than I; and now, though most clearly fulfilling my duty, I shrank back cowed and abashed before the frown on a young girl's face, and sat gazing pitifully at a broken bauble, as wretched and remorseful as though I had committed an unpardonable crime.

I experienced a sense of relief when the door opened and Corporal Flint came in. I noticed his eye dwelling upon the pearls.

'I shall take upon myself to return this pretty bauble to its rightful owner,' said I. 'His Highness likes no war on women, and would not desire us to retain it.'

'Even so,' said the corporal dryly.

I know not why I should have spoken as I did; but my mind was full of what had passed, and it seemed as though the words fell from my lips in spite of myself.

'She is a brave maid and a comely,' I said. 'It is

a pity she is so ill-disposed to the cause; but it could scarce be otherwise, seeing she is the daughter of so staunch a Royalist.'

'I have been young and now am old,' replied the corporal grimly, 'or if not old no longer young, yet have I never known a woman—maid, wife, or widow—who was not, to my way of thinking, a snare to those who walk unwarily, and a stumbling-block to the most godly. Take heed, your honour. The Evil One hath no bait more tempting than the bright eyes of a maid.'

I could not choose but smile at the solemn countenance and the ominous shake of the head with which he uttered these words.

'Have you no wife yourself, corporal?' I asked jestingly.

'God hath seen fit to visit me with many afflictions,' said the corporal solemnly; 'but that is one which He has hitherto been graciously pleased to spare me.'

'And you do not know any maid that you would desire to wed?' I continued.

He turned on me a countenance so wooden and expressionless that I could not but feel somewhat abashed.

'Does your honour consider me to be of a frivolous and light-minded disposition?' he asked coldly.

'Nay, nay, none would accuse you of being that, corporal,' I answered hastily.

'It becomes not me to boast,' said he, 'for none of us are free from human frailties; yet from my youth upwards have I escaped all the wiles of women. Ay, ay, they have striven and toiled in vain. Many's and many's the time they have smiled and sighed and flattered, yet have they but had their labour for their pains.'

As I looked at the corporal's lean, ungainly figure and his grim, weather-beaten countenance, I could scarce refrain from laughing outright, so impossible did it seem that he could ever find favour in the eyes of any woman. It seemed to me that he could claim little credit for resisting temptation which could only have been of the slightest. But it was evident that he thought otherwise.

'Ay ay,' he continued, 'they have had but their labour for their pains, I warrant you. Tall or short, stout or thin, blue-eyed or brown-eyed, it was ever the same with me. Sigh and ogle and flatter as they might, I was ever too wise to put my neck in a noose to please the fairest woman that ever walked on two feet.'

'Ha, ha, ha!' laughed I, for I could contain myself no longer.

'You are pleased to be merry, sir,' said he in high displeasure; 'yet I see no matter for mirth in that which I have said. It is ill jesting about matters of such serious import.'

I turned away to hide the laughter in my eyes.

'You speak truly, corporal,' said I, 'and I think I may claim to be much of your way of thinking. I too am a single man, and like to remain

so, for women, thank Heaven! have little attraction for me.'

He looked dubiously at the pearls, and shook his head solemnly.

'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall,' rejoined he. 'It is scarce likely that you have been tempted as I have been, and so gained wisdom by experience. I have known many who were puffed up with vanity, confident of their ability to resist temptation, become backsliders in the end. This same Mistress Dorothy is fair to look upon, I grant you—yea, exceedingly fair, most comely and pleasant to the eye—yet may she prove to be an instrument of the Evil One to'—

'That will do, corporal,' said I shortly. 'I will detain you no longer, for I am very weary, and would sleep while I may.'

'Ay, even so,' said he; and with another glance at the pearls, and a deep sigh, he went slowly out of the room.

Truly I was in no mood for jesting, and yet I caught myself smiling again and again at the queer conversation which had passed between us, the last I should ever have expected to have with Corporal Flint. In particular I smiled at the thought that I should ever cherish any other feeling than that of friendship for Mistress Dorothy Woodville. Fair, indeed, she was, as the corporal had said, but possessed, I could scarce doubt, of a very hasty temper and a bitter tongue. Moreover, she was a most ardent Royalist, in whose eyes I was a traitor and a rebel, unworthy even to be regarded as a friend. Besides, women had no attraction for me, and I had no intention of burdening myself with a wife in such troublous times, when the head of any man who took up arms on either side rested most insecurely on his shoulders.

I was still smiling as I laid myself upon a bed in one of the upper chambers, without putting off my clothes, in order that I might be prepared for action at a moment's notice. 'No, no, Master Corporal,' thought I, 'you may set your mind at rest. I am as little likely to yield to such temptation as yourself. If that be the only danger I am like to meet with in this business, I shall come through it, I doubt not, with some degree of credit.'

So saying I turned on my side, and, being very weary, was soon fast asleep.

AN ANCIENT METHOD OF EEL-CATCHING.



FEW years ago the life-history of no fish in the rivers, lakes, or ponds of Great Britain was less known to naturalists than that of the common eel, the study of this familiar fish having been neglected by early

ichthyologists. Lately it has received due attention, a good many interesting facts concerning it having been brought to light; and, although the problems relating to its migration and reproductive process have not all been solved, the eel can no longer be considered the most mysterious fish frequenting our inland waters.

With one phenomenon in connection with eels naturalists and fishermen have for a long time been familiar—that is, the migration of these fish every autumn. That this movement had something to do with the reproduction of the species few naturalists had any doubt; but until recent years it was not realised that the migration was not merely from the fresh-water of the rivers to the brackish water of the estuaries, but a migration into the deep water of the sea. That such is the case has been conclusively proved; and, thanks to Dr Jacoby, Dr Grassi, and other investigators, we may now confidently accept the following facts: (1) that during certain weeks of the year great numbers of female eels descend the rivers and enter the sea, (2) that these eels do not arrive at maturity until they reach the sea, (3) that they deposit their spawn in the sea, (4) that in developing from the eggs the young eels pass through a curious larval stage of existence, and (5) that when the fry have passed through this larval stage they become the so-called 'elvers' which in the spring may be seen making their way up the rivers from the sea. What becomes of the females that enter the sea in autumn is uncertain; but there is no evidence that they ever return to the rivers.

The fact that the eels deposit their spawn in the sea accounts for the annual migration of the females down our rivers. With this migration eel-catchers have long been acquainted; and in East Norfolk, where the rivers and broads swarm with eels, it led to the adoption, centuries ago, of a curious and interesting method of eel-capture—namely, the taking of eels by means of contrivances known as 'setts,' which is still practised by a limited number of marshmen living near the banks of the rivers Yare, Bure, and Waveney, and their tributary streams.

In East Norfolk the migration of the eels begins during the latter part of summer, when small numbers of silver or sharp-nosed eels, as the females are called, begin to pass down the rivers to the sea. The purpose of the eel-setter is to catch them on their way; and to do this he fixes a 'sett,' which is a large and somewhat complicated net, consisting of a wall of network stretched across the river, and varying in depth according to the depth of the stream. To the bottom of this net lead sinkers are attached, so that it always rests on the bed of the river. Cork buoys or wooden floats are fixed to the top to keep the net upright, and the ends are fastened to stakes driven into the banks of the river. In this long network-wall there are two, three, or

four openings, which, to the eels descending the river, appear to offer passages through this unexpected barrier, but which lead into fine-meshed purse-nets or 'pods,' from which there is no escape. The position of these 'pods'—which are, of course, extended down-stream—is marked by buoys; and the entrances to them are like those of ordinary bow-nets or crab-pots.

Such a net spread across a navigable river would seem to be an obstacle not only to eels but to navigation. The latter, however, is not obstructed, for, by means of ropes passed through blocks or pulleys fastened to stakes in the river-bed, the owner of the net can lower the whole or any part of it, and so permit of the passage of a boat or wherry.

To gain a better idea than the above description affords of the working of a sett, let us accompany an eel-catcher to his sett, and spend a night with him. It is an autumn evening, and we have timed our visit so that we reach the sett just before the tide begins to ebb. It is useless, the old fisherman tells us, to use the net when the tide is 'making'—that is, flowing—for then the eels do not 'run.' They only run with the ebb, and at night; and dark nights are best for eel-catching, for then the eels cannot see the net.

The position of the sett is indicated not only by the stakes driven into the river-banks, but by the eel-catcher's house-boat moored in a little inlet by the riverside. Such house-boats are a characteristic feature of the East Norfolk waterways. This one, like most of the others, is an old smack-boat, on which a little ark-like house or cabin is built, and fitted up with a small stove, two or three cupboards, and a couple of long lockers, which serve the occupant for chair, table, and bed. It makes a snug enough retreat for the eel-catcher on cold nights, provided the door is shut; but while the sett is 'raised'—that is, spread—he usually leaves the door open so that he may keep a lookout for boats and wherries.

It takes very little time to light a fire; but when this is done the tide has turned, and it is time to raise the sett. The way this is effected is simple enough. Since early morning the net has been lying at the bottom of the river, held down by the ropes used to lower it when a boat goes past. All that has to be done is to slacken the ropes, and in a few moments the long line of buoys attached to the top of the net is seen stretching across the river. The network wall is now raised, and unless the bottom of it happens to be resting on a large stone, a sunken log, or some similar object in the bed of the river, it is practically impossible for the migrating eels to get past it. On coming in contact with it they will seek for some opening by which they can get through, and will only find those openings which lead into the imprisoning 'pods.'

There is nothing to be done for several hours except keep on the watch for passing wherries. Of

this we shall no doubt soon tire; but for a while we are glad to chat with the old fisherman and learn something about eels and eel-catching. Some very big catches, he says, have been made by the owners of East Norfolk setts, though not of late years, owing to the 'growing up' of some of the broads and the reclaiming of the swampy tracts having caused a considerable decrease in the number of eels. Forty years ago it was no uncommon occurrence for twenty or thirty stones of eels to be taken in a sett in a single night, and even catches of sixty and eighty stones were not uncommon. The biggest catch he has ever known to be made in a night was one of ninety stones. This huge haul was made by the owner of a three-pod sett in the Thurne. The pods on that occasion were so full and heavy that three men were required to raise them. Nowadays, if a man takes from ten to twenty stones in a week in the height of the season he reckons he has done very well. Curiously enough, very few fish besides eels find their way into the setts; but fishermen who spread their setts across the lower waters of the main rivers not infrequently find scores of shore-crabs in their pods, and occasionally a few pints of sea-shrimps, which during the autumn and winter months often ascend the rivers in vast numbers.

Among the men of the marshes some curious myths concerning ecls were at one time current. One of these was that chopped horsehair if thrown into the rivers became transformed into eels. Even now there are eel-catchers who believe eels to be viviparous—that the females give birth to their young instead of depositing spawn. The occasional presence of worm-like parasites in the intestines of eels is no doubt responsible for that belief. The assertion of marshmen that eels were capable of making their way across marshes in order to get from one river or dike to another was for a long time discredited; but it is now known that they can accomplish such overland journeys with comparative ease.

About eleven o'clock, acting on the eel-catcher's advice, we turn into the cabin with the intention of obtaining a few hours' sleep. The sibilant whispering of the riverside reeds is a sound conducive to slumber; but the novelty of our surroundings has a counteracting effect, and it is some time before we become unconscious of the rocking of the house-boat whenever a passing wherry sets a slight swell running into the creek.

An hour before sunrise the old man rouses us, and, still half-asleep, we stumble out of the cabin and into his flat-bottomed boat. It is time, he tells us, to get up the pods; so, rowing towards one of the buoys, he seizes it, and, by means of the rope with which it is attached to the pod, hauls the end of the latter into the boat. In a minute or two the whole pod is hauled on board, and by the faint light of early morning we can just see that it contains about a couple of stones of squirming eels. These are shaken down into the end of the pod,

which is then untied and its contents deposited in a tub kept in readiness in the boat. The pod having been emptied, the end is tied up again, and it is sunk once more to the bottom of the stream. The other two pods are then raised, emptied, and sunk; and, together, they produce about three stones of eels. Most of these are small, ranging from twelve to eighteen inches in length; but about half-a-dozen weigh from two to three pounds each. As the catch is not to be sent off to the London market until the next day, it is deposited in a large square trunk or 'eel-box,' having the sides and top perforated with innumerable small holes. This box is submerged in the river, and the eels are thus kept alive until the time for sending them away.

Such is the method by which most of the eels sent to London and elsewhere are captured by the

East Norfolk eel-catchers. That it is a very ancient one is evident from the fact that in 1576, when a dispute arose about the letting of 'certen fyshinge groundes and places called settes,' it was asserted that setts had been used in the Norfolk rivers, and had been let to fishermen for very small sums since 'time out of mynde.' In an old report of the proceedings in connection with this dispute, we find mention made of a curious custom of the eel-catchers of that time in regard to the claiming of settingplaces along the rivers. 'Yerlie, on the day of St Margaret,' it is stated, 'every fysherman that could that daye, after the rysinge, firste come to anye of the said ele-settes in anye of the said ryvers, and there stayed and pytche a bowghe at the said elesette, the same fysherman should have and enjoye the same ele-sette that year.'

LORD CUMBERWELL'S LESSON.

CHAPTER III.



ORD CUMBERWELL stood immovable, listening anxiously. The footsteps approached, slowly and more slowly as they drew nearer. Opposite the door they paused, but only for a moment.

Then he drew a breath of relief. As soon as the policeman had gone to a reasonable distance he would carry out his plan. He would return to the other side of the door, and knock until he received an answer.

Still listening to the departing footsteps, he looked around him curiously. From the kitchen he heard the voice of a child, apparently a boy. Just before him, on the left, was the open door of a room, probably a small sitting-room; and opposite this entrance was a hat and umbrella stand. Lying upon this stand was something he had seen before. It was a small hand-bag made of crocodile leather. There was no need for a second glance, for it was certainly the one which the woman had carried. He remembered his conclusions in the omnibus—that it contained his priceless slip of paper!

Here was the end of his trouble just within his grasp. Instantly he saw that he could avoid an interview with the frightened woman, and could avoid also the bother which would be caused by a revelation of his identity. The way he saw was short, simple, and immensely easy. He could open the bag, take out the document, and vanish without a sign.

In justice to the Earl, it must be said here that he really did hesitate for a brief while; but the temptation was too strong. Perhaps, too, his fall may be regarded as a simple result of his long diplomatic training. He stepped forward silently, and laid his hands upon the bag. Hastily and nervously he tried to open it, but it was in vain that he fumbled with the clasps and metal-work. He had

never touched such an article before, so it is not surprising that he failed; and while he was still engaged with it he heard heavy footsteps cross the floor of a room above him and approach the landing above the stairs. Some one was coming down.

The position was an extremely delicate one. There was hardly time to think, much less to escape through the front door. The Earl of Cumberwell saw one alternative which looked promising. Still clasping the hand-bag, he stepped backward into the doorway of the sitting-room.

He was just in time. A man came heavily down the stairs, and paused at the bottom. Lord Cumberwell moved silently farther back among the shadows of his hiding-place. Then he heard the man advance to the front-door, which he closed and fastened noisily. After that he returned, and strode towards the kitchen.

'Dear me!' thought Lord Cumberwell, perplexed; 'he has fastened the door. I wonder whether it will be easy to open.'

There was worse to come. When the man reached the kitchen he addressed some one in a loud tone.

'Laura,' he said, 'you left the front door-open.'

'Did I?' asked a woman's voice. 'Well, it was no wonder. I was so frightened'----

At that word the coloured-glass door was closed, and the voices were lost. Again Lord Cumberwell breathed more freely, for the danger seemed to have passed. He must make one more effort to open the bag, and if he failed this time there was only one thing to do: he must carry it away with him.

It was his mistake, at this point, that he did not pause to consider; but the whole affair had been so hasty that consideration had scarcely come into it at all. If he had paused to think now, he would have seen that if the lost document was at this time in the hand-bag it would be just as well to leave it there. In that simple hiding-place it was safe alike from the members of the Opposition and the editor of the *Hour*; while, seeing the nature of its surroundings, it was not likely to fall into the wrong hands soon enough to work harm. But Lord Cumberwell did not think of this, and saw nothing but the necessity of getting it into his possession. He was excited, and in no mood for sensible calculation.

So he fumbled again with the fastenings, losing in this way his only opportunity for escape. Scarcely had he worked for ten seconds when there broke upon his ear simultaneously the sound of the hurried opening of the kitchen door, the voice of the man, and his footsteps in the passage. All these sounds were full of haste and anger.

'I'll precious soon see,' said the man as he reached the door; 'and if I find him there I'll just let him know it. You may take my word for that!'

The woman followed him up the passage. There were other footsteps also, probably those of the boy. Lord Cumberwell held his breath.

'I can't see any one,' said the man, speaking from the gate. 'There's only a policeman within sight. What was the ruffian like?'

'He was rather stout,' answered the woman, 'and clean shaven. He had a soft gray hat on, and he was a queer-looking figure altogether.'

A queer-looking figure altogether! The description only added an extra pang to the discomfort which the listener was enduring already. This was most humiliating.

'Well, I'll walk to the corner,' said the man doubtfully. 'Just wait a minute.'

His steps receded rapidly, and his wife was left at the door. For an instant Lord Cumberwell thought that this might be his chance; but he gave up the hope. There was no time; and besides, he could not summon up courage to face such a situation. He stood mute, clasping the bag in his hands.

The man returned. 'I can't see any one,' he said. 'Perhaps he cleared away when he saw you enter the house.'

They came in, closing the iron gate as they did so. The man passed down towards the kitchen, evidently rather disappointed. 'You can lock the door,' he said, pausing on the way. 'It won't be wanted again to-night.'

His wife remained behind and turned the key in the front-door with a click which was distinctly audible to one person near at hand; then, on her way to the kitchen, she paused at the door of the room in which the Earl was standing. It was her usual habit, and one which she had in common with many good housewives, to give a last look round before locking up for the night. She paused on the threshold, thrust the door back a little, and peered into the room.

Lord Cumberwell had no time to retire out of view. He could only stand in his place, helpless and confounded. The woman gave a start and a scream.

'James! James! Quick!'

With the cry she ran back, and her startled husband met her in the middle of the passage. To his amazement, he saw a large, portly figure emerge from the sitting-room and advance towards them. The woman screamed again.

'I really beg your pardon,' began Lord Cumberwell. 'I am sorry to have alarmed you'—

His stately apology was interrupted. 'What are you doing in this house?' demanded the householder with vigour.

'I will explain,' said Lord Cumberwell hastily.
'I will explain. The fact is, my dear sir—the fact is, I came in to see your wife—this lady.'

It was, at the least, an unfortunate way of putting it. The woman gave an exclamation of amazement, and her husband stared. He was a man of heavy but athletic build, one who would evidently stand no nonsense.

'To see my wife!' he echoed, with darkening face

'Oh James!' gasped his wife tremulously; 'it's the man I told you of—the one who stared at me in the bus, and then followed me here. And look—see what he has in his hand!'

Every one looked, the Earl included. Clasped tightly in his right hand was the little hand-bag of crocodile leather!

It was an awful combination of circumstances, and he was so utterly taken aback that he could not find a word to utter. It was the husband that spoke first.

'Charlie,' he said, addressing his son, a boy of about ten years, 'there's a policeman up the street. Run round through the back door, and fetch him.'

The boy disappeared at once, before Lord Cumberwell had recovered his presence of mind. Directly afterwards he found strength to utter a horrified protest.

'My dear sir'--- he began, advancing.

'If you move another step forward,' said the householder calmly, 'I'll knock you down.'

The Earl stopped, aghast. 'My dear sir,' he began again, with an effort, 'you must let me explain. I came here to see your wife. She called at my house little more than an hour ago.'

'Called at your house?' interrupted the man.

'Oh James,' cried his wife, 'what an awful untruth! I haven't called at any house—you know I haven't.'

'What!' said Lord Cumberwell. 'Did you not call at my house this evening with a letter?'

'Your house? Why, I haven't called at any house. I don't know your house.'

This was a blow indeed. It had entirely failed to suggest itself to the Earl that he might have made a mistake at the beginning, that this woman in black was not the woman who had called at his

house. Now he perceived, with a feeling of despair, that he had been following up the wrong person all along.

He was bewildered and dismayed by this new turn in affairs; but his captors saw only guilt in his face. 'Perhaps you can think of a better story than that,' suggested the man offensively. 'I don't think it will do.'

'Sir!' cried Lord Cumberwell indignantly.

'Please, don't "sir" me. What about the hand-bag?'

Things were growing worse. 'I—I thought the letter was in it,' explained the guilty Minister. 'I was about to look. That is all.'

'Indeed!-Laura, what is in that bag of yours?'

'Nothing but my purse,' answered the woman quickly.

There was a disagreeable pause. The Earl glanced at the door, but there was no chance in that direction. Then he made one final effort.

'It's a mistake,' he began—'a foolish and ridiculous mistake. You don't know who I am.'

'Never mind that. The police will know, no doubt. They'll be here in a minute.'

It was a hopeless affair, and the Earl groaned in his heart. For a few moments he contemplated the idea of taking the two entirely into his confidence, but was forced to relinquish it. His case was already prejudiced beyond recovery as far as these people were concerned: they would regard his story as a wild fable, and he would simply be exposing himself to ridicule without any good effect. Perhaps it would be best, after all, to wait for the police. Then things would come right.

The wait was not a long one. A back-door was suddenly thrown open, and a constable appeared, with the boy at his side. To the Earl's dismay, this was the officer whose conduct so short a time before had brought all this misfortune upon

him—the one whose suspicious scrutiny had forced him to enter the house. Circumstances were inexorable.

'Well?' said the constable, striding up the narrow passage in a leisurely way. 'What have we here?'

'A burglar!' cried the woman excitedly.

'Something of that kind,' added her husband.

'It is a mistake,' protested the Earl—'a most absurd mistake.'

The officer looked at him closely. 'Ah!' he said; 'it's you, is it? I had my suspicions.'

'What!' cried the householder; 'do you know him?'

The constable gave a wise smile. 'I saw him enter this house a little while ago, and I thought then there was something queer about him. How did you get hold of him?'

'We found him hiding in that front-room, and he had my wife's hand-bag. That's burglary, isn't it?'

The officer took out his note-book. 'It's bad enough, anyhow,' he replied. 'It's being found on enclosed premises—namely, a front sitting-room—for the purpose of committing a felony.' Then, turning to the Earl, he said, 'You'd better keep all your talk for the inspector. And I warn you that anything you say may be used as evidence against you.'

This was horrible. The man's tone and manner were so galling that the Earl's last grain of patience vanished. His dismay, irritation, and bewilderment, his humiliation and his contempt, all became merged in a sudden rage. The blood rushed to his brows, and in the heat of the moment one hasty word escaped him. He had not used such a word before since his old electioneering days. He regretted it the moment it had gone; but his regret was swallowed up in renewed wrath when he saw the man calmly enter it in his note-book.

THE FUTURE OF SPAIN.



HE future prosperity of Spain is a wide subject, and can only be touched on here very superficially; but it is occupying the attention of those who are interested in that country, for a crisis is at hand.

Quite recently in Great Britain our instincts were deeply stirred by the Coronation of our King, and we read with interest of the preparations made for the great event—preparations that gave an impetus to all our industries—for example, the weaving of the gold-embroidered mantle in the ancient little town of Braintree in Essex, and the Honiton lace supplied as fast as the lace-makers of South Devon could produce it. Thus the whole country received some benefit. However, it is very different in Spain, where, on the 17th of May last year, King Alfonso, a lad of

sixteen, ascended the throne of his fathers. We were then struck by the entire absence of enthusiasm; but this may be partly because coronations have been more frequent in Spain than with us, three having taken place there during the reign of the late Queen Victoria: that of Isabella II., Amadeus I., and Alfonso XII. Probably, however, it is also in a measure due to the many factions and parties all striving for pre-eminence.

During his minority Alfonso XIII. has been trained under the personal supervision of his mother. Owing to the delicacy of his health, great care and attention were necessary; and it is certain that his education, both moral and intellectual, has been superintended more strictly and judiciously than that of most of his predecessors. That advantage he owes to his mother;

over his dead father's faults we draw a veil, for he had no such privilege.

Alfonso was born in 1886, some months after his father's death; and those who were living in Spain at the time will remember that there was little enthusiasm at the event. In the smaller towns in the south hardly any notice was taken; there were no flags or other demonstrations of joy. Groups of workmen, however, gathered at the street corners and discussed the occurrence in somewhat excited tones. For them, the Republican party, the birth of the heir to the throne meant only, they declared, more taxation, heavier duties, greater oppression, in order to fill the There has been discontent ever royal coffers. since—a ferment which on the slightest pretext is ready to break out in disorder.

In some respects the Queen-Regent ruled wisely and well. She surrounded her son while young with admirably chosen attendants and governesses, one of the latter being an Irish lady. Those who know something of the Queen's regency and her difficulties admire the loyal and devoted spirit which actuated her, and her complete selfsurrender in the performance of arduous duties. It has been rumoured that she had had a longstanding attachment to one of high birth in her own land; and at one time there may have been a slight wavering between inclination and duty. If so, the world never knew it; and perhaps none will ever know how much the Queen-Regent gave up. She made herself thoroughly respected -perhaps more respected than loved; the Court underwent a much-needed reform, and was purified and purged of many abuses; the fine arts, music, and religion took the place of somewhat undesirable amusements; and order and decorum reigned supreme.

The Republican party, which is very numerous, is always on the alert for revolution; and there are certainly some grounds for the popular discontent. One grievance is the Jesuit influence under which the Queen allowed herself to come. She gave the invitation, and made them welcome to all the most lucrative posts. ascendency of the Jesuits has had disastrous effects on the people, for as soon as a footing was gained factories were built by the order, and a monopoly secured of all the most profitable industries. Then, as the management of all the machinery and mechanical appliances, as well as the cultivation of the soil, had been in the hands of the lay-brothers, thousands of Spaniards were deprived of the opportunity of earning a livelihood. In fact, the confraternity can undersell every competitor, even the making of lace and embroidery having almost entirely fallen into their hands. These articles have always been a specialty of the convent, though formerly poor women could thereby make a fair living.

The discontent caused by the Jesuit régime pervades all classes. A resident in one of the southern towns declares that the Jesuit rule is fatal to every interest in the country; and, though a whole-hearted Roman Catholic, he abhors the order. It may be said, as it was of old, that the Jesuits 'lead captive silly women,' for in the town to which we refer there is a large Jesuit settlement, and it is the fashion for all the ladies to confess to the Jesuit fathers. They seem to spend their whole morning—from two to three hours at least—in confession. The street in front of the convent of the Jesuit fathers is thronged with carriages every day from ten till two o'clock, sometimes even later.

The Jesuit fathers are very popular with certain sections of the community, their charming manner and gentlemanly bearing giving them immense influence. It is said that the heads of the order are so well aware of this that these qualities are indispensable for admission to the confraternity. Be that as it may, it cannot be denied that the fathers are very polished and highly cultured men, and that they are adepts at the extraction of family secrets, including even the husband's political opinions.

Many of those who recognise the evil are attempting to put a stop to attendance at the confessional of the Jesuit fathers. The husband may endeavour to persuade his wife to go to the ordinary parish priest; but the devout lady is so endued with a sense of what she owes to the Jesuit fathers that she manages to evade all restrictions. The Jesuit considers that 'the end justifies the means,' and thinks he does no wrong in encouraging the wife to deceive or disobey her husband; in fact, the influence of the order, which pervades the whole country, hampers political and material progress to an almost inconceivable extent. These animadversions, however, are not applicable to the ordinary parish priest.

By encouraging the Jesuits the Queen unfortunately made herself very unpopular. In consequence democracy is gaining strength and power; and the newspapers frequently report meetings of 'societies' of workmen, and discuss the opinions there expressed. Nowadays the mass of the people will not submit to misgovernment or oppression; as a speaker at a recent meeting said: 'We will make ourselves respected to-day, but feared to-morrow.' The firm attitude they have assumed has evidently had some effect, for the Queen-Regent recently signed a decree fixing the day's work at eight hours, and directing that for time worked beyond that limit one-eighth of a day's wage be paid for each hour.

Another grievance touching the working-class very nearly is the attitude the alcalde, or village mayor, takes up in matters affecting their welfare. He has considerable power: he can see that sufficient wages are paid, that the houses rented by the poor are kept in proper condition, and that the labouring classes are not unfairly treated.

These officials, however, are generally too intent on the study of their own interests to give heed to such matters. Quite recently, in a town in the western provinces, the fearfully insanitary condition of certain houses was notorious. sanitary inspector on visiting the town detected effluvia in some of the poorer class of houses, and brought the alcalde to convince him. In one of these tenement-houses thirty people slept in one large room, and the condition of that room and the straw used as a bed defied description. The houses were vacated, and one of them, if not more, demolished. Then the alcalde was severely reprimanded, as these conditions had been permitted for some time unchecked; he had always put off interference till 'to-morrow,' as the Spaniards are so prone to do. Manana ('To-morrow') may be called the Spaniards' watchword, and 'Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow' their motto.

An incident illustrative of this slothful inclination may be mentioned. A party of travellers were going by a merchant-vessel from Cadiz to London. They had sailed across the Bay of Cadiz in a leaky and clumsy little boat, and, the day being stormy and the sea rough, they were drenched with spray. They were already behind time, and afraid the vessel would sail without them; but on arriving they saw their jovial captain, with a grin on his face, leaning over the bulwarks. He was dressed in a smart frock-coat, with a flower in the button-hole, and wore a silk hat: he was evidently bound for the shore. 'No going off to-day,' he said, with a humorous wink. 'Manana, manana! We are in Spain, don't you know?' He seemed to enjoy the situation, though the drenched passengers did not.

The procrastination of the Spaniards has sometimes cost them life and treasure. In the time of the cholera in 1884, the spread of the epidemic might have been prevented had proper precautions been adopted and sanitation attended to. Complaints were made of the terrible condition of some of the tenement-houses and of the corrals (yards) in certain villages in the south, and day after day promises were made that the matter would be investigated; but until the cholera broke out nothing was done. It was then discovered that the back-yards in some of the slums were in a frightful state; they were receptacles for the carcasses of dead animals, refuse vegetables, rotting bones, and every kind of abomination. In Cadiz, which is a beautiful and apparently a clean town, it was ascertained that some places were in a similar state. In a certain street the air was fetid with sewer-gas. When-after days and weeks of delay in carrying out the promise that the main drain would be opened up and cleared —the cholera made its appearance operations were commenced; and on the drain being opened a tin box carefully soldered was found to be blocking it up. The box, which contained tobacco, had probably been placed there by a contrabandist, and forgotten!

This dilatoriness of the Spaniards injuriously affects not only the ordinary affairs of life but even the simplest pleasures. For example, there is a seaside town almost facing Cadiz, on the opposite side of the bay. Yellow sands and pinewoods line the coast; and it is delightful on a warm evening to go down to the beach and watch the breakers as they roll in white and foamy on the golden sands. The fragrant scent of the pines is wafted on the evening breeze; but suddenly a less pleasant smell is felt, and you gasp and put your handkerchief to your nose. There lies the carcass of a donkey, and it has lain there for some days. A little way off, perhaps fishing or idly smoking a cigarette, is a man, in the uniform of a garde champetre, who is supposed to be responsible for keeping the place clean and in proper order. When you complain to him of the carcass and the offensive smell he will only smile and, putting his hands to his head, exclaim, 'Ya! ya!'-a favourite exclamation-'what a memory I have! Day after day I have intended to remove it; and yesterday I went for the dust-cart and could not get it. To-morrow, señores, without fail, it shall be removed.' Then he spreads out his hands and smiles, as though conferring a favour. Yet on the morrow we notice that the carcass has not been removed.

An urgent desire for reform is frequently expressed in the Spanish newspapers, many of our methods and institutions being highly commended and recommended for adoption in Spain; and this is perhaps somewhat remarkable, as the Spaniards have no love for Britain as a nation though they respect us, and during the war in South Africa they were distinctly pro-Boer in their sympathies. The remodelling of the Spanish army is much discussed, the general opinion being that the British system should be copied as closely as possible, and conscription abolished, as the result has been the enrolment of a very undesirable class of recruits from the lowest grades of the population, men with no soldierly qualities and hating their metier. It is because exemption from the three years of military service costs from sixty to eighty pounds that conscription falls heaviest on the most inefficient class. Some of them, with the assistance of friends, scrape together ten pounds for a substitute; others resort to such trickery as maining and drugging themselves to evade military service. During the war in Cuba conscription was very severe. Soldiers were needed, and mere lads who had never handled a rifle and had no military training were taken-some even from sick-bedsand shipped off. They had, it is true, to pass a medical examination; but it is hinted that some of the examining officers were not above accepting petty bribes from the men they examined, and. showed little consideration for those who could not give them some recompense.

The life of the Spanish soldier is very hard. Many of them are inefficient; and some of the officers are quite unqualified for their position. The American vice-consul, who lived in a southern town where troops were quartered, said that he saw a soldier who was very slovenly in appearance attacked by his officer on the paradeground. In his passion the officer struck the man in the face, knocking him down, and he lay for a time partially stunned. Such brutality often occurred, with sad results, sometimes, for the officers themselves. The same gentleman one day overheard two soldiers discussing their officer. 'If he does not take care,' said one of the men, 'he may be served the same as Colonel X. at Oran'-referring to an officer who had been assassinated by his men.

The marriage question is also occupying attention in the press. Soldiers are not allowed to marry till their term of military service expires; consequently there are many irregular marriages, which are seldom, if ever, verified, and are the cause of much misery and immorality.

The Spaniards are now adopting certain English words. We sometimes see a notice in the newspapers of a 'meeting' de los labradores (labourers' meeting), the heading 'Parish' to local news, and many other words.

The Republican party is perhaps the strongest; but the Carlists are formidable rivals. Queen displayed great tact in her dealings with them; but by permitting the 'Casa' marriage she gave offence to the Republicans. It would seem that an attempt to pacify one party had the effect of immediately stirring up the jealousy of the other. However, there has been quiet preparation for dealing with Don Carlos and his followers when the opportune time arrives. An able writer in the Impartial-which, by-the-bye, does not invariably merit the name-expresses the hope that the Prime-Minister and his Cabinet will consider mainly the welfare of the nation rather than personal aggrandisement or advantage. Meantime all parties are anxiously waiting to see what influence the young King will have on imperial policy. In February 1902 Queen Maria spoke for the last time, on the eve of relinquishing her regency. In a short but dignified speech she said she had done her best for the King and the nation.

Up to the present time little mention has been made of the young King. He has only been a figure associated with stamps and the coins of the realm; but we may expect that in a short time it will be seen whether he will assume any personal control or become only a tool in the hands of the Prime-Minister and the Jesuits. It is to be remembered that the King is but seventeen years of age; and although at that age a Spaniard resembles, in appearance and

manner, a British youth of twenty-two or twentythree, the early development is only physical.

Many improvements and reforms are needed. In medical science there has certainly been an advance; but improvement in hospital management is urgently needed, as all these institutions are very far behind the standard maintained elsewhere. The people are afraid to enter them, and many piteous stories are told of their inmates. The popular distrust is expressed in the following lines:

When I put my foot inside your door I may say to my little body, Farewell for evermore!

Better nursing, better food, and more skilled medical treatment are certainly much needed. One of the strange tales told by discharged inmates is that when a patient is incurable but likely to live for a long time some tiny pilules are invariably administered, with the result that death occurs shortly afterwards. The writer asked a Spanish doctor if this was true. He admitted that it was, but added that he had never felt he would be justified in adopting such treatment. Many of his confrères, however, would not admit there was any wrong done in administering the pilules in hopeless cases—for example, to dying babies to prevent prolonged suffering. He said, in conclusion, that he often wished his conscience would allow him to do likewise.

This practice is the more striking because human life is highly valued in Spain. Capital punishment is very rare. Whenever possible the criminal is sentenced to perpetual imprisonment in chains—that is, in many cases, chained to a pillar in an underground dungeon. Some time ago, at Granada, a party of tourists were shown the outside of one of these dungeons, in which a young parricide had been chained for some years. Surely death would be more humane than perpetual imprisonment in a noisome dungeon into which light cannot penetrate, and where the prisoner is chained like a wild beast.

Spanish prisons generally are by no means up to modern requirements. A German gentleman who was touring through New Castile was arrested as a spy, and thrown into prison; and his experiences during the few days he was there defy description. He was thrust into a cell beside a number of the lowest vagabonds, the place being indescribably dirty and evil-smelling, and having only filthy straw for them to lie on. The only food supplied was badly boiled rice, potatoes, and bread; and, though the prisoners were permitted to buy food, the gentleman had to subsist on the prison fare, as he had been robbed of all his money. In the larger towns, however, prisoners are better housed and fed.

When capital punishment is carried out it is by garrotting—that is, strangulation by means of a brass collar tightened by a screw, whose point enters the spinal marrow. This to our mind has all the horror of the barbarous punishments of the past. There is a great deal of false sentiment on the subject of capital punishment. Some years ago a man had been convicted of robbery and murder-only one of the many crimes it was said he had committed. The criminal was sentenced to death, and lay in the prison of a small town in the south, awaiting execution. Then, on a day of public festivity, an amnesty was granted, and this murderer was liberated among the other lesser criminals. The townspeople were frantic with delight; the man's crime was forgotten, and crowds of people of all classes, including many members of aristocratic families, hurried to his cell, embraced the filthy criminal, gave him food and clothing, and some even shed tears of joy at his liberation!

While this false sentimentalism exists crime will not be diminished. Every Spanish paper

contains reports of stabbings in wine-shops and in dark streets, and the finding of the bodies of murdered or drowned persons, yet the criminals are rarely arrested; and men suspected of having committed more than one murder may even be seen walking in public places unmolested.

It is difficult to predict what the future holds for Spain, once a great nation, and even now a land of boundless resources; but until the Spaniards effect considerable reform in their laws and public institutions, put down bribery and other corrupt practices, and pay more attention to sanitary requirements, their country will never prosper. The Spaniard has many faults: he is prompt to take offence, hot-blooded, impetuous, and often insincere; but he is capable of warm friendships, and is generous, genial, and pleasant to deal with. In fact, we as a nation might with advantage imitate him in some respects.

THE ICE-CHEST.



HE ice-chest in America is such a common household article that the average person seldom thinks of any other way of keeping things except with the frozen liquid. Really, the amount of ice used for cold-storage

purposes nowadays, when contrasted with other methods of refrigeration, is so small as to be really insignificant, although hundreds of thousands of tons are still utilised in various ways. The fact is, cold-storage has now become almost universal in the United States, and is as much a necessity as steam or gas. Every meat-salesman and greengrocer has his big refrigerator either cooled by ice or by some other process; the cold-storage warehouses of the great packing-companies throughout the country are familiar to every one; ice is indispensable in the undertaker's business; the modern dairy-farm could not exist without it; while ice-cream has been converted from a luxury into a common article of food. Ice is even used for one form of amusement: the artificial ice-rinks which have been opened in various cities.

Cold-storage has also become a great factor for other industries besides those specified above. Plants for generating cold air are now installed in chemical-works, sugar-refineries, places where molasses is made, paraffin-works, oil-refineries, stearine-factories, steel-mills, blast-furnaces, laundries, glue-works, dynamite-works, paint-factories, soap-factories, and india-rubber works. In works for the manufacture of dry plates and other photographic material the refrigerator is also utilised. The manufacturer of wines and liquors cannot do without it. Every modern steamship has its refrigeration compartments, where thousands of carcasses can be kept an indefinite period, as well as the delicacies supplied to the table of

the cabin passengers. Most of the refrigeratorcars used for carrying perishable freights are cooled with ice; but a new method has recently been introduced which will probably take the place of ice

Experts believe that fully four-fifths of the space cooled artificially in the United States is kept in this condition without the use of an ounce of ice, by the modern refrigerating apparatus. The refrigerating-engine has been developed to such an extent that plants ranging from three or four horse-power to five hundred horse-power are installed. Some of them have what is termed an icemaking capacity of but three or four tons, while others represent five hundred tons. This apparatus is not used to freeze water, but merely takes the heat from the air and thus reduces it to the temperature required by utilising ammonia gas or brine. Ammonia is one of the greatest heat-absorbers known, and if it were not for ammonia many industries in the United States would not be in existence. Experiments have been made which enable the engineer to know just how much gas a machine of a certain type can discharge in twenty-four hours. The heat is termed the ice-melting capacity, and the measurement of refrigerating apparatus is based upon what is called the refrigerating capacity or the number of tons of ice which would be melted by the ammonia discharged in twenty-four hours. The cooling effect of a ton of ice is equal to two hundred and eightyfour thousand thermal units of the British standard -in other words, it will cool two hundred and eighty-four thousand pounds of water one degree. Consequently a machine which ordinarily would extract enough heat from the air, by use of the ammonia, to melt a ton of ice every twenty-four hours would cool one hundred and ninety-seven pounds of water one degree every minute. It is

by this formula that the cold-storage experts estimate the size of the refrigerating-engines required for various spaces, much of this kind of apparatus being required in slaughter-houses, breweries, &c. Tables have been compiled which show what can be done by a machine representing one ton of refrigerating capacity every twenty-four hours. packing-houses such a machine will preserve ten oxen, sixty calves, twenty-five hogs, and seventyfive sheep. It will cool six thousand cubic feet of space to a temperature of thirty-two degrees, necessary to preserve eggs; three thousand cubic feet of space to a temperature of twenty degrees for butter; two thousand cubic feet of space to a temperature of ten degrees for game—the various substances requiring different temperatures. These temperatures are all above zero. It will also keep forty barrels of beer at a temperature ranging from seventy to forty degrees, as required in aging the liquid. Consequently a comparatively small refrigerating-machine is a substitute for several tons of ice, and is more advantageous in many

In arranging cold-storage compartments, the refrigerating-engine may be at a considerable distance from them. The pipes conveying the ammonia or other substance for cooling the air are laid like ordinary steam or water pipes, with the exception that the fittings or joints are made specially tight. They are arranged in various ways in the cold-storage compartment, depending upon the area to be cooled as well as the temperature required. Sometimes they are suspended from the ceiling, sometimes run along the sides of the room, and sometimes distributed at equal distances around it and attached to hooks or shelves, so that the articles to be preserved can be placed near them. The engineer can control the temperature by regulating the flow of ammonia, or brine, or other heat-extracting substance, just as the engineer of the steam heating-plant can regulate the temperature in the apartment to be warmed. The ammonia, as it passes through the pipes and extracts the heat, is carried back to the refrigeratingengine, where by compression its temperature is reduced, and it is again forced through the pipe-Thus treated, the ammonia can be used over and over again, and this is one of the most economical features of the system. The refrigeratingmachines are of various types; in the one known as the single-acting machine the gas enters the bottom of the compressor, passes up through the suctionvalve, and is compressed and driven out through the pipe by a discharge-valve. The compressor is encased in a water-jacket, which keeps the walls cool and overcomes much of the heat generated in compression.

Refrigeration is used very extensively in chocolate-factories to keep the chocolate from melting after it has been moulded into the various kinds of candy. While warm from the moulds, the candy may be carried directly to a cold-storage chamber upon a moving platform, or exposed to a blast of

cold air generated by the refrigerating apparatus, which keeps it from 'running,' as it is called. Cakes of soap are treated in the same way after they are moulded. Green timber may be converted into material fit for building purposes in a short time by submitting it to a low temperature by refrigeration, the sap being dried artificially by this process, while by the natural processes it would require a much longer time. Refrigeration is very valuable for drying clothes in laundries, as the reduction of the temperature also dries the air, and clothes treated by it are dried more rapidly than when hung out on a line and exposed to the wind. It is of special value in tempering steel, which requires varying degrees of heat; the cold air is applied by fans, and the temperature can be regulated to a fraction of a degree.

The modern American dairy could not exist without refrigeration, for from the time the milk is received from the farmer until it leaves the building in bottles and cans for the consumer, or as butter, cheese, and ice-cream, it is passing through apartments which are artificially cooled. The great vats into which it is first poured, as well as the clarifiers which strain it automatically, contain pipes for this purpose. The separators which skim the cream from the surface are reduced nearly to a freezing temperature. When the milk is ready to be placed in bottles and cans it is passed over apparatus resembling a huge radiator, consisting of pipes filled with ammonia or brine. In some of the dairies a blast of cold air is used instead of ice for manufacturing ice-cream, a process having recently been invented for this purpose.

THE ANGELUS: CHARTRES.

THE day draws to an end; the evening light
Turns all the carven images to gold;
While round the spires, in interweaving flight,
The swallows wing as though they wrought, ere night,
To weave a sheer invisible fabric bright
Of sun and blue, to shroud the dying day
Ere she be laid in shadows dark and cold,
Bre all her beauty, withering, pass away.

From the high tower the angelus of rest
Rings out at last day-labour's passing bell;
While in the fields of harvest east and west
And north and south the reapers, head on breast,
Breathe their last prayer, and turn from toilsome quest,
Wherein since dawn they have laboured in the sun;
Full glad to see the clear sky promise well
For ending of their reaping well begun.

O Love! may we, when life draws near to eve,
And bright the sunset glows upon the brow,
Of all the world of toiling take our leave,
Forgetting all the woes that fret and grieve;
Remembering only flashing joys that weave
For love a sheer imperishable beauty bright,
And hear with happy hearts, as we hear now,
The angelus at failing of the light.

WILFRID WILSON GIRSON.



THE HIGHLAND TOURIST A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.



CAREER of extraordinary promise and brilliancy was all too early quenched at thirty-six when John Leyden, in accompanying Lord Minto to Java, fell a victim to his own imprudence and the impetu-

osity of his nature by entering an unventilated and musty library in Batavia, which brought on the fever from which he died on 27th August 1811. Just eleven years before, in the heyday of health and activity, eager, intelligent, adventurous, he was conducting two sons of a German nobleman over the Highlands and Western Islands. It was known that he had kept a journal of this tour; but the manuscript had disappeared until four or five years ago, when the missing volume, neatly bound in russia leather, was picked up at Sotheby's salerooms in London by an Edinburgh bookseller. From him it passed into the hands of Mr James Sinton, by whom it has been edited with loving care, and published by Messrs W. Blackwood & Sons. For the first time we are here supplied with an excellent bibliography, a testimony to Leyden's industry and to the impression he made upon his contemporaries.

Leyden was a valuable assistant to Scott in gleaning material for his Border Minstrelsy, to which he made original contributions, and was his companion in Ettrick at a memorable meeting with the Ettrick Shepherd. It has been suggested that Leyden may have introduced Scott to Constable. It was a fact that Archibald Constable knew Leyden's value, and employed him to edit and compile various volumes, as well as to conduct the Scots Magazine for a short time. The great publisher had Leyden in view, had he not gone to India, for the posthumous edition of the Travels of Abyssinian Bruce, which fell to be done by his friend, Alexander Murray. He did memorable things in poetry too, as witness his Scenes of Infancy and many shorter pieces, instinct with true feeling, illustrative power, and melody.

Leyden at Edinburgh University and in society, and as a divinity student, preserved his broad No. 290.—Vol. VI.

accent and rustic bearing; he meddled with all knowledge in the eager, impulsive restlessness of a strong, self-reliant nature. Nothing seemed to daunt him; languages attracted him, and so he started to master German, Icelandic, French, Italian, Spanish, Persian, Hebrew, and Arabic. Before he passed away he was credited with a greater or less acquaintance with thirty-four languages and dialects. When reproved for his discursiveness by a friend, he retorted, 'Dash it, man! never mind. If you have the scaffolding ready you can run up the masonry when you please. He proved his point, for when his going to India depended on his qualifying as a surgeon's assistant he prepared himself and passed the necessary exams. within six months, the usual period being three years. Greatly gifted as he was, Scott denied to him the possession of humour, which might have delivered him from not a few eccentricities of character and conduct; but he was pure, goodhearted, and immensely industrious.

It is a mistake to say that Scott alone discovered the Highlands, although amongst the first to point out to all the world their chief beauties. The Lady of the Lake did not appear till 1811, and Waverley and Rob Roy came later. The journal kept by Leyden of his autumn tour in 1800, and the letters to Scott, Dr Anderson, and others, were written before Scott was known as an author, and contain descriptions of scenery which he could not have bettered, nor his great successor John Ruskin. As Dr John Brown would say, these are 'done to the quick.' Thomas Gray, the poet of the Elegy, who was as far north as the entrance to the Pass of Killiecrankie in 1765, said that since he had seen the Alps he had seen nothing sublime until now. Interest in the 'northern savages' had been growing since the Forty-five, as Professor Knight points out; the controversy connected with Macpherson's Ossian poems had divided literary circles and sustained the interest. This last no doubt helped Dr Johnson to decide on his journey to the Hebrides in 1773, at the age of sixty-four. Perhaps he could do JUNE 20, 1903. [All Rights Reserved.]

something to extinguish Macpherson and his forgeries. Young Leyden, with an open mind, albeit slightly sceptical, wherever he was, wet or dry, tired and hungry, never forgot this quest, and crossquestioned every likely person as to the Ossian fragments, although he was sadly handicapped at first in regard to the Gaelic language. William Wordsworth and his sister Dora, with Coleridge, started one August afternoon in 1803 from Keswick in an Irish car. They did the Lowlands and Highlands very well, getting as far north as Blair-Atholl. Coleridge, who was ill at ease and in the dumps most of the way, and whose word, therefore, should not have undue weight, left them at Loch Lomond. He said the finest things in Scotland were Edinburgh, the antechamber of the Fall of Foyers, the Trossachs, and a distant view of the Hebrides, which he does not localise.

Leyden during his tour, between 14th July and 1st October, saw more of a kind than all the travellers we have mentioned, in that mind and body were continually in active exercise. He nearly perished in a boat off Lismore, when he sang 'Lochaber no more,' and made the Gaelic-speaking boatmen think they had the devil on board. He explored caves and discovered bones, got drenched in peat-bogs and below cascades and from creeping mountain mists, and was more than once given over as lost. The man who walked from Oban and back, a distance of fifteen miles, and climbed Ben Cruachan, was not likely to stick at anything. ascents of Ben Lomond and Ben Nevis were mere incidents in the journey. A letter to Scott gives one a creepy feeling as he describes how narrowly he escaped being dashed over various precipices. Had Thomas Campbell read Leyden's journal, the poet, who never liked him, might have justified his own saying when he heard he was going abroad: 'When Leyden comes back from India, what cannibals he will have eaten, and what tigers he will have torn to pieces!' The journal was well worth reproduction, and is a genuinely human document, with the robust and independent character of the writer stamped on every line.

The most diligent search has failed to reveal anything regarding the personality of the two young German noblemen who accompanied Leyden. In fact, it is just here, where James Boswell is strongest, in the apparently petty and unimportant details of the journey, that Leyden fails. There are a hundred things in regard to manners, customs, food, and methods of travel that would be of great interest now. The poet, the student, the eager searcher after traditional fragments of poetry and story, dominates the traveller. One is thankful that Mr Sinton has given, although only in a note at the end, one solitary glimpse of the three travellers, from the pen of the Hon. Mrs Sarah Murray, who also wrote of the beauties of Scotland, and met Leyden and his companions at Loch Katrine. The few sentences are worth quoting: 'My friend and I had not walked a hundred yards on Loch Catherine's side, before we saw behind us three active pedestrians skipping amongst the rocks, with hammers in their hands, striking here and there for curiosities. It was not long before they joined us; and, like sojourners in a distant land, we greeted each other with pleasure and freedom. The eldest [Leyden] was a clergyman, accompanying two sprightly youths through the Highlands. They had a horse for their baggage, and one between the three gentlemen to ride on alternately. The youngest had thus early in his journey gotten his foot sadly cut by scrambling amongst the rocks; but his ardent spirit made him think lightly of his wound.' We may feel sure that Leyden would not coddle him either.

The method of progression through the Highlands adopted by Leyden and his young friends, on foot, on horseback, and by chaise when the roads permitted, somewhat approaches the way of travelling recommended by Hazlitt and R. L. Stevenson in their discursive essays on walking tours. Alexander Smith, in his delightful Summer in Skye, is in sympathy both in method and spirit with these writers. The same literary results might not have been achieved in these days when there is a swifter connection by rail, coach, or steamer with most places that they visited. The impressions of the Hig'ılands received by Scott, Gray, William and Dora Wordsworth, and Leyden were gathered in the pre-railway and tourist days, when places and people had not been overdescribed, if described at all. Ruskin, too, obtained his first impressions of Scotland in driving tours with his father. Now the impressions are more fleeting and evanescent. We might not have had Wordsworth's 'Highland Girl,' 'Stepping Westward,' and much else under modern conditions.

The narrative of the journey begins at Edinburgh, when the travellers struck north-west by Linlithgow, Falkirk, and Stirling for the central and west Highlands; in time they worked their way to Inverness; the weather prevented their entering Ross-shire. Then they journeyed eastward to Aberdeen, doing Deeside as far as Braemar. They came south by the Spittal of Glenshee, and coming on to Dunkeld, saw the Blair-Atholl and Loch Tay districts before coming south to Perth and Kinross, where the narrative ends.

Between Edinburgh and Linlithgow Leyden saw little to remark save Niddry Castle, on the estate of the Marquis of Linlithgow, which, although he does not say so, is memorable as the place whither Lord Seton conducted Queen Mary on the night of her escape from Lochleven Castle, 2nd May 1568. The picturesque details will be found in Scott's Abbot; but it is curious that the author leaves the crossing of the Firth of Forth, no small undertaking in the darkness, entirely to the imagination of the reader. Falkirk is described as inferior to Linlithgow in regularity, and needing a castle in order to compare with that town in respectability. The travellers did not remain long enough here to get impressions of this historically interesting district. At this point

the Roman Wall of Antoninus spans Scotland at its narrowest part between Bo'ness on the Forth and Kilpatrick on the Clyde. The curious beehiveshaped building near Carron known as Arthur's O'on had been destroyed some time before their visit, and the stones used by the proprietor for a dam on the Carron river. Here, too, was the scene of the battle between the Scottish forces, led by Sir William Wallace, and Edward I. in 1298. Hawley's dragoons were defeated by Prince Charles Edward at Bantaskine in 1746. Falkirk is now one of the most progressive burghs in the east of Scotland. was the inception of Carron Works in 1760 by Dr John Roebuck (grandfather of the late J. Arthur Roebuck, M.P.) and his partners that laid the foundations of the prosperity of Falkirk, which has now two dozen foundries in and around the place, and is the chief centre of the light casting trade in Scotland. Now some six thousand people are employed in all the branches of the Carron Works, and some fifteen hundred tons of pig-iron are smelted weekly. The famous carronades ceased to be made about the middle of last century. Dr Roebuck befriended James Watt; and at his residence, Kinneil House, near Bo'ness, Watt made the working model of his pumping-engine. Less than two years after Leyden's visit William Symington made his important experiments in steam navigation under the patronage of Lord Dundas on the Forth and Clyde Canal. Our travellers, like Burns, only saw the smoke and flame of Carron foundries, and were never inside, but were indebted to Mr Cadell of Carron Park for an introduction to Kinnaird House, close by, the former residence of Abyssinian Bruce. The museum there, with its hundreds of curiosities gathered in foreign travel, was exactly to Leyden's mind, especially the Abyssinian manuscripts. We find him afterwards asking for a sight of his journal, ere he embarked for India in 1803, in order to read the catalogue of the contents of the museum, mainly on account of the manuscripts. These are now scattered, and a new house has been built at Kinnaird. The remains of James Bruce rest under a very dilapidated tomb in Larbert churchyard. Robert Bruce of Kinnaird, one of the most eminent divines in the reign of James VI., is also buried in Larbert churchyard.

The sight of the field of Bannockburn roused Leyden to such a pitch of patriotism 'that had an Englishman presented himself,' he says, 'I should have felt strongly inclined to knock him down.' At Ochtertyre, near Stirling, the mansion of John Ramsay, the friend of Burns and Scott, they were hospitably entertained, and a walk by the Forth was enlivened by much talk on Scottish songs and literature, and on Ossian's poems. At Blair-Drummond they saw the water-wheel at work which helped to reclaim a large alluvial tract of fifteen hundred acres of land, then a peat-bog. To Leyden's eyes Callander had a striking resemblance to Copshawholm, which, it should have been explained, is the Border town of Newcastleton on the Liddel.

Walter Scott was in this region fourteen years before Leyden, but did not begin to give to the world his matchless impressions and idealisations in poetry and prose until the very year of our traveller's death. Yet here set down in Leyden's journal, in the freshness of youth and hope and first impression, we have pictures of Lochs Vennachar and Achray, the Trossachs Pass, Loch Katrine, the ascent of Ben Lomond and the view from the top, as well as the ascent of Ben Cruachan and Ben Nevis, and many a wayward adventurous bit of climbing and research done by the way. Leyden picked up the legend of the Water Horse at Loch Vennachar, one of whose exploits had been his carrying fifteen children, who had broken Pace-Sunday, into the loch. The horse was brown in colour, and could speak; the motion of its body agitated the lake with prodigious waves, and it only emerged in the hottest midday to the bank.

The travellers passed from Loch Katrine through the region which now furnishes a water-supply for Glasgow, and halted at Tarbet on Loch Lomond. The view from Ben Lomond Leyden found surprisingly beautiful. 'The eastern shore,' he says, displays a waving, undulated outline, while the western is steep and little indented. The lake shone like silver in the beams of the sun, and was beautifully diversified with numerous islands, green and covered with wood.' He saw a wonderful phenomenon, too, when the columns of white mist 'descended rapidly in all directions through the defiles of the mountains, and, closing in an immense ocean like the waves of the Red Sea round the Israelites, left for a time the tops of the hills swimming like islands in the obscure white, and these were soon enveloped in total obscurity.' As they passed Loch Long the herring-fishery was in progress, an industry that is now extinct there. At Inveraray they dined with the Duke of Argyll, Sir John MacGregor Murray being one of the guests. From a letter elsewhere to Archibald Constable, we learn that Leyden had the Duke's permission to examine his old books; but this permission was rendered useless by the absence of the steward, who had the key. They saw all and a great deal more than the ordinary tourist now sees under easier conditions when they travelled past Loch Awe and They visited Dunolly Castle and reached Oban. Dunstaffnage; and when they were on Mull, the huts of the peasants seemed the most deplorable of any that they had yet seen, with some of the doors hardly four feet high, the walls of sods, and the smoke issuing by the door. Hence the houses looked squalid and disagreeable. Potatoes and fish were the chief food of the peasantry. Staffa was visited, and Iona, in the 'dead calm of the most sickening heat.' Leyden thought that in minute finishing and 'elegance of fritterwork,' Melrose Abbey infinitely excelled every ruin which he had seen. The sight of the ruins filled him with melancholy feelings as he thought of their ancient grandeur. The inhabitants of Staffa as the travellers landed were kelp-making,

the kelp then being worth twelve guineas a ton; at ordinary seasons only five guineas. He noticed that 'in many places the distillation of whisky presents an irresistible temptation to the poorer classes, as the boll of barley, which costs thirty shillings, produces by this process, when the whisky is smuggled, between five and six guineas.' Hence the fish and potato diet in Islay and Tiree owing to the scarcity of grain. On Lismore he had many conversations with the Rev. Donald MacNicol regarding Ossian's poems, in favour of the authenticity of which he was almost a convert. He read MacNicol's remarks on Dr Johnson's Tour in the Hebrides, and told Constable that it might answer his purpose to reprint them.

We can hardly follow the wanderings of our tourists through Glencoe, in Moidart, in Skye, on the island of Eigg, on to Inverness. Not the least hardship of our early travellers was to arrive at some wretched inn and find that there were neither bread nor potatoes to be had, after fasting for twenty-nine hours. Possibly Leyden was slightly prejudiced when he said that in its ordinary state the Spey is not superior to the Tweed; and while he feared the scenery of the Lowlands would prove insipid to him on his return, 'yet, after all the scenes of the Highlands,' he says, 'the Tweed and the Teviot still make a very respectable figure in my recollection.' Besides this narrative and the beautiful ballad of the 'Mermaid of Corrievrekin,' another literary result of this tour was his acquaintanceship with Dr Beattie while he was in Aberdeen, who permitted him to transcribe Albania, a poem in praise of Scotland, for publication.

The issue of the journal of this tour has raised the question as to the prototype of 'Dominie Sampson' in Guy Mannering. There are those who contend that John Leyden furnished part of the portrait at least. That may be so. J. G. Lockhart's suggestion is that George Thomson, librarian to Sir Walter Scott, and tutor to his children, was the man. Thomson, who had a wooden leg, was tall and athletic, and once walked all the way from Edinburgh to Galashiels, climbed the Eildon Hills, and then spent the evening with a party of ladies. The Rev. James Sanson, once minister at Leadhills and Teviothead, has also been mentioned. The truth may be that Scott worked characteristics of these men into the portrait, and that no single individual sat for it. That Leyden so frequently used the word 'prodigious' in his tour is not proof enough that he was the original. As he appeared perched on a ladder in Constable's shop devouring folios or octavos, Leyden's conduct was suggestive of the Dominie; but that was only a small part of the character of Leyden, as his journal makes evident, for it shows his incessant alertness and eagerness in the pursuit of knowledge, and a brave and adventurous spirit. Once when ill, and told by the doctor that he must rest or he would die, he replied, 'Very well, doctor; you have done your duty, but you must now hear me. I cannot be idle, and whether I die or live, the wheel must go round to the last.' And it did.

THE PEARL NECKLACE.

CHAPTER V .- THE CHASE.



HE next morning I was up betimes, and commenced a most diligent search for arms and papers, exploring the Hall room by room until it seemed as though every nook and corner had been most carefully

examined. Yet, in spite of our pains, we found nothing but a few muskets and swords and pistols, such as any gentleman might have in his possession without arousing suspicion. As for the secret passage, we met with no proof of its existence. The servants, though they sulkily admitted that Mistress Dorothy was in the Hall at the time of our arrival, declared that they had never heard of such a passage, and for their part did not believe there was one.

In the meantime there was no word from Jacob Watkins, so that as the hours went by I became most restless and impatient, fearing that the man had played me false, and that I should cut a sorry figure in the eyes of the Protector when I came to give an account of my proceedings. The horses stood ready saddled for instant use, and again and again I was on the point of ordering the men to

mount and ride forth in the pursuit of Montague-But, after having waited so long, it seemed folly to do so, for if Jacob had indeed played the traitor I had little doubt that Montague was by this time far beyond my reach. There was naught to do but to wait with such patience as I could until I heard from Jacob or obtained certain proofs of his treachery.

Weary of my fruitless efforts, I had abandoned the search for the time being, and was pacing restlessly to and fro when I happened to glance out of the window, and saw a boy running swiftly towards the Hall. He ran as one in extreme haste, and seemed ever and anon to glance behind him, as though fearful of being pursued. In a few moments he was at the door, and presently Corporal Flint came hurriedly in.

'Well?' said I impatiently.

'Tis a boy with a message from Jacob Watkins, sir. He will deliver it to none but you.'

'Admit him instantly.'

The corporal put his head outside the door.

'Come hither,' said he.

The boy at once stepped inside, breathless and

somewhat abashed, but with a gleam of triumph in his eyes.

'You come from Jacob Watkins?' I asked.

'If it please you, sir.'

'Well, well, what message do you bring?'

He fumbled in his pouch, and produced a scrap of paper. The following words were scrawled upon it in a vile handwriting:

'He whom you seek is here, at Poplar House, with Mistress Dorothy. If you would take him ride hither without an instant's delay.'

'Corporal,' I exclaimed joyfully, buckling on my sword, 'we must mount and ride. Or, stay—'twould be most unwise to leave the Hall unguarded. You will remain with two or three of the troopers; but bid the rest get to horse instantly. I think the game is near an end, and that one you wot of will be in our hands ere nightfall. Away with you, man. There is not a moment to be lost.'

I was following him out of the room when the boy's eye, wistful, expectant, reproachful, caught mine. I was in so merry a mood that I laughed outright.

'Ha, ha! I had forgot,' I exclaimed. 'There's for you, my brave little man.' •

I thrust my hand in my pouch, and flung him the first coin my fingers touched. It was a piece of gold, and the lad's eyes flashed brighter than the coin as he caught it.

In another moment I was outside, with my foot in the stirrup.

'Farewell, corporal,' said I. 'I doubt not we shall bring you a guest when we return. See that you have all ready for his reception.'

The corporal smiled sourly.

'Let not him that putteth his armour on boast as he that'—— he began; but I swung into the saddle with a laugh, and clattered away.

Off we went, down the avenue, past the gates, and out on the high-road, spurs and scabbards jingling merrily, headpieces and breastplates flashing in the sun. I knew from Jacob's message that it was a time for speed and not for secrecy. In broad daylight there was little hope of stealthily surrounding our quarry and catching him unawares. The neigh of a horse, the flash of a helmet, and he would be off like a fox to its lair. We must trust to our horses' legs to coming upon him with a rush ere he had time to get out of sight.

The house stood on level and open country, and as soon as we were past the wood that surrounded the Hall it would be well-nigh impossible for him to get away without being seen even if he were warned of our approach. Once he was in sight, we could hunt him down, following ruthlessly at his heels like hounds on the trail of a deer. For my part, I had no doubt that we had him safe as a bird in a net, and my heart beat high at the thought. It stung me to the quick to think that this swaggering gallant should be hand-in-glove with Dorothy, dragging her, an innocent, impulsive child, into schemes that could but end in ruin and disgrace,

and it might well be still more tragically. Moreover, my vanity was wounded by the ease with which he had previously slipped through my fingers, and I could not restrain my joy at the thought of turning the tables upon him.

Not a living thing was in sight until we swept round a clump of trees within a few hundred yards of the gates of Poplar House, which opened on to the high-road, and there—I ground my teeth with rage at the sight-stood Colonel Montague and Mistress Dorothy. He held the rein of his horse, which lifted up its head and neighed at our approach. Though I had never felt such a passion of anger against the man, I could not but admire his utter coolness and unconcern. He glanced up at us, and then turned indifferently away, shook hands with Dorothy, deliberately swung into the saddle, took off his plumed hat with a sweeping bow, half-reined in to wave his hand once more to her, and then cantered away in front of us. It was not until he had gone some fifty yards that he put spurs to his horse and broke into a gallop, so great was the man's love of bravado, and-I will own it-contempt of danger.

I never so much as glanced at Dorothy as I went past her. My heart was hot with anger that she should treat me with such bitterness, and make a friend and comrade of one like Montague, who was no fit companion for an honourable man, let alone a young and innocent girl. Moreover, I had no time for dallying. Our horses were somewhat blown by the swift gallop from the Hall, and I saw that if we took not great heed Montague might still slip through our fingers. His own horse could not have been very fresh, or he would have ridden away from us. As it was he gained but little, and after we had gone some few hundred yards not at all. With every bound of the good black charger I bestrode I grew more confident; and, wishing to take him alive, I ordered the men not to fire, though he was near enough for a pistol bullet to disable him.

So he went on, neither gaining nor losing ground for the best part of a mile. We had got out of the open country, and were once more among woods and lanes. That, of course, improved his chances of escape; but we were so close on his heels that I did not think it possible for him to get out of sight and hearing. Still, with so crafty a fugitive, I thought it well to risk nothing.

'We must close upon him,' I cried. 'Ride for your lives, men, or he will be among the woods.'

I was well in front, for my horse was fleeter than any of the rest, and I half-turned in my saddle to urge on the troopers behind me. To my wrath and chagrin, I saw there were but two or three within call, the remainder straggling far in the rear. We had been going at no great pace, and at the moment I could not understand why they should lag so far behind; but the time came when I did.

We had come to the top of a steep, hedge-bordered lane that ran down into a shallow river. I knew the road beyond turned and twisted like a snake through thick woods, and that if Montague reached it safely he might still give us the slip. He knew it too, for he glanced over his shoulder, and waved his hand with a mocking laugh, and I saw his white teeth gleam in the level rays of the evening sun. Then he dashed his spurs into his horse's sides and went down the slope like a bird on the wing.

But he laughed too soon. Swift as a deer, sure-footed as a goat, with never a trip or a stumble, my charger, in answer to voice and spur, went thundering down the slope, and at so incredible a speed that I could scarce see or breathe, the black mane flying about my face, the wind roaring in my ears. I was within a dozen yards of him, sword in hand to cut him down if he refused to surrender, when his horse splashed into the stream. To this day I shame to tell what followed, for I think that neither age nor experience, temporal or spiritual, can ever wholly stifle the promptings of vanity. With a dexterous wrench of the reins, he darted on one side, plucked a pistol from his holsters, and held-in his snorting, rearing horse, while I, unable to stop myself, went flying past him.

It is easy to understand what followed. He pulled the trigger as I flew by; and my gallant charger, with a bullet through its heart, fell with a mighty splash into the stream, and I along with it. Two of the troopers were galloping down the slope, or that would have been my last hour. As I lay there, half-stunned, choking and gasping in the stream, he rode over me. It was by God's infinite mercy that my brains were not dashed out by his horse's hoofs. And as he went by he fired a second pistol, and the bullet grazed my head. Then he rode on with a shout of triumph, and disappeared in the woods.

One of the troopers leapt from his horse and assisted me to rise, while the other pursued Montague. I was bruised, bleeding, bewildered, wellnigh beside myself with rage and mortification, and—I shame not to confess it—with grief for the noble animal that had carried me so gallantly at the battle of Dunbar and through the bloody streets of Worcester, and had ever been to me a most faithful and affectionate friend.

Had I not been so distracted I would have noticed with what deliberation the rest of the troopers were cantering down the slope; but I had good reason to remember it later. The moment my head cleared and I knew what I was about, I picked up my sword and bade the trooper help me on his horse, and I went splashing through the stream, up the opposite bank, and along the winding road beyond. If the other man had brought Montague to bay I told myself that it should go ill with him, for my blood boiled as I thought of the death of my charger and of his brutal attempt

to trample upon me and shoot me as I lay helpless in the stream.

But I had not gone a score of yards when I heard the loud trampling of hoofs, and presently round a sharp bend of the road came a riderless horse that swept past me ere I could make an effort to stop it. Then I knew but too well what had happened. A hundred yards farther I found the trooper lying on the road, with a sword-wound through the body. He was still breathing when I found him; but as I knelt beside him and took his hand in mine-for I had a great liking for the young man-he gave me a pitiful glance, and so passed away. As for Colonel Montague, he had entirely disappeared; and, several roads meeting at this spot, each running through the wood, and the sun being already on the verge of the horizon, I knew that all farther pursuit would be useless, though I ordered it to be made. The other troopers, who had by this time overtaken me, set about it with a great show of zeal; but we might as well have tried to catch a rabbit among sandhills honeycombed with burrows. Once more he had foiled me and escaped when he seemed to be within my very grasp.

Slowly and sadly we rode back again, carrying our dead with us. At the stream I halted for a moment, and gave a few coins to some rustics who were standing on the bank gazing open-mouthed at my charger, and bade them see that he was decently buried, and that the saddle and bridle were carried to the Hall. Then we went on, a sober and silent company, I, for one, musing upon the brevity and uncertainty of life. But a few minutes before I myself had been within a hair'sbreadth of death, and the poor youth whose body we bore along with us-a most brave and loyal comrade, who had ridden forth with a light heart and a merry jest-had been cut down in the very flower of early manhood. Truly it was a warning to be up and doing, to perform my duty without fear or favour while yet it lay within my power to do so. And that which should first be done, if God saw fit to grant me the opportunity, was to call the man Montague to account for the deed he had done that day. Until that was accomplished I felt that I should enjoy no rest or peace of mind. I already began to regret that I had not dealt with him on that unhappy day when I fought Frank in the wood, and, as will presently be seen, I had still more cause to regret it ere he came again within reach of my

As we approached the Hall Corporal Flint appeared at the door with a very gloomy countenance. 'Well,' said I curtly, 'we have fared ill, corporal.'

'Even so,' said he, with a shake of the head. I knew very well that he meant that he had never expected anything else, and that had he been with us things would have gone very differently; but I was in no mood to bandy words with him, and so strode past him and into my chamber with a sad and heavy heart.

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KISMET.

INCIDENTS IN THE SIEGE OF LADYSMITH.

By LEWIS GOLDING.



URING the memorable siege of Ladysmith, which lasted four months, hardly a day passed on which the beleaguered garrison and the civilian population did not hear of some providential hairbreadth escape or of a

death or mutilation in which the inexorable hand of fate could be discerned. As some thousands of shells, large and small, were fired into the town during the bombardment, the instances of narrow escapes were innumerable; and so, alas! were those of misadventure. The following incidents, of which the writer has personal knowledge, are especially worthy of mention.

Dr X., who, by the way, was a rabid pro-Boer, landed in South Africa just after the declaration of war. On his arrival at Durban he made his way up to Ladysmith, being anxious to be as close as possible to the sphere of operations. In October 1899 the town was invested by the enemy, and Dr X. was shut up with the remainder of the civil population. Hearing that General Joubert had threatened to shell the town unless the garrison immediately surrendered, he industriously set to work and made a bomb-proof 'dug-out' in the bed of the river. For a fortnight he occupied his burrow, persistently refusing to vacate it day or night. But Fate is never balked of her prey. Having observed that the Boer gunners did not fire on the Sabbath, and being wearied to death by his damp, underground habitation, he plucked up courage to sally out one Sunday morning, and strolled down the town to the Royal Hotel. Here he had breakfast, and was just stepping out of the front-door into the street, intending to return without delay to his shelter in the river-bed, when a huge ninety-six-pound shell fired from Bulwan crashed through the building into the dining-room, which Dr X. had just vacated, and burst under his very feet. He was horribly mutilated, and succumbed within an hour. This was the only projectile fired by the enemy that day, and it was one of the very rare occasions during the siege that the Boers, forgetting their puritanical observance of the Lord's Day, desecrated it by shell-fire. Who dare say that the whole affair was a mere coincidence, and that there was nothing more potential than chance at work?

Tommy Atkins is, all the world over, a confirmed fatalist; so that when I heard a number of Gordon Highlanders, who were watching the deft fingers of a surgeon as he bandaged the torn and bleeding stumps of a little Zulu lad who had been struck, making use of the strange expression, 'He ran to meet his fate,' I was not astonished. On inquiry I found that the umfaan was busy cooking his morning pollish (porridge) just outside the High-

landers' lines, when 'Long Tom' on Bulwan Hill vomited into the still air a cloud of white, sulphurous smoke. A few seconds later the native lad, hearing the whistling of the approaching shell, took fright and dashed for cover under a neighbouring bullock-wagon. Passing the position just vacated by the boy, the huge missile fell under the wagon and burst with a deafening explosion within a foot of the child. Both his legs were smashed to a pulp. It is obvious that had the Kaffir boy remained where he was originally when the gun was fired, instead of running away, he would probably be alive and well now.

At times apparently the most insignificant actions have the effect of altering the whole course of one's life. The truth of this is fully illustrated by the following incident which occurred late in the siege. Whilst at lunch in their mess-hut, which was protected by sand-bags, certain officers were engaged in a heated discussion. In anger, one of the officers rose from the table and hastily left the hut. Hardly had he closed the door behind him when a shell came hissing through the air and pitched on the roof of the hut. Penetrating the insufficiently protected roof, the shell fell and exploded in the centre of the group of officers, killing or mortally wounding every one of them. The officer who a moment before had gone out of the hut did not receive the slightest injury!

The camp of that famous irregular corps, the Imperial Light Horse, was situated in a very exposed position in full view of the enemy's Creusôt gun on Bulwan Hill, and in consequence received a good deal more attention from 'Long Tom' than fell to the lot of better-concealed camps; but fortunately the huge cloud of blue-white smoke which issued from 'Long Tom's' muzzle when he spoke gave a good ten to twelve seconds' warning that an iron messenger was approaching. As there was no object to be gained by sitting still and being shelled, unable to reply to it, the men were instructed, on hearing the whistle blown by a lookout man, to run to cover in the adjacent river-bed. One of the troopers, more foolhardy than his comrades, persisted in remaining behind in his bivouac, though repeatedly told that he was not considered a bit the braver for such rashness. One morning, however, for no particular reason, on hearing the warning whistle, he rushed off with his comrades to cover. His feelings of thankfulness and wonder may be better imagined than described when, on emerging from shelter, he saw that his bivouac and belongings had been blown into shreds. Taking this as a direct interposition of Providence, that man was less foolhardy while the bombardment lasted.

Like every one else shut up in Ladysmith, the writer had at times several 'close shaves,' to use a colloquialism. One instance in particular is perhaps worthy of mention. As he was riding down a side-street leading into the main thoroughfare a shell crashed into the porch of the English church. Crossing the street, he drew up a few yards from the curb and sat looking on, and for a few moments considered whether it was worth his while to dismount and view the damaged edifice at closer quarters, as a little knot of people were doing. He decided to remain where he was; but a second later, impelled by a power he could not resist, he advanced

his horse up to the curb-stone, dismounted, and walked up to the ruins. Simultaneously a second shell from Pepworth Range was fired, and exploded on the exact spot where a few moments earlier he had sat on horseback. On looking round, after the explosion of the shell, the horse was not to be seen; but on inquiry he found that the animal was uninjured, and had only galloped away in mad terror. When the trembling horse was captured it was found that the saddle was slit from pommel to cantle, evidently by a fragment of shell. Had the owner then occupied the saddle his death would have been inevitable.

LORD CUMBERWELL'S LESSON.

CHAPTER IV.



FEW minutes afterwards a small party set out for the local police-station. Lord Cumberwell walked between a watchful householder and an equally watchful constable. He had demanded a cab, but as he

had nothing wherewith to pay for it, his demand had been ignominiously refused. It was now quite late, however, and the streets of that modest suburb were practically deserted. Undisturbed by the attentions of any curious foot-passengers, he tried to give his thoughts to a survey of the position.

This was a difficult matter. The events which had brought him to this pass had been so natural in one sense, yet so extraordinary in another, and the situation in which he stood was so painful and yet so ridiculous, that he scarcely knew how to regard it. Indignation and rage were succeeded by a strong sense of the absurdity of things, mingled with a vague perception of some possible consequences. If this affair got into the papers it might prove more serious for him than a premature publication of State secrets. It would be received with universal laughter; it would be exaggerated and misstated in every possible way; it would subject him to the banter of the whole nation. It would probably bring about his sudden retirement from public life.

Here was a suggestive comment upon his bright visions of that very afternoon. Well, the only thing to be done was to wait, and to make the best of it. Surely the business could not go much further in its present ridiculous course. As soon as he came face to face with the inspector all would come straight again; but he must, above all, try to keep the matter hidden from the world at large.

As for the lost document, it had receded into the background for the time. It was probably in Fleet Street by now; but he could not help it. There was something else to think of!

When they reached the station they passed into a room where two police-clerks were engaged at their desks. In a few moments the inspector made his appearance, a sharp, severe-looking officer, whose brief manner was anything but encouraging. He gave the group a quick, comprehensive glance, paying special attention to the prisoner. The Earl tried to look dignified, forgetting the baneful influence of Mr Lombard's hat.

The inspector did not recognise him, and it gave Lord Cumberwell some sense of humility to reflect that through his whole adventure no one had guessed who he was. The Minister of State might have been a dustman for all that the people of London knew. As a matter of fact, however, there were many excuses for the blindness of the inspector and those about him; for, instead of the dignified and clean-cut nobleman known to the House of Lords, the clubs, and the illustrated papers, they saw only a guilty-looking person attired in a frockcoat that was sadly worn and ancient, and wearing a hideously unsuitable selection in hats. As for the face, Lord Cumberwell had nothing remarkable to show in that direction, while he affected neither a heavy stoop like the late Premier, a monocle like the chief Unionist leader, nor an unmistakable collar like that great Commoner who had lately died. In short, there was nothing at all in his person to render him a favourite with the cartoonists and a familiar figure to the public eye. So the inspector, after one long look, turned to the others and asked for the story.

It was given plainly enough, the constable speaking first and laying emphasis upon the fact that the prisoner, when arrested, had indulged in profanity. Then the householder, James Ellis by name, gave an account of what had happened previously.

In this account Lord Cumberwell saw arrayed against him an appalling mass of evidence. He had, it seemed, followed Mrs Ellis into an omnibus, and had immediately begun to annoy her by a prolonged and impudent scrutiny, paying special attention to the little hand-bag she carried. Her natural suspicion became alarm when he left the omnibus at the same corner, and followed her homewards; but alarm had changed to panic when he

had addressed her from behind. She had immediately broken into a run, reaching her house at last in an exhausted condition. The prisoner, taking advantage of the open door, had stepped into the house and concealed himself in a frontroom. There he had been discovered later, holding in his hand the bag which contained Mrs Ellis's purse; and he had failed to account for his conduct except by a story which was absurd and false in every particular.

Such was the plain and straightforward narrative of Mr Ellis. When the Earl heard the last words his anger returned. It would have been better if he had kept his temper; but it was not in him to hear such a charge without indignation. He protested therefore, and soon found himself in further difficulties.

'My story was quite true,' he cried angrily. 'It was true from beginning to end. I can explain everything. I mistook this woman for one who had called at my house this evening, and had failed to see me. She bore a letter which I wanted, so I followed her directly she had gone. I must have lost sight of the proper person, and mistaken this man's wife for her.'

The inspector listened without emotion. When he had considered the matter he put a sudden question:

'Where is your house?'

It was most unfortunate. The answer was upon Lord Cumberwell's lips; but he held it back. If he gave it, his hopes of secrecy would be destroyed in one word. And while he hesitated, the face of the inspector hardened.

'Where is your house?' he repeated briefly.

The Earl recovered himself. 'Give me a word privately,' he said in the most dignified manner he could assume. 'I have no objection to telling you; but I do not wish this ridiculous affair to become public property.'

There was a pause. The police clerks winked at each other and smiled. Perhaps they had heard similar appeals before. Mr Ellis then made an observation in a sarcastic tone.

'He will tell you privately, inspector. No doubt he will also tell you privately why he hid himself in my house instead of knocking at the front-door, like any ordinary man!'

That was an effective thrust. The inspector looked at Lord Cumberwell with a kind of grim inquiry. 'Answer that if you can,' his look seemed to say; and Lord Cumberwell saw that he could not answer it. To say that he had slipped into the house to avoid the policeman would make an ugly case look still uglier.

'I can explain,' he repeated, 'if you will give me a moment in private.'

But the inspector, without reply, turned to a desk, and began, apparently, to make notes of the charge. Lord Cumberwell, glaring upon those around him, strove to keep his rage under control. He saw that in this lay his only hope of evading the

toils which seemed to be closing about his feet. Striving to calm himself, he waited for another opportunity.

'What is your name?' asked the inspector suddenly.

'I am ready to tell you in private,' answered the Earl after a brief pause.

'And you still refuse your address?'

'I have told you already that I do not refuse it,

These replies were given with a great attempt to be firm yet courteous; but the smiles of the company were painfully apparent. Lord Cumberwell felt rather than saw them, and tried to remember who he really was—a Minister of State, whose name was almost a household word in the country; and all this was taking place within a mile or two of his own house! It was worse than an absurdity—it was an outrage. Drawing himself to his full height, he said to the officer:

'Let me warn you, sir, that you are doing a foolish thing. Having refused me an opportunity to explain, you must be responsible for any consequences, however serious. Let me ask you to do one thing before it goes too far. Let me send for some one who will answer for me and whose word will satisfy you.'

The inspector gave no answer for a moment, and appeared to take no notice of the words. But when he had finished the sheet he showed that he had been considering them. Perhaps the prisoner's insistence had impressed him, though the case against the man was a perfectly clear one.

'Well,' he said curtly, 'who is the person you speak of?'

The Earl considered rapidly. It was his first impulse to send for his secretary, who would probably still be found at Baynton Square. He saw, however, that this step would be fatal to his desire for secrecy, for if Mr Lombard were named everything must come out. He tried to think of some one else, and immediately remembered a close personal friend, who was also one of his colleagues in the Government. This was a man who would do perfectly, and whose very name ought to be a sufficient guarantee for any one. He was also so prudent, so imperturbable, that no surprise, no ridiculous discovery, would have power to disturb his equanimity or move him to utter a word of astonishment. He would come at once, and he would not let the secret escape.

'The person I speak of,' he said calmly, 'is the Marquis of Leyshon. His house is in St James's Gardens.'

His words created a sensation. Even the inspector was amazed.

'The Marquis of Leyshon!' he echoed.

'The Minister for War!' added Mr Ellis.

'Yes,' said Lord Cumberwell, 'the Minister for War.'

There was a silence, and then the sensation had passed. Mr Ellis smiled oddly, and the police-

clerks bent over their work. They were beginning to see that this prisoner provided an interesting case, but that he was now going into the clouds. This was too much!

But as soon as the inspector had given the matter a moment's consideration he appeared to see it in a different light. He gave Lord Cumberwell what may be described as one of his official glances, keen, quick, and searching. Somehow he could not conceal the fact that he was impressed, and his next remark confirmed this. The tone was even thoughtful and considerate.

'I think,' he said, 'that I must consult some one else. Please take seats and wait. I shall be back in five minutes.'

He signed to the policeman, and whispered a few words to him at the door; then he went out, leaving the man standing where they had spoken. The police-clerks turned to glance at the Earl with renewed interest, Mr Ellis with some surprise. This turn in events had taken them aback.

Lord Cumberwell, however, was filled with relief. He took a seat with his back to Mr Ellis, and congratulated himself. This awful affair was closing at last; he had been exceedingly lucky to think of Lord Leyshon. The inspector had changed his tone at once, and even the constable, from his place at the door, seemed to regard his late captive with something like respect, something like apprehension. Well, they had been very stupid, very discourteous; but the affair had been a horrible misunderstanding from the first. There was some excuse for them.

He waited impatiently, wondering whom the inspector had gone to consult. Perhaps it was a superior residing in the neighbourhood—perhaps a magistrate. Then he began to think of the lost document again. Somehow recent incidents had minimised the seriousness of his loss, and he could regard it more reasonably. Perhaps the paper was now in the hands of the police, or perhaps the Scotland Yard man had been right after all. In any case, the chances seemed now to be all in his favour. He could hope that the thing was really lost, and that it would not reappear. In three days his coup would be made, and he could afford to laugh at every one.

At that point he really did laugh, to the amazement of all around him. Then he recollected his position, and looked up. The policeman at the door was gazing at him with visible apprehension, and the others with surprise. He sobered down immediately.

Just then the inspector returned with a companion. The policeman whispered to him as he came in, glancing sideways at the Earl. The inspector nodded meaningly.

His companion was an elderly gentleman of benign and cultured appearance. The Earl decided at once that he was a local magistrate, and prepared for a gentle examination. He rose to meet the stranger.

- 'Good-evening,' said the elderly gentleman pleasantly.
 - 'Good-evening,' said the Earl with dignity.
- 'I understand,' said the elderly gentleman, 'that there is—well, a little difficulty, and that you wish to have some one sent for—in fact, the Marquis of Leyshon.'

Lord Cumberwell inclined his head with increased graciousness. This person's scrutiny was as keen as the inspector's, but it was kindly, sympathetic, benevolent. There was a pause, while he seemed to be considering further questions.

- 'Unless I am mistaken,' he went on, in an almost confidential tone, 'the Marquis is a personal friend of yours?'
- 'He is,' answered Lord Cumberwell with some surprise.
- 'And I suppose,' said the elderly gentleman, 'that you are acquainted with other eminent personages—the Premier, for instance.'

Lord Cumberwell stared. The words had been spoken softly—so softly that they had scarcely been heard even by the inspector. They had been spoken with a certain meaning—he could see that by the look which accompanied them. Then what was their meaning?

It flashed upon him at once. This gentleman had recognised him, and that was the explanation. Being a magistrate, he was likely to be acquainted with the Minister's personal appearance, and he had known him immediately. Why, there was one London magistrate, Charleston, whom the Earl regarded as a personal friend, and this, no doubt, was just such a man as Charleston, keen, cultured, and, above all, prudent. As soon as he had recognised the prisoner he had grasped the whole absurd situation, and had perceived the need of caution. The Minister's name and station must not be revealed to the eager watchers about him, and he was acting, therefore, with a forethought and consideration entirely creditable to him.

The Earl could have embraced him. Never before, surely, had there been such an instance of the right man turning up at the right moment. He stepped back a pace or two, so that their talk should not be overheard, and signed to this new friend to follow; then, leaning forward, he laid an eager finger upon his sleeve.

'I believe,' he whispered, 'that you know who I

The elderly gentleman's face showed complete understanding; he simply nodded.

- 'Thank Heaven for that!' said Lord Cumberwell earnestly. 'I am intensely relieved. You perceive that I have become implicated in a most ridiculous affair—most ridiculous. My only wish now is to escape from it without being recognised. You will respect my desire for secrecy?'
- 'Certainly, certainly,' answered the elderly gentleman. 'Most certainly!'
- 'Then I leave it to you,' said Lord Cumberwell. 'I am in your hands.'

That was enough. With a reassuring look the elderly gentleman turned back to the inspector, and conversed with him in whispers for several moments. The Earl waited in grateful expectation. Then the inspector left the room, and the stranger returned.

'There will be one or two formalities to arrange,' he whispered. 'But you need not wait here. Come away into another room.'

The inspector reappeared almost at once, and they followed him out. Lord Cumberwell, if he could have done so, would have shaken the dust of the office from his feet with joy and thanksgiving.

They passed down a stone corridor until they came to an open door. There the inspector drew back, as though to give precedence to the others. Lord Cumberwell, all naturally, passed on.

Then the door was closed quickly behind him, and he found himself alone. With a shock of enlightenment he heard the door locked and barred. He stared at the place in which he stood, and one look was enough.

The meaning of what had just occurred was suddenly terribly clear. He sprang to the door, and vainly tried to open it.

'Good heavens!' he cried. 'Let me out—I am the Earl of Cumberwell—I am not mad—I am a Minister of State! You shall pay for this. Good heavens!'

A crowning indignity had been laid upon him. His request for the presence of the Marquis of Leyshon had suggested to the inspector that he was a lunatic at large; and the room in which he stood was a police cell.

THE OLD FURNITURE RESTORER.



STENSIBLY he keeps the village inn. His name appears over the door in the orthodox black letters on a white ground as a licensed seller of beer and tobacco. It is a pleasant little inn, and in the garden behind there

are some choice plants of the old-fashioned kind in which the landlord takes a good deal of pride; but the trade in beer and tobacco is not very brisk. They keep a gramophone at the 'Swan' at the other end of the village, and its seductive tones seem to have an attraction for the thirsty. Such customers as fall to the quieter tap of the 'Lion' are served by the landlady, an active, bustling body with some little contempt for the slow, niggling work which her husband puts into the old rubbish that she would consign to the flames. Not but what she admits that the money that the old things fetch is a welcome addition to the family purse. The old man is not contentious by nature, but he enjoys a moment of quiet triumph. 'She took on about an old chair I brought home the other night,' he tells you, after glancing round to see whether the good lady is within hearing. 'I gave five shillings for it. Well, it didn't look up to much, certainly; but I tell you what, sir, it was a genuine Cromwellian chair, and I never saw another of the same pattern.' Then, with a twinkle in his eye of self-conscious justification, he adds that two days later a passer-by looked in, saw the chair, and promptly gave him three guineas for it, and sent it across the Atlantic.

At the back of the inn the old furniture restorer has his workshop, and in a loft over the stable he keeps a miscellaneous store of old chairs, tables, and chests in a shocking state of dilapidation. To the outsider, at any rate, they look shabby enough; but I do not think the old man ever sees them as they are. Like the poet, he 'looks before and after.' He always seems to have before him a vision of what they have been and what they may be again.

'There is a beautiful old table,' he says to you; 'genuine Queen Anne.' Then he rubs his hand caressingly over a dusty table with a cracked top and but three worm-eaten legs. His enthusiasm is hardly catching at the moment; but see the table again in a week or two, and you will admit it looks for all the world as if it had been carefully preserved in the homes of a series of maiden ladies since the day it was made. No vulgar shine or French polish about it, but the rich, sober glow of mellow and self-respecting mahogany. The crack has magically disappeared, and you would need a microscope to find which was the added leg.

The old man is a great stickler for style. Anachronisms pain him as false quantities the classical scholar. His quick eye notes at once an error in date of the locks and handles of an 'old piece of furniture. 'You must let me take them off, sir,' he will say. 'You can't have them Chippendale handles on that Jacobean cabinet.' In old cigar-boxes at home he carefully treasures all odds and ends of 'furniture,' as such brass-work is called, and can generally lay his hand on a lock or hinge that is just right; but sometimes he has to fall back on the people who make them for the trade, though he groans over their prices. When the brass-work of an old piece of furniture is not missing, but only broken, it is a pleasure to see him cutting and filing out pieces to make the old work perfect instead of pulling it off and replacing it by anything, however inappropriate, that comes to hand, as so many of the dealers do. The inaccuracies of the dealers vex him terribly. 'Those fellows are so ignorant,' he will say. 'They'll take a Chippendale table and restore it with Sheraton legs.'

The dealers, on the other hand, have a very great respect for the old man, though they grumble at the amount he charges for his work and the time he takes over it. But they admit that he does turn out good work; and if they have any specially fine

piece that wants restoring they come to him. Ordinary jobs they do themselves, and with a touch or two of the plane and a good deal of sand-paper and French polish can dress up the old things to suit their customers; but when they get hold of something that will fetch a good price they like his help and judgment.

Where he gets his old things from nobody knows. He seldom attends auction sales. It is not worth his while, he says; there are too many dealers about. Some old things come from the cottages round about. Probably conversation in the bar of an evening puts him on the scent of many an old chair and table. He will not admit that it is a pity that all the picturesque old furniture should be taken from the cottages to satisfy the demands of fashion. He will tell you that last winter he got three beautiful ball-and-claw Hepplewhite chairs from a cottage in the village. There had been nine of them, and six had been broken up for firewood before he saw them. He gave the owner half-a-dozen new Windsor chairs for the remaining three, and sold them for three guineas each to a collector. He admits that now and then he has made a good bargain. One of his triumphs was a bureau that he picked up for fifty shillings and sold for twenty-five pounds. 'But there was a lot of work to be done to that,' he adds reflectively.

If you ask the old furniture restorer how he learnt his trade, he will tell you that he never served any apprenticeship. In fact, when a young man he was a carpenter in the navy. He ascribes his success entirely to his love for the old stuff.

There are few things he prides himself on more than his knowledge of different woods. 'You don't know what that is,' he will say, showing you a square inch of inlay round the edge of a drawer. 'Apple; that's what that is, sir.' It is not often that apple is wanted; but he has by him a worm-eaten old piece of apple timber that will come in for that particular bit of furniture. One of his great difficulties is getting old wood for his work. In restoring old furniture, especially where there is much inlaying, he requires all kinds of wood; and from his point of view—and here he differs from many others of

his trade—it is essential that the wood shall be really old; preferably as old as the piece in which it is to be used. He buys up anything in the way of old timber that he comes across. If a beam is taken out of an old farmhouse chimney to make way for a modern grate he will bid for it. He made a great haul of old oak recently from the belfry of a neighbouring church where the bells were being rehung. In fact, so good a stock of old oak has he got that he is a little sore about the change which fashion has taken from oak to mahogany. The only wood he is spiteful about is a species of teak, which he declares is full of sand and blunts his chisel at each cut.

Besides what he earns by selling or restoring old furniture, he has a subsidiary source of income of rather a curious character. In a neighbouring town there is established a great chairmaking industry. The factories are well equipped with machinery, and turn out thousands of chairs a week for the furniture-shops all over the world. The owners of these factories are always craving for new ideas, and are willing to pay for them; and when the old man gets hold of an old chair of unusual design he takes it over to the factories, and they give him ten or fifteen shillings for the loan of it for a couple of days to copy. For an exceptionally fine example he has got as much as twenty-five shillings for two days' loan. 'But you know, sir,' he says, 'the old chairs were not made by chairmakers at all. It was cabinetmakers' work in the time of Chippendale and Sheraton, and that makes all the difference.'

Altogether, the old furniture restorer embodies a good many of the characteristics of an ideal craftsman. Working in the country among his roses and hollyhocks, his individuality quite unhampered by the limitations of machinery, he shapes and carves the best obtainable material undeterred by the bogy of cheapness. Seen at his bench, surrounded by quaint home-made tools to fit the intricacies of his work, and by bottles of cunning stains for which he alone knows the recipe, he looks like one of the old workers whose individuality is so deeply imprinted on their creations that no one but a like craftsman can restore them to any satisfactory effect.

THE IRONY OF REVENGE.

By H. A. BRYDEN, Author of Tales of South Africa, &c.



you, too, want revenge? Well, revenge in due season is good for all of us—that is to say, if the cause be deep and bitter enough. I have nursed mine these twenty seasons past, in the far-away deserts to the

north, alone, alone—always alone with the wild beasts and the birds and the creeping things, and the sun, moon, and stars—brooding over my wrongs; and now, at last, something tells me that the time has come.

It was an old, lean South African native who uttered these words in the soft, liquid Basuto tongue. His woolly hair was grizzled, his face deeply lined and indented: the pitiless sun of the desert had manifestly not spared him; he looked withered and burnt up; folds of skin drooped down at the sides of his eyes in curious fashion, so that only a small part of the bloodshot white and the faded brown iris peeped from behind the leathery curtains.

They sat, the old and the young Kaffir—the latter a well-grown, well-nourished Basuto of three

or four and twenty—in a broad grassy kloof of the Eastern Transvaal. Amid the long green grasses, now flourishing since the recent rains, grazed, bellydeep, a herd of prosperous-looking cattle, the property of a rich Boer who had trekked into this fair region, and chosen himself a fat farm of twelve thousand acres, fifteen years before. The place lay far distant from his main homestead, and he camped here, for grazing, part of the year. Many lovely flowers starred the valley and the hillsides: big rose-coloured lilies by the stream, purple Berg lilies, and others of rich crimson or of white with roseate Splendid gladioli, many lovely heaths, and quantities of heliophilas (white, rose-coloured, yellow, and sky-blue) bloomed in noble profusion about this favoured spot, one of the loveliest valleys in all the fertile Transvaal country.

It was the year 1860. Gold had not yet been discovered there. The population—almost entirely Dutch, the Voortrekkers and their descendants—was in those days thinly scattered about the land; the burghers only just able to hold their own, by the aid of their rifles, strong arms, and inflexible wills, against the difficulties of a new country and the large native population which, in a state of almost complete independence, maintained itself within the borders of what these rude and warlike farmers chose to call their State.

'Revenge?' said the young man passionately. 'Yes, of course, I want revenge. Some day I mean to have it, too. Is it for nothing that I have been the slave of Baas Van Heerden all these years? I was stolen as a child, and have never known parents or friends. I am a full-grown man, yet I have never received wages, nor even owned a goat of my own. I cannot marry, because I am too poor. What father would give me his daughter, when I have not a head of stock to offer him in return? I love a certain maiden at Sequati's kraal away in the hills yonder, three days' journey distant, and I mean to have her, even if I turn thief or cattlestealer. But first, before I fly from this place and join Sequati's people, I want revenge—revenge for my life of slavery, for the insults, the blows, the floggings I have had to put up with all these weary years. I am eaten up with shame.'

The old man looked very oddly at him.

'Perhaps I can help you,' he said. 'Listen, and I will tell you my story. We will see then what can be done, you and I. Long ago, when you must have been a baby, or a very young child, the Boers came up into this country. They had many wagons, and they brought with them their families and flocks and herds. After suffering some loss in the earlier fights, they defeated Moselikatse and his Amabaka Zulus [the old name for the Matabele], and drove him far north of the Limpopo. Then they turned their attention to the weaker tribes, we of the Makatese, who had had much ado to keep our heads above water while the tyrant Moselikatse and his murdering warriors were overrunning the country. I was then a chief, living with

my clan in one of the richest parts of all this land. I had goodly herds of cattle, plenty of sheep and goats, and four hundred spearmen at my command. But the Boers came presently into my country, seeking to parcel out among themselves the best farms. They picked a quarrel with me-nothing was easier for them; it was and still is a part of their system of getting country. Although I and my people fought as well as we were able, we had nothing but assagais and men on foot to offer against mounted Boers armed with guns, and we were beaten. They slew sixty of my tribesmen, shooting after the fight those who were merely wounded. I myself, badly hit in the thigh, crawled away into the bush and so escaped them. I learned afterwards that, of my two wives, one was killed by a stray bullet, and the other became the house-slave of a Dutchwoman. My four children were parcelled out among the farmers like dogs. I hid among the mountains until my wound was healed, and then, getting the remnant of my people together, tried to persuade them to enter with me into a fresh warfare of harassment against the Boers, cutting them off by night, spearing them in small parties, and so trying to regain our own. But my people had had enough. They were beaten, and they deemed it useless to war with the inevitable. They would submit to their conquerors, as other clans had done, and try and eke out an existence under the protection of the Ama-Boona [the native name for the Boers]. At that, mad with rage and despair, I cast off my tribesmen from me, relinquished the chieftaincy to my brother, and betook myself away to the far northern deserts, there to live with the wild beasts. I hated the society of mankind, hated alike the white men who had destroyed me, and mine own people who were craven enough to submit quietly to the hard yoke of the oppressors. I abode chiefly in the great solitudes beyond Bamangwato, towards the Zambesi, alone, always alone, with the wild creatures of the wilderness. In one spot where, season after season, I made my headquarters, I sowed, before the rains fell, some Kaffir corn; here I reaped my supplies for the year. Flesh I had at need when I chose to snare a small antelope, and the desert gave me wild melons and other fruits in their season. Sometimes I grew restless and travelled to the great river, and, sitting by the mighty waterfall of Mosi-oa-tunya [the "Smokesounding," the native name for the Victoria Falls], solaced my weary soul with the sound of its mighty roar (a roar heard twenty miles away), and the sight of the giant columns of spray rearing themselves skyward from the falls, and the glorious rainbows that arch the chasm into which the river leaps.

'In these long, silent, and solitary years I came to know by heart the ways of every living thing about the desert. The lions knew me, and at first attempted to molest me; but I was always prepared for them, and gave them one or two little surprises which made them think better of it. At last they left me in peace, and for my part I tolerated them.

I knew their kills, and while they were away sleeping during the daylight, often took what I required of the flesh of an eland, or a zebra, or perchance a fat buffalo-cow. Even the shy giraffes knew me after a time, and finding that, unlike the Bushmen, I molested them not, often fed in their majestic way about the thorn-trees near my desert home. Every snake, every lizard, every tortoise of the parched veldt interested me, and I grew to know a thousand of their ways and habits of which even the black man, who understands something about the creatures of his own country, is ignorant.'

'What can you tell me about these things that I don't know myself?' interposed the younger man.

'Do you see anything in yonder tree?' answered the old Makatese, indicating with his head a big, spreading acacia twenty yards away.

The young man looked, scrutinising keenly every portion of the kameel-doorn.

'Nay,' he said, 'I see nothing. Not a bird, not a lizard moves.'

The old man pursed his broad African lips together and uttered a strange, soft, fluty, vibrating whistle-such a whistle as the younger man had never yet heard. Then slowly from out the thick portion of the deep green foliage was reared the dark head and neck of a black mamba, the deadliest, fiercest, and most active of all South The serpent was in its newest African snakes. and most shining apparel; its old skin had manifestly been sloughed off but a few days previously. Its fierce, menacing eye surveyed the natives with a glittering alertness; its long, forked tongue flickered at intervals from between its lips. For a full half-minute it gazed at them; then the wicked head was lowered and the thing disappeared into its screen of leafage.

'Come!' whispered the young man; 'let us go. One can manage most snakes with a good stick; but when a mamba comes your way give him the road, says the proverb.'

'Nay,' rejoined the old man; 'she has eaten a dove to-day and will not stir. To-morrow or next day she will be abroad again, she and her mate. I know them both. They paired but a week since. Her husband, a snake of two seasons, fought and vanquished his rival upon the day I came hither. I watched the fight quite unseen; it was a great one. The conqueror sleeps not far away, amid the long grass yonder, in a shallow rain-pool warmed by the sun. Let him rest; I shall want him and his mate this evening.' The old African chuckled to himself, a strange, grating, hollow chuckle, which set his companion's teeth on edge.

'Who are you?' queried the young man, shifting his seat a little, and gazing doubtfully at the old fellow by his side, 'and what plan are you hatching? I misdoubt me you mean no good. Are you a witch-doctor?'

'Nay, my son, I am no witch-doctor; nought, indeed, but an aged, worn-out Makatese who wishes to pay off an old score before he takes his way to

the kingdom of the departed. Listen, and I will tell you more. Do you know who you are?'

'No,' said the young man, 'save that I too am Makatese, as any man may tell who looks at me. I know no more. Ask the old Baas Van Heerden. He may tell you. No one else can.'

'Look at the tip of the little finger of your right hand,' pursued the old man. 'It is broken, and the nail is gone. Is it not so?'

'It is even so,' returned the young man, gazing at the mutilated member. 'The finger has been so as long as I can recall things to my mind.'

'How many medicine-scars are there upon your chest?' asked the old man.

'I cannot tell,' said the youth, putting his hand inside the breast of his tattered and none too clean cotton shirt.

'I have not seen your breast since you were a child of three,' went on the old Makatese, 'but I know there are five scars, four in a row and one beneath.' He turned and bared the young man's chest. Five whitish cicatrices were there. He touched each one of them.

'Those scars,' he went on, 'were made by Imveezi, the witch-doctor or medicine-man of my clan, when you were a babe of two, just beginning to totter upon your legs. You had fever, and Imveezi cut five places with his knife to let the poison out. You yourself are Lopepe, the son of Lewana, once chief of the Makatese clan Bationa; and Lewana your father sits beside you!'

The two—the young, lusty African, vigorous with life, his eyes bright, his chocolate skin gleaming with the glow of health and strength, and the old, withered, broken man—sat looking into one another's eyes, their glances inquiring, responsive.

'So you are my father,' said the young man simply, taking the old man's hand and resting it for a moment upon his head. 'Well, I am glad to know that I have my own name at last. The Boers call me October, because, I suppose, Baas Van Heerden took me in that month, and the Makatese name me Mutla [the hare], because I am swift of foot. And now, Lewana, my father, what do you do here?'

'I am here on your business and my own, Lopepe,' replied his father. 'Revenge!-that is what calls me hither. It is not for nothing that I have lived these many years past an outcast, knowing only the wild creatures of the veldt. This night one of them shall obey my behests. For many months past I have wandered through the Transvaal, as they now call it, looking for mine ancient enemy Van Heerden, the destroyer of my race. Ten moons ago it came upon me in the desert that my time was approaching. Something called softly, softly, "Lewana, go south. Your time has come." It was the spirit of revenge crying to me in the deserts, and crying not in vain; and now at last I am here, and the hours speed to the conclusion. You, too, want revenge. Yours shall be mingled with mine!'

The old man's eyes burned fiercely; the flame of life seemed for the time rekindled within his

withered frame, scorched by the desert suns of twenty years.

'Listen! The old man Van Heerden sits for an hour after his supper smoking by the camp-fire—does he not? I have watched him these six nights past, and that seems to be his habit. Then he calls to you, and you go to his wagon and light a lantern so that he may see to take off his coat and velschoons and get under his sheepskin kaross. Is it not so?'

'Yes,' answered Lopepe, 'it is so. It is always his custom, out here in the veldt away from the house, during this season.'

'Well, to-night, Lopepe, go not on any account to the wagon. Hide yourself; disobey Van Heerden's voice—he is no longer your master—go not near the wagon or you are a dead man. Ask me no questions; but watch and wait. To-night after the old Boer has gone to his bed we shall leave this place and take our way to Sequati's or elsewhither.'

So Lopepe promised as his father desired.

The Van Heerdens' camp just at this season, when they trekked from the house and sought other pastures, was a marvellously pleasant one. Plenty of water and plenty of grass flourished around them, bush was abundant, and the giraffe-acacias and bastard yellow-wood timber furnished roaring fires at night. In the veldt adjacent, in the broad valleys and the deep kloofs, by the pleasant streams, and upon the mountain-slopes game ran everywhere. Buffalo and koodoo and sable antelope, vast troops of the graceful red pallah and noble water-buck, bush-buck and tsesseby, reed-buck, rhebok, and klip-springer, all were at hand for the shooting. The Van Heerdens—the old man, now verging on seventy years of age, and his vrouw, and their grown-up sons with their wives and families, and a daughter or two with their husbands and families -all these were outspanned here for a pleasant spell. The cattle were putting on flesh, the outing was an enjoyable one for all, the hunters daily brought in game, the flesh-pots were always full, and there was continual jollity and feasting.

Old Jacob Van Heerden had changed far less than the whilom Basuto chief Lewana, whom he had driven forth and dispossessed a score of years before. His frame was still strong, vigorous, oak-like; he seemed to defy time. His hair and beard were, it is true, now snow-white; but his cheek showed ruddy beneath its tan, and his great voice sounded forth commands and menaces, or roared with boisterous laughter just as it had roared more than two decades since. Jacob was a hard man still, feared by all his black servants; a man whom even his huge sons, stalwart men between thirty and fiveand-forty, dared not to cross; at whose frown all quaked-all save one, the short, stout, bitter-looking, black-haired vrouw, Johanna Van Heerden, who cared no more for her husband's temper than the snap of a finger, and who was in truth the baasraak and tamer of the fierce old man himself. He feared neither man nor devil, nor anything else upon this broad earth save his stout *vrouw*, whose will-power was stronger even than his own, and whose sharp, subacid tongue had routed him utterly in many a stormy debate. If Jacob Van Heerden was the master, Johanna, his wife, was truly the master's master of all that camp.

Supper was over. Night had fallen more than an hour since. The camp-fire blazed cheerily. Old Jacob Van Heerden was in his glory, smoking pipe after pipe, emptying basin after basin of coffee, telling yarn after yarn, sending his deep guttural notes and his ear-splitting laughter far out into the wilderness around them. Never in his stark old age had Jacob Van Heerden seemed in greater force or imbued with more abounding vitality than that evening.

Meanwhile the old Basuto, Lewana, had, half a mile away from the Boer outspan, been busying himself in various ways. An hour before sunset he approached very quietly the low acacia-tree, where, as he well knew, the black mamba still rested. This fierce and pugnacious serpent, the most dreaded of all reptiles in South Africa, has itself little fear of mankind, seeming to be conscious of its own deadly powers, and of the respect—the respect of terrorwhich its ready fangs and terrible venom ensures to itself. The snake still lay stretched along the treebranch, a turn or two of her tail securing her position. She was not asleep; but her meal of the morning had rendered her inert, and she lay there digesting it at leisure. Again she heard that clear, low, vibrating whistle which she had heard in the heat of the afternoon. The sound, fluting softly among the leafage in which she lay, seemed very pleasant in her ears. Gently she raised her head and neck again to hear more of it and discover its source. In that instant a blow from a long, supple stick, wielded by Lewana, caught her full upon the neck and broke her spine. She fell struggling to the ground, fierce, writhing, but impotent. Another stroke or two and she was harmless; three thudding blows from the Basuto's heavy knobkerrie crushed her skull to a pulp and destroyed any life that remained to her. The old native retired to some bush and now waited patiently for darkness.

An hour after sunset he returned to the spot, picked up the dead mamba by the tail, and, trailing her nine feet of length behind him, made his way straight for Van Heerden's camp. The old Boer's wagon, as the Basuto well knew, stood upon one side of the encampment, half of it exposed to the ruddy glow of the great fire, the other half wrapped in gloom. Now creeping softly through the darkness, Lewana, still trailing his hideous burden behind him, stole noiselessly to the great tent-wagon, mounted unobserved to the box, and in a few seconds had coiled the dead snake deftly upon the farther part of the sheepskin kaross which covered the old Boer's sleeping kartel. Then, as swiftly descending, he hastened away unperceived.

His next move was one, as he well recognised, of some danger. But the full African moon was rising

from behind the line of mountain towards which he returned; there would be enough light for his purpose; and he was in his present mood prepared to accept any risk. He stole softly, swiftly towards the little pool where the male mamba had lain that afternoon. He knew that the reptile had quitted the water towards sunset, and lay snugly coiled in the grass hard by. Seeking a little elevation thirty yards away, Lewana, who had provided himself with a dozen stones, now began to cast them into the grass sheltering the serpent. This was the moment of peril. A male black mamba, with the breeding-fever full upon him-fiercer, more active, and more venomous by fifty times than was his wont-if he should turn haply in that direction would be little likely to spare his disturber. There would be no escape. But, as the crafty old native had confidently reckoned, the mamba sped away in the direction of the tree where he had last seen his Something had happened there! exactly the fierce serpent could not tell. Now, finding the scent of his beloved upon the soil, the snake followed the trail with amazing swiftness to the Dutch encampment, and, tracing it unerringly to Van Heerden's wagon, mounted in a flash to the kaross whereon lay coiled his dead mate. Lewana's dark plot had worked out exactly as he had intended it to do. Meanwhile, by another path, the aged Basuto made his way to the outskirts of the encampment, there to await what was to follow. Surely, surely, vengeance, after all these years, was now to be his own! The old man's heart beat more rapidly than was its wont; his hands, moist with the sweat of anticipation, opened and shut convulsively. He squatted there amid the shelter of a patch of bush, waiting, waiting, waiting.

Old Jacob Van Heerden was late to-night! As a rule he sought his kartel punctually at half-past eight. His vrouw, sleeping with two of her grandchildren at the rear of a buck-wagon, was already snoring peacefully. But to-night the old fellow had sat up half-an-hour longer than was his wont. He had shot a big buffalo-cow that day, besides a couple of reed-buck, and the achievement had set him talking after supper upon old adventures and ancient successful hunts. Now, at last, he called loudly in his great voice for October, his Basuto, to light his lantern for him. But October did not answer, did not come. The old man was sleepy. He would light his lantern himself; October should answer for his misdeeds in the morning. No doubt the rascal was away courting some Kaffir girl in the kraal a mile or two away. Van Heerden knocked out his pipe, walked to his wagon, climbed to the box, and then, stooping over the kartel, was struck twice upon the cheek by something that pricked him violently, painfully, like the sting of a wasp or a tsetse-fly. At the same instant something rustled past him from the gloom of his wagon interior and passed away outside. It was the mamba, which for an hour and more had been lying on the sheepskin kaross close to the dead body of its mate. Something was wrong, the fierce reptile knew; what exactly it could not tell. It lay there waiting for the awakening of its spouse. When Van Heerden had crept on to his kartel and reached for his lantern, the fierce reptile had resented the intrusion, and with its deadly poison-fangs had struck him twice upon his broad, fleshy face. Then as swiftly it had disappeared. The old man knew instinctively that something terrible had happened. Rubbing his smarting cheek, he roared out for help, and, leaping from his wagon-box, betook himself to the campfire. The outspan was speedily in an uproar. From the assembled wagons there came pouring forth sleepy, unkempt Boers, natives, women, and the elder children.

Meanwhile the mamba, as it retreated from the wagon, had, by a strange stroke of fate, encountered the old Basuto's son, October, or Lopepe, as his father called him. Lopepe, attracted by the unwonted accents of fear in his master's voice, had sprung instinctively from his hiding-place beyond the firelight, and run to the wagon. His path met the mamba's. The reptile poised itself for one fleeting hundredth part of a second, and, before Lopepe had even seen it, struck him upon the fleshy part of the leg, just above the knee.

In the morning two corpses, a black man's and a white's, both hideously swollen and discoloured, lay in the Boer encampment.

Lewana's long-delayed, long-hoped-for vengeance had recoiled upon himself. He had slain his ancient oppressor, it is true, but he had slain also his own son, that first-born son for whom he had planned, during his long years of exile, so many great things—the revival of his clan, a renewed chieftaincy, a new era of prosperity and power. He had made himself acquainted with the fell double disaster, the twin-fruit of his hatred and revenge. And now all, all was in the dust!

The old Makatese, more broken, more agedlooking than ever, crept away through the bush, heading for the north again, there to leave his bones in that desert in which he had so long and so fruitlessly nursed his vengeance.

VIGNETTE.

A SOLITARY pine-tree tops the hill,

And points a mocking finger to the moon—
The lady moon, that follows, weeping still,

Her lord across the opal west of June;

While, as she weeps, the dews, which are her tears,
Pearl the dry grass and feed the quivering corn;
And so, from out her grief of endless years,
A blessing for an alien star is born.

And thus may they who follow love afar,
With weary feet, while silent tear-drops flow,
Shed life and gladness on an alien star
Which drinks the dew, and never feels the woe.

M. W. M. FALCONER.



FIFTY-THREE SALMON IN A WEEK.

By W. A. SOMMERVILLE.

Then take your fortune as it comes,
Whatever God may give;
And through the day your heart will say
"Tis luck enough to live.



ITH all our philosophy, that's what it comes to: 'luck enough to live.' To be out all day on the river—'Down by the Tummel or banks o' the Garry,' to play two rounds on the golf-links at St Andrews, following

a stag in the Reay Forest, a ten-mile spin on your bicycle: anything that will give you exercise, making you strong, so that you may be able to say, ''Tis luck enough to live.' The wisest expenditure of leisure made by Mr Rhodes during the last years of his life, so far as he was personally concerned, was his residence on Rannoch Moor shooting. That might have saved him; but it came too late.

It is pleasant to sit in front of the Café de la Paix, in the Boulevard des Capucines, and to watch the crowd passing on your right towards the Madeleine, and upon your left up the Boulevard des Italiens towards the site of the Bastille. But I would not choose to live in Paris. I would rather live in Sutherlandshire—shall I say in Strathnaver?—and, when the evening light has fallen upon Ben Clibreck, walk home from Syre Loch to Dalvina Lodge, with, say, two spring salmon. I think if you have regard for the feelings of your brother-anglers you should be satisfied with two spring salmon in one day.

It was on the Corrib river in Galway that I killed my fifty-three salmon in a week.

Galway is an old town, with streets that are for the most part narrow, winding, and irregular. Now and again you pass a new building obtruding itself upon you, and seeming to break the harmony of the older buildings, like a false note in music. Galway has its romance. The story of the celebrated Warden of Galway might have suggested Weir of Hermiston to Robert Louis Stevenson. The Warden's name was James Lynch Fitzstephen. He condemned his son to death for killing his rival in

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love. His son was popular, and no one would consent to hang him, so the Warden himself straightway did so. The town possesses a fine harbour, and for years it was the hope of the residents that a line of steamers would be established between their port and New York. The scheme for the line of steamers has unfortunately been abandoned.

I had been fishing for sea-trout and salmon on the lakes of Inagh, Derryclare, and Ballynahinch. If you care for sea-trout-fishing, spend your next holiday in Ireland, and go to Ballynahinch.

Upon my way home I stayed a night in Galway. I owed Mr Brown, who had charge of the fishing, thirty shillings for a Castle Connell rod; and in the morning I walked down to the river to pay him. I passed over the bridge, and for the first time I saw that wonderful sight: the salmon resting in the river below the bridge. At times they are there in hundreds. Galway is worth a visit if for no other reason than to see the salmon below the jail-bridge. At a first glance you would almost doubt that they were salmon, gray-like drifts of cloud resting in the bed of the river; then suddenly one of the fish will move, and as he turns swiftly on his side for a moment, there will be a flash like a sabre in the sunshine and mist of morning.

When I had paid Mr Brown I said to him, 'Do you think if I stay in Galway to-day, and fish the river, that I will kill three fish?' He answered by saying that I certainly would kill three fish. I thought the river was too low and clear, and I had been so often deceived. Pat is very sanguine. At last I said, 'Will you, on your honour as an Irish gentleman, promise me that I will get one fish?' 'Yes,' he answered, 'you will get one fish.'

The temptation was great. I decided to stay, and I told Mike, who was to be my companion, to put up my rod, and in a few minutes I had made my first cast for a salmon on the Corrib river.

I had two flies on my trace, both of them dressed in Galway. I made cast after cast, sending the two flies over the river, and letting them dance in the stream, gaily dressed like two ambassadors on their Reserved.]

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way to be presented to the king. I had not long to wait. There was a movement on the water, a tightening of the line, a sound from my reel: I had hooked a salmon.

Tell the news in brugh an' glen, Donald Caird's come again.

And bravely the fish fought: time after time the wild rush for liberty to the other side of the river that makes you tremble lest your cast will break. You can hardly wonder that a salmon never understands how it is that the little 'silver-gray' fly it was his purpose to swallow will let him for a time 'go as he pleases,' but when he gets tired pulls him slowly, steadily, surely to the shore. At last the battle was over and there was one fish that would never go back to Galway Bay.

Once, fishing upon the Naver, I hooked a twelvepound salmon. In his anger at the fly—the bee in his bonnet—he dashed his nose on one of the rocks in the pool. When we landed him we found his nose flattened to the circumference of a threepenny-piece.

After we had succeeded in landing four fish I had a novel experience: two salmon rose to me at the same time, one to each fly, and I succeeded in hooking both of them. When you have been troutfishing you have, of course, many times had two trout on at the same time, and experienced no difficulty in landing them; but this was the only time I ever hooked two salmon in one cast. It is needless to say they were not long together. As they moved in different directions the short trace of the upper fly snapped, and one of the fish had regained his liberty.

By evening I had killed seven fish.

You ask me what Mr Brown thought when he heard I had killed seven fish. He thought how nearly that morning I had come to doing 'another injustice to Ireland.'

Next day, at 4 A.M., Mike was waiting for me on the bridge. A kindly, warm-hearted Irishman was Mike, civil, cheerful, and forgetful, with blue eyes and a face freekled with brown like a plover's egg. But Mike did not belong to Galway; he came from Kildare, and his heart was in Kildare. Sometimes, when I would say to him, 'It's a fine morning, Mike,' he would answer, 'Yes, sir. And it will be a fine morning in the county of Kildare.'

We commenced by fishing with fly, and by midday I had landed six fish. In the afternoon I tried prawn for the first time. You fish with it much in the same way as you do with fly; but you must cast more carefully, as there is the danger that the prawn will break. The prawns must be fresh, and Mike told me the salmon preferred them boiled. It is a deadly bait, and you will kill with it when other lures fail.

In the evening we again fished with fly. I had landed nine fish, and there had come, at last, the chance to make my first double figure as a salmon-fisher. As bad luck would have it, a messenger came to say that a son of one of the doctors in the town was dying, and that he wished to see Mike; so Mike

had to go. It was growing dark. There was an ominous sound from the river as it flowed between its banks:

All along the valley stream that flashes white, Deepening thy voice with the deepening of the night.

I moved to the best cast on the water, and let my fly—a white wing—sink deep. Then there came the pull under water, and the indescribable feeling which comes to you when a fish turns downwards with the fly, but you do not see him. He played very wild, as all fish do at the darkening; but I succeeded in landing him. It is said that Lord Rosebery has attained the three ambitions of his life. I had attained one of mine, and killed ten salmon in a day.

On the next day we went one better, and killed eleven. One of them was foul-hooked. Why is it that a salmon nearly always goes down-stream when he is foul-hooked? This one did—full speed right under one of the arches of the bridge, much to the delight of the little group of spectators assembled there watching me. But Mike was equal to the occasion. There was a second bridge for footpassengers immediately below. Mike went on to this second bridge, and, getting hold of my line, let it run through his hands. He told me to cut the line when it became exhausted. I did so, and joined him on the lower bridge; we passed the line again through the rings on the rod, and after an exciting run landed the fish.

When what is called 'the drain' is packed with salmon it is exceedingly difficult to fish without occasionally foul-hooking. Of my fifty-three, three were foul-hooked.

To see that you fish fairly, there is a water-bailiff. The water-bailiff and I became great friends. He was very proud of his wife. He told me that when he married her she weighed nine stone, but that now she weighed fourteen. She had been a good wife, kind to himself and to his children; and he had hopes that she would continue to increase in weight!

When you fish in Galway you do not enter 'the Gates of the Hills.' Here is no silent strath, with the shepherd with his sheep and collie dogs; you are fishing in a town. The length of the stretch of water to which I have been referring would not exceed four hundred yards, that being the distance from the bridge to the weir; and yet upon this short stretch of water as many as seventeen hundred fish have been killed with the rod in a single season. The fish are divided into three classes: peel (grilse), spring fish, and summer fish.

The average weight of the fish I killed would be nine or ten pounds. My heaviest fish weighed seventeen pounds. In April 1902 a salmon weighing forty-two pounds was killed, the heaviest ever got with the rod on the river.

What an art casting a salmon-fly is, sending a long line across the river and letting the fly fall like a snowflake upon the water! It is just as interesting to watch a good angler casting (on his lucky day) as to watch Trumper the Australian batting, or R. B. Maxwell and John Ball playing a single at golf. The best amateur angler I have fished with is Sir R. J. Waldie-Griffith, whose name will be familiar to you if you read the sporting papers. Once we had a record day. Fishing on the Sprouston Water, on the Tweed, we killed twenty-five salmon between us; Sir Robert (then Captain Griffith) killed thirteen fish, and I killed twelve. (The first fish I killed weighed thirty-three pounds). Fishing with him on the Dub, I have seen him, time after time, send his 'Childers' or 'Jock Scott' across the river right up to the oars of the boat in which I was fishing, and it would fall softly, like

Music that gentler on the spirit lies Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes.

I have had pleasant times in Ireland; played cricket in the Phœnix Park; visited Killarney and Punchestown; and an Irishman has written a poem

which has for me a fascination I cannot explain. Sometimes in a side-street in Paris or in London, in the window of an unpretending shop filled with articles of virtu of little value, you may chance to see a copy of Millet's 'Angelus.' You are familiar with the two figures, with their heads bent as they listen to the sound of the bell as it comes to them across the plain. The poem I have referred to was written by F. S. Mahony (Father Prout). I like to think of Millet in Barbizon transforming the lives of the peasants amongst whom he lived into poetry; and I like to think of Father Prout, when a boy, pausing to listen to the bells of Shandon:

That sound so grand on The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

With deep affection and recollection
I often think of these Shandon Bells,
Whose sound so wild would, in the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.

THE PEARL NECKLACE.

CHAPTER VI .- THE GOLD ON THE STAIRS.



FEAR I am not of those who can meet the calamities and reverses of life with a laugh and a jest, and eat, drink, and sleep with as light a heart as though fortune still smiled upon them. Sword in hand, I trust

I can front disasters with becoming fortitude, and even with a cheerful countenance, and strive as doggedly as most men to change defeat into victory; but when the time for action is past, and in solitude I brood over the causes of my failure, I confess I have rarely found myself in the mood for jesting. I, therefore, did but scant justice to the food set before me; and when I lay down to rest, weary as I was, I could not sleep, but tossed restlessly from side to side, upbraiding myself for things I had done and left undone, and perceiving little chance of achieving any greater success in the future.

If Montague remained in the neighbourhood there might, indeed, be some hope of turning the tables upon him; but was it at all probable that he would do so? After slaying the trooper, he could expect no mercy if he were taken; and, reckless as he was, it would be strange if he did not do his utmost to get out of the country as speedily as possible. Yet I was by no means sure of it. The man was famed for his cunning and audacity, and was not likely to abandon his plans while there was any prospect of carrying them out. The conspiracy of which he was the head might be more widespread than I had as yet any proof of; and though I had found but few arms and little ammunition in the Hall, there might very well be a store of both secreted in the neighbourhood. If a serious rising had been contemplated, it was quite possible —the chief conspirator being still at liberty—that it might even yet take place. Instead of flying by the speediest road to France or Holland, Montague might at that very moment be gathering his forces together for one more desperate effort to seat Charles Stuart upon the throne. If that were the case, I should have little need to seek him, but would probably find myself attacked, and with vastly superior numbers.

Then I began to think of the gold that, according to the Protector's spies, Montague had brought with him from France. It was possible they were for once at fault, for so far my search had proved vain, and Jacob Watkins could give me no information regarding it. But it was also possible that, suspecting that an attempt would be made to seize it, Montague had removed it to a place of safety. He was the last man in the world-so I thought-to leave such an article behind him if it lay within his power to carry it away; more especially as the loss of it might interfere so seriously with the success of his plans as to put an end to the conspiracy. Still, I determined to renew the search next day, and to continue it with the utmost diligence until I had explored every possible hiding-place. If it still remained within the Hall, it should be through no fault of mine if it were not discovered.

Then a thought flashed across my mind that startled and troubled me. If, as Jacob Watkins suspected, there were really a secret passage, I might at that moment be in a position of imminent peril. What might not Montague, if still lurking in the neighbourhood, dare to attempt with a few score of hot-blooded young Royalist gentlemen ready to plunge into any desperate adventure to further the cause of the King? If the gold were in the Hall, and he acquainted with the passage, the first know-

ledge we should have of his presence might very well be the glimmer of steel at our throats. It was clear that I must post sentinels to guard against danger from within as well as from without. I determined that another night should not pass without the fullest precautions being taken.

Still, what would any precautions avail if the attack were made that night? The idea banished all desire for sleep from me; and, being fully dressed, I rose at once, resolving to satisfy myself that all was well, and to keep watch until daybreak. I had in my chamber, which was illumined by the moon, no means of kindling a light, and when I stepped outside I found myself enveloped in total darkness. How easy it would be for an enemy, thought I, to steal upon us unawares! Even now the place might be full of silent figures, lurking, sword in hand, to leap upon me in the darkness. I was beginning to smile at the notion as fantastic when I suddenly started, and stood listening intently. I heard, or thought I heard, the sound of stealthy footsteps. Standing motionless, scarce venturing to breathe, I heard it again, and round a corner of the passage in which I stood I perceived a faint gleam of light. I knew that the light came from the direction of a narrow and little-used staircase that led to the cellars beneath, and I stole noiselessly towards it, having now little doubt that the enemy were upon us. In another moment I had discovered that whoever bore the light was not mounting but descending the stairs. Thereupon I stepped quickly forward and looked down. I could see the figure of a woman enveloped in a cloak and carrying a candle.

'Halt!' I cried. 'What are you doing there?'

She turned with a faint cry, and for a moment I saw her face brightly illumined by the candle. Instantly I was struck dumb and motionless. It was none other than Mistress Dorothy! Before I could recover the power of speech or movement she had dashed out the candle and disappeared. At the same moment there was a crash on the stone steps, and a loud tinkling and jingling. I leapt after her, but tripped over some heavy object, and had well-nigh plunged head-foremost into the black depths below. As it was, I fell with a force that knocked the breath out of me and jarred every bone in my body.

'A light!' I cried at the pitch of my voice as soon as I had recovered breath. 'Bring hither a light. Haste! haste!'

I heard some of the men running hastily along the passages in the direction of my voice, and presently I could see several of their faces peering down upon me as they advanced, holding candles above their heads. It was indeed a strange spectacle that was revealed; for the winding staircase descending into the lower parts of the Hall was glittering from top to bottom with broad gold pieces, shimmering and twinkling in the light of the candles. The bag which had contained them lay at my feet, and was all but empty.

'Quick, quick!' I exclaimed impatiently. 'Follow me instantly.'

Down the stairs we went headlong, and searched with such care and diligence that I doubt if so much as a mouse could have escaped our notice. Yet not a sign of any living thing did we discover. I knew well that there could be but one explanation of what had taken place. I could not doubt the evidence of my own eyes. It was no apparition that I had seen-that I was sure of-but Mistress Dorothy herself. Moreover, there was the gold scattered about the steps-a proof, if any were needed, that it was a human being and no spirit that I had seen; and yet no spirit could have vanished more absolutely. Clearly there could be but one explanation. Jacob Watkins was right. There must indeed be a secret passage, for only by means of one could Mistress Dorothy have disappeared as she had done. But where was it? How was I to discover it? I gazed helplessly at the walls around me, that seemed to the eye as impenetrable as though hewn out of the solid rock.

As I did so I became conscious that the men were whispering among themselves, and eying me curiously. They happened to be some of those who had followed me so tardily during the pursuit of Colonel Montague, and there was an expression upon their faces that I liked but little. One or two belonged to the more fanatical Anabaptists who had of late shown almost open enmity towards the Protector, under the belief that he was about to assume the Crown. The others were stout soldiers, but not of those who had taken up arms for conscience' sake. Indeed, I knew that one of them, Nicholas Rowe by name, had come near to dangling at the end of a rope for plundering after the battle of Worcester. I caught a glimpse of his lean, hawk-like face and his bold black eyes turned towards me; and, realising the awkward situation in which I was placed, I began most heartily to regret that I had summoned the men, especially as the search had proved fruitless. What satisfactory explanation of the matter could I give unless I told them plainly that I had seen Mistress Dorothy? That I felt an overpowering reluctance to do. Nay, I determined on the instant that nothing should induce me to do so.

At that moment Nicholas Rowe approached me.

'The man is not to be found, sir,' said he. 'I fear he hath given us the slip. Was it one of the servants, think you?'

Strive how I would I could not but show some confusion and hesitation.

'Nay, I—I think not,' I stammered. 'Yet I saw the person but for a moment—the—the light being put out the instant I appeared.'

"Tis passing strange indeed,' said he, nursing his chin in his hand and watching me with his keen eyes. "Who think you could it be, sir?"

'Nay, how should I know?' I answered testily. 'Whoever it was hath escaped us. Go back to your

posts, and see that you keep a sharp watch for the remainder of the night.'

'And the gold on the stairs, sir?' he asked.

'I will see to it myself,' said I, and the fellow turned slowly away with a sneer on his lips that I thought it not prudent to take note of. Then he and his comrades went leisurely up the steps where the gold lay; and, if my ears did not deceive me, they helped themselves to some of the pieces as they passed: as they were out of sight I could not be absolutely sure of it, and they had disappeared before I could overtake them. Truth to tell I was glad to be rid of them on any terms, for I was infinitely disturbed in spirit, fearing that the business was like to end badly for those I fain would have shielded from further harm. It needed but a glance to discover that the gold was French, so that I had plain proof, as it seemed to me, that Mistress Dorothy was taking a very active part in the conspiracy. That she should have assisted Montague, as a guest in her father's house, to escape was a matter that might have been passed over; but this was a more serious business. I had been expressly ordered by the Protector to seize the moneys which Montague had brought from France, and it was clear that she was using her knowledge of the secret passage to remove it from its place of concealment. No further proof was needed to show that she was the friend and confidante, the aider and abetter, of those who were conspiring against His Highness. What right had I to keep the matter a secret? Nay, it was clearly my duty to arrest her at the first opportunity. Of that there could be no doubt. Yet to do aught that might lead to her imprisonment was more than I could contemplate without infinite pain.

I had kept one of the candles which the men had brought, and by its dim, flickering light I gathered up the gold pieces, replaced them in the bag, and deposited them in my chamber. Then, rather than summon a sentry, and so provoke further comment, I kept watch myself, pacing restlessly about the dark passages, and spending a very miserable night, my thoughts turning this way and that, and no plan of action that seemed both just and merciful suggesting itself to my mind. The day was breaking when I came at last to the conclusion that I would seek out Mistress Dorothy, if she were still in the neighbourhood, and put the matter plainly before her, warning her of the danger she ran of bringing utter ruin upon herself and those she loved if she did not consent to point out the passage and the place where the remainder of the gold was concealed. If she refused, then I should have no choice but to arrest her. I should have done all in my power, and perhaps something more than I was justified in doing, to spare her. If she were too reckless and obstinate to listen to reason she would have none but herself to blame.

(To be continued.)

CURIOSITIES OF A LONDON SALEROOM.



HERE are many auction-rooms in the Metropolis, some dealing with one class of property and some with another. If we want to buy or sell a house or an estate we must bend our steps to the Mart in Tokenhouse

Yard. If pictures, jewellery, or rare china are the objects in which we are interested, to Christie's we must go. Books, rare manuscripts, and whole libraries change owners at Sotheby's; while as to furniture and household requisites generally, the places in London where they are sold by auction can be counted by the hundred.

There is, however, one saleroom in this centre of the world's commerce which is of quite a unique character, for it is a place to which all kinds of rare things find their way—a veritable 'old curiosity shop.' It is as varied in its contents as is the British Museum, with the added advantage that the exhibits are constantly being changed. This kaleidoscopic saleroom is in Covent Garden, almost next door to the building which was once Evans's supper-rooms, and it is known to all as Stevens's. Here there is a sale of some kind or other nearly every day of the week, and you can purchase here everything from the mortal remains of an ancient Egyptian to a rare orchid, or from a big telescope

to a live bantam. All is fish that comes to Mr Stevens's net — fish that remain in his possession for a short time before they find new owners.

As the writer of this article has, during a long residence in London, had many opportunities of attending the sales in these rooms, and as, moreover, he has been allowed a peep or two behind the scenes where are stored all kinds of rare things, he is able to give some information which may prove interesting to his readers.

It may be said by way of preface that if the mania for collecting things were not a very common attribute of human nature, Mr Stevens would find half his occupation gone. The man who collects coins, postage-stamps, shells, minerals, butterflies, fossils, implements of the savage, or other product of nature or art with such amazing perseverance, may be quite sure that when he dies, unless he should make some other provision in his will, the property he has acquired with such difficulty will gravitate to Covent Garden. It is curious to reflect upon the manner in which certain highly treasured objects descend, by a natural process, like heirlooms, to collector after collector, each one paying generally an enhanced price. Take, for example, the eggs of the great auk, the number of known examples of which is seventy. Every now and then one

of these egg-shells comes into the market, which is analogous to saying that it goes to Stevens's. Here it will command from two to three hundred guineas, according to quality, which is far nearer to its weight in diamonds than it is to its weight in gold. The price of these shells has been rising by leaps and bounds ever since it became certain that the great auk was an extinct bird.

Another natural product which comes under the same category with regard to value is the rare orchid, examples of which have again and again found their way to this establishment. Here is a true story about one of them. A visitor to the rooms purchased, one afternoon, two insignificantlooking growths for the modest sum of a florin apiece. If small in size, they were dignified by terribly long names to make up for what they wanted in stature. Some months elapsed before the purchaser again made his way to the rooms, this time bearing in his hand one of the two-shilling twins, which by this time had put forth a flower. But the blossom was not of that particular colour which might reasonably be expected from that variety of orchid; it was a yellow flower instead of a white one. Mr Stevens's keen eve at once saw that the little blossom was a rarity—what experts would call 'a sport'—and he said to its owner, 'Don't attempt to part with it yet. Let me see what I can sell it for.' He did sell it, too, and the modest floweret fetched one hundred and sixty-five guineas. Mr Stevens has many other stories to tell of the high prices sometimes given by orchid-lovers for rare blooms.

An echo of every important event, be it a coronation or a royal wedding here at home or a war at the antipodes, seems to find its way to these auction-rooms at Covent Garden. A slice of Queen Victoria's wedding-cake, duly authenticated by the original gracious letter from Buckingham Palace which accompanied it, was sold here a short time back. Another form of confectionery in the shape of chocolate-boxes distributed by that same good Queen more than sixty years later may be found here; while more rugged mementos of the late war are seen in fragments of shells from Kimberley, Mafeking, and Ladysmith. The loot which came from Pekin is represented here by articles of Chinese workmanship too numerous to describe in detail; but we may especially mention as curios of no ordinary kind the snuff-bottles made of jade, rock-crystal, and sometimes of glass, with the little spoon attached with which the user will help himself to the aromatic dust. A peculiarity about these transparent bottles is that they are beautifully painted on the inside with floral designs; and as the opening of the bottle would scarcely permit the passage of a pen, the artist must have executed the wonderfully delicate work with a bent brush at no small cost of skill and patience. It may be noticed here that many of the rings from Pekin are split-rings, so that they will expand to fit any finger. Japan contributes to this museum an ever-changing and varied assortment of her wonderful artistic products, from paintings on ricepaper to richly decorated cloisonné ware.

At Stevens's rooms was sold not long ago the silken undervest worn on the scaffold by the illfated monarch Charles I., and doubtless the purchaser in giving two hundred guineas for it was influenced by the fact that it was deeply stained with royal blood. If Charles I.'s head had been for sale we may be quite sure that some 'Mr Dick' would have been found to give a high figure for the gory relic. Human heads fetch a very good price at these sales; but they must be tattooed heads, like those of the Maori chiefs of New Zealand, or must have some other peculiarity about them. They are rather gruesome objects these dried heads, although much of the humanity has been decorated out of them. The finest known collection is that of Major-General Robley, who has paid from thirty to seventy pounds apiece for them, many passing through this curious museum in Covent Garden. It is a matter for surprise that the late Mr Barnum, or some other noted showman, did not long ago acquire one of these heads and exhibit it as that of 'Macaulay's New Zealander.' Strict accuracy is not a matter which troubles the minds of showmen; and we call to mind the story of the skull of Oliver Cromwell, the smallness of which was apologised for by the exhibiter on the ground that it was the Protector's skull 'when he was a little boy.' There are other heads which also have a high commercial valuenamely, compressed heads from South America, the secret preparation of which is known only to the Jwari tribe of Indians. The bones of the skull are entirely removed and the head is contracted to the size of an orange. These heads are very scarce now, and consequently they are all the more valuable from the collector's point of view.

A few fragments of calcined bones, presumably half-a-century old, but hailing from South Africa, were sent to Stevens's salerooms at the close of the late war, and much excitement was raised with regard to what was stigmatised as an outrage on our brave soldiers when these fragments were catalogued. A question was asked in Parliament about the matter, and in the end Mr Stevens withdrew the items from his list. One sentimental gentleman offered to buy the bones in order that they might have decent burial. It may be mentioned that these osseous fragments, which raised for a time as much excitement as if they had been the cherished remains of a saint, had a total weight of about six ounces. In certain places on our east coast the sea is encroaching on old gravevards, and bones can be picked up by the hundredweight; but connected with these poor relics of humanity there is none of 'the pomp and circumstance of war,' and agitators trouble not their minds concerning them. A reference to warlike matters reminds us that the present value of a Victoria Cross -and these rewards for valour do find their way to the public saleroom -is about fifty guineas; but should it have been

originally awarded to an officer it will fetch 25 per cent. more.

A well-brushed silk hat is one of the necessary appointments of the successful City man; but when that hat becomes decrepit and greasy from longcontinued use it is generally regarded with unmitigated contempt. Not so a 'shocking bad hat' which found its way to these salerooms not long ago, and which was signed within, 'Paul Kruger.' 'Is it hall-marked?' said a bystander when it was put up for sale. 'No,' was the neat rejoinder from the rostrum; 'it is Paul marked.' Perhaps this little joke may have assisted in obtaining twentyfive guineas for the ex-President's discarded headgear. On the same occasion Kruger's tobacco-pipe sold for nine guineas. The late General Joubert's sash, which he wore throughout the South African campaign, was recently withdrawn from sale, the reserve price not having been nearly reached.

An echo of the French Revolution comes to us as we handle the satchel in which Charlotte Corday used to carry her prayer-book. This is authenticated by a letter dated from Caen, where the assassin, or, as some would say, the executioner, of Marat lived with an aunt just before she went to Paris to kill and be killed. Another relic of quite a different kind is the wine-flagon belonging to the King of Benin, the barbarous West African potentate under whose sway human sacrifices took place daily until the British annexed his territories. This cup when found was said to have been full of blood. It still awaits a purchaser. Human skulls seem to have been the chief ornaments of this same monarch's dwelling-place and its neighbourhood, and they were stuck all about the grounds upon short iron spikes which are now found to make excellent tent-pegs if one can forget their early history.

A box of rusty manacles from old Newgate prison, awaiting its turn to be catalogued in some future sale, may perchance find a fitting resting-place in the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's waxworks. There are some people who seem to take a delight in such gloomy relies; for our own part we prefer to pass them by and to learn something about the old two-handled loving-cups which have found their way to Stevens's. One which was formerly owned by Oliver Goldsmith, and sub-

sequently by his contemporary, the famous actor David Garrick, fetched thirty-six guineas; and curiously enough when it again found its way to Covent Garden soon afterwards it was sold for fifty guineas. Another interesting loving-cup sold here bore the inscription: 'Nelson to Emma, in commemoration of the victory of the Nile.—Vanguard, Sept. 29th, 1798, my fortieth birthday.'

It has already been indicated that mummies sometimes find a change of owners through the medium of Stevens's salerooms. It may be remembered that a short time ago a Peruvian mummy went astray, and a London coroner actually held an inquest on the remains. Subsequently the owners brought an action against a railway company for loss by damage and detention, and the company had to pay seventy-five pounds compensation. This was in spite of the evidence given by Mr Stevens to the effect that Peruvian mummies were simply dried bodies tied up in sacking, and had very little commercial value. It is very different with an Egyptian mummy, for, as the exportation of them is now forbidden, it is not often that one can be smuggled through the Custom House. But here is one believed to be of an Egyptian princess, but at present no precise details are to be had. There lies the diminutive little body in its original wrappings covered with hieroglyphics, and with its painted mask over the face. 'How is it possible to tell,' we ask, 'whether this thing is genuine? How do you know that these wrappings actually enclose a human body, and that the whole thing has not been faked?' 'Look here,' replied Mr Stevens, and he took from beside the mummy three large X-ray pictures of the remains-showing separately the head, the body, and the lower limbs. In these wonderful pictures the bony skeleton was revealed, together with certain dark patches which may possibly be plates of gold or some less valuable metal. In this wonderful manner the genuine nature of this mummied body is at once determined.

There are many other curious things in this wonderful storehouse at Covent Garden, but to give only a bare list of them would take up an entire issue of the *Journal*. A full history of the articles sold here since the establishment of the rooms in 1760 would be an epitome of the world's history for the past century and a half.

LORD CUMBERWELL'S LESSON.

CHAPTER V.



Lord Cumberwell's misfortunes had gone further than the police cell this narrative would have been too painful for continuation. It is a distinct relief to be able to say that at that point the tide of circumstance ceased

to flow against him. It seemed that Fortune was satisfied with her revenge, and confident that he

would never again indulge in the ungrateful fancy which had made it necessary to give him such a lesson.

When the presiding magistrate arrived at the X. District Police Court on the following morning, he found that his appearance was extremely welcome. The inspector had a curious story to submit to his notice.

This was the story of Lord Cumberwell's arrest. He related it just as it had occurred from an official point of view, and described all that had taken place subsequently. His first impression had been, of course, that the prisoner was a criminal pure and simple, who had taken advantage of an open door for purposes of felony. His eccentric conduct and his attempts at mystery had assisted in confirming this impression. But when he had demanded the presence of the Minister for War another explanation had suggested itself, and one which threw a clearer light upon his peculiar attitude. The man was a creature of impaired intellect who had somehow escaped from the control of his friends.

'You see, sir,' said the inspector, 'that would explain everything. No sane thief would risk his liberty for the sake of what he might pick up in a house of that stamp. Besides, when there's any great national excitement on there's always some poor people who take it into their heads that they are the men of the moment, though in other things they seem to be quite in their sober senses. So I thought I couldn't do better than call in Dr Boyle, from the next street, and get his opinion.

'When he came he got into talk with the prisoner, and found that it was exactly as I had guessed. The man not only declared that the Marquis and the Prime Minister were his personal friends, but had the fixed idea that he was himself some one of great importance—a Minister of State or something of the kind. There was nothing for it but to detain him while we made inquiries, so we managed to get him into a comfortable cell.'

The magistrate nodded. 'And then?' he asked.

'And then we inquired, sir,' continued the officer.
'But this is the curious part of it. No one of his description has been inquired about at any of our stations, and nothing whatever was known about him. In fact, we couldn't get a word of any sort, so we were obliged to keep him all night.'

'Indeed! How did he take it?'

'Rather hard at first, as such cases generally do. Afterwards he calmed down, and this morning he seemed as right as possible, though he still refused to give any particulars of himself. The first thing he did was to ask who the magistrate was at this court. We told him that, and he seemed to be greatly pleased; in fact, sir, he seemed to know your name, and asked to be allowed to see you as soon as you came down. The next thing he asked for was a copy of the *Hour*.'

'Ah!' said the magistrate, smiling. 'Perhaps he wanted the latest news of his own movements in public! But you don't wish me to see him, do you?'

'Well, sir, if you'll excuse me, I think it would be best. He seems to know your name, and perhaps would be more willing to give you an account of himself. In such cases there's nothing like humouring them as much as possible. There's not the least danger, sir, and I'll be close at hand myself all the time.'

With this assurance the magistrate was forced to be satisfied. 'Oh, well,' he said, 'in that case, of course—— You'd better bring him here, to my room.'

The inspector departed, much relieved, and the magistrate nerved himself for the interview. Even the bravest man might have felt tremors on being asked to face a lunatic, and he saw all the discomfort of the position clearly. When he heard footsteps returning he watched the door apprehensively.

The inspector opened it, ushered in the prisoner without a word, looked encouragingly at the magistrate, and vanished. Then—

'Charleston!' said the prisoner hoarsely.

The magistrate was transfixed with amazement. At the first glance he had suspected a jest, or some curious misunderstanding, for he seemed to be looking upon the face and form of the Earl of Cumberwell, the Foreign Secretary, a statesman who had long been quite a familiar acquaintance of his own. At the second glance he felt inclined to dismiss the idea with scorn. Though marvellously like Lord Cumberwell, this person, on a closer scrutiny, displayed certain differences. He was shabby and faded, whereas the Earl was famous for his always irreproachable appearance. He was also older than the Minister; his aspect was altogether more subdued; he was a little more gray, much more haggard. But that voice—that voice—and that look!

'Charleston!' repeated Lord Cumberwell, advancing.

Mr Charleston awoke from his doubts. He stepped forward in great agitation, and caught the hand extended to him.

'My dear lord!' he stammered.

When he heard the words Lord Cumberwell's strength seemed to fail him; he sank into a chair at the table, and gazed at his friend in a way which was extremely pitiful.

'I was afraid,' he gasped—'I was afraid that you would not—that you would not recognise me!'

Mr Charleston had forgotten his doubts by this time. 'Not recognise you!' he repeated in pure bewilderment. 'My dear lord—not recognise you!'

The Earl sat still, trying to recover himself. He was dazed, and could scarcely realise what had happened—that he was at last saved. After his late experience he had not been able to feel sure of anything, and it would have fitted in completely with the other portions of his nightmare if the magistrate had failed to claim acquaintance with him. The foundations of his world had been shaken, and nothing could have caused him astonishment.

'Ah!' he said slowly, in mingled pain and relief.
'Ah, my dear Charleston, you do not know—you cannot know—what I have gone through!'

So in fifteen minutes more it was all over. Everything had been left in Mr Charleston's discreet care, and Lord Cumberwell was speeding back to his home in a well-horsed cab.

He was slowly recovering now, though it would be long before the pains left by his astounding adventure would be soothed. To escape from the vicinity of the station and its officials was a great relief in itself, and he was able to collect his thoughts. He tried to glance at the probable consequences of what had occurred. These could not be very serious. His absence would scarcely have caused alarm, for he was often away for the greater part of the night. Only Prettiman had seen him go; and though the circumstances of such a disappearance were certainly unusual, they need not have startled him to any great extent. For Prettiman was in every sense a useful servant, slow, cautious, and discreet, and he would not create a sensation until he thought it absolutely necessary. It was not likely that he would have thought it necessary just yet. As for Mr Lombard, he did not reside in the house, and his only surprise would be at the disappearance of his hat.

As for the still missing document, the Earl did not feel so anxious about it now. It had not fallen into the hands of the enemy, for he had scanned the columns of the *Hour* without finding the startling headline he had dreaded to see. Perhaps it was completely lost, after all; perhaps the police had recovered it; or perhaps it was now lying upon his table, returned through the post by some loyal and intelligent supporter. His first panic had been natural enough; but it had now passed, and he could wait a while.

The cab sped on through Baynton Gardens and into the respectable quiet of the Square. A moment later it drew up at the door. There was no sign of alarm, no trace of anything unusual. He alighted, still attired in the hideous hat and the shabby coat, and Prettiman appeared at the door. After the first glance the man's face was as placid and inscrutable as ever.

Lord Cumberwell replaced the hat of misfortune upon the table from which he had taken it, and gave Prettiman directions to pay and dismiss the cabman. He saw Mr Lombard crossing from the stairs to the study, and greeted him with a hurried 'Good-morning!' Then he passed up the stairs.

Half-an-hour later he descended again, a new creature, fully refreshed and transformed by a bath and a change of garments. As he strode down the stairs not even the most stupid of policemen or suburban householders could have mistaken him for anything but a Minister of State. He paused in the hall to question Prettiman.

'About that woman,' he said, 'who called last night with a letter, just before I went out: what did she want?'

'She was collecting for a mission, my lord. The letter was a circular letter of reference from the vicar of the parish.'

So that was the secret! Without another word the Earl went on to the study. His chase had been a wild-goose chase indeed!

Prettiman looked after him soberly, and when his master had vanished his generally placid face wore a look of curious uneasiness. Though he kept his counsel faithfully, that look reappeared many times during the days that followed. In fact, Prettiman had been intensely anxious throughout the night. It was not that his master had been absent, for that was no uncommon event; but the circumstances had been so unusual. He had come to the conclusion at last that the Earl had been suffering from a fit of temporary aberration, and had gone out under its influence. Two facts appeared to confirm this view. The first of these was the circumstance that he had gone out in his study coat and in Mr Lombard's hat, a proceeding utterly foreign to his habits; the second was that he had rushed away to overtake a person touting for subscriptions. Either fact would have been suspicious enough; but the two taken in conjunction were sufficient evidence to Prettimen of a want of mental balance. His lordship's return, apparently sane and sound, was an immense relief; but from that time he was always inclined to be watchful and apprehensive. He would have quitted the house immediately if Lord Cumberwell had ever again rushed out of doors in his study coat.

Unconscious of all this, the Earl joined Mr Lombard. 'I must apologise to you,' he said in his most genial way. 'I took your hat last evening by mistake. It was a'—he only just kept back the word 'hideous' there—'it was a soft gray one.'

'Oh, it did not matter,' said the secretary, smiling. 'I had another here.'

Nothing more was said about that mysterious action. Lord Cumberwell sat down to examine a number of letters which awaited him, running through them in a quick, eager manner. The lost slip was not among them. Then he leaned back in his chair, and his hand strayed, in a half-unconscious way, to find his handkerchief.

The coat he now wore was the one he had taken to the Cabinet meeting yesterday, and the article he required was in his tail-pocket. As he took it out loosely, something was released from its folds and dropped at his feet. For a while he could only gaze at it dumbly. Then he picked up a piece of paper loosely doubled. There was no doubt about it, no need for a careful examination. This was the lost document whose disappearance had brought about his shocking adventures. The secret of its loss was now fully explained.

In the cab on that eventful journey he had taken out the slip to read it, and had laid it down upon the seat beside him. A moment later he must have laid his handkerchief down also, covering the one article with the other. On reaching Downing Street he had picked up the handkerchief hastily,

and the paper with it. Both had gone into the same pocket, and the slip had thus escaped his subsequent search. That was all. His whole adventure, every indignity he had suffered, had sprung from his careless action in laying that slip of paper upon the seat of the cab.

Then, with sudden enlightenment, he remembered how he had come to commit so thoughtless an action. It had been done in a moment of mental triumph and exaltation. While scanning the slip and considering its contents, the idea had occurred to him that he might almost defy the Fates. His plans seemed so perfect, his position seemed so secure, that no set-back, no disaster, was within the bounds of possibility. Both in spirit and in deed he had dared to laugh at Fortune. And in the same moment his punishment had fallen. Dame Fortune, observing his attitude, had found it necessary to give him a lesson. She had seized the slip of paper, and by its agency had threatened

those carefully laid plans with utter destruction. Further, she had taken the man himself, had thrown him into a panic, had shown him his own insignificance by a series of ruthless incidents, and had ended by shutting him up for a night of humiliation and despair. Then she had released him and set him back in his own place, with painful memories to remind him of the fallibility of human plans and the utter uncertainty of human greatness.

Lord Cumberwell read the lesson in all its bearings. He rose slowly from his chair, and moved towards the fireplace, tearing into small fragments that sheet of unlucky notes. He dropped them, one by one, upon the coals, and the flames sprang up to receive them. As they vanished into ashes, so vanished also the last remnant of the Earl's sublime self-confidence. Never again would he dare to laugh at Fortune.

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

WILD ANIMALS IN CAPTIVITY.



HE Zoological Gardens were opened to the public in the year 1827, and have ever since been regarded as one of the sights of London to which multitudes of visitors are attracted every year. It has long been

thought that the Gardens are not large enough to maintain the animals in health; and, as it is almost impossible to extend the present site, it has been suggested that a kind of supplementary 'Zoo' should be established somewhere on the confines of London where certain of the animals could be allowed to roam in comparative freedom. Of course there is no thought of letting loose such predatory creatures as lions, tigers, leopards, or panthers; but deer, antelope, camels, elands, zebras, and many other creatures, besides birds like storks and cranes, might be given such extended liberty with great benefit, not only to themselves but to naturalists, who like to study animal life under more natural conditions than those afforded by the present collection in Regent's Park. The great difficulty will be to find a suitable place in which to carry out this scheme, for it should consist of hill, dale, and wood in order to meet the needs of its various denizens; and, moreover, the situation must be near the terminus of one of the great railway or electric-tram lines. Certain noblemen who possess small collections of animals have already carried out the same idea in miniature, and there is no reason why an extension of the scheme should not succeed.

ARTIFICIAL EGRET PLUMES.

The honorary secretary of the Society for the Protection of Birds has called attention to a matter

of great importance to all humane persons. Seven years ago the late Sir William Flower wrote to the Times pointing out how ladies were adorning their headgear with the ornamental feathers of white egrets slaughtered during the breeding-season, in numberless cases while the birds were feeding their young. He further showed that the dealers were selling these plumes as artificial productions, so that ladies should not be dissuaded from buying them by any scruples of conscience. To quote his words: 'Thus one of the most beautiful of birds is being swept off the face of the earth, under circumstances of peculiar cruelty, to minister to a passing fashion, bolstered up by a glaring falsehood.' The fashion has been revived and the falsehood is being repeated. The society named has taken the pains to visit the great fashionable drapery and millinery establishments at the west end of London, and has collected aigrettes sold as artificial, which have proved to be, after examination by experts, all genuine. Ladies are generally the first to take up the cause of any poor animal which has been subjected to wanton cruelty, and they can hardly be aware of the mischief they are doing in buying these egret plumes. The safe course is to refuse to wear anything representative of bird-life, whether it be sold as real or artificial, excepting ostrich plumes, which come under a different category altogether.

SUBMERGED COAL-MINES.

It was recently stated at a meeting of the South Staffordshire and East Worcestershire Mining Accident Fund that it had been decided to spend nearly seventy thousand pounds in the provision of additional pumping-power in order to free certain submerged mines of water. The work is to be undertaken by the Mines Drainage Commission of

South Staffordshire, which has had the matter under consideration for many years; but owing to the difficulty of raising the money the enterprise has been in abeyance. They have now full power to raise the necessary money, and it is computed that the operations will release something like forty million tons of coal. This will, of course, be of immense benefit to miners and consumers alike, for it will be equivalent to the discovery of a new mine.

A FUEL EXPERIMENT.

It has been asserted that when Welsh steam-coal is stored in the open air for any considerable period in tropical climates it gradually deteriorates, and much of its heat-giving power disappears. If, on the other hand, it is kept under water such action is altogether prevented. In order to test the truth of these statements, an interesting experiment has been commenced at Portsmouth, under the instructions of the Admiralty. About twenty tons of best hand-picked coal has been divided into two parts, one-half being placed in wooden cases, each holding two tons, and submerged in the harbour, and the other moiety being stored under cover on shore. At the end of twelve months it is intended that the two lots of coal shall be carefully tested not only with a view to ascertaining their calorific value as compared with one another, but also to ascertain whether the wetted coal is in any way dangerous for use on shipboard, or whether it must be dried before being issued.

MODERN AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS IN SYRIA.

The American Consul at Beyrout reports that American machinery has invaded Syria. The first to arrive were windmills; now reaping-machines, an oil-motor flour-mill, a steam-plough, and hayrakes, mowers, forks, hoes, harrows, land-rollers, pumps, farm-wagons, and petroleum engines are coming into use. Eleven Chicago reaping-machines were working in Coele-Syria and twenty-six in the plain of Esdraelon last year. For the first time, too, in the history of the country, a steam-thrashing machine from Richmond (Ind.) was working, and attracted great attention. It appears that its success was complete, even to the bruising of the straw, since, in the absence of hay-with the sparing use of oats, barley, and other grains-crushed straw constitutes the staple food for stock. The oil-motor flour-mill is now grinding wheat in Lebanon, and it is expected that it will soon have colleagues, owing to the scarcity of water-power. It appears that agricultural machines and implements are admitted into Turkey free of duty.

LADY ASTRONOMERS.

The Royal Astronomical Society has recently done honour to itself in honouring two ladies by conferring upon them the distinction of fellowship. Miss Agnes Clerke is well known as an astronomer of no mean attainments; and her book, Problems in Astrophysics, is but one of many

literary contributions towards the study of stars from her facile pen. Mrs Huggins, the other new 'Fellow,' has long been associated with her talented husband in those spectroscopic researches which have not only taught us something about the composition of the fixed stars, but have also shown how some of them are coming towards us at a headlong pace, and others are receding from us with the same marvellous velocity. It is not the first time that the valuable astronomical work of ladies has been recognised by the society, and the names of Mrs Somerville, Miss Herschell, and Miss Sheepshanks are recalled to the mind as recipients of similar well-merited honours at a time when learned ladies earned among the thoughtless the half-contemptuous term 'blue stockings.' Better manners prevail nowadays, and woman is rightly regarded not only as the helpmeet of man from a matrimonial point of view, but also as one who can aid him in researches of the highest and most recondite character.

THE BLACK COUNTRY.

Any one who has taken a railway journey through the midland counties will know well enough what is meant by the 'Black Country.' Hundreds of acres are covered by the hideous accumulation of débris which has been dug out from the mines and thrown aside as useless material—the husks from which the precious kernel has been abstracted; and these ugly mounds of rubbish not only constitute a terrible eyesore, but they represent a wilderness of unproductive soil. A meeting has lately been held at Birmingham with the object of finding some remedy for this unfortunate state of things, and a mass of opinion has been collected in favour of clothing these barren hillocks with verdure, so that the country shall once more bear the same aspect as it had before the miner came upon the scene and changed the face of nature. It is believed on competent authority that these waste places might again blossom as the rose and become once more fit for the abode of human beings. Mr Herbert Stone, who was the first to suggest action in this direction, proposes to so treat the soil that it should be suitable for the growth of sycamores, lime, beech, ash, elm, or poplar; and Professor Fisher considers that some thousands of acres of the Black Country might be successfully planted with pine or spruce, so as to yield a fair return on the outlay in thirty years' time. On the whole it would seem that this attractive scheme is far from being impracticable, and we can only hope that it will be found possible to carry it into effect.

MODERN RIFLE-SHOOTING.

The recent war in South Africa has called attention to the enormous importance of accurate rifleshooting, and has led to the establishment in this country of many new ranges where our marksmen will have opportunities for practice which were non-existent four years ago. Especial interest will

be attached to the next meeting of the National Rifle Association at Bisley, for the reason that a team of Swiss marksmen, the finest rifle-shots in Europe, will compete with our men, and every one will be anxious to see how the Briton will fare when opposed to such splendid shots. The foreign ranges are not so long as ours, three or four hundred mètres generally representing the greatest distance; but it must be remembered that we have the high authority of Lord Roberts that quick and accurate shooting at from three hundred to five hundred yards, or even less, will be the deciding factor in future warfare. The Bisley meeting will also afford an interesting comparison between the weapon used by the Swiss-which is known as the Schmidt rifle-and the Lee-Metford, with which our men are at present armed. The new rifle, of which so much is expected, will not be issued in time for the Bisley campaign.

THE INFLATION OF BALLOONS.

It is said that the invention of the balloon was suggested to Montgolfier more than a century ago by watching the smoke rising from a chimney, and he conceived the idea of enclosing smoke in a light bag or envelope so that it should ascend in the air. He soon found that the rising power was due to the hot air and not to the smoke, and the Montgolfier balloon became a success. The use of gas was in later years found to be more convenient, and hot air was discarded in its favour for balloon inflation. Mr J. N. Maskelyne and the Rev. J. M. Bacon have recently been carrying out some interesting experiments, from which it would seem that hot air will probably be reinstated in its old position; but instead of using bundles of compressed straw as a fuel, as was the custom with the old-time aeronauts, they employ the heat obtained from vaporised petroleum. By this means they were able to fill a balloon with a capacity of nearly seventy thousand cubic feet in the course of an hour, the patent burners which they used consuming only a few gallons of oil. Those who are used to paying gas-bills will be able to realise that the new system must be far more economical than the old one, besides which the apparatus required is much more compact and portable. This is a point of great importance in the case of war-balloons, as the necessity for carrying huge cylinders of compressed gas will be altogether obviated.

BLACK GUNPOWDER.

The invention of gunpowder, which has played such an important part in the later history of nations, is generally credited to about the twelfth century; but there are many references to a compound of the same character much earlier than that. General Wheeler, of the United States, who lectured not long ago upon this subject before the Franklin Institute, gave it as his opinion that the discovery of gunpowder must have been accidental. In many localities in China and India the soil is impregnated with nitre, and the common practice of kindling

wood-fires in the open air for cooking purposes must have resulted in the production of charcoal, and thus the two most active constituents of black gunpowder were brought together. Another fire kindled upon a spot so prepared would result in a flash, and the matter would be investigated. It is said that the Hindu code, long before the Christian era, forbade the use of firearms in warfare. It may be reasonably supposed that the first use of gunpowder was be to frighten an enemy by its smoke and noise rather than by any other quality it might possess. Cassier's Magazine for May has an interesting article dealing with the subject.

A LIFE-SAVING KITE.

Of late years the kite has emerged from the position of a mere toy, and has been successfully employed for meteorological observations at high altitudes. A more recent application of the kiteprinciple is as a life-saving appliance to be carried on shipboard, its particular duty being to establish communication between a stranded vessel and the adjacent shore. It stands to reason that a ship in this position generally has the assistance of the wind in carrying anything shorewards, and it would be far easier to launch a kite under such conditions than it would be to fire a rocket in the reverse direction. The kite carries a guide-rope, and contains in a pocket a set of signals and instructions. It is also furnished with apparatus for telephonic communication between the crew and their would-be rescuers. But we must confess that, seeing the frequent difficulty of telephonic conversation ashore in a quiet office, we can hardly believe that it would be possible in a howling tempest. The kite is the invention of the Comte Brossard, and it is said to have been tried with success at Toulon and at Brest.

ELECTRIC TRAMWAYS.

Nearly every town of any pretensions is now served, or is on the point of being served, by electric trainways; and a question concerning these lines which has lately given rise to much controversy is: which is the better-the trolley system or the conduit system? By the first the cars receive their necessary current from a network of overhead wires, which are supported above the roadway by standards; and in the second the 'live' wires are beneath the roadway in a conduit or trench, a narrow slot along which affords electrical connection with the cars. An interesting report on the two systems has recently been issued by the chief engineer to the London County Council; and as this body has adopted the conduit system on the lines just opened, we may assume that it is considered the better one, although its initial cost is per mile of single track about double that of the other. The points in its favour are that the cables, being hidden, are safe—that is to say, such fatal accidents as those which occurred at Liverpool when the snow brought down the electric wires are

impossible; moreover, they do not constitute an eyesore, as the overhead lines most certainly do. On the other hand, the conduit is liable to flooding in sudden storms, and when such an accident occurs the traffic must cease. There must also be considered the constant work required to keep the trench and its slot clean and the great expense entailed in making any alterations, such as doubling a line or adding loop-lines. So we may take it that the conduit system is to be recommended; but it is more expensive both to construct and to maintain.

REVIVAL OF THE DEAD.

Dr Robert C. Kemp, a physician of repute, has lately brought before the New York Academy of Science an account of some interesting experiments which he has been conducting on lines which were suggested some time ago by Dr Pruss. He asserts that he believes it possible, in many cases, to bring back persons to life and to permanent recovery who are apparently dead. His method, which he has already successfully practised on dogs, is to make a small incision between two of the ribs, and to thrust two fingers into the wound until they touch the heart. That organ is then pressed against the ribs, and its natural motion is imitated by a kind of massage. At the same time a saline solution is infused into the patient, and respiration is induced by a special form of pump, a tube from which is thrust into the windpipe. Under this treatment dogs which have been chloroformed to such an extent that no pulsation is perceptible have been brought back to life-in eleven instances out of twenty-three. It is true that when Dr Kemp tried the same procedure in the case of a human being, about a year ago, he failed to resuscitate the patient; but he believes, with the added experience which he has since had, that the method would now prove successful in his hands.

OUR COAL-SUPPLIES.

Our own home consumption for household use and in the industries, and our enormous export of coal, cause us to inquire how long our coalfields will hold out. It looks, sometimes, as if we were burning the candle at both ends. Professor Redmayne, lecturing at Birmingham University on the rise and progress of coal-mining in Great Britain, stated that the average yield of coal in the British Isles was two hundred and twenty million tons, of which the counties of Warwick, Derby, Nottingham, and Leicester produced fiftytwo million tons; Stafford, York, Salop, and Worcester, nineteen and a half millions; northern coalfields, forty-five millions; Scottish coalfields, thirty-three millions; Welsh coalfields, thirty-three millions; and Ireland, one-tenth of a million. The British Empire occupied a favourable position in regard to the world's output, claiming on the total of over seven hundred and sixty-seven and a half million tons in 1900, a total of 321 per cent. America came next with 32 per cent. The rest of the world had 35% per cent. Basing his calculations on the figures of Professor Hull, and excluding seams to a depth of four thousand feet and less than two feet in thickness, Professor Redmayne estimated that in the United Kingdom there remained visible and concealed a total of eighty-one thousand six hundred and eighty-four million tons of coal still to be worked. This meant that, on an annual average output of two hundred and twenty million tons, there was sufficient coal left in the country to last three hundred and seventy-one years.

THE RISE OF THE BANANA INDUSTRY.

A Jamaica correspondent of the Glasgow Herald tells the story of the rise of the banana industry. About the year 1868 Captain L. D. Baker, an American skipper, when trading on the coast of Jamaica, became interested in the bananas which were so plentifully offered to him; and, knowing the liking which his countrymen were fast acquiring for this fruit, he set himself to devise means to convey it in a sound condition to the American markets. He built up the business on most liberal lines, paying his people well, while making handsome profits; in fact, a more just or far-seeing man is seldom to be found, and no name should be more revered in The result of Captain Baker's efforts Jamaica. was the formation, in 1887, of the Boston Fruit Company, with Captain Baker as manager in Jamaica; and later the formation of a combination called the United Fruit Company, with a capital equal to two million pounds sterling, which now controls the gigantic fruit-trade between Jamaica and United States ports. The company owns and leases some sixty thousand acres of land, and runs sixteen specially constructed steamers, with passengers and fruit, between New York, Boston, &c., and Port Antonio, their headquarters in the north of the island, annually conveying some five million bunches of bananas and ten million coco-nuts, besides pimento, coffee, and cocoa. The labour is done by both negroes and East Indian coolies; the latter were imported years ago, for the negroes cannot be altogether depended on. Private telephones connect each of the forty plantations owned by the company with the president's office in Port Antonio, and there is the most perfect order and organisation throughout. The leading hotels are run on American lines, and any fresh capital being invested is mostly American. Kingston, the capital town, is splendidly served by a system of electric cars running out into the suburbs, the lines extending to some twenty-five miles, although it is a town of only fifty thousand inhabitants. The power is transmitted twenty-one miles from the river (Rio Cobre) to the transforming station in the town. This has all been done by a Canadian syndicate with a capital of one hundred and sixty thousand pounds. The visitors as yet are chiefly

American. It is to arrest the irresistible drift of trade towards the United States that Sir Alfred Jones, in conjunction with Mr Chamberlain, has stepped in; and, looked at from this standpoint,

his enterprise in connection with the fruit-carrying trade to the United Kingdom assumes the level of imperial importance. The Imperial Direct Line is a true link of empire.

AN INCIDENT AT THE ROCK.



HE night was stifling and oppressive, and the heavy air redolent of that strange hot-country scent which first makes itself known to travelling northern noses in the neighbourhood of Lisbon, and which—ever increasing

in intensity as Gibraltar, Malta, Suez, and Aden are successively passed—finally reaches its culminating point when the good ship drops her anchor in the shadow of the great Indian peninsula, the cradle of all smells.

In the bay of Gibraltar the riding lights of sundry vessels blinked fitfully over the water, and much nasal caterwauling, accompanied by the throbbing of many guitars—the singing (!) of the 'scorpions,' as the natives of the Rock are called—could be distinctly heard floating over the lower quarters of the town, causing many a pang of longing and regret to arise in the red-clad breasts of the hot and thirsty soldiers composing the Ragged Staff Guard, as they hung about the guard-room door, muttering curses on their fate and the weather, and counting the weary hours until the longed-for relief.

Inside, in the officer's room, the fever-ridden twenty-four hours' tenant of that insect-haunted prison sat profusely perspiring in an old and frowsy horsehair-covered arm-chair, whose uneasy seat, from years of persistent ill-treatment by vicious subalterns, presented such a surface of ravine and mountain as to make it an efficient deterrent, even in the case of the most inveterate 'forty winker,' against closing his eyes while on duty. A flaring gas-jet placed immediately above the chair increased the horrible heat; and, incredible as it may appear, the officer of the guard was tightly cased in a thick red tunic, with a collar of portentous height, and heavily belted in clumsy white buff! Such was the impossible dress insisted on by the wiseacres in 1882, the time of this story. Gibraltar was not then, whatever it may be now, considered a foreign station as far as clothing was concerned; and with the thermometer in the shade standing between eighty and ninety degrees, officers and men alike were condemned to wear exactly the same uniform as during the winter in England. Thick white buckskin gloves, which he dared not take off, covered the officer's hot hands; for the guard might be inspected at any moment of the day or night by a martinet field-officer, and woe betide its commander if he failed to instantly take his appointed place in front of his men, duly trussed, gloved, and with drawn sword! Even getting the latter out of its scabbard might cause a moment's delay, so it lay in all its glorious naked and blunt inefficiency on a small deal table, in company with a heavy helmet and a half-consumed and tepid drink. To seize the one and cram the other on his head (the hat, not the drink) was as much as could be accomplished in the time at the officer's disposal ere he scrambled out of the door into the dark night, tripped over the dangling scabbard as it waggled between his legs, and, panting and flustered, took his appointed place and gave the usual salute. A large lump of camphor suspended from the gasjet by a string hung close above the sufferer's forehead-a little device this intended to prevent the mosquitoes, of which there were myriads humming about, from battening on his pallid face. These little pests detest the smell of camphor; but nose and lump must be in close and affectionate intimacy if the latter is to prevail over the attractions of the former. A tin of Keating's powder on a crumpled newspaper lay on the officer's knees.

Next door, in the men's room, an equally tightly trussed sergeant 'wrastled' with a formidable spaced and printed sheet of paper, spread out before him on a rickety little table. A would-be important M.P. had lately strenuously demanded a return showing the 'number of men in the army who had had their corns cut during the last two years with razors made in Germany, together with their places of birth, and the ages of their mothers-in-law, if any.' A much-badgered War Minister had in a moment of mental aberration given an unwilling assent; and consequently all over the world, wherever the red-clad men rambled, hundreds of worried soldiers, from corporals to colonels, were struggling to compile with accuracy, as is their conscientious but foolish wont, this very useful and necessary information. Again and again the sergeant's moist fingers gripped the grimy penholder, and drove it with a determined click to the very bottom of the reeking ink-pot, only to slowly withdraw it, and once more hesitatingly carry its wellchewed end to the chipped and tobacco-stained teeth. Drops of ink and perspiration scattered themselves impartially about here and there, and were greedily sucked up by a thin and thirsty bit of blottingpaper. They left little black and white blisters on the mothers-in-law; and as each spot appeared the man muttered remarks which I am sure the recording angel, if he had ever had to work under similar conditions of discomfort, would have cheerfully and sympathisingly overlooked. A couple of men lay grumbling on the wooden guard-bed, and a dishevelled terrier gasped in a corner.

Outside, the remaining men of the guard-such

as were not doing their turn of sentry-go—sat on a bench talking together in tones that, low as they were, nevertheless reached the ears of both officer and sergeant, soothing the superior, irritating the inferior; but presently a particular voice which the former had no difficulty in assigning to a man of his own company, called Meakin—guards are composed of men taken from all companies of a regiment—rose insistent above the others.

'Pleecemen! I 'ates 'em, nasty interferin' fellers,' wheezed the high Cockney tones; 'but I got even wi' one onst, I tell yer. Yus, I got back a bit o' my own, I did.'

'Tell us the yarn, ol' man,' said two or three voices together.

After a moment's silence the answer came, thin and clear, on the still night-air: 'W'y, I don't mind if I do, fur it 'appened so long ago, seven or height years m'ybe, that no 'arm kin come o' it, fur I knows none o' you chaps 'll myke trouble.'

'Wot abart the horfficer?' said a man cautiously. 'Speak low, Meaky; 'e might be a-listenin'.'

'E!' cried Meakin, with fine contempt in his tone. 'W'y, 'e's my own horfficer. I knows 'im; 'e'll be sleepin', or boozin', or somethink. W'y, 'e wouldn't 'ear a hearthquike, 'e wouldn't. No fear o' 'im, the silly kipper.'

But whatever hidden grains of truth may have lurked in Private Meakin's estimate of his officer, the latter at this particular moment happened to be very wide awake indeed, owing to the attack of a mosquito, which, greatly daring, and in spite of camphor and Keating, had boldly plunged his tiny proboscis into the large and succulent one so invitingly spread out before him. This youthful warrior, therefore, who never by any chance took the slightest interest in his men and their affairs beyond what duty compelled—it was considered bad form in those days—on this occasion kept his ears open, partly urged thereto by Meakin's unflattering opinion, and partly by a feeble curiosity to hear what might possibly turn out to be a good story. Tell it not in Gath! but this bold man now and again had the temerity to address a bulky letter, accompanied by a certain number of postage-stamps -which latter nearly always came home to roostto the autocrats of sundry monthly publications, not, I fear, from any aspirations to literary fame, but with the sordid view of increasing the daily five shillings and threepence allowed him by a grateful country. So, with one eye to business, he duly closed both in case of accidents, and composed himself to listen with all the attention fleas and mosquitoes permitted.

'Afore I 'listed,' creaked the voice of Meakin, 'I wus at a printin' plyce in Londin, an' walked hout wi' as pretty a little piece o' goods as ye hever see. We was goin' to git spliced bimebye. I 'ad to go aw'y fur a bit hon bisness wot don't matter to nobody; an' w'en I come hout—back, I should s'y—my gal Sally had chucked me ter tike hup wi' a bloomin' bobby. I on'y seed 'im onst—a 'uge, grite

beast 'e wor—an' we 'ad words, hall three ov hus. Sally she 'eld to 'im an' wouldn't 'ave nothink ter do wi' me, so I jus' cut it, an' 'listed in the old Slashers, hat Aldershot they wos, w'ere they drilled the bloomin' 'ead orf me till I blessed Sally an' 'er man as druv' me ter go fur a soger.

'It wor five years arter that my chanst come. We wor hat Devonport then, a plyce w'ere they shoves sentries hall over the dockyard ter see that no annechists don't run aw'y wi' the big guns or put the warships into their pockets, I s'pose. It m'y be all right, but has they 'as a crowd o' bobbies 'angin' round has well, it don't seem no sense keepin' two lots o' men hout o' their nat'ral sleep. B'sides, it mykes a 'eap o' hill-feelin' 'tween sogers an' pleecemen: each lot thinks t'other's put there 'cause it can't be trusted alone—see? An' so Mister Bobby jumps hon Mister Atkins, an' wice-wersa, w'enever they gits a chanst. The reg'lations agen smokin' in this 'ere dockyard hare tremenjous strict, an' ye carry yer life in yer 'and, so ter speak, if ye so much has look hat a pipe. An' it wor jus' this wery smokin' that let me git even wi' a bobby.

'One night I was hon No. 3 post, which is quiet an' hout o' the w'y, like, w'en all of a suddin I 'ad a cravin' fur a whiff as I couldn't put aw'y from me no'ow. So I squints abart, an' seein' nobody round, jus' slips behind a grite pile o' round-shot, stacked up since Boney's time, I should himagine, an' lights hup my little clay. Would yer b'leeve it, boys, I 'adn't 'ad ten draws 'ardly afore a sniffin' round the pile comes a 'ulkin' pleeceman, an' there I ham fairly nabbed. "Ullo, me lad!" s'ys 'e, grinnin', "smokin', are yer? Ye jus' come along ter the guardroom wi' me. A pretty nice thing fur hus pleecemen ter 'ave ter see you red 'errin's don't brike the rules." But I knewed 'im hat onst, which you'll guess it wor Sally's bobby, an' an idea come inter my 'ead suddin-like. "Smokin', are yer, Mister Pleeceman?" shouts I. "Ere, inter my box yer goes." An' afore 'e twigged wot wor hup, I puts the pint o' my bay'nit 'ard agin 'is chist an' fairly druv' 'im inter the sentry-box that stood behind 'im. I wor shoutin' fur the sargint o' the guard, too, hall the time; an', bein' a smart sargint, 'e come runnin' hup wi' a file o' men in no time; an' before that bobby man could git in a word hedgeways I'd 'ollered out, "'Ere, sargint, I've copped this pleeceman a-smokin' agen orders, an 'ere's the pipe I've took orf 'im," says I, 'oldin' hout my 'ot old dudeen!

'Wull, genelmen, they don't try bobbies by court-martial like hus. A commissioner or some bloke like that dresses 'em down in secret-like, 'cause nobody must know that pleecemen can do wrong. An', would ye b'leeve it, Sally's man got clean broke over that little job, turned hout o' the force neck an' crop, wi' no pension, no character, no nothink, and wi' Sally an' three kids to perwide for inter the bargain. He 'adn't a chanst wi' me and the sargint an' the two men, fur o' course they b'leeved wot I told 'em, an' swore to it nat'ral an' 'onest; an' the chap wot 'eard hour evidence wor a reg'lar 'ard un.

An' so that's 'ow I got level wi' Sally an' 'er 'usband, an' serve 'em both right I think you'll hall agree.

'I wor transferred to this 'onerable corps soon hafter, an' never 'eard no more on 'em; but I 'specks they 'ad to go to the 'ouse, fur yer might as well hexpect to be a millionaire has git work after bein' sacked outer the force. No matter w'ere yer goes an' 'ow well yer may behave, some kind friend'll be sure to turn hup an' tell on yer.'

Meakin ceased, and there was a dead silence it may be of disapproval, who knows?—and then another voice said slowly and with conviction, 'Wot a liar ye are, Meaky!'

'It's the truth I'm tellin',' came the raucous wheeze again—'the 'oly truth, s'elp me!'

Then the listener in the little room opened one eye in astonishment, for it was the sergeant's gruff bass, trembling with a strange note of excitement in it, that now took up the parable.

'You tell the truth, Meakin!' he growled scornfully. 'You couldn't if you tried, you miserable little manikin. You never got upsides with a bobby even with a bay'nit and a file o' men to help you. What was the chap's name, my sonny, and when did it happen? Quick now, before you have time to invent more lies.' There was a jeering laugh at this amongst the men generally, and Meakin betrayed his irritation in his answer:

'A most huncommon an' haristercratic nyme it wor, sargint. Smith, syme as yer own—271 R, Constable T. Smith. It don't take no inventin'; an', has I said afore ye guve us the pleasure o' yer company, it 'appened hat Devonport near height years ago.'

Then the officer got another surprise that opened his other eye and made him look quite alive and intelligent, for the sergeant, with a pale face and eager eyes, appeared at the door. He was so greatly agitated as almost to get through his salute in two-fifths of a second under the regulation time.

'Sir,' he gasped, 'Private Meakin has just told a story outside to the men that I would take as a great favour, sir, if you could get him, in some way, to repeat to you. It's a matter of life and'——

But the officer raised his hand and stopped the eager man with a gesture. 'I have already heard it, Sergeant Smith,' he quietly said. 'A very discreditable tale it is; but doubtless without a word of truth in it, as I heard you yourself tell the man. I know the fellow's ways. He is in my own company, you know, and he is a great liar. I don't believe a word of it, and shall take no official notice of the matter. Well?'

'No, sir. Oh no!' cried the sergeant, 'it's every word of it true. 271 R was my poor brother, sir; that's why I pretended to disbelieve Meakin, just to get the name. It all happened to my brother, sir, at Devonport, just exactly as you have heard; and now you know, sir, what I all along believed, that he is innocent of the offence for which he was punished. You have heard the truth from the scoundrel's own lips, sir, and now justice rests with

you. God has brought out the truth after all these years, and you alone can act on it. The men will never say a word; barrack-room honour will prevent them, whatever their feelings may be, and my word alone will be of no use; but you have heard it, and I swear it's true, sir, and '——

But once more the officer stopped the torrent of excited words.

'Sergeant Smith,' he said, as he gently sprinkled a little Keating on the floor round about his chair, 'make Private Meakin a prisoner, and send up to barracks for another man to take his place. I will explain the matter to the colonel in the morning. That will do;' and the sergeant, with a great joy shining in his eyes, saluted in silence, turned on his heel, and withdrew.

T. Smith, 271 R, is once again a proud member of the force, only this time as a sergeant, and a nice little indemnity or solatium, or whatever you like to call it, reposes in the savings-bank, a provision against the rainy day dreaded by all those who toil; and Private Meakin, clad in strange garments, gives endless trouble, as far as he can without risking a flogging, to the authorities of one of His Majesty's prisons.

The camphorated officer has long commanded his regiment, and the corn and mother-in-law return, very inaccurately compiled, I fear, lies peacefully in the dusty pigeon-hole to which it was at once consigned on its receipt by the great Red Tape Office.

Endless work and endless trouble Endless money spent, in—bubble.

YOUTH AND MEMORY.

LIKE swift, elusive butterflies at play,
Gay Youth and Love dance through the careless hours,
And life appears a garden space of flowers,
Wherein old Time goes loitering on his way.
Full soon arrives the reaping-time of grief,
And scant the garner of unfruitful years
Made desolate and swept by storm of tears;
Life's tree bereft and bare of every leaf.

But, ere Death comes with winter shroud of snow,
An angel form appears, who bears a key
To open wide the gate of Memory
That guards the mystic past, where, all aglow,
Our treasures dwell, imperishable loves that smile
And lure us to the heaven we left erewhile.

FRANCIS ANNELEST.

, TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice of otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



SERAPHINA.

By ANDREW W. ARNOLD, Author of The Attack on the Farm, For the Sake of a Kiss, &c.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS .- CHAPTER I.



ALF-WAY between Soissons and Rheims, on a good map, you will see marked the little village of Marigny-les-Tours. It was there that I, Etienne Meynard, was born, and where my father—ay, and his

father before him—carried on the business of a blacksmith. Whether he had had some white wine or not—and my brawny, jovial father did not object to it—no man could shoe a horse as well or as quickly or make a wheel-tire as accurately as he.

Nearly all the land in the district belonged to the great family of the St Claires, who lived in the château overlooking the hamlet.

Monsieur St Claire had of late years been a confirmed invalid; but his wife, who was an Italian, was a very energetic and kind-hearted woman, and beloved by all the country-side. No man could have looked after the estate better than she did. They were a very rich family, for the land produced wine of the finest quality, which was sent off to Rheims and Epernay; and, moreover, the eldest son was a partner in a large Champagne house. They had, besides, two daughters and another son, named The latter and I were foster-brothers. As a child he had been rather delicate. The doctor said madame pampered him too much, and that he should be more in the open air; consequently they often sent down for me to go up to the château to play with him.

Ah! what snowballing we had in the winter; and, when the bright spring came, what birds' nests we took, as we rambled about the beautiful park together! So it came to pass that, although our relative positions were so different, we two became almost like real brothers. But at last the time came for him to go to school, and then—as he was going into the army—to St Cyr; and we only saw each other in the holidays.

It happened one day, just after he had got his ones not to No. 292.—Vol. VI. [All Rights Reserved.]

commission, that we went bathing. Hubert remained in the water longer than I, and I was nearly dressed when he was seized with cramp. I went at once to his assistance, and brought him to land just in time to save him. I was doing what I could to restore him to consciousness when his father and mother luckily drove up. Hubert was placed in the carriage, and servants sent in all directions for the doctor. Nothing could exceed the gratitude of his parents. Our little cottage and the forge, which belonged to the St Claires, was given, as it stood, to my father; and my sister Josephine was made a dairymaid at the château. They wished to have me grandly educated; but my father thought it better for me to remain with him and help him in his business.

When madame came from Italy she brought with her an Italian maid who was very handsome, and she married Jacques Marly the steward, who lived in a beautiful cottage just outside the village on the road to Fismes. There were queer stories about her, and she was said to have had a horrible temper. However, Marly was only married about a year, as his wife died soon after giving birth to Seraphina. The latter and I grew up together, and she always showed a preference for me over all the other lads of the village. Seraphina was now sixteen, and I was two years older.

One fine June day—we two always went about together when we could—she and I went fishing in the Arditre. Under the shade of a hawthorn-bush that was then in full bloom we sat down side by side, with the meadow-sweet around us. I threw my line into the little stream, and we waited patiently for a bite. The insects buzzed, and the bees hummed as they scrambled into the foxgloves on the bank; but never a fish, though we could see plenty of them, came to bite. One old roach came and had a look at the worm, but superciliously swam away again, and I fancy he told the young ones not to go near it.

JULY 4, 1903.

'There's too much sun, Etienne,' said Seraphina.

'No; they are frightened at your eyes,' I replied; 'they shine too bright. Ah, Fina! if you were only at the end of the hook they would come in dozens to see you, because you are so beautiful.'

'But the other day you said Suzanne Blanc's eyes were beautiful,' she replied.

'So they are; but not to be compared to yours.'

'Why do you think I am so lovely?' she answered, placing her hand on my shoulder.

'Because I can't help it, and because I love you,' I replied; and as she was so close I kissed her.

'And I love you too,' she said, returning my kiss; 'and when we grow up we will be married.'

'But what will your father say?' I asked.

'Oh, I can do what I like with him,' she replied.

'But what will your parents say?'

'Whatever they say,' I answered, 'I will marry you, my darling.' And so we became betrothed, and considered ourselves the happiest people in the world. But at the same time my parents did not really like Seraphina; but I would have her, and the beautiful girl would not, she said, marry any one else, and so they had to agree to it. Besides, old Marly was known to have saved up a great deal of money, and my mother was rather influenced by that, for she was a very saving woman. It was a good thing she was, for my father, who had been a sergeant-farrier in the Dragoons, had the careless, happy-go-lucky ideas of a soldier. He loved to sit smoking and drinking at the 'Faisan d'Or,' and he would have spent the bulk of his money there but for his thrifty wife. As I thought upon it I could hardly believe my good fortune when Seraphina promised to be mine, for she was far and away the most beautiful girl in the whole district; she even promised to surpass her mother. She had, so folks said, the same sharp-cut features, the same brilliant dark eyes and splendid figure; and the bloom of health and youth showed through her olive complexion, reminding one of some of the Italian pictures up at the château. Seraphina was no favourite among the other girls, not only because of her looks, but because she inherited, if the truth must be told, some of her mother's temper. But I was young then, and I did not think of that. Those eyes, that had been flashing a moment before, shone with a warm, caressing glance, when I approached, that filled me with delight and love.

This was in May 1868, and the time had now come for me to serve my three years in the army. There were three or four other lads who had to go at the same time; and all the village turned out to see us off. Some of the mothers cried bitterly, as if their sons would never come back; and, in fact, some of them did not.

'Good-bye, my darling Etienne,' cried Seraphina, throwing her arms round my neck as she pressed her soft cheek against my own and covered me with kisses. 'You will be back in three years. I shall be a fine girl then.'

'You are now,' I returned, vainly trying to keep down the moisture that would swell into my eyes.

'And then, when you come back, we will be married, and won't we be happy! Keep up your courage. I will write, my darling, and tell you every single thing that goes on.'

I could not trust myself to answer; but, pressing her once more to my breast, and kissing my father and mother, my sister and little brother, I went after the others, who had got some way in front. None of us said much at first; but when we came to the top of a slight incline we stood and waved our tricolour-decked hats to our families, who were standing in a group to see the last of us. But we were all young and full of hope, and our spirits soon returned. Besides, having more money than we were used to, we stopped at the inns on our way; and, partly out of bravado and partly to hide our real sorrow, we took more than we ought to have taken. Consequently we were all three-parts drunk when we reached our destination.

Hubert St Claire would have liked to go into some expensive cavalry regiment; but his mother did not wish him to do so, because his uncle commanded a regiment of chasseurs à pied, whose depôt was at Epernay. So Hubert got a commission in that regiment. Most of the men in our district served in the regiments quartered at Rheims or Soissons; but, partly because I was a tall, strapping lad (for they were finer men in the chasseurs than in the line), and partly through Monsieur St Claire's influence, I joined his regiment, and became Hubert's servant.

I took to soldiering naturally; I suppose I inherited my father's reckless, dare-devil character. I had more money than most of my comrades, for Hubert St Claire was very kind to me in that respect; and, as I spent it freely, I soon became a favourite. But at the same time, as I was quick and paid assiduous attention to my duties, I also earned the approbation of my officers.

Seraphina was as good as her word in writing to me. She seemed to find in doing so a vent for her pent-up feelings; and no one ever received more passionate love-letters during the first few months of my sojourn at Epernay than I did. She was an odd girl. I realised this more now that we were separated. Her peculiar character came partly from her father as well as her mother, for the former was a very serious, taciturn man, in many respects far above his station. He seldom mixed much with those in the village, remaining in his pretty cottage, reading the numerous books he had got; but for all that he was a good steward and looked sharply after the interests of the St Claires, driving a bargain as close for them as he would for himself.

Having little to do, Seraphina spent a great deal of her time in reading romantic love-stories and memoirs. In fact, she did not hesitate to borrow from the latter. 'Adieu, my love, my darling!' she wrote to me in a letter soon after we had parted. 'What inquietudes do I not suffer from thy absence! I kiss you in my sleep as I dream of you, for I love you, dearest Etienne: I love you as no one ever loved before.' All this ardour naturally filled me with delight, and I thought it very fine writing, for I did not know then that she was simply copying the intercepted billets-doux of Pauline Bonaparte. But as time went on my fiance's epistles became cooler.

I had served eighteen months when she told me that a new schoolmaster had arrived in the village, who was young and very handsome, and who, curiously enough, had served in my regiment; and, to my disgust, most of her letters from that time were filled up with the doings and sayings of this fellow. Soon after that I had a letter from my sister Josephine. She told that she was going to be married to Madame St Claire's coachman; and she also informed me that the new schoolmaster, whose name was Felix Barcères, was very often seen with Seraphina. This, coupled with what I could guess from my fiance's epistles, filled me with rage and jealousy, and I wrote at once to Seraphina. She never answered me; but, from all accounts, she seemed to pay little heed to my In the following June I got a remonstrances. short furlough to attend my sister's wedding.

Seraphina received me kindly, but with none of that warmth which, from her promises two years ago, I considered I had a right to expect. I had left her a slight and beautiful girl; she was now a fully developed woman, and looked more than her age. I was intoxicated by her ravishing beauty, and in my heart I almost pardoned the schoolmaster for making love to her, for I did not understand how any one could help it; but for all that I vowed on the first opportunity to have it out with him.

The wedding took place the next day; it was quite a grand affair, and all the village was en fête. The St Claires gave Josephine a handsome dot, and madame herself with the young ladies actually came down to the breakfast, and partook of the white soup which, in Champagne, is always a great feature at a wedding; and in the afternoon we all danced in the park. I expected to see Barcères; but he prudently kept out of my way. Unfortunately it came on to rain in the evening, so we went back to the cottage. My father and the bridegroom's father found they had both served in Africa, and they took glass after glass of the good wine that Madame St Claire kindly provided, drinking to the health of their old comrades, so that after a while they could not stand. Then the village Musical Society commenced to play; but, as they were all drunk, they made so much noise that Seraphina—who had lately found out that she had a fine voice, and consequently wished to sing-got angry, and I ordered them to cease. This ended in a general mêlée, in which some of their instruments were broken, and it was only stopped by the joint efforts of the curé and the doctor. After Seraphina had sung, the bridegroom's cousin, who was in the Zouaves, gave us a song that made the girls blush; and as he would not desist, he and I had a fight in which I nearly killed him; so that the day that had begun so auspiciously ended in an orgy; but for all that the villagers looked back on it as one of the happiest in their lives.

The following morning I asked Scraphina why she had not written to me so frequently.

'Well,' she answered, 'you wrote so seldom to me; and—besides—you can't write like'——

'That fool of a schoolmaster,' I replied.

'Yes, you are right there. He can write. Why, he actually had an article in *Le Petit Courier* entitled the "Spring-time in the Woods," all about'——

'Oh yes, I know,' I exclaimed savagely, 'all about the confounded birds. Bah, quel blague! He's as blind as a bat to begin with, and cannot tell a thrush from a linnet.'

'And not only that,' she added, seeming to enjoy my rising anger and paying no attention to what I said, 'he can write poetry too. He has written me a lovely poem, "Étoile du Nuit." Now listen to this,' she continued, taking a paper from her breast and seating herself on the corner of the table, swinging her little foot to and fro.

'Let me see it,' I said, trying to take it from her.
'No, no! you keep back and I'll read it to you.

'Étoile du Nuit!'---

'What nonsense!' I interposed.

'Is it? You have not heard it yet. Anyway, I am certain you could not write as good.'

Then she commenced again:

'Étoile du Nuit! dans les'----

But I could not stand any more; and, snatching up my shako, I darted off to settle accounts with Barcères.

He was a tall, delicate-looking man with glasses, and had rather long hair and a sallow face. My appearance seemed to give him anything but pleasure.

'What do you want?' he asked nervously, keeping the door ajar.

'I'll tell you when I'm inside,' I replied. 'Now look here,' I continued after he had reluctantly permitted me to enter, 'I was betrothed to Seraphina Marly long before you ever came here.'

'But,' he interposed, 'I suppose a girl is allowed to change her mind if she likes. Ovid says'---

'Who the mischief is Ovid?' I replied, thinking he meant some one in the village, though I have learned since that he was a Latin poet. A smile of contempt crept over his pale countenance, which made me more angry than ever. 'I give you fair warning, you dog,' I continued, bringing my fist down on the table, 'if you get making love to her behind my back, or writing any more of your infernal poetry, I will break every bone in your body.' The smile had left his face now, and he stood trembling, as white as a sheet.

The following day I had to start very early, as I had to walk two leagues to Fismes, which was the nearest station. I resolved to see Seraphina ere I went. Marly's cottage, as I have said, stood by itself a little back from the road at the end of the village, and in the porch was a wicker cage which still contained a blackbird I had given his daughter. Seraphina, I knew, would still be sleeping, so I threw some pebbles against her window; but this had no effect. There was a water-butt just handy; so, clambering on to that, I tapped at the window with my bayonet, and in a moment she appeared.

'What, Etienne!' she exclaimed, 'is it you, and

must you really go so early?'

'I must, my love,' I answered; 'I cannot help myself. But I shall be back in a year, and then what a wedding we will have!' 'Kiss me, mon chéri,' she cried, leaning out of the window. By my standing on tiptoe she was just able to throw her rounded arms about my neck, her thick black hair falling in clusters on my shoulder as she pressed her warm lips against my own.

Reluctantly I let her go and jumped to the ground.

'Adieu!' she cried. 'Take this;' and, leaning out, she picked a piece of honeysuckle within her reach and threw it to me. I picked it up, kissed it, and hurried off; but I turned once more to gaze upon her, and the picture she presented as she stood at the flower-framed window, with her raven tresses on her shoulders, and the first crimson blush of the early dawn falling upon her, remained in my heart for many a day. I little thought then under what circumstances our next meeting would take place.

THE SAPPHIRE-FIELDS OF CENTRAL QUEENSLAND.



LMOST every variety of gem-stones has been found in Queensland; but a systematic search for them has, until recently, been restricted to the opal and sapphire. The former gem exists in great profusion throughout

the western division, chiefly in the drought-stricken country between the Paroo River and Cooper's Creek; the latter in the more pleasant plains of the central district. The sapphire-digger does not usually receive the same return for his labour as does the opaller; but his field of operations, being well within reach of civilisation and easily accessible, allows of the necessaries of life being procured much more cheaply, and the possibility of finding a diamond or two among the conglomeration of stones in his 'jigger' adds an element of chance that has a powerful fascination.

The centre of the sapphire-mining industry is in the Leichardt division, on the headwater creeks of the Mackenzie River and in the gullies of the dividing-range between these waters and the Nogoa, Belyando, and Barcoo Rivers. The district is traversed by the central railway system, and is distant from Rockhampton about two hundred miles. Emerald, a somewhat remarkable township of about eight hundred inhabitants, is only thirty miles in an easterly direction from the fields; but the unique settlement sidings of Anaki and Withersfield are within twelve miles of Retreat Creek, the chief resort of the sapphire-workers. Other encampments are situated on Central, Tomahawk, and Policeman Creeks; and wandering parties of miners may be met on nearly all the head-springs of the Burdekin.

The sapphires are found in the pebbly conglomeration or wash in the beds of the old waterchannels, sometimes on the surface or an inch or so beneath, but usually in a defined stratum about three feet down. In this deposit almost every stone is a gem of some variety; but until recently the miners were not aware that this was the case, and valued only those stones which had the characteristics of the deep-blue sapphire, selling any others to the chance-buyer who cared to offer for them at so much per pound or even hundredweight.

It is evident that the gem-stones do not originate where they are at present found; but as to where they came from, beyond reckoning that 'it must be somewhere away back in the desert divide,' no one knows-or cares. The average digger has a great contempt for knowledge and those who profess to know anything. This is said to have arisen from the fact that some very scientific people, 'with half the alphabet tacked on to their handle,' at one time visited the fields and persisted in looking for the gems where the geological formations indicated that they should be; and of course, as every miner knows, that is exactly where they are not. It will thus be readily understood that the methods of working adopted by the digger are somewhat primitive; and, like his brother 'out west' on the opal-fields, he refuses to have anything to do with any appliance which he is unable to make for himself with the aid of an axe and an empty kerosene-tin.

The sapphire-hunter's stock-in-trade consists of good eyesight, a serviceable pick and shovel, and a strong belief in luck. To these as time goes on are added all the kerosene-tins he can get his hands on and, when fortune favours him, some pieces of wire-mesh. Thus equipped, he wanders up the dry creek-beds with his mate, occasionally picking up a surface pebble and examining it intently. Should the stone be in accordance with his ideas of what surface indication should be, he and his mate at

once sink a hole to see what the 'bottom' is like; and should any promising specimens be found while doing so, a claim is immediately pegged out, and a new camp springs into existence. It seldom happens, however, that there are any surface guides; so the two miners toss up a coin to determine where they will try their luck, and this method usually proves quite satisfactory. When the claim is secured by inserting four posts at the corners of the ground so as to include as much of the supposed original bed of the stream as possible, a perforated inclined plane is erected with the straightened-out sides of the indispensable tins, on which the disintegrated gravel is thrown, and washed down with water. The heavy stones roll down and off the apparatus, and the fine sand is also carried away, but the intermediate pebbles pass through the perforations and are afterwards carefully gathered. In this lot the gems are found. The sapphires are picked out by hand and divided into three classes-every red, blue, green, yellow, or white stone which the two operators are not fully acquainted with being relegated to the third class, and only the best gems being classed among the 'firsts.' Incidentally it may be stated that in a ton of wash there are usually about two hundred gem-stones of various kinds, ranging in size from little spheroids about one-eighth of an inch in diameter to large-sized peas, and frequently a translucent mass of port-wine-tinged material (hyacinth) is found as large as the orthodox marble.

Unfortunately it does not often happen that sufficient water for the necessary puddling or sluicing is within reach of the gem-diggers, and the men are then forced to resort to the use of the 'jigger.' This contrivance is practically a sieve or punched tin sheet mounted either on a springy wooden framework somewhat similar to the Westralian dry-blower or 'shaker,' or suspended from a rude tripod to allow of efficient working. The previously slackened conglomeration is thrown on this sieve by one of the men, and his partner applies the necessary physical force to set it in motion with short jerky strokes. The result is the same as with the wet or inclined plane method, but is not so certain in its action, and the proper manipulation of the sieves requires considerably more exer-The motion causes the heavy matrix to roll over the 'riffles' across the sieves, the wind blows the fine grit away, and thus the intermediates are left as before. They are afterwards carted to the nearest waterhole and washed, this operation being necessary before the gems can be separated from the common stones, or their identity established.

However, a change is coming over the happy valleys of the gem-diggers, and the unsophisticated sons of the bush are awakening to a knowledge of what lies within their grasp. As the industry will in all probability now develop into another field of outlet for those toilers of our own overcrowded cities who feel the bonds of civilisation too irksome, and as but little is known of the country

and the conditions of life there, even in Australia, perhaps some personal experiences may prove of sufficient interest to set down.

We were cycling in from the opal-fields on the Warrego plains, and on striking the railway line at a point which, according to the inscription on a mile-post, was one hundred and ninety-six miles from Rockhampton, we overtook two men bound for the sapphire-fields. On hearing that we were only a few miles from the famous Anaki workings, my companion and I resolved to accompany them thither. Next day we arrived at and pegged out a joint claim on Central Creek, and soon were puddling gem-clay as if we had never done anything else, in an improvised 'tom' made from the sides of two kerosene-tins which Mac, my Scotch comrade, appropriated when their lawful owners were absent. There were about twenty men working in the patch on which we had 'staked off,' and each had a sack of mixed gem-stones by him which I thought must be worth a fortune until one old Queenslander offered me his lot for five shillings.

'But you have all sorts of gems there,' I said, picking out a handful. 'I am almost sure that this stone is a spinel ruby, and this an oriental topaz. Why! that looks like a dia'——

'My boy, ye can have them all for nothing, then,' was the reply; 'but if I know the part of the world that your claim is in—an' I reckon I ought to, seeing I prospected the place—ye will have whips of that stuff yourself before the week's out.'

His words proved true, for when we carted the result of our week's work to the Five Mile Waterhole to 'clean up,' we found that we had only three ounces of cobalt-blue sapphires, or 'firsts,' but of other stones in every conceivable shade and colour we had over twelve pounds. Despite the knowledge that only the 'firsts' were considered of value by our two Australian comrades, visions of untold wealth would haunt me when I broke some of the inferior stones to examine their colour and cleavage, &c., and I felt that it was one of the greatest misfortunes of my life that my knowledge of gemstones was only superficial.

'What do you call this?' I would say to one of our comrades whom we called the Wallaby, holding up a broken semi-transparent stone in which a tinge of gold would sparkle from the depths of green that formed the body of the substance.

'I'm darned if I know; it ain't no good anyhow, unless we salt the parcel with it.'

'And this one? See that blue flash in the heart! What! it's red from this side.'

'Of course,' answered the Wallaby; 'it depends how you look at it or how the light gets at it; but it's only the same stuff as bottles is made of, after all. Oh, that!—that is an Ostralian ruby or garnet. It's worth—well, I is no 'rithmeticker, but I should reckon sixpence would buy twelve.'

Needless, perhaps, to say, my hopes did not long hold out against such statements, and it was with indifferent feelings that some time later I assisted to make up our parcel of classed stones to send to Sydney for sale. 'I am of opinion that sapphire-digging will not make our fortunes,' I said, surveying our seven and a half ounces of 'firsts.' 'That, supposing we get fifty pounds from M., divided among the four of us, will not be equal to ten pounds a month to each man.'

'Oh, but seven and a half can stand two ounces of salting,' cheerfully responded Warrego Bill, our other comrade, picking out some green and white stones from the 'seconds,' and adding them to the heap of 'firsts.'

'Does the buyer not know a stone when he sees it,' I inquired, 'or does he not look at what he buys?'

Well, it ain't exactly that,' said Bill. 'You see, the boys started salting last year on chance, an' no one objected, so we kept on adding to the salt every parcel we sent down, an' now we always put in about a quarter of green and whites among the blue stuff. Old M. doesn't seem to mind, anyhow.'

'Maybe he is a pheelanthropist,' suggested my Scotch comrade; 'or maybe he doesn't like to hurt your feelin's by returnin' them.'

'I don't reckon he's troubled that way,' remarked the Wallaby thoughtfully, as he tied up the little sack of gems; and having had previous experience with the buying fraternity on the opal-fields, I agreed with him. Meanwhile I had written down to Brisbane for some books on gems; but the information I obtained from them when they arrived, being mostly in connection with the minerals of America, was not of a nature to be of much service to us. I cut out the appended tables of specific gravities, hardnesses, &c., however; and Mac having improvised a dichroscope and a blowpipe, we too, soon after, started off to prospect the divide on the north, towards the Burdekin headwaters, leaving all our accumulated property with our two Australian

We were fairly successful so far as finding blue sapphires was concerned, and other stones which we could not classify; and after a five weeks' trip we returned, striking the outlying camps on Retreat Creek one evening at sundown. There was great excitement among the men, some of whom we knew; and, in answer to our questions, they informed us that the head geologist of the Government was on the fields, and that some of the boys had gone down to Anaki station to meet two buyers coming off the Western Mail. I did not then understand how the miners had so suddenly developed such a friendship for the dealers that they sent a deputation to meet them; but I grasped the situation a little later.

'Well, boys, we are glad to hear you have had good luck,' said Ted Winton, the oldest digger on the fields, as we, with others, gathered round his camp-fire after supper. 'Your old mates are still over on Central Creek; but have you seen the diamond?'

'Diamond!' I cried. 'Have you been finding diamonds here?'

'I reckon so. It's over in Mulligan's camp. The Government expert came here yesterday, and he says it's of the first water. Some have been found over in Policeman's Creek as well. But, hullo! here's Irisher himself.'

A stranger now approached, and as he passed within the firelit zone I recognised an old opal-digger I had known in New South Wales. Mac also recognised him, and for a time the common merits of the 'Land of Brown Heath' and of the Emerald Isle monopolised the conversation, to the great interest of the other miners, who could not understand why any sane person had ever left such countries as the two men described.

'But you don't get diamonds there, Scottie,' a Tasmanian interrupted irrelevantly.

'Ye're wrang, ma man,'answered my companion; 'we do; but they're black anes.'

'Well, here's the wan I kicked up on me claim,' said Mulligan the Irishman. 'Sure, the Government ex. says it's Al, and you kin see it is'——

'Why, we sent several of those away in our parcel from Central Creek,' I cried.

'That's what's troubling here too,' cried one of the men ruefully. 'We've been salting all our parcels with that stuff this last month or so.'

'But did the gem-buyers not tell you?' I cried.

'Well, that depends on how you take it,' answered old Winton. 'They kept 10 per cent. off our prices this last time for "inferior stuff," they said. Two of them are coming off the mail to-night at Anaki. They wired that they wished to buy all our "seconds," and would pay double price if we kept them all for them. But I reckon Big Harry and the boys who have gone to meet them know how to get even with the Jews.'

'Do any of you know how much our comrades got for our parcel?' I asked.

'I saw the Wallaby last Monday,' said one, 'and he told me they got thirty-six pounds for the lot.'

'What?' roared Mac, springing to his feet. 'That means only nine pounds for two ounces of sapphires and half-a-dozen diamonds. Let me awa'; I'm goin' doon to Anaki too.'

Mac's disgust was great; but our companions, being Australians, viewed the matter philosophically. 'Tain't nothin', Scottie,' said old Winton comfortingly. 'Lor', what's about some diamonds?' Such sentiments were all very well for them; but we could not see things in the same light, and when next morning I interviewed the Government mineralogist and received undoubted proof that we had actually been salting our sapphires with diamonds of the first water, our feelings may be imagined but not put into words. The two Jews never reached the fields. They got into Emerald two days later, and told a strange tale to the police; but some miners having gone down to that city for

a spell, they left hurriedly for the south before their statements could be verified. It was surmised by the miners on the fields that the Jews, having recognised the gems sent to them, and knowing that the news must soon leak out, had the intention of attempting to buy the claims on which the diamonds were found.

The Government experts made a thorough investigation into the products of the Anaki fields, and sent samples to the laboratory in Brisbane for analysis. Thus it was soon known that diamonds, spinel rubies, topazes, zircons, and many other gems abounded in the sapphire wash, and that gems worth many thousands of pounds had been thrown away or sold to the dealers for a few shillings per gross.

The upper reaches of Tomahawk Creek and the gullies leading into the ranges have not yet been prospected to any extent; but it is supposed that emeralds also exist in those regions. At any rate, we found some green stones there which we took to be a species of turquoise, but which were afterwards sold in Melbourne for prices which warranted the assumption that they were the more favoured gem.

The one difficulty attending systematic development of the gem-district is the scarcity of water on the higher altitudes; but, given the solution of that question, there is no doubt that the fields will yet attract much attention. Gems possibly worth fifty pounds are not now sold in Anaki at five shillings a hundred.

THE PEARL NECKLACE.

By JAMES WORKMAN.

CHAPTER VII .- MISTRESS DOROTHY.



HEN morning came it took but a little while to discover from the looks and whisperings and curious side-glances of the men that the story of the previous night's doings had been freely circulated, and with no favour-

able comments regarding my own action in the matter. Even Corporal Flint eyed me askance, and the more so, I think, because I kept my ewn counsel. Few men had a more exalted idea of their own sagacity than the corporal, and I knew that he would be slow to forgive me if I did not take him into my confidence. Yet how could I do so without telling him that I had seen Mistress Dorothy?—and that I was resolved not to do until I had spoken with her. Therefore, I told him no more than he knew already from the men; and, without heeding his glum face, I bade him guard most vigilantly against a surprise, and set out to have speech with Mistress Dorothy.

I knew that I ran some risk in going alone; but if I was to keep the matter a secret there was no help for it. I had made up my mind that, come of it what would, I would go boldly to Poplar House, and insist upon having a private interview with her. I can truly say that I feared her tongue more than the sword of any Malignant breathing. As for Montague, I would have asked nothing better than to meet him face to face. If he fell upon me with others to back him I must even abide the consequences. It was one of those risks that a soldier must be ever prepared to run.

As it chanced, however, I met with none but the one I had come to meet; for, taking a short cut through the woods to Poplar House, I came suddenly face to face with Mistress Dorothy herself. She was evidently no less surprised at our meeting than I. She flushed, and then turned pale, and glanced

swiftly round as though seeking for some way to avoid me; but, perceiving that it was too late, she made no effort to do so. This meeting was the most opportune thing that could have happened, and yet I stood speechless before her, not knowing how to enter upon the business.

'Mistress Dorothy,' I said at length, 'I will waste no words, but will deal plainly with you. I saw you in the Hall last night, and can guess your errand there—nay, have very sufficient proof of it. I have, therefore, come hither to seek you, in order that I may be seech you to abandon a course of conduct that can lead to nothing but evil to yourself and those you love.'

She tried hard to conceal her agitation; but I saw the flower upon her breast rise and fall, and her lips tremble as she spoke. Yet she had lost none of her desire to wound and humiliate me.

'I doubt not that your motives are most excellent, sir, as, in your own eyes, they ever appear to be,' she rejoined; 'but you can scarce wonder that I regard you as the last person in the world from whom it is fitting that I should take advice in this matter.'

'Oh!' said I impatiently, 'you must, I think, be blind to the dangers to which you expose yourself. For the sake of our past friendship, which you hold in such light esteem, I have hitherto done all that lay in my power to protect you; but if you continue to act as the friend and confidente of this Colonel Montague, and to '——

'In other words, you will cease to protect me unless I help to betray him into your hands,' she interposed bitterly. 'Is that what I am to understand?'

'You are to understand nothing of the sort,' I answered sternly. 'And yet, if you had seen, as I did,

the dying face of the poor youth he slew but yesterday, you would feel no shame, I think, in aiding to bring him to justice.'

'It was a fair fight,' she exclaimed hotly. 'He fought in self-defence, and meant but to disable the young man, and not to slay him.'

I took note of the fact, which she had unwittingly betrayed, that she must recently have had speech with Montague, who was, therefore, still in the neighbourhood.

'What would you have?' she continued indignantly. 'You strive to hunt him down like a wild beast, and call it a crime, though you be ten to one, if he strikes a blow for life and liberty. You know well that, man to man, you dare not face him.'

'If the opportunity should ever present itself, Mistress Dorothy,' I said quietly, 'I hope to prove to you that I, for one, would very willingly face him, with nothing to aid me but my sword.'

'And yet when the opportunity offered,' she replied scornfully, 'you preferred, with your usual prudence, to cross swords with a boy like my brother, Captain Hawthorne.'

The blood rushed to my face, and it was with difficulty that I answered her with some degree of composure.

- 'I think the day may come when you will own that you have judged me unkindly, Mistress Dorothy,' I said gravely. 'In the meantime, if you will permit me, I will tell you as briefly as possible why I came hither. By attempting to remove the gold from the Hall last night you have proved that you are taking an active part in the conspiracy against His Highness the Lord Protector. This gold, I know well, was brought from France by Montague, and I have strict orders from the Protector to seize it. It may be that the rest of the gold has been removed from the Hall.'
- 'I may tell you plainly that it has,' said she, 'and you will but waste your time if you search for it.'
 - 'And it was you that removed it?' I asked.
- 'Ay, was it,' she exclaimed triumphantly. 'I was carrying away the last of it when you surprised me.'
 - 'And do you know where it now is?'
- 'I do not,' she replied; 'though, God knows, I would not tell you if I did.'

'Then, listen to me,' I said, 'and I pray you do not deal with this matter in a petulant or wilful spirit, for much may depend upon your answer. Will you agree to point out the secret passage by which you entered the Hall, and solemnly pledge your word of honour that you will take no further part in this conspiracy? If so, I will even yet do all that lies in my power to befriend you. Nay, answer not hastily. Think well before you speak; and be wise, I beseech you, before it is too late. Cromwell can be generous—nay, most merciful, within the bounds of reason; but if necessity appear to call for it none can be more ruthless than he. I implore you to

listen to me, Mistress Dorothy. Think of me what you please. I can say with a clear conscience that throughout this unhappy business I have done what I could to be a true friend to you and yours.'

I think for one moment she hesitated, for I saw her glance at me curiously as she stood there pale and silent; but it was for a moment only.

'And if I refuse,' she asked, 'what then?'

'It will be my duty to arrest you, and send you under escort to London,' I answered with an effort.

'That would be another proof of your friendship, I presume,' she exclaimed scornfully. 'Well, then, hear me, Captain Hawthorne, and, for my part, I will deal very plainly with you. Go back to the blood-stained usurper, and tell him that neither the prison cell—nay, nor the axe itself, shall wring such words from my lips; or, if you have the power—for there seems neither law nor justice in this unhappy country to-day—arrest me now and here, and deliver me into the hands of the man of blood who slew his Master the King, and now seeks to wear his crown.'

The sunshine came through the leaves and lit up her brave young face, and I thought—so weak a thing is man—that God had never created a fairer or sweeter maid. Twas no time for such thoughts; and I, a man of some years and experience, should have possessed the will and the strength to banish them from my mind. But I could not—I shame to confess it—I could not.

'Well,' she said scornfully, 'do your duty. Arrest me.'

Most clearly it was my duty. What else could I do? I, on my side, should play the traitor, should prove false to the trust placed in me, if I did not. I hardened my heart and set my face as a flint.

'Will you accompany me to the Hall?' I said coldly.

'You arrest me?' she asked.

'Yes.'

'Then I will go with you,' she answered, and we moved along side by side.

As we did so my mind went back to the days when, a happy, laughing, bright-eyed child, she had many a time walked hand-in-hand with me along that very path. I glanced at her pale face and slender figure, and the little feet moving among the withered leaves, and something seemed to rise in my throat and a haze gathered before my eyes. Was it possible that I, of all men, was taking her to prison, and, it might be, to exile—I who had once been her loved friend and playmate? It was bitter as death to me to think it. I seemed to be walking in an evil dream. Surely neither God nor man could ask such a sacrifice from me.

When the Hall came in sight I stopped, and stood gazing moodily at the ground. She had taken a few paces, before she also stopped and turned round.

'Well,' she asked, 'what means this?'

Again I glanced at her, and felt a strange emotion come upon me, which I strove vainly to conceal.

'It means,' I said, striving vainly to steady my voice, 'that whether it be my duty or not, I cannot do it. I have shed my blood for the cause, and am ready to lay down my life for it; but this I cannot do, and will not do. Go! You are free. Be prudent, I beg you, and leave the neighbourhood before it is too late, for others may prove less scrupulous than I.'

I left her there, gazing at me with wide-open, wondering eyes, and strode hurriedly to the Hall, sick at heart with shame, and raging at my own weakness. I was betraying the cause and wrecking my career for the sake of a young girl's face that I might never look upon again. I have read in romances of how men throw away life and fame and fortune-ay, even honour-for a smile from one they loved; but I think it is only in romances that such things can be done without a pang. At least it was not so with me. I loathed my folly, despised and hated myself, for never before had a woman wielded such power over me; and I fought and struggled with all my strength against the strange, insidious passion which seemed to be gradually gaining the mastery over me.

Had it come to this, that I, who had abandoned ease and quiet and the study of the books I loved, to draw my sword for conscience' sake on many a bloody battlefield, should become one of those weak, unstable, pitiful creatures, whom I had hitherto held in contempt, who are swayed this way and that by a woman's smile or frown? Oh! the thought was indeed bitter to me, for perchance I had in this matter been over self-righteous, weighing but lightly those temptations with which I had never hitherto been called upon to struggle.

I laughed outright in the very bitterness of my soul, and raising my head as I did so, became aware that Corporal Flint was approaching me. Then I remembered how he had forewarned me of my danger as I sat gazing at the pearls, and the prickings of my conscience made me read on that cold, impassive countenance the reproach, mingled with contempt, with which one so entirely indifferent to the temptation before which I had fallen would be likely to regard me. But there seemed to be no such matter in his mind.

'Sir,' said he bluntly, 'I would have a word with you.'

'Well,' I said testily, 'what ill news do you bring

'Ill news I fear it may prove,' he said dryly; 'but such as it is I thought it well to impart it privily. I may tell you plainly that there hath been much talk of that which took place last night, and the men are whispering among themselves that the gold pieces scattered upon the stairs had the image and superscription of the French king upon them; and if I caught not a glimpse of more than

one passing from hand to hand my eyes deceived me.'

'And how does this concern me?' I asked irritably.

'It concerns you very nearly,' he answered bluntly, 'for your manner, and the silence you have preserved with regard to the person you professed to be in search of, have given birth to strange rumours. Shall I speak plainly, or hold my peace?'

'Speak at once, and briefly,' said I sharply. 'I shall reserve my comments upon the matter until you have made an end of it.'

'In the first place, it hath been noted that you have had previous acquaintance with the Malignants who dwell in the Hall; and, that being so, it is whispered that you are trying to shield them from the just consequences of their treasonable conduct.'

I tried to keep my eyes fixed on his with a cool, contemptuous expression; but I could not, and I felt the blood rising to my cheeks.

'Well?' I asked hastily.

'And some of the men—I speak bluntly—will have it that such treachery seldom goes unrewarded.'

'Now, this passes a jest,' I exclaimed hotly. 'Have a care'——

'Nay,' he interposed coolly, 'let me finish. Others will not allow this to be the truth, but incline rather to the belief that the gold hath been stored in the Hall for the purpose of aiding the conspiracy, and that you, having discovered the place where it is hidden, desire to appropriate it for your own use.'

'It is a most vile and scurrilous lie,' I exclaimed wrathfully. 'Tell me the name of him who uttered it, and I will thrust it down his throat with my sword.'

'But they who assert this,' continued the corporal, utterly unmoved by my anger, 'can by no means understand why you should have summoned the guard. Some say that you tripped and fell on the stairs, and, thinking that you would assuredly be heard and discovered, cried out for help, and pretended to pursue some one, in order to divert suspicion from yourself; and, indeed, I think most are of that opinion.'

At this I was struck dumb, for I saw the quagmire on the brink of which I stood. If I stoutly denied this vile falsehood I should have to give a more circumstantial account of the person who carried the gold, and might in the end say that which would cause the truth to be known. So there I stood speechless, gazing gloomily on the ground, and, I doubt not, with anything but the air of an innocent person.

'For my part,' continued the corporal coldly, 'I think there may be another explanation of this matter.'

'Ay, say you so?' said I. 'And what may that be, if it please you?'

'I think,' said he, and I saw his eye stray along the path by which I had come, 'that the person who bore the gold might perchance have been a woman.'

I am not of those who can preserve a smiling countenance however troubled in spirit they may be, and I know my face told but too plainly that this chance-shot had struck home. Moreover, being unready of speech, I could not hide my confusion or avert his suspicions by some glib subterfuge. I felt that those small, keen eyes of his were reading me through and through, and I raged inwardly at my guilty silence.

'While I do my duty to the satisfaction of my conscience,' I said at length with some appearance of coolness, 'I need pay but little attention to the idle gossip of the guard-room; and let me tell you, master corporal, that it would better befit one of

your years and experience to reprove such vain and unprofitable conversation, rather than partake in it and spread it abroad.'

He stood silent for a while, eying me with a very grim face.

'Well,' said he, 'if that be so, there is no more to be said.'

Whereupon he turned upon his heel with small ceremony, and walked away.

I confess I had half a mind to call him back and tell him the whole truth; but I hesitated until he was beyond earshot, and then it seemed to me that it would be well to think over the matter before taking such a step. Truly I knew not what to do, wavering like a reed in the wind, and seeing no certain course to follow. It was with a heavy heart and gloomy forebodings of coming evil that I followed the corporal to the Hall.

A TELEPHONE NEWSPAPER.

By FREDERICK A. TALBOT.



EW institutions have passed through so many vicissitudes and metamorphoses, due to the remarkable developments in science, as the modern daily newspaper. Our purveyor of news from all quarters of the world

is in form essentially a production of the day; for, although an institution of several centuries' standing, the present daily newspaper no more resembles its prototype of the seventeenth century than the modern thirty thousand horse-power battleship does the ancient galley of the Romans.

The remarkable developments in the newspaper have all been advances with certain specific objects in view, the most important being the publication of events as quickly as possible. Everything is done that man and science can do to lessen the interval between the receipt of information upon the tapemachine and its publication in the paper; but many will contend that there is a finality in this rigorous and strongly contested race against time. A certain period must necessarily elapse between the moment of setting the item of news in type and reeling it off at a rate of thirty thousand copies in an hour upon the gigantic newspaper presses—a speed greater than the eye can follow. It is almost impossible to deny this contention; but will the newspaper always remain in the form now so familiar, and will the news always be printed from type upon paper?

The most convincing reply to this apparently abstruse interrogation is to be found in Budapest. Probably there are few who would be so rash as to aver that the capital of Hungary ranks as one of the most progressive and up-to-date cities in the world; yet this city is setting an important example, inasmuch as one of its intelligencers publishes information of an event while it is actually happening—not as quickly as possible after it has

occurred. Such an assertion appears at a cursory view a mere chimera; but nevertheless the Telephone Herald is a concrete reality, and forcibly demonstrates how, in the near future, the news of the day will be disseminated; and its title sufficiently describes how this is achieved—namely, by abandoning the printing-press and its thousand and one accessories, and substituting therefor the simple telephone.

Two or three years ago a Hungarian mechanic named Puska came to Budapest with a small instrument-the result of great labour, perseverance, and ingenuity amid many disappointments. This he exhibited, confidently asserting that it would furnish the newspaper of the future; but the preternaturally sage scoffed at his instrument and declared that his emphatic declaration was only the fantasy of a highly fertile and imaginative brain. But Puska was not to be denied in his confidence in the apparatus, and at last he succeeded in having it submitted to a thorough practical test. Then the Telephone Herald was started upon its career, which many predicted would be short and disastrous; but it did not prove a passing, ephemeral toy. The promoters did not attempt too ambitious a scheme at first. A news-service pure and simple was commenced, and soon emphasised its superiority over the existing newspapers in the rapid distribution of news. Its initial subscribers, who were piqued by that curiosity characteristic of anything widely divergent from the orthodox, soon realised its invaluable qualities, so far as celerity and reliability were concerned, and its fame rapidly spread not only throughout the city but in the country districts and provincial towns. Subscribers were enrolled with such rapidity that the company experienced a great difficulty in coping with the work of extending the system and enlarging their

apparatus. The inventor and his appliance were received everywhere immediately on the practicability and efficiency of the invention being assured; and they were the principal topics of conversation in the streets and clubs and of discussion in the newspapers.

So soon as the new venture was firmly established, Puska was besieged with offers to purchase his invention, and many of them were tempting; but the inventor turned a deaf ear to them all. Even to-day the arrangements of the telephone exchange at the office and the methods of its manipulation are jealously guarded from inspection by any person not directly concerned in the operations.

The economical working of such an enterprise as the Telephone Herald is obvious. There is no printing and type-setting machinery involving the expenditure of many thousands of pounds; the plant simply comprises a telephone wire and receiver at the subscriber's residence, connected with the exchange. The staff is very similar in composition to that of the conventional newspaper office: the editor and his assistants, and the usual supernumeraries for the collection of news. When there is any special item of information to be distributed, all the subscribers are simultaneously rung up and connected with the editorial sanctum, and the editor or an assistant reads over the news into the transmitter on his desk in a clear voice so that his words may be quite audible even to the most distant listener. The items of news, as they are received in the office, are written and subedited in the usual manner, and condensed as much as possible, so that the subscribers may receive the intelligence in the fewest words compatible with sense and lucidity. Even the leaders and editorial comments are transmitted in the same manner.

As the Telephone Herald developed and the number of subscribers increased, a system of organisation for the transmission of the news was carried out. The reports are not transmitted promiscuously as they arrive; for the convenience of the subscribers they are despatched hourly, the first service being at eleven in the morning and the last at three o'clock in the afternoon. In the event of any special news arriving in the intervals, it is immediately communicated to the subscribers. As the service develops, the editions will be elaborated to cope with the exigencies of the subscribers.

The apparatus at the subscriber's residence consists of a telephone-receiver, similar to that of the ordinary telephone, attached to the wall, but yet so small and neat as not to be unnecessarily obtrusive or unsightly. From this depend two long lengths of wire, carrying at their extremities a small disc or trumpet which the subscriber places over his ear. The apparatus is so arranged that the subscriber can lie down or follow some other occupation while he hears the news. Should the information not prove delectable to the auditor, he simply places the trumpet upon the hooks fitted to the receiver.

Notification of the sending of news is transmitted

by an alarm-signal, which arrests the attention of the subscriber to the instrument, since it is obvious that he could not be always at the receiver awaiting information. Then, to draw attention to a special communication of news before, between, or after any of the usual hours of transmission, an alarmsignal has been introduced—a sort of trumpet which is sufficiently loud to be heard distinctly three rooms away. Another valuable improvement in the apparatus is the transportable station, which dispenses with the necessity of the ear-trumpets being fixed in any particular part of the room. By an ingenious contrivance, it is now practicable to remove the ear-trumpets into any room of the house which is properly equipped with installations, and connect them with the system there.

One of the most important developments of the paper is its close association with the Stock Market, to which there is direct communication, so that subscribers are kept in constant touch—as easily and far more quickly than if the prices were transmitted by the ordinary tape-machine—with the fluctuations of the Stock Exchange and the foreign Exchanges; and speculators are kept as well posted up on the condition and aspects of the money market in Wall Street or London as if they were on the spot. The most salient advantage of this direct connection with the Stock Exchange is that it enables a subscriber to deal in stocks on his own initiative and not depend upon the so-called special information of the specu-This ramification has grown into a very powerful branch, especially in connection with the cereal markets. News is obtained direct from the agricultural districts of the country, so that a subscriber is put into communication with the man on the spot, and can thus obtain a very comprehensive idea of the corn prospects or any other phase of agriculture on which he may desire information.

The subscribers are also brought into close contact with the politics of the day. The Telephone Herald has a special staff of reporters in the galleries of the Austrian and Hungarian Houses of Parliament, who forward their reports half-hourly, so that the subscriber is almost following the transactions. A burning question, an important decision, the result of a petition, or the declaration of a prominent Minister is known to the subscriber within three minutes after it is spoken. Such rapidity is beyond the possibilities of the ordinary daily newspaper.

As with the Stock Exchange and Parliament, so it is with the recreation world. The subscribers are brought into immediate contact with the race-course, the cycling and automobile track, the football-field, the billiard-table, and other departments of sport. In fact, the sporting news service has been brought to a high standard of efficiency and exclusiveness. Such news hitherto has only been dealt with in the newspaper press in the most perfunctory manner, with no attempt at completeness or accuracy.

This unique newspaper not only fulfils all the requirements of the financier, stockbroker, specu-

lator, politician, and athlete, and provides the general news; it supplies recreation as well. The directors of the concern, when it had once firmly established itself as part and parcel of the Hungarian's existence, conceived the idea of providing concerts for the delectation of subscribers. After prolonged experiments it at last became possible to bring distant listeners into direct connection with a talented orchestra or some universally favourite prima-donna. At the head-offices of the paper is provided a special concert-room, where have gathered nearly all the greatest vocal and instrumental musicians. A music-programme is prepared daily, and given every night after supper. By this means a subscriber reclining in his arm-chair, toasting his feet before his own fire, and sipping his claret can listen in absolute comfort and ease to Sousa's band, Patti's masterful rendering of 'Home, Sweet Home,' or a recitation. Thus the influences of music are brought directly into a private residence. Especially convenient is this arrangement to suburban and provincial subscribers who cannot or do not wish to enter the city at night. Even the juvenile members of a family are catered for. Children's concerts are arranged during the afternoons, and the editors and contributors of the various children's papers, whom the little ones 'have always been anxious to see and speak to,' are brought face to face, or rather mouth to ear, with their little readers, with what delight to the latter can be easily divined.

The same connections are carried out between the subscribers and the theatres. When the idea was first started, special critics were despatched to the theatres, and their comments were related over the telephone; but now the subscribers have become their own critics. Hung between the electric lamps illuminating the theatres are small brass funnels (microphones), by means of which every vocal detail of drama or opera, recitation or song, is transmitted to the distant auditor—a system of patronising the theatre far more economical than appearing in

person, and far cheaper than an electrophone or theatrephone. For instance, in Paris the latter instrument—which, by the way, has to be specially connected—costs twelve pounds per annum; but in Budapest a subscriber can obtain the same amusement by means of the *Telephone Herald* for ten years at the same cost.

M. Puska's invention also fulfils a direct educational force—the teaching of languages to those who feel disposed to acquaint themselves with other languages than their own. For half-an-hour on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays lectures are delivered by competent teachers in French and English; and for the same time on the alternate days (Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays) in Italian or some other tongue. Hundreds of people can thus learn simultaneously. As is well known, it is far easier to learn a foreign tongue by sound, since one can thus acquire the peculiar vocalisation indigenous to the respective languages.

When the Telephone Herald first entered into serious competition with the daily newspapers, and its rivalry was anticipated by them, the press strongly denounced this unique departure from the orthodox, apprehensive that if it did not ruin them, it would at any rate inflict a great deal of harm; but the reverse is just what has happened. Instead of injuring the daily newspaper, it has rather strengthened its position. People cannot afford to spend the whole of the day with their ear at a telephone-receiver or perusing a newspaper from morning till night. What is the result? The telephone delivers in a terse, incisive manner any special item of news; and, if the subscriber's curiosity be aroused therein, he promptly seeks the next day's newspapers for a full report. The Telephone Herald also proves a reliable source of information to provincial papers, which are supplied with news instead of by telegram or incurring the expense of employing reporters in the capital. On the whole, the Hungarian regards the Telephone Herald as an indispensable institution.

THE MAGDALENA VALLEY AND ITS LIFE.

By P. D. KENNY.



O part of Spanish South America is so little known as the valley of the lower Cauca,' said Sir Clements Markham in his Hakluyt edition of Cieza de Leon. Though

it is nearly thirty years since these words were written, they still remain true of the lower Cauca, especially of the regions above the confluence of that great river with the greater Magdalena. Little or nothing has been written of these regions for nearly a century, unless in Spanish, and not much in that. Accordingly we have the curious spectacle of the upper reaches of a river being very well known and the lower

almost undescribed, thus reversing the accustomed order of geographical method. The puzzle ought to be explained; but I can find no explanation.

First of all, travellers and traders could hardly take the lower Cauca to the interior so long as they had the Magdalena leading practically to the same places. A glance at the map will show the two rivers, in their upper reaches, running almost side by side between ridges of the Cordilleras; and long ago a route farther down was found from one to the other, viá Medellin, literally through storehouses of prehistoric treasure, on higher and healthier ground than that of the Cauca With a route like this to the upper Cauca, who

could prefer the lower Cauca and its lower areas, its deadlier climate, and its greater dangers to navigation, as compared with the Magdalena?

Probably not one English reader in ten has any idea of what the Magdalena is like, though it is the main route by which Manchester and Birmingham merchandise is conveyed to the interior of the vast Republic of Colombia. Mr A. E. Pratt, F.R.G.S., recently returned to England after fifteen active months in those least-known regions, having penetrated the lower Cauca valley from end to end.

Mr Pratt left Southampton in January by the Para, and a few weeks later he was crossing that acute angle of Colombia between the lower Magdalena and the Caribbean Sea. He had to go overland here, because only smaller craft could cross the river-bar, though considerable steamers navigated the river higher up for nearly a thousand miles. Steamers also ply on the three hundred miles of navigable water above the rapids which interrupt navigation about six hundred and fifty miles from the mouth.

The route to the river followed by Mr Pratt was the old one, from the sea at Savanilla to the river at Barranquilla, where he took one of the river-steamers. At Calamar, about sixty miles higher up, he found a peculiarly South American state of muddle, which serves to illustrate how things are managed by the Republican remnants of Imperial Spain. A new and competing syndicate, with steamers to the interior, had just opened a line of railway higher up the neck, from the sea at Cartagena to the river at Calamar. The superiority of the new route was obvious, as it considerably shortened the journey to the interior, besides having the fine old harbour of Cartagena for a base as against the solitary, storm-swept pier at Savanilla; but, as in other places and at other times, the general good meant the particular ill, and the people of the other two towns were up, almost in arms, against the new route and everything connected with it. The new syndicate, having recently lost a number of riversteamers, were unable to forward their European imports from their railway terminus at Calamar, where fully ten thousand tons of merchandise, largely from Manchester and Birmingham, had lain 'for many months.' The steamers of the old line passed up as usual, but the owners would not ship an ounce for their rivals; so there was no telling when the belated merchandise would reach its destination up the river, or how much would be destroyed by the delay. On another occasion, in another district, Mr Pratt lost orchids to the value of about six hundred pounds by a precisely similar conflict between rival syndicates.

With the assistance of a little induction, Cartagena tells the tale of tottering Spain for several centuries. Old age and prematurely arrested greatness are in every line of it, as also the proofs of power to achieve and incapacity to sustain—the two great contrasting characteristics of

Spanish civilisation. The old Catholic Cathedral, with its sacred statue in the quaint façade, and with its square-domed tower, looks down on clusters of decaying roofs. The weeds of centuries gather on the battlements of the deserted wall; and with grass and drifting sand beneath their feet, a few solitary wayfarers move before the gate on an area meant for as many hundreds. The fretful stragglers of a restless republic look round in semi-solitude on the degraded foundations of Imperial Spain and the wreck of a noble dream. Only her defeat is seen in the relics of her departed power; and not one of the mockers stops to reflect on the force that must have preceded such magnificent decay.

Perhaps there is no finer relic of Spain's great days than the magnificent marble pulpit in the Cathedral at Cartagena; and probably there are few survivals of that age more characteristic of the Spanish mind of that time than the following legend concerning it:

A gift from the Pope, and sculptured by the best genius of the Italian Renaissance, the pulpit was put on board a Spanish galley for Cartagena. English pirates met the vessel on the way, overpowered the crew, broke open the cases containing the pulpit, threw the various sections of the structure into the sea as not worth stealing, and were about to loot the rest of the cargo, when, to their amazement, they saw the bare marble floating lightly on the waves! In terror at this protest by obviously divine power, the pirates hurriedly set sail; then the crew recovered the sculptures from the ocean, and the Spanish galley resumed her voyage.

Before reaching the port of Cartagena, the Spanish galley was captured by other English pirates, more terrible than the last. Having plundered the vessel of everything valuable, the pirates set it on fire; but out of the smoking wreckage the pulpit rose on the waves a second time; and the ocean winds, guided by the saints, carried it towards Cartagena and deposited it, in all its perfection and splendour, on the beach before the town. There, half-hidden in the sand, it remained unnoticed for many years, until discovered by a party of explorers, who, recognising its artistic value, put it on board their ship, to be sold in Spain as an asset of their enterprises.

Again the heavens protested; a fierce gale disabled the ship in the Caribbean Sea, and drove her back to Cartagena for repairs. Hearing the captain's story, the archbishop told him of the origin and disappearance of the pulpit, and claimed it as the Church's property. The captain, however, insisted on a sale; but as the archbishop would not purchase, the pulpit was shipped for Europe. The vessel, however, had not got well out of the harbour when a gale more terrible than the last sent the ship with all on board to the bottom. Then, in all its supernatural buoyancy, the pulpit came sailing back to the sands of Cartagena, when

the archbishop took possession, and placed it in the Cathedral.

The truth of this narrative is credited and vigorously asserted by the good people of Cartagena to this day, and so the tradition shall remain, without criticism or contradiction, in so far as the present writer is concerned.

Yet all is not wretchedness and decay. In fact, both at Cartagena and Barranquilla there are instances of domestic luxury, and even of domestic refinement, superior to anything in houses of the same class in Europe: there are solid furnishings in the precious metals, bric-à-brac of the rarest origin and greatest value, abundant fretwork in pure gold from the clever hands of semi-savages in the interior, precious carpetings from the East, and well-selected treasures of European art, representing every department and nearly every age. All these, however, are in the hands of very few, as may be expected in a country where the incidence of wealth-distribution tends to give everything to him that has and to keep everybody else perennially poor.

Leaving Calamar and its ruinous confusion of 'limited liabilities,' Mr Pratt made his way up those five hundred miles of the Magdalena to Puerto Berrio. Always a strange and dangerous river, its passage was unusually so now, with the water lower than it had been for forty years. A few years ago eight steamers had been lost in as many months; in fact, it is a scene of incessant death and ruin, with steamers sinking to-day where all was safe but yesterday. Great tangled masses of trees, swept down from the forests with every flood, lurk in all sorts of unexpected places; great masses of sand, enclosing huge tree-trunks, are thrown up in beaches and barriers at one place to-day, and shifted elsewhere to-morrow, thus making any fixed system of navigation all but impossible. Though boats have gone up and down the river for centuries, every voyage has still to be undertaken as an effort in pioneering and with charts that cannot be relied on for a day. The Rio Magdalena being the only practicable route to and from vast regions of immense natural wealth, the treasure thus lost would have sufficed to build many such cities as the fairest in Spain; and the brave men who have gone down, to be hacked and swallowed by the alligators, must have been numerous enough to man the best ships remaining in Spain's shattered navy.

There is yet another danger which may prove more fatal to the inexperienced European than shipwreck. The steamer stops before a new-made sandbank. During her stay there the new-comer puts off in a boat to fish or shoot, and, if not warned, goes ashore on the newly accumulated sandbank, which swallows him down just as if he walked over the edge of a precipice hidden by drifting snow. That may be on the way up; and on the way down another inexperienced victim

may be swallowed in that same sandbank a dozen miles from where it had rested before. Even steamers are known to have been wholly submerged out of sight for ever in the eternally drifting sandbanks of the Magdalena.

The river-steamer-three-decked and somewhat square-looking—is peculiar in design and appearance, and is gorgeously painted. It has a draught of only about two feet, and is propelled by stern paddles to diminish the risk of collision. The lower deck is almost level with the water; the upper decks are, therefore, high above that level. The lower deck is mainly occupied by cargo and the timber for fuel; the second deck is reserved for passengers, who sleep in tent-beds, which are carried like stretchers, and are carefully covered with cloth and netting to keep out the mosquitoes and the fever-laden dews of the Colombian midnight, the top deck being for the accommodation of the ship's officers. There is also an arrangement for taking a shower-bath at will. These steamers are built on the river, and repairing apparatus is available at many points; otherwise steam-navigation on the Magdalena would be all but impossible.

For nearly eight hundred miles, and well within sight of the Andes, these flat-bottomed trunkdodgers ride on the river, surrounded by perpetual peril and unsurpassed beauty at almost every point. Here and there an opening in the dense foliage reveals a panorama of the silvery river curving and glittering for many miles under the tropical sun, with the black, green depths of the forest contrasting on either side. At closer view, the flowering trees rise in magnificent, many-coloured domes, scarlet, purple, and yellow, with birds as bravely gifted and as proud singing love-songs in the perfumed shade. All is beauty, wealth, and danger, balanced and blent like Hades fishing with Paradise as a bait, eternally coaxing mankind to triumph or destruction.

This being the chief route to the great trade centres of the interior, it is not wonderful that Spanish Colombians, even when they happen to be millionaires, live and die without visiting Europe, or even seeing the coast towns of their own country with which they are constantly trading. It requires a very urgent purpose to impel an indolent descendant of the Castilians to go up or down such a river, when the love of the beautiful is only to be indulged at the risk of making a meal for an alligator.

The Republic of Colombia is a vast mine of natural wealth, with the dangers closely balancing the attractions; and civilisation has not yet found a better way to it than by this persistent sacrifice of human life. The man and the mule are still the only means of transit over thousands of miles; and the wealth is lying useless along the way. Accordingly there are great 'mule-farms,' where the 'ship of the forest' is bred in thousands; and, for all practical purposes, there are similar

'man-farms,' great tracts in the interior on which they breed a kind of human mule from the European and the savage, combining the qualities of both in such proportions as to resist the terrors of the climate while conveying something of civilised intelligence and method into fever-laden recesses where wealth and death incessantly stare each other in the face from age to age—places so deadly that none but a half-breed can act as local agent for the merchants, and where even the half-breed agent has to be changed very often to save his life.

In such a country, combining so much that is attractive with so much that is abominable, it is no wonder that life is a long-continued gamble, with no means of existence but at the incessant risk of life. As seen from the methods and necessities of navigation on the Magdalena, life along the river is a sort of speculation at the best; but it is much more so in the interior, where the attractions and the terrors are multiplied side by side in accurately fatal proportion, as if specially planned by Nature to keep up a permanent and tragic conflict between the impulses of acquisition and self-preservation. Life is short, ground down by the conflicts of its awful destiny, each man balancing the rival inducements to become a millionaire or a corpse. There are millionaires, but they are few; the corpses cannot be counted, and are not even considered worth counting.

The country lives on death. The mule, the negro, the Indian, and the half-breed form the industrial foundation; they are the beasts of burden, the sole instruments of production and exchange, with little distinction of lot between the biped and the quadruped; their lives are a ghastly sacrifice to the economic necessities of Leave the Magdalena almost their existence. anywhere, and you pass into this miserable 'civilisation,' proving this fact above all others, that civilisation in any true sense has so far been quite impossible. The only exceptions are the few centres of excessive luxury in the interior; but even these are hideously compensated for by completely savage solitudes, where even a pretence at civilisation cannot be sustained, and where the wealth for which men give their souls lies everywhere around, without a man to 'commercialise' it. Here is the line at which the instinct of self-preservation predominates over that of gain. On one of his trips from the Magdalena, Pratt made his forest-fires of satinwood, with a wide choice of many timbers as valuable. What the investment of capital might do is beyond calculation; but the man who is asked to invest ought in fairness to know the conditions surrounding his venture.

Many are the weird tales of life, or rather of death, on the Magdalena. As an instance of providential or miraculous agency, a story is told of a man who had been known to swim out of the river alive. The providential idea is reasonable

enough. Your steamer goes under suddenly in mid-stream, and you strike out to swim ashore, the distance being by no means too much for a good swimmer; but on nearing the bank, when you should begin to congratulate yourself, you see a row of enormous alligators, some of them over twenty feet long, all lying side by side on the sand as far as you can see, with their enormous mouths open, according to their habit, as if they had seen you start and made up their minds to receive you with the least possible exertion. They will not even come to meet you until the last moment, as if wisely waiting for your utmost exhaustion and their utmost convenience. Should you be a particularly expert swimmer, you may turn back and swim across the river to the other side, only to face another apparently endless row of alligators, with their mouths to the water. All this assumes that you are extremely fortunate; for, as a general rule, long before you can swim across a quarter of the river's breadth a monstrous thing of some kind seizes you by the leg, the arm, or the head, and down you go, leaving but an obituary bubble to mark the spot, while dinner is prepared somewhere underneath in Nature's most Bohemian style. It is one way of 'returning to Nature;' but, on the whole, it is pleasanter to paddle on a British stream.

Such is the Magdalena for more than seven hundred miles.

Along the banks are herds of half-wild cattle. sometimes quietly grazing within a few lengths of the indolent alligators, who occasionally take a calf, as if to assert their rights; but as a rule the alligator looks to the water for his food, regarding man as a new and special viand when he happens to be found there. His favourite item in the Magdalena is a gorgeously coloured fish, marked like the tiger, and shaped like the salmon but several times as big. Having caught one of these, the alligator floats to the surface, flings the fish into the air, then seizes it more securely as it falls, and always across between the enormous jaws; and, with a clumsy, lop-sided motion, he goes off to shallower water to swallow the wriggling victim. These tactics, especially the flinging in the air, are probably due to the formation of the reptile's jaws, which are designed to cover an area rather than to work with rapid precision.

Anchored in the forest at midnight, the traveller hears the deep growl of the jaguar, the sharp squeal of the wild-cat, the howl of the howler-monkey, the long moan of the sloth, and the last scream of the wild-pig, pierced by the claws of some patient but ferocious animal ambushed during the past hour, with many other sounds of life, terror, and conflict that fall strangely on the European ear; and if he waits and watches till the dawn, he may see the alligator dragging his ugly bulk out of the water, crowds of turtles trailing on the sands, the deer and the tapir coming down to drink, thousands of white cranes

poised on the branches nearest to their prey, thousands of gray ones already wading leg-deep, and many more thousands of other birds clouding the dim horizon, all waiting for the light ere they begin their work of life and slaughter. By evening there will be thousands fewer of all kinds, and the fitter and the fatter will remain. Game is to be found in enormous quantities. The mouths of the tributary streams are sometimes almost covered with several varieties of duck, some weighing as much as ten pounds, and very good to eat. The osprey, so well named 'bone-breaker,' is seen poised above the tree-tops or shooting fiercely at his prey in the water. The little egret, white, timid, and dainty, wades by the edge of the reeds, with its wealth of bridal plumage on the back, breast, and head. Away towards the mountains you will find the condor, capable of rising from the ground with a fair-sized calf.

Such is the wealth of wild life in the Magdalena valley, not to mention its minor divisions and more detailed interests. With the alligators in shoals at the bottom of the river, and with the millions of birds above its surface, one wonders how any fish can be left; yet the river is always literally teeming with fish, as though conscious of the demands it has to meet.

The passengers on board almost any of the river-steamers make a strange mixture of nations, races, languages, and purposes. There is the German commercial traveller, using many tongues, and educated more like a British ambassador; he is on his way to find markets for the manufacturers of Elberfeld. There is the Russian emissary, with his mission more obscure, but with his fitness no less elaborate. There is the French settler, a partner in a commercial house, on his way from a holiday in Europe. There is the gentleman from Royal Spain, going to visit his Republican uncle on a coffee-plantation in Antio-There is the Colombian politician, with a trace of Indian blood in him, most probably on his way to hatch a revolution against the State to which he has sworn his fealty. There is the obvious half-breed, with European blood in Indian veins, going to take charge of a commercial station where no white man could survive a month. Finally, there is the Englishman, with a good rifle near his bunk, an orchid-book in his hand, and a dream of undiscovered flora in his brain. He is probably the one man among them all with a bit of real romance in his soul, in spite of the stolidity that has been mistaken for his real character during so many ages.

Here and there in the saloon may be seen a pretty lady, with Spanish eyes and the bearing of civilisation at its very best. You wonder what has brought her there; but that is because you do not know Colombia, which is in reality a system of isolated civilisations, each in many ways intensely advanced and equally luxurious, but all divided from one another by great dis-

tances and savage areas. On a terrace of the Andes, nearly five thousand feet above sea-level. you find a beautiful, well-built town, lighted by electricity, cooled by streams running down the middle of the streets from the perpetual snow, and embowered in perpetual flowers unmatched outside the tropics. The pretty lady is coming here. From her richly carpeted drawing-room she can look down over vast distances of trackless forest and up at vaster distances of more trackless snow, with eternal summer at her touch and eternal winter in her sight. Across the groundfloor of her mansion runs a snow-fed stream from the mountains, cooling and sweetening everything. She takes her morning bath in it, and then, as if made happy by her touch, it goes leaping in crystal shafts through the morning sunlight over the rugged terraces to the bosom of the forest. Great rich flowers smile at her from every bough, and come kissing the cheeks of her large open windows, while delicious fruits are blushing in every bower around her magnificent and luxurious home.

Such is the perfect but excessively narrow climax of Colombian civilisation—supported by the permanent degradation of a hundred other places within that social economy of violent contrasts, with the aboriginal brown savage still roaming in many places as wild as in the days of Columbus, but far less happy.

BLUEBELLS.

HERE, on this scanty strip of soil
Unworthy of the farmer's toil,
The shore of yonder sea of heather,
The happy bluebells dance together.
No moment still: they cannot rest,
So much are they with joy possest.
The summer day, the summer night,
Are tremulous with deep delight.
And if a dash of sudden rain
Should seek to mar their mirth, 'tis vain;
They shake the idle drops away,
And still they glory, and are gay.

Who hears the music they must know To keep them still rejoicing so? Blithe little careless bells of blue, Fain were my heart to dance with you. Once, in a dream or in a trance, I heard the strain that bids you dance; That mystic, magic minstrel blew For me—for me—a note or two: Music scarce meet for mortal ear, Yet, oh, so strange and sweet to hear! Thenceforward must my heart complain To hear that uncompleted strain.

That cannot be on earth; it may
In some serene, immortal day.
Oh, human heart insatiate!
Heaven holds the music. Learn to wait.
A. S. FALCOSEL.



COOKING-AND COOKS.

By KATHARINE BURRILL.



HERE is a well-known tale of a publisher who cruelly rejected a volume of poems as useless and unsalable, but strongly advised the youthful poet to 'go home and write a cookery-book.' Are all writers of

cookery-books really poets at heart? Are they merely writing out recipes for souffles and sweets because a morally sordid and food-loving public prefers pastry to poetry, and will have none of their sonnets? We cannot tell. One thing we do know: had Miss Annie M. Booth written a volume of poems instead of her cookery-book the loss would have been great. The world is full of good poetry which nobody reads, and badly cooked food which everybody eats. We do not know whether after a meal cooked from the recipes in Simple Cookery (Grant Richards) we would feel so pleasant, so at peace with all men, so 'digestible' that we would read poetry. But we might.

The old monk at the 'Tre Fontana,' near Rome, tells the tourist that a draught of 'eucalyptine liqueur' will make him 'feel like a poet.' We thought the liqueur merely nasty and tasting of cedar-wood pencils, and we did not feel at all like poets: more like smugglers, for we sat on two bottles of it as we drove past the Dogana. there may occasionally come to the little gray-green oasis in the Campagna, where the eucalyptus-trees wave their sad-coloured plumage, an embryo poet, who does feel he has drank of the nectar of the gods, feels poetically inspired, and-likes the taste of pencils. There are very few people who really read poetry, though they will not own it; still fewer who are not interested in their food, though they would not own to that either; and the moral is, a good cookery-book is better than inferior verses.

Miss Booth's book is masterly in its clearness, its simplicity, and its instructiveness. If any one who has this volume to guide them cannot cookwell, they had better give it up, for they will never, never cook; they will only, like Lady Jane Crawley, make 'an abominable pie.' We know poor Sir

Pitt never forgot it. How little Becky's 'salmi of pheasant' shone by contrast; and how important it is that every wife should be able to cook well before experimenting on her unfortunate husband with a pie or anything else! Lady Jane's pie has caused us to digress from Miss Booth and her book. In it she cooks for every taste: if you are a vegetarian and prefer to browse on green-stuffs and shredded wheat, 'here's a small trifle' of dishes, all sorts of ways of disguising vegetables into cutlets and quenelles. Why, one dish is even called 'roast baron'! It sounds positively medieval, not to say cannibal; and yet the 'baron' is made up of the harmless, necessary lentil, the homely onion, and various other innocuous compounds. Personally, we are not vegetarians, and we hate lentils; but to those who really think they are healthier and happier-the latter is generally the result of the former-when graminivorously feeding we would recommend 'roast baron.'

Though not vegetarians, neither are we gourmets, and we do not feel drawn towards Colonel Newnham Davies's Food Guide. It is like a nightmare to think of chasing over Europe looking for things to eat. Alexander the Great was pretty miserable when he found there were no more worlds to conquer; but imagine the feelings of the gourmet who can find nothing new to eat, when he has eaten the best dinner every celebrated chef can give him! Would reaction set in, and would he take to oatmealporridge and plain joints as a relief? Or would he be so thoroughly wretched that he would turn his face to the wall and die? We do not care; for he could not be much loss, except to the restaurateurs.

Why are people so fond of dining in public places? Is it to see and be seen, or is it because the homecooking is so bad? Probably the latter. But it has no right to be, and it would not be if every household possessed Simple Cookery and studied it, from the 'plain dishes' to the 'nougat baskets.' In a recent book occurs the following passage which we all might well take to heart: 'Little girls should be

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taught cooking and baking more assiduously than they are taught to read.' And they should be. Teaching a child to cook would be an easy task, for every little girl wants to cook. Why, children cook all the time, if it is only making liquorice-sticks and hot-water into soup, or breaking biscuits into milk and calling it pudding. To be actually allowed to cook, to be invited into the kitchen instead of chased out of it-why, it would be a perfect delight, a holiday-treat instead of a lesson. Just imagine it: to wear a nice white apron like cook's; to be personally conducted to the kitchen as an honoured guest instead of forbidden to go there! The heavenly, grown-up feeling of being given a baking-board and a rolling-pin all to your own self! And then to be taught how to make a cake out of currants and flour and all sorts of delicious things-we mean really taught, not just playing at it. Children are so much in earnest over everything that they are not half so fond of 'fooling at things' as we think. Then, when the cake is ready for the oven, to be shown how to put it in, and to be allowed to peep into the black, vault-like abyss in which the poor little cake looks lost; and the joy when the cake is really baked and ready to be eaten at the nursery tea; the small, rather flushed, but eminently important baker cutting the cake for the little brothers and saying, 'I made it all my own self.' Why, it is the loveliest play in the world, and the most useful. Every woman ought to be able to cook. If 'a king is fit to be a king because he can black his own boots,' a woman is fit to be a queen because she can cook. You are not necessarily devoid of all literary attainments because you know how to grill a chop without burning it to a cinder. Did Emily Bronte, that most marvellous and titanic genius, despise cooking? No; she made puddings with a German book propped against the bowl.

There never was a time when people talked so much about food or so much about health. Every one has some particular fad to ventilate. One person tells you that Plasmon Cocoa has absolutely saved his life; another that Grape Nuts have made a new man of him; still another comes along who is a believer in Force, and will have nothing to say in favour of any other food but the one that lifts 'Sunny Jim' 'high o'er the fence.' We suppose, really, that all these things do good; but are also rather inclined to believe that a plate of porridge is quite as good a breakfast-dish as any other farinaceous product. In our early childhood we were sternly told that almonds and nuts were extremely indigestible and bad for us; of course we did not believe it, and, surreptitiously even ate a vile and oily nut called a Brazil nut, that had two great attractions: first, it was cheap; secondly, as well as being for juvenile consumption, it could be made to burn a blue flame! Now we find we were entirely misled; we might have devoured the Brazil, the green and unripe hazel-nut, and the pennyworth of almonds before our parents' and teachers' eyes with perfect impunity. Almonds and nuts are no longer indigestible. If you wish to be thoroughly healthy and prolong your existence you must eat nuts in handfuls; only you must drop such injurious things as chops and steaks. A recent charming work tells us that almonds, and plenty of them, are the most wholesome and nutritious form of diet. Indeed, it is almonds, almonds all the way; and, like the elephant who wanted 'mair scones,' we must clamour for 'more almonds.'

If 'one man's meat is another man's poison, all badly cooked food is every man's poison. Good meat is ruined by being fried; it should, of course, be grilled; but the inferior cook persistently clings to the frying-pan-it is her sheet-anchor. Everything she can get hold of she pops into that wretched pan. The breakfast-bacon that should be toasted, the fillet-steak and the loin of mutton chop that should be grilled-over they go, all into the fryingpan. Is it ignorance, or is it stupidity? Probably both; with a good large piece of laziness thrown in. Let the mistress of the house see that the frying-pan is occasionally allowed a peaceful rest hanging in the scullery, and let her ultimatum be 'grill or go.' People divide cooks into any number of classes, from the 'cook-general' to the chef who, like Monsieur Mirobolant, composes his menus to the strains of his own grand piano. We divide them into two: those who can cook and those who cannot, for the following reasons: if a cook can roast with intelligence, boil to the minute, and do her plain dishes correctly and carefully, she can follow an elaborate recipe and send up a really firstrate dinner. A grand cook in a small establishment is more trouble than she is worth; she turns up her nose at inexpensive dishes, she is much too superior to make the servants' meals (an important item) comfortable, and she runs you into any amount of extravagance and large weekly books. She is about as much an annoyance to an economical housewife as the Baker was to the Bellman in The Hunting of the Snark:

He came as a Baker, but owned when too late—
And it drove the poor Bellman half mad—
He could only bake bridecake, for which, I may state,
No materials were to be had.

We have suffered from the grand and rejoiced over the unpretentious. The latter could send up good soup, a thing the very grand are rather apt to think is waste of time. Napoleon said 'soup makes the soldier,' and Sir John Sinclair maintained that 'the great heroes of antiquity lived on broth.' We wish people would remember these two testimonials in favour of soup, and give it us good: neither coloured water nor brownish sediment. Soup is not expensive, and it is not so very much trouble, as, once the stock is carefully made, it will last There are such numbers of for several days. delightful soups, and yet the most popular seem to be three: a white, tasting of artichokes and called 'Palestine;' a brown soup that you may call anything you like according to your fancy; and clear soup which stands out pre-eminent as a party-soup.

Clear soup, to be really good, is very expensive, and if not good it tastes of hot water; in fact, it is rather like a well-known comedian's opinion of ping-pong: 'a very nice game, but too much nothing about it.' If you are going to have clear soup, make sure that there is not about it a preponderance of 'nothing.' Buy plenty of hough of beef, make the soup carefully, season it carefully, and have some pretty garnishing: asparagus-heads, neatly cut and coloured little squares of custard, or tiny little puffs of French pastry; but, 'an you love us,' not strips of the common carrot.

Andrew Lang once said in an essay, 'There are people who, with a front of brass, tell you they cannot read Dickens.' There are many-alas! too manywomen who, with equal or still worse brazen-facedness, tell you they cannot cook, and, what is more, do not want to. Unabashed and unashamed, they smile sweetly at you across their flower-bedecked dinner-tables, seemingly oblivious to your wellbred efforts to eat their abominable dinners. In the drawing-room they tell you what a very bad cook they have—a truly unnecessary statement; but for which fact they expect your sympathy. It never seems to dawn on them that they might have done a great deal themselves to improve the repast. To begin with, the lady of the house-if she cannot afford to give her cook extra help, or if, from motives of economy, she keeps a young and cheap one-could easily make many cold dishes that look pretty and taste good. She can spend a little time on making a prettily decorated sweet, and she can see that the ice is really cold and not tepid. The small boys who act as touts for the rival ice-cream shops in Calcutta tell you that their master is the only purveyor of ice-cream which is really cold. They pursue you, pointing at other shops with a lean, little brown hand, shouting, 'No go there, sahib; he no sell good ice-cream; he sell hot ice-cream, sahibhot ice-cream.' We have never been in India; but we have met 'hot ice-cream' at many dinner-parties. It is absolutely inexcusable. Another abomination is the sweet or ice that comes from a shop. It always looks it. It is always too much dressed—in fact, overdressed. But if you do want to buy in your ice, have a very plain, simple one; it is much more likely to cheat your guests into thinking it was made at home. People always seem to think ices are difficult to make; they are just the reverse. Whip your cream till it is very stiff, colour it and flavour it, fill your mould, bury it in an ordinary tin pail filled with crushed ice and salt, leave it for four or five hours, and there you are. Now, could anything be more simple?

Englishwomen will not buy ice; they always look

upon it as extravagance. They prefer to have oily butter, thunderstorm milk, and a general tepidness to expending one silver shilling on ice. In the summer months knock off some of the joints and spend the money on ice and fruit and fresh green vegetables. We have a friend who went to lunch with some people on a grilling day in July—a day when the ground was red-hot and the sky like a molten furnace—and the luncheon consisted of a boiled round of beef, with 'the usual trimmings,' the dumpy dumplings, the turnips and the carrots; and do you know why? Because it was Thursday, and all the year round a boiled round of beef is their Thursday luncheon. Only one day in the week should be sacred to a particular dish, and that is Sunday. The Sunday sirloin of beef is, like the Times, a bulwark of the British Constitution. Some day we hope to be able to afford the threepence for the Times, and feel true British citizens; meanwhile we can only buy the Daily Mail; but we do have our Sunday roast. Monotonous it may be; but it gives us a feeling of well-being and security; and it can be hot in winter and cold in summer. Sometimes we have wanted to break away from it, and have something different. But on Saturday morning, when the butcher fixes us with a stern eye, and says, 'The usual roast, ma'am, for Sunday, I suppose?' we quail before him, and say, 'Yes.' Once we said, 'Not this week,' emphasising 'this' to show it was an unusual occurrence; but we felt nervous, and hastily explained we had had poultry sent us from the country. We may feel cosmopolitan all the week, but we like to feel British on Sunday; we like to remember that our language contains the word 'Home.' Perhaps the Sunday dinner is not romantic; but it was the same sort of dinner we ate when we were children, when we walked back from the country church with our hands firmly held by hands whose loving touch we long for now. It is not a bad thing to be reminded of your childhood even by such a mundane thing as a roast of beef. Perhaps, after all, nothing really is mundane, and beauty is in the eye of the beholder.' We know, to quote Kipling, that 'romance brings up the 9-15; and even cooking and hot joints and cold savouries become beautiful if looked at in the right way. All labour is beautiful and worth doing well, if you are writing a poem or writing a cookery-book; which brings us back to the beginning, that poetry and cooking both are equally worthy. If the Goblin left the Poet to live with the Huckster 'because of the jam,' we cannot all live on fine thoughts and high-flown sentiments, and we have no doubt that in his own line he was a very good Hucksterunquestionably he was generous with his jam.



THE PEARL NECKLACE.

CHAPTER VIII .- A WARNING.



HEN I was alone in my chamber I sat pondering deeply on what course I should take. It was very clear to me that, whatever plausible excuses I might offer for my conduct, I was playing the part of a traitor. I

should most assuredly have arrested Mistress Dorothy, having been expressly ordered by the Protector to arrest the members of Sir John's family if I discovered proof that they were concerned in the plot. Yet, though I had overwhelming proofs that she was most actively engaged in the conspiracy, I had deliberately disobeyed his orders, and allowed her to go free. And what was I now to do if I did not wish to plunge deeper and deeper into a quagmire of shame and dishonour?

Hitherto I had accomplished little or nothing of the task set before me. From the first I had been fooled and outwitted. This man Montague had got the better of me in every way: he had slipped through my fingers like an eel, had secured the gold from under my very hands (as it were), and had no doubt contrived to carry off all treasonable papers relating to the conspiracy. And the one person-a mere child, a maid of eighteen-by whose aid he had contrived to trick and delude me I had allowed to go free. Truly it seemed to me that I cut a very sorry figure in the business; and I longed passionately to continue the struggle in order to see whether this should indeed be the end of it, or whether-baffled and beaten at the outset-I could not bring the matter to a very different conclusion.

Yet it seemed to me—and I think that those of any nice sense of honour will be disposed to agree with me—that if my friendship for Sir John Woodville and his family prevented me from doing that which was clearly my duty, I had no choice but to withdraw from the business, even though by doing so I might incur the grievous displeasure of His Highness the Lord Protector. So clearly did this appear to be my duty that again and again I sat down to write a letter to His Highness beseeching him to send another officer to take my place. But the words would not come, and I threw away the pen and paced restlessly to and fro.

Loath indeed was I to make so poor a figure in the eyes of the great man at whose side I had fought so long, and whom I so loved and honoured; and I was most sorely tempted to retain my post until I had laid hands on Colonel Montague or lost all hope of doing so. I should doubtless atone for many shortcomings if I could secure the person of the chief conspirator. With regard to him at least I had no scruples; and, could I have come within pistol-shot or sword-thrust of him, it would have been through no want of zeal on my

part if he had again escaped. But how was it possible for me to discover his whereabouts? He might be within a mile of me, or far on his way to France or Holland. In either case I had little hope of seizing him. If he fled I could not follow him, for I was bound to keep possession of the Hall, and be ready to suppress any attempt at a rising; and if he remained in the neighbourhood, he had so many friends and hiding-places that it was scarce likely that he could be taken. There was still a chance that he might be reckless enough to put himself at the head of those who were prepared to rise in open rebellion; but if he was too wary to do so, I had no choice but to wait until I could obtain further information concerning his movements from Jacob Watkins. But no word had come from Jacob since Montague had so unhappily escaped us, and his silence troubled me greatly. It might prove that he had not yet discovered anything worth the telling, or that some evil had befallen him, or even that he was a double traitor, and had gone over to the other side. Still, rage as I might at my own helplessness, there was nothing for it but to wait, and I determined that I would take no decisive step in the business until I had received his report.

Some hours had gone by when the trampling of a horse's hoofs drew me to the window; and, to my astonishment, I beheld my sister Patience riding up the avenue. I hurried to meet her, fearing that she might bring ill news of my mother. I thought she looked pale and thin, and her eyes were sad, though she smiled faintly when I appeared. She pressed my hand as I assisted her to dismount.

'Thank God you are safe, John!' she faltered.

Now, there is something in a man's nature that makes him resent the anxiety of the women-folk for his safety. 'Tis a graceless trait, born, I fear, of vanity; but we are as we are, and not, I venture to think, as He who made us would have us to be. My greeting, I remember, was not over kindly.

'Why, what do you here, Patience?' I asked. 'Is all not well at home?'

'Yes, yes, all is well,' she answered. Then she added in a lower voice, 'May I speak with you in private?'

So I led her to my chamber and shut the door, and stood opposite to her, as she sat with her eyes lowered, playing nervously with her riding-whip.

'Mother was very anxious about you,' she said, 'and nothing would content her but that some one should inquire after you. So I thought it better to come myself than to send one of the men.'

I could not help smiling grimly to think that I, who had been at the storming of Tredah, and fought hand-to-hand with Rupert's Cavaliers, with stubborn Scot and reckless Irishman, should now have my mother inquiring after my health when I was

engaged in so small a business as the one I had in hand.

'Ah, well,' said I, 'you can tell mother that I have caught no cold through sleeping in damp sheets, and will be careful of the night air, of wetting my feet, and so forth.'

'You are not displeased with me for coming, John?' she asked, and her lip quivered.

At that my ill-humour instantly vanished.

'Nay, nay, dear sister,' I answered; 'right glad I am to see you, and 'twas kind of you and mother to think of me. But what harm did you suppose had befallen me?'

'But yestereve we were well-nigh heart-broken,' said she. 'A man came running to say that you had been taken in an ambush, and you and all the troopers with you slain or mortally wounded. Then it was reported that you alone were slain, and I thought mother would have died of grief. At last we learnt the truth that it was a trooper who was killed, and your horse and not you that was shot by Colonel Montague. And oh, John! when I thought you were dead I remembered I had been harsh and cold to you, and—and I'——

'Hush, hush, child! Speak not of it,' I interposed. 'You have ever been the best and kindest of sisters. Come, come, dry your tears, and let me see you smile as you were wont to do.'

'I-I think I shall never smile again,' she said.

'Tut, tut!' said I, 'a little childish petulance is not a thing to grieve for in this way. I would I had as little cause to reproach myself as you. You look pale and weary. Are you not well?'

'Yes, yes,' she answered, rising hurriedly to her feet. 'But I must be returning; indeed I must.'

Then she suddenly laid her hand upon my arm, and looked up at me with wistful, pleading eyes.

'John,' she said earnestly, 'will you not give up this business ere it be too late, ere things be said and done that can never be undone, never be forgiven?'

How often had I asked myself that question! And I think it was the knowledge of my own weakness that made me answer her somewhat sternly.

'Child, child,' said I, 'would you have me prove false to the trust placed in me, and become a backslider and a traitor to the cause?'

She looked at me piteously for a moment, and I saw her lips twitch and her eyes fill with tears.

'I scarce know what I would have,' she faltered; 'but I—I suppose that women are weaker than men. God knows, I would not have my brother do aught that would seem dishonourable in his own eyes or in the eyes of others; but there are times, John, when you—you seem harsh and stern, and '——

She stopped as though fearful of offending me; and I, knowing how far I had already strayed from the path of duty through the weakness of the flesh, smiled sadly upon her.

'Ah, Patience,' said I, 'if you but knew all, you would not speak thus. Fear not, child. If it lies

within my power to save those who have been our friends from the consequences of their folly, doubt not it shall be done. I fear I have already left undone much that my conscience bade me do, and shall have cause to repent most grievously my weakness hereafter.'

'Nay,' she replied, her face brightening, 'you will never repent having dealt tenderly with friends in adversity, John. Farewell, and God be with you, dear brother!'

She moved towards the door; but it was with a hesitating step, as though she wished to add something, and yet was loath to do so. But at length she turned and came back.

'John,' she whispered, with a fearful glance at the door, 'I would not trust too much to those about you. I can say no more. Farewell!'

But I interposed.

'Nay,' said I, 'you must tell me more than that, Patience. These are strange words. What mean you?'

'Tis said that there are certain Anabaptists and others who are ill-disposed towards His Highness the Protector, since there has been talk of him taking the crown.'

'It is true,' said I; 'but how does this concern me?'

'I—I fear there are some of that persuasion with you,' she answered reluctantly.

'And what hath made you believe so?' I asked, remembering, with more anxiety than I cared to show, the black looks and sullen manner of Nicholas Rowe and others.

Again she hesitated.

'Come, child,' said I impatiently, 'if you have aught to tell me of the matter, speak out, I pray you, for it may import me much to know.'

'Last night Sam Wilkins, our stable-lad, was passing through the wood in the moonlight, and beheld Colonel Montague in close conference with one of the troopers.'

At that I smiled.

'Nay, you must have better proof than that of so incredible a thing,' said I; 'for you know well—none better—that Sam Wilkins tells the truth but by chance when he is sober, and when he hath been at the "Ring o' Bells" could not do it if he tried.'

'He was soher enough,' she replied, 'and had the air of one scared out of his wits; for our people, since your encounter with Colonel Montague, live in deadly terror of him.'

'Even so,' I answered. 'Terror hath made him see Montague and one of the troopers where you and I would have seen but a couple of village gossips.'

'Nay, but he also saw'—— She stopped and glanced up at me with a frightened look.

'Saw whom?' I asked.

'Frank Woodville,' she answered in a low voice.

Then I perceived why she had been so reluctant to speak of the matter, and was not over-pleased that she should apparently think as much or more of Master Frank's safety than of mine. But seeing her so distressed, I tried to make light of it; though, indeed, I was more disturbed than I cared to own.

'Ah, well,' said I, 'the only marvel is that he did not see a round dozen, let alone three, when there were but two, or more likely none at all. Trouble yourself no more about the matter, Patience. I will keep a strict watch, I promise you, on those within as well as without. It may comfort you to know that, for my part, I believe that Montague is already on his way to the nearest port; and, as no rising hath taken place, doubt not that the Protector is likely to deal leniently with those who have been drawn, it may be by false pretences, into the conspiracy. Come, it grows late, and mother will be troubled about you. I think you will do well to be going. Keep a brave heart, and hope for the best.'

So I kissed her, and she tripped away with a lighter step and a happier countenance than before. I smiled and waved my hand to her as she rode off; but I returned to my chamber in a most uneasy and anxious frame of mind, for indeed her words had greatly disturbed me. I knew well that there were among those who had fought most loyally for the cause not a few who cherished the most bitter and hostile feelings against His Highness, and were even

ready—incredible as it may seem—to join with the Malignants in overthrowing him and placing the young man Charles Stuart upon the throne. It might be that some of those about me were disaffected and in league with the Royalists; and assuredly the bearing of several, especially of Nicholas Rowe, had savoured of insolence and insubordination.

Yet when I came to think over the matter more carefully, and remembered that the story rested upon the evidence of so sorry a creature as Sam Wilkins, sottish and untruthful from his earliest years, I was inclined to think less and less seriously of it. Moreover, I had little doubt that by this time Montague had fled. I had been slow to believe it; but the more I thought over the matter the more incredible it seemed that he would have the audacity to remain. As for the troopers, I put down their sullen bearing to the fact that they suspected, and not without some show of justice, that I was myself trifling with my duty, if not actually assisting the conspirators. So thinking, I dismissed the story from my mind as the invention of a half-drunken rustic who had been scared by the wild and exaggerated rumours that had got about concerning Colonel Montague.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

NATIONAL WASTE.



HE battlefield is not the only place that supplies an object-lesson in regard to waste of life and treasure. That there is an appalling waste of money and life in connection with the drink-traffic, for

which there is no adequate return, will be allowed by those who hold no extreme views on the subject. Our national drink-bill last year was close upon one hundred and eighty millions sterling, or over four pounds per head. Behind this spending, especially in the case of the poor, the thriftless, and the improvident, there is not only waste of life, but much positive crime and misery. We get no comfort by looking abroad, for France has been spending about one hundred and sixty millions sterling a year on alcoholic drink; Germany, one hundred and fifty millions; the United States, two hundred and thirty-four millions; Canada, a sum equivalent to 90 per cent. of the entire federal revenue. Scotland was spending about seventeen millions. Mr Arthur Sherwell, joint-author with Mr Rowntree of The Temperance Problem and Social Reform, has published (Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier) a lecture entitled The Drink Peril in Scotland, in which he deals in a practical way with what he calls a great physiological and economic question. The lack of unity and combination amongst temperance reformers is, he

says, answerable for the fact that, although public sentiment is more advanced, little or no progress has been made in Scotland on the subject during the last half-century. The gravity of the evil is as great in Scotland as it was two generations ago. Of the one hundred and eighty thousand persons charged with criminal offences in 1900, about 631 per cent. were for offences directly caused by drinking. Dr Clouston, of Morningside Asylum, says a larger consumption of alcohol leads to a larger number of cases of insanity. Mr Sherwell advocates what he calls a 'national time notice' for the extinction of the overplus of licensed houses. Eliminate, also, he says, private profit from retail sale of liquor, and give wholesome counter-attractions: libraries, reading-rooms, and cheerful tea and coffee rooms. The surplus profits from the Public-House Company might be available for such counter-attractions. The Spectator, in a recent issue, put the argument for reduction in succinct form. 'The point of legislation,' it stated, 'is that, pending the removal of the deeper causes which result in drink, it is essential that men should not be tempted at every turn; that the publican and the grocer should not entice all and several to come in to a feast which, in innumerable cases, has proved the feast of death. If the continual temptations to excessive drinking are removed, the problems that produce the desire for drink will be simplified, and the class of the very poor will not receive continual recruits, in the shape of ruined drunkards' families, from all the

other classes.' The housing problem also has much to do with the question: in Glasgow, 48 per cent. of the total population live more than two persons in a single room; in Edinburgh, 33 per cent.; in Dundee, 47 per cent. No wonder so many find refuge in the public-house. In elevating the moral sentiment of the people, and especially in influencing the rising generation, rests the main hope of the reformer.

AUTOMATIC SIGNALLING ON THE NORTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.

Few subjects demand more urgent consideration than the adoption of efficient signals for the safe running of railway trains. On the introduction of the railway system the necessity for two all-important safeguards was at once apparent : first, a proper system of signals for warning the engine-driver of danger ahead; second, apparatus to enable the engine-driver to stop his train in the shortest possible distance. The latter, it may safely be presumed, has now reached a point where further improvement will be unimportant so long as the friction on wheels and rails is the limit of retardation. In Great Britain, where the block-system of signalling was first developed and its use enforced by the Government, it has been found that where traffic is at all heavy the signal-cabins, to afford absolute safety, must be located so close together that the cost of their maintenance is a serious item of expenditure; but for some years it has been evident that, by the substitution of electrical power for the somewhat archaic and complicated mechanical apparatus now used, a complete revolution in the mode of working the signals and points could be effected. Automatic signalling has been in operation over long distances on many of the principal railroad systems of the United States, the Boston and Maine, in 1871 we believe, being the first to adopt it. Despite its undoubted popularity amongst American railway managers, the system of 'electrical automatic' signalling was until lately quite unknown in British railway practice. Some time ago the North-Eastern Railway Company decided to equip a section of their main line, ten miles in length, between York and Thirsk, with these automatic signals, and in August last obtained the provisional sanction of the Board of Trade for the new system. Some three or four months ago on the occasion of the visit to the United States of a number of the leading officers of the North-Eastern Railway Company, a contract was completed with the Hall Signal Company, of New York, for the fixing of their system on the North-Eastern Company's main line. The Hall system—which, it may be briefly explained, is designed to enable the services of signalmen, except at points of junction, to be dispensed with—is purely automatic, being operated by means of connections set up by the trains. Until quite recently, under this system of signalling, the semaphore signal was worked by an electric motor; but now carbonic acid gas has been adopted as the motive-power, and it is this form of signal which will be used on the North-Eastern Railway. The gas is contained in a cylinder at a pressure of six hundred pounds to the square inch (reduced to fifty pounds working pressure), and the valves for admitting the air to the operating cylinder are controlled electrically. There will be eighty-four signal-arms; all the signal-posts will have two arms, the upper arm being a 'stop' signal, and the lower the 'distant' signal-applicable to the next 'stop' signal. Each of the sections will be one thousand two hundred yards in length. For the automatic signalling, it is claimed that it presents the 'block' system in perfection, by superseding human intelligence by exact mechanism; whilst, in addition to increasing the carrying capacity of a railway by enabling the block sections to be shortened, it materially reduces the wages-bill, by the abolition of a number of intermediate boxes now so absolutely necessary with the mechanical system of locking. For example, on the section of line of the North-Eastern Railway where the automatic signals are to be installed there are now six signal-boxes, including three junctions. One of these boxes will be entirely dispensed with, two will be closed except when shunting operations have to be performed at the stations, and the three junction-boxes will be closed when traffic on the branch lines ceases. The signals at all five places will be automatic at all times, whether the boxes are open or not. There are six distant signals on this stretch of line, which are now worked by mechanical means, and these are to be worked by electricity. The reliability of the automatic signals was illustrated in 1892 on the Illinois Central Railroad. In anticipation of a heavy traffic in connection with the World's Fair, the line from Kensington to Van Buren Street, a distance of thirteen miles, was fitted with the Hall automatic signals. During the progress of the World's Columbian Exposition the traffic occasionally averaged from six hundred to nine hundred trains per day; no less than nineteen million passengers being carried to the Fair, and not a single accident happened that could be ascribed to failure of signals. It was also demonstrated that no fewer than ninety trains could be worked over one set of lines in the course of an hour.

TRANSPLANTING TREES.

A correspondent writes: As the Journal for April (page 269) contained a paragraph on this subject, it will be interesting to know of a successful experiment. On 28th and 29th May 1902, with the aid of Mr James Reid, gardener to Captain Malcolm Drummond of Megginch, I lifted two hollies, one golden and one silvern. These shrubs are about eighty years of age, and the method adopted was as follows: A ball of roots five feet in diameter was carefully cut round each plant, and the earth removed from below the ball, which, on being measured, was two feet six inches in thickness. Bags were then wrapped round the stem to prevent the bark from

being ruffled. The earth having been lowered more on one side than the other, the plant was cautiously canted over; next a strong frame specially made for the purpose was placed underneath, and the shrub again set perpendicular. Four shear-poles were now erected, and block and tackle fixed and made fast to ropes tied to the four corners of the frame, the poles being of sufficient height to enable the cone-shaped bush to project between two of the ropes to prevent its symmetry from being destroyed, The holly was then hoisted out of the ground and lowered on to doors laid on rollers. A mixture of sand and leaf-mould was thrown into the bottom of the new hole, and well watered. The plant was then rolled along to the edge of the hole, raised sufficiently, and lowered as before; but it was canted to allow of the frame being drawn out. Sand and leaf-mould were beaten in round the roots, and the earth was shovelled in and then drawn up so as to form a trench, which was filled with water once every four days for a month. Both bushes were transplanted in the same way; and they have never gone back, and are now sending out new shoots. The hollies stand about eleven feet above ground, and both, the golden especially, show a good appearance of blossom.

LOCAL WEIGHTS AND MEASURES IN FRANCE.

Most people will be surprised to learn that in 1903 the grain-trade in France is suffering great embarrassment from the various local systems of weights and measures that obtain in the provincial corn-markets. France, the home and headquarters of the metric system, is still hampered by local conservatism in this regard; and in a great work on flour-milling, published this year (Le Froment et sa Mouture), the authors, MM. Girard and Lindet, deplore the inconveniences that arise from Troyes adhering to a unit of one hundred and twenty-one kilos, while Charente has one of eighty kilos; and many other corn-markets still behave as if the metric quintal had not been invented.

HARNESSING THE VICTORIA FALLS OF THE ZAMBESI.

There is a proposal to utilise the waters of the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi to generate electric energy in the same way as those of Niagara, for its transmission far and wide. The Cape to Cairo Railway has already reached a point beyond Bulawayo, and is expected to reach the Zambesi by December. A great steel bridge, constructed of one span of six hundred and fifty feet in length, will carry the railway across the river half a mile below the Victoria Falls at a height of three hundred and sixty feet above the water. The main span is a steel arch of five hundred feet, and there will be a double line of rails. Dr Livingstone and Mr W. C. Oswell were the first European travellers to gaze upon the Victoria Falls in November 1855. On a tree in an island in the middle of the Falls Livingstone carved his name, with the date of his visit. He described the Falls in his

Missionary Travels as caused by a crack in a hard basaltic rock, from the right to the left bank of the Zambesi, and then continued from the left bank through thirty or forty miles of hills. The Victoria Falls are about one mile wide, and their height is four hundred to four hundred and twenty feet; the height of Niagara is from one hundred and fifty-eight to one hundred and sixty-seven feet, with an average of seven million horse-power running to waste. It has been calculated that at Victoria Falls there are thirty-five million horsepower running to waste, which the engineer hopes to utilise. In time a town may arise on the south side of the Falls. The necessary power-house and turbines will be laid below the cascade, and will furnish power for the Rhodesian mines of the future. The British Association is to hold one of its future meetings in Rhodesia, and those of the members who take this long journey to South Africa will visit the Falls.

AN IDEAL AMERICAN FACTORY.

Amongst the factories visited by the British Industrial Commission when in America lately was that of the National Cash Register Company at Dayton, Ohio, of which John Henry Patterson is president. Born on a farm near Dayton, Ohio, in 1844, Patterson engaged in farm-work as a boy, and assisted in his father's saw and grist mill. He acted as collector of tolls on the Miami Canal (1867-70), was in the retail coal business, and interested himself in mining. The work of his life, however, has been in the invention and perfecting of the cash register, the company for the manufacture of which was organised in 1885. It is remarkable as being under a kind of paternal government. Over three thousand persons are employed, the minimum wages for girls being a pound a week, and the men earn sixteen to eighteen shillings a day. Over two hundred and fifty pounds are distributed yearly in money prizes as rewards for suggestions in improving the efficiency of any department. There is a box in the factory for receiving such suggestions. Workmen have also been sent to New York and other places on tours of inquiry, with a view to enlarging their minds and adding to their knowledge of labour methods and conditions. The National Cash Register Factory at Dayton is set amidst green grass and foliage, and everything is done for the amenity of the workers in the way of lighting and ventilation. The women come to work an hour later than the men, and leave ten minutes earlier. There is a special service of tram-cars for the use of the workmen. The women have one day's holiday every month, besides the Saturday half-holiday. Twenty minutes are allowed every week for the encouragement of personal cleanliness in the shape of a warm bath. The cash register is made up of two thousand separate parts, requiring three thousand two hundred and thirtysix small tools. The industrial delegates saw tools performing automatically on one piece of metal

eight operations simultaneously, the girls merely standing by to report when a drill or other instrument required replacing. The senior director at Dayton, after the actual partners, is a young man of twenty-nine, who nine years ago was an office-boy employed in washing the windows.

EARLY AFFORESTATION OF THIS COUNTRY.

A paper by Marcel Hardy in a recent number of the Scottish Geographical Magazine conveys some interesting information as to early afforestation in this country. The writer says that according to Dion Cassius and Herodian, the Roman legions and the auxiliary troops were employed by the Emperor Severus in the year 207 of our era in cutting down the forests, and that fifty thousand men perished in the work. The ancient Caledonian forest, which had originally an area of twenty miles, is now represented by a few small forests, such as that of Coille-More, or Great Wood, and that of Mar in Aberdeenshire. According to old maps, forests surrounded Stirling, Elgin, Banff, Aberdeen, Kintore, and Paisley. The great wood of Drumselch partly covered the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. Selkirkshire, formerly called Ettrick Forest, must have been very well wooded. Vast stretches of heather, peat-bogs, and marshes have replaced these old forests. Amongst the causes of destruction peculiar to Scotland is mentioned the attempt of the Government to take away from the Highlanders the refuge which they found in the depths of the forests. John of Lancaster employed two thousand four hundred workmen to cut down the forests of Scotland. Robert Bruce destroyed a great number of them in his expedition to Inveraray against Comyn. In the northern part of the kingdom, also, the Danes burned extensive wooded areas. An order by General Monk, dated 1654, commanding the destruction of the woods of Aberfoyle, still exists. From these and other facts the writer concludes that there were formerly forest areas in Scotland which have been destroyed by man within historic times, that there is in that country a combination of all the physical conditions favourable to forest vegetation, and that the actual circumstances render essential the reconstitution of a wooded area as large as possible. The same arguments apply with as much force to Ireland.

READING LISTS.

One is inclined to wonder if any reader ever persevered with what to him were the hundred best books without breaking down or diverging into some interesting bypath suggested by such reading. The newspaper and periodical literature often consume more than their legitimate share of leisure time, and in this hurrying age one would need some years on a desert island to pursue, without distraction, a settled course of reading. The great art is in beginning well, and this fact is recognised in the latest report of the

American Commissioner of Education, in which Mr Sherman Williams has a suggestive paper on 'reading lists' in school. For the teacher he recommends the plan of keeping a record of the reading of the children in note-books, one being allotted to each pupil, and in this should be entered the names of periodicals and books read. The note-books should be passed out once a month for entries; and when the pupil rose to a higher class these records of reading would acquaint the new teacher with the scholar's stage of intellectual progress, and would be an index to the kind of books read. The importance of libraries in rural schools is also emphasised. Some years ago a determined teacher in a poor neighbourhood induced each pupil to give her one or two eggs each week. These she sold, and purchased the beginnings of a library with the proceeds. As helps there are mentioned a Class List of a Library Recommended for Schools (issued by the University of New York), List of Books for Girls and Women and their Clubs (Literary Bureau, 1895), Selected List of Books for School Libraries (Chicago: McClurg), and Library List of Books for Public and School Libraries (New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.), and the Catalogue of a Model Library of Five Hundred Volumes (New York : Scribners).

MOSQUITOES AND COLOUR.

Although it is possible to reduce the numbers, or possibly to exterminate mosquitoes in populated places, it would be ridiculous to suppose that any measures would be effectual against them in the open country or forest; but happily it would seem, from a series of experiments carried out last year, that human beings can, in a measure, protect themselves from the assaults of the insect by care in the selection of the colour of their clothing. The experiments took place at Cambridge, under the auspices of Dr Nuttall and Mr A. E. Shipley. These gentlemen employed a muslin tent in a spacious photographic, glass room, and in this tent the mosquitoes were provided with breeding-pans, suitable food, and a series of seventeen open boxes or nests, each nest being lined with a differently coloured cloth. The positions of these boxes were changed every day, so as to eliminate any preference due to place. During the seventeen days covered by the experiments the greatest number of insects was found in the navy-blue box-namely, one hundred and eight; the dark-red box came second with ninety; forty-nine were found in the black box; and then there is a sharp drop to thirty-one and twenty-four mosquitoes which found refuge in the slate-gray and the olive-green box. The numbers gradually diminish until the orange box is reached with one single mosquito, and the pale-yellow khaki colour with none at all. It is not the first time that the partiality of mosquitoes for certain colours has been noted; but this is the first occasion, we believe, on which

the preference has been subjected to careful experiment. We understand that the United States army authorities have quickly acted on the report of these experiments, and have withdrawn the regulation army shirt of navy-blue in favour of one of lighter tint for all troops in malarious districts.

OLD BRIDGES.

There is not a more picturesque feature in a landscape than a well-designed bridge, and throughout Britain there are plenty of examples of these, many of them being of beautiful form and adorned with those pleasant tints which age alone can confer upon stonework. In common with all things, however, these monuments of the past are liable to decay, a process which has of late years been hastened, unfortunately, by the passage of traction-engines and other loads which the structures were never intended to bear. The matter is reported upon, the local authorities condemn the bridge, and too often replace it by a hideous construction of iron girders, which has nothing but sheer strength to recommend it. One of the fairest reaches of the upper Thames has recently been doomed to this kind of exchange—an exchange which, in spite of the old proverb, is a robbery of very grave kind, for the neighbourhood is despoiled of a distinctive and interesting feature, and all the inhabitants are losers, except perhaps the owners of traction-engines. We do not know whether the Society for the Protection of Ancient Monuments consider that bridges come within their province; but if not, some steps should be taken to prevent the destruction of such structures, or if that be impossible, to replace them by bridges of the same type.

AN OLD GARDEN.

Comparatively few persons know that there is such a place as the Chelsea Physic Garden, although it is more than two hundred years old. In the year 1673 the Apothecaries' Society secured the lease of this piece of ground, which is valued at the present day at no less than fifty thousand pounds, and devoted it to the culture of such herbs and simples as entered into the curious materia medica of the time. Forty years later the freehold changed hands, Lord Cheyne having sold the manor of Chelsea to Dr Hans Sloane—the names of both vender and purchaser are kept alive in Cheyne Walk and Sloane Street—and eventually fell into the hands of the Charities Trustees. This body has now generously provided an annual sum for the maintenance of the garden, which, aided by a contribution from the State, will be sufficient to give the old place a new lease of life as a centre for the study of botany. New laboratories have been erected, and the Physic Garden will presently be thrown open to students.

RATS AND PLAGUE.

It is now well known that rats have been the medium of spreading plague, and in infested districts the dead bodies of these vermin have been found in great numbers. According to a correspondent of the Morning Post, the Japanese officials at Kobe have ordered all rats to be destroyed, and have distributed packages of poison in order that the edict may be carried out. These packages bear instructions printed in Japanese, German, and English. The wording of the latter is rather peculiar: 'Eat not the contents, for it is forbidden. If anybody, by carelessness, eats of them, let him report at once to the nearest policeman, and if none is to be found, then report to the coroner. If any arsenic is left over by the rats, notify the police, who will remove it. Give notice to the rats that they must not die in their holes, as the latter is forbidden under the heaviest penalties.'

A MOTOR-CAR USED FOR FARMING.

A correspondent writes: 'Permit me to say how interested and amused I felt at your remarks re "A Motor-Plough." Some four years ago, when I was staying in Cheshire for the benefit of my health, I designed various attachments to an ordinary motor-car for use in farming. The first would make three furrows, the second would supply manure to these, the third would enable seed-potatoes to be sown, and the fourth would enable these to be covered; and if soil, manure, weather, and surroundings were suitable, all these operations could be performed in the course of one journey down the field. I ought to mention that two men, in addition to the driver of the car, would require to be employed.'

PUMICE-STONE BRICKS.

The large deposits of volcanic sand and pumice which are found in Germany between Coblenz and Andernach are now being utilised for brick-making, and an extensive industry has been formed there. The pumice is broken up and screened to a suitable size, after which it is mixed with the sand and a certain proportion of lime and water. This mixture is poured into iron moulds with removable wooden bottoms, upon which the bricks, when the material has set, can be dried. After exposure to the air for a short time the bricks are ready for shipment. No modern machinery is employed, the work being done by hand; a good workman turning out about fifteen hundred bricks per day.



SERAPHINA.

CHAPTER II.



LL the world knows now how a dispute between France and Prussia arose in June 1870. We soldiers knew little about the merits of the case, and cared less; but the chance of seeing some service filled us with

pleasure. Fully a week before war was actually declared the reserves began to pour in. Going across the barrack-square, to my surprise, I saw Barcères. I had forgotten that he belonged to the chasseurs à pied. His appearance gave me unbounded delight, and I went off at once to Hubert St Claire.

'My lieutenant,' I said, 'I have a favour to ask of you.'

'What is it?' he replied.

'That reservist Barcères may be appointed to my squad;' for I had recently been made a corporal.

Hubert St Claire knew all about my love-affair, and a smile crossed his face as he guessed the reason.

'All right,' he answered. 'I will speak to my uncle the colonel;' and it ended in the school-master being placed under my orders.

It is possible for an unscrupulous sous-officier to make the life of any private a perfect burden to him on a very small pretext. He can get a soldier sent to the consigne; but though I had, of course, no intention of behaving unfairly to the man whom fortune had placed in my power, I resolved that if it came to any fighting, he should have as good a chance of being hit as I had myself. When Barcères found out how he was situated his dreamy eyes had a frightened, startled look in them that highly amused me. It enabled me to judge his character pretty accurately, and I reckoned he would have given all he had to be back at Marigny once more.

In the highest spirits we left Epernay at the end of July for Châlons. We thought that when we got there we should go on to Metz; but we were informed that Strasburg was our destination. When we arrived at Nancy, so great was the confusion and lack of organisation that, as the whole line was blocked, we were detrained, and started to march to the frontier. This confusion soon became worse. We no sooner received an order to march to one place than we received a fresh one to go somewhere else. But on the 1st of August we found ourselves at Niedebronn, on the road to Bitche, where De Failly had his headquarters.

In spite of the hard work this marching and countermarching entailed, we were all, from the colonel downwards, full of hope. I can truly say that at that time the idea of defeat never once entered our heads; and we reckoned that when we got into Germany we should be amply compensated

for all our trials. The country-people welcomed us warmly. At first we had plenty to eat, and it was only as we got nearer the frontier that provisions began to become scarce. This arose from other regiments having gone before us and taken the bulk of them. I enjoyed the life. Round the camp-fire of a night Sergeant Bondy, who wore on his breast the Cross of the Legion of Honour and many medals, told us stories of his campaigns, and we had no doubt about the result of the coming one.

We had started for Bitche on the morning of the 3rd of August, when we were suddenly ordered to go to Weissenburg, where General Abel Douay was in command. Not far from Weissenburg we came to the house of a man who, we soon found, was mad. He had some most beautiful white chickens. We had had really nothing to eat all day, and we quickly wrung their necks; but the worst of it was that there were only a score of them, and that did not go far among a half-famished battalion. However, I and two comrades got an old rooster between us, and that was the last good meal I had for a long time. I laugh now when I think of the unfortunate owner, who told us these chickens were 'sacred' birds, and were given to him by the Emperor of China; and he prophesied that all manner of evil would fall on us for our sacrilegious proceedings. Leaving the poor man tearing his hair, we continued our march to Weissenburg. We arrived late in the evening, and found that we belonged to the First Brigade, which was led by General Pelletier de Montmarie of the 2nd Infantry Division, under General Abel Douay of the First Corps, which was commanded by MacMahon.

The château of Geisburg, which overlooks Weissenburg, was occupied by one battalion of the 74th, and as the little town was crammed full of troops, comprising the other battalion of the 74th, with Zouaves and Turcos, we had to make the best of our little tents d'abri. In the ordinary way this would not have mattered; but the weather, which had been very close and sultry all day, broke up, and in the night a torrential shower of rain fell, which, though it cleared the air, drenched us all to the skin.

The following morning, after we had had our café—but, alas! nothing to eat—we waited to be inspected by General Montmarie, who complimented our colonel highly on the state of the regiment. As soon as the inspection was over, my company was sent down to the station to bring up provisions and, if possible, some cattle for the battalion. Our cavalry had reconnoitred the previous day, and reported that the enemy were in no great strength.

We French little dreamt—and we had not altogether more than eight thousand men—that within almost a league we had opposed to us fully forty thousand Germans, composed of two corps of Bavarians under Von de Tann and Von Hartmann, Kirchbarch with the 5th Corps of Poseners, and the Hessians of the 11th under Von Bose-in fact, nearly the whole of the Third Army Corps under the Crown-Prince. In happy ignorance of what was in store for us, we went gaily along, only too pleased to think that at last we were going to get something to put in our stomachs. We had reached the bottom of the hill, and were near the bridge that crosses the little river Lauter, which runs through the valley, when we heard the stirring rattle of the side-drums, and the next moment we saw the 1st Regiment of Turcos advancing at the double towards us, so we stood aside to allow them to pass. I had never seen these men before. The whites of their eyes were more apparent from their ebony skins; and, with their thick lips and dare-devil bearing, I thought I would rather have them for friends than foes. They might have been going to a review, as they laughed together in guttural Suddenly we saw aides-de-camp tearing about. There was evidently something going to take place; but we had not the slightest glimmering of what it could be. Some said the Prussians were on our flank, and others that they were just in front, and we were going to attack them; but we laughed at this and pressed on to get the stores we needed so much.

As soon as the Turcos had gone past we fell in behind them. We had just reached the station when a battery of artillery came tearing along. 'Houp-la!' shouted the drivers as they pulled up, nearly bringing their horses on their haunches, and at once they began to unlimber the guns on some rising ground a little to our rear. Just then the shells from the German batteries at Schweigen came whistling through the air. It was the first time I had ever heard a live shell, and I confess I did not much like the sharp whistle of them. The tocsin sounded in the town, sending its lugubrious tones down the vale. The station, we found, was held by one battalion of the Turcos, the others having taken up positions farther on among the hops. Our artillery at once opened fire on our foes in the Bienwald, which is a continuation of the chain of wooded hills leading to the Black Forest.

We could find no cattle; but the sub-lieutenant, who had only just joined our regiment from St Cyr, ordered us to commence at once unloading some rice from the trucks. The shells now began to fall faster and faster around us; and after a while the bullets from our hidden foes commenced to pitter-patter on the wall of the goods-shed, causing us young soldiers involuntarily to duck our heads. We had filled one cart, and the Turcos had just opened fire, when an officer on the staff of General Pellé tore up.

'What on earth are you doing?' he shouted to our lieutenant; and he ordered us at once to desist from our work and to take our place beside our dusky friends. 'Now, mes enfants,' said Sergeant Bondy gaily, 'le bal commence. You will see how we shall set these beer-swilling Prussians the tune they are to dance to. Parbleu! they will remember it.'

None of us doubted the veteran's assertion for a moment; but I have often thought of his words since, and when I do I hardly know whether to smile or swear.

With alacrity we commenced to carry out the order of the officer. For my part, it was just what I wanted, as I did not care for being shot at without replying; so I, with some others, clambered on to a coal-truck and commenced to fire at our foes-whom we could now see distinctly in sky-blue uniforms and crested helmets, and who, we learnt, were Bavarians-issuing from the woods to attack us under cover of the fire of their terrible artillery. So thick did the shells fall around us that our own gunners were, after losing their commander, compelled to retreat and take up a position more to the rear.* The worst of it was, that from that point—their guns being merely four-pounders-they could not reply at all to the German artillery; still, from their new position they sent shell after shell into the advancing infantry. My spirits rose as the fighting progressed; and, carried away by the excitement, I forgot all sense of danger.

The Turcos fought splendidly; they needed no encouragement. It was more a case of their officers holding them in, or they would have rushed forward to meet their foes. In the midst of the battle a train with reinforcements from our 8th Corps at Strasburg actually came steaming slowly into the station, the men jumping from the carriages and joining eagerly in the fray. The Bavarians were not three hundred mètres from us when a shell, which happily did not explode, struck the wheel of the truck I was in and threw me and some others down in a heap. It was indeed lucky it did not burst, for at the same moment another shell struck a telegraph-post and burst almost over where we were standing. Springing up, I got into another truck and commenced firing again. Our foes had got within two hundred mètres of us now; but our fire, especially from some of the Turcos among the hops, which took them on the flank, was so deadly that they fell back, in spite of the endeavours of their officers. But it was only for a moment, for they soon received heavy reinforcements. A wagon full of forage, next to the one I was standing in, caught fire, and the heat obliged us to evacuate it. At that moment I caught sight of Barcères cowering under the very wagon that was alight.

'Come out, you infernal coward!' I cried; and I compelled him to take up a position with me behind some casks, where, kneeling down, we were able to fire with a certain amount of safety. But no mortal men

^{*} Thus verifying the maxim of Napoleon that 'it is impossible to make artillery fire on masses of infantry if they themselves are attacked by artillery. They will either turn their fire on the opposing batteries, or, if outranged, they will retreat.'

could stand the fire to which we were submitted. To give an idea of what that fire was like, I may state that no less than thirty guns, posted on the heights of Schweigen, concentrated their efforts on that little station, and consequently the shells fell right into the very midst of us. Under cover of this the Bavarians attacked us once more, and fought their way into the station itself. Some of them rushed at our little group. I shot one, and as another sprang on the casks to get at us I ran my bayonet through his chest. Good heavens! it makes me shudder now as I remember his face as he fell back. The goods-shed behind us was in ruins, and the stationmaster's house was in a blaze.

'Come on,' cried Sergeant Bondy; 'it's all up.'

The sergeant may be alive now for all I know; but these were the last words I ever heard him speak, for at that moment he sprang into the air and fell behind some cases. A regular panic seized us. Fear is very contagious. Every man ran right and left, many throwing away their rifles to run faster. Seeing the lieutenant making off towards Altenstadt, I and what few of us remained followed him. Nor did we stop till we got there, and then, to our joy, we heard some of our own men, who were posted in a pretty little cottage covered with roses, with a garden in front, facing a road, shout to us to make haste. At the window of the cottage I saw Hubert St Claire. When I regained my breath I took up my position behind a wall with my comrades.

DARNICK TOWER.



I is difficult to analyse or explain the glamour and charm which woo strangers from far and near towards the Border country, and especially to the district in and around Melrose, which has come to be termed

'the Scott country,' although Scott spread the wings of his imagination over and was associated with many other regions. Yet from early years he had associations with Tweedside; his happiest home at Ashiestiel overlooked a charming bend of the river, and lower down he reared that romance of stone and lime called Abbotsford, while the Tweed sweeps past the promontory where beautiful Dryburgh holds his dust. Dr George Wilson, author of the Five Gateways of Knowledge, when resident at Melrose, thought Abbotsford the least romantic house he had ever seen; 'but the country is wonderful, wonderful -such a country as even Adam and Eve, when the fiery-sworded angel drove them forth, might have wandered into with delight.' Many feel all this, although they never express it, nor their first disappointment, as Dora Wordsworth certainly expressed it, with Melrose Abbey, in finding it huddled round with common buildings. It is only when Melrose Abbey is closely studied in detail that its charm and richness of architecture are revealed, and it is found that Scott in his descriptions in the Lay of the Last Minstrel does not exaggerate but only describes.

As the battle-ground between England and Scotland, the Scottish Border country is dotted here and there with peel-towers mostly in decay, the only exception being that of Darnick, a mile west of Melrose, which is still inhabited. It is crammed with curios and mementoes of both the past and present, and is quite as well worth a visit as Abbotsford, three miles away. Nothing save the tenacity of a member of the Heiton family, to whom the tower belonged, and in whose family it had remained for centuries, prevented Darnick Tower from becoming an appanage of Abbotsford. It was said that

Scott wished to transform it into an armoury: it is an armoury of a sort, as we shall see, withal of a very miscellaneous order. Scott was familiarly known to the villagers here as the 'Duke of Darnick,' and on one of his visits to Mr Heiton left his silverheaded malacca cane, with the initials 'W. S.,' in the tower, where it has remained ever since. On 24th October 1817 he told his friend Daniel Terry how he had just enlarged his domains by a farmhouse then let to Adam Ferguson and his sister. This was Huntly Burn, where Thomas the Rhymer was reputed to have met the Queen of the Fairies. A modern Queen of Poesy, Mrs Hemans, on being introduced to this glen and burn by Sir Walter, returned gloriously happy, although wet above the ankles, her gown torn by wild roses, her gloves stained by wild strawberries, and her face scratched by a rowan-branch. A story told to her here by Scott suggested her spirited poem, 'Rhine Song of the German Soldiers;' and that was a pretty compliment he paid to her when he said, 'I should say you had too many gifts, Mrs Hemans, were they not all made to give pleasure to those around you.' 'There is a beautiful brook,' Scott wrote, 'with remnants of natural wood, which would make Toftfield rival Abbotsford but for the majestic Tweed. I am in treaty for a field or two more: one of which contains the only specimen of a peel-house or defensive residence of a small proprietor which remains in the neighbourhood. It is an orchard, in the hamlet of Darnick, to which it gives a most picturesque effect. Blore the architect admires it very much.' And so does every one who has seen it, and enjoyed the charming view of the Eildons and Tweed valley from its battlements. Three years later the negotiations between Scott and Heiton were no farther forward. Lockhart tells us that in 1820 Scott's possessions almost encircled the picturesque and thriving hamlet of Darnick; there were few things on which he had more strongly fixed his fancy than the acquiring of Darnick Tower, which he accurately

described, as he did also Melrose and the scenery of the vale of Tweed and of Ellwand, in the novel he was then writing, the *Monastery*. The Heiton of that date replied after his own fashion, when he saw the interest Scott was taking in his tower, by having it fitted up for his own residence. It is still in the family, Mr Andrew Granger Heiton, architect, Perth, being the present proprietor.

The visitor to Melrose, Abbotsford, and Dryburgh for the most part leaves Darnick Tower unvisited, not being aware of the wealth of interest which may be awakened in his mind by a visit to that hoary building, which is not, however, open to the public, unless by a permit from the proprietor. Scott said he could point out forty-three places famous in war and verse from the top of the Eildons. Close to the tower, on the site of Melrose Hydropathic, known as Skirmish Hill, the struggle took place between the Scotts of Buccleuch and the Earl of Angus and his brother George Douglas for possession of the person of James V. in 1526. The Heiton of that day is said to have been in the fray; his sword, made by a Spanish armourer named Sahagun, being preserved in the tower.

Darnick Tower is said to be the chief of three peels that once stood here, and was founded about 1425; it was destroyed in Hertford's invasion of 1545, but again restored in 1569, the date above the entrancedoor. It is a massive square tower, battlemented and corbie-gabled, with side stair-turret. The description of such towers by Scott in his Border Antiquities is exact. 'The smaller gentlemen, whether heads of branches or clans, or of distinct families, inhabited dwellings upon a smaller scale, called peels or bastlehouses. They were surrounded by an enclosure or barmkin, the walls whereof, according to statute, were a yard thick, surrounding a space of at least sixty feet square. Within this outer work the laird built his tower, with its projecting battlements, and usually secured the entrance by two doors, the outer of grated iron, the innermost of oak, clenched with nails. The apartments were placed directly over each other, accessible only by a narrow turnpike stair, easily blocked up or defended.'

Whether seen by the Heiton of that day from the tower, or as an active participant in the fray, the last Border clan-battle, between the Douglases and the Scotts of Buccleuch, was fought out here under its shadow. The Earl of Angus is reputed to have said to the King, 'Sir, yon is Buccleuch and thieves of Annandale with him, to molest your Grace from the gate. I swear to God they shall either fight or flee, and ye shall tarry here on this knowe, and my brother George with you, with any other company you please, and I shall pass and put you thieves off the ground, and rid the gate unto your Grace, or else die for it.' Angus won, but lost heavily. Some of the swords used in that last clan-battle of the Borders are preserved here in the tower.

As described by Scott in the Monastery, there was a bridge over the Tweed at Bridgend, a little to the west of Darnick Tower, consisting of four stone

piers upon which lay planks of wood. Near the central pillars was a gateway, and over this a room for the toll-keeper. Scott makes Father Philip cross the Tweed with the White Lady of Avenel behind him in less comfortable fashion than by the bridge. The Ellwand or Allan Water, known also as the Fairy Glen, has the three towers of Langshaw, Colmslie, and Hillslap, which furnished Scott with suggestions for the Glendearg of the Monastery. The valley is a charming one, and is famous for what the local people called fairy stones of petrified clay. Gattonside, lower down the Tweed, lies nicely to the sun, and in the season is one vast orchard, glorious with blossom or fruit. The bridge which spans the Tweed from this lovely village towards Melrose dates from 1826, and needs to be renewed by a traffic bridge. Newstead, one mile east of Melrose, was a Roman station; at Old Melrose, lower down the Tweed, there was a Columban monastery before King David founded Melrose in 1136. The thriving manufacturing towns of Galashiels and Selkirk are within easy reach. Viewing the fair woods of Abbotsford and the glittering Tweed from a height behind Gattonside, one could have wished that Scott had not vexed his soul for a few territorial acres and only to build a museum trodden by the feet of pilgrims from the ends of the earth.

There is a tradition that the Heitons of Darnick Tower came from Normandy about 1425. This is unlikely: they are believed to be English, of the family of Heton, or Heaton, of Ellingham Barony, Northumberland. In the twelfth century this barony was owned by the De Gangy family, a member of which enfeoffed Gilbert de Heton with the twelfth part of a knight's fee. In the twelfth century there was a cleric in Perthshire of the name of John de Heton; between 1214 and 1221 Richard de Heton witnessed Robert de Vere's (the Earl of Oxford) charter to Melrose Abbey. Robert de Heiton, a cross-bowman, was one of the garrison of Edinburgh Castle in November 1299 for Edward I. The name is evidently derived from High-town. As shown on the lintel of the existing south doorway, the tower was rebuilt in 1569 by Andrew Heiton and Kate Fisher, and completed by John Heiton, their son. The iron stanchions for protecting the doorway are still in evidence, as also the 'risp' used instead of a knocker. A sun-dial dated 1669 bears the initials of a John Heiton. In 1715 Andrew Heiton paid feu-duty to the Earl of Haddington, who had stepped into the shoes of the monks of Melrose after the Reformation. The Duke of Buccleuch is now the superior. There was an Andrew Heiton in 1780, succeeded by a John, who sold the little land there was to Sir Walter, but clung to the tower and a meadow or two. John Heiton was succeeded by his son, the author of a gossipy volume, The Castes of Edinburgh, who mainly collected the antiquarian treasures in the tower. Then came Andrew, his cousin, who was succeeded by Andrew Granger Heiton, the present proprietor. There is an old oak board

carved with the initials 'J. H., May 19, 1735; J. H., Nov. 3, 1823, sixth generation.'

It is curious in how many out-of-the-way places one finds relics of Queen Mary and Prince Charles Edward. Here in the dining-room of the tower are two portraits of Queen Mary, one by Francis Clouet (1558), the other an earlier portrait by Jeanette. There is still another in the parlour, in which the beautiful Queen is quite youthful. There is a couch embroidered by her hands, in good preservation; and a bed, with drawers below, from Linlithgow Palace, also associated with the Queen. Then there is a Templar sword, once the property of Prince Charles Edward, and with which he knighted Here also is his dirk, with knife and fork, and a powder-horn with the initials 'C. E. S.' A tablecover in the dining-room, of one thousand five hundred pieces, diamond-pattern, yellow, red, and blue, was made by an old lady of ninety from coats of soldiers who fell on the field of Waterloo. Much of the window glass is from German monasteries, with illuminations of Jonah being ejected from the whale, Elijah under the juniper-tree, and the bears and the children. There is a chair with the initials 'A. H., 1623,' and there are ten in the armoury at the top of the tower, some of which bear date 1597, 1641, 1672, and 1720. One chair which belonged to Sir William Bruce is dated 1608. There are carved oak doorways from a house in the Lawnmarket, Edinburgh, one showing the Scotch thistle, bluebells, corn, a rose, and grapes; a cabinet four hundred years old, old snuff-mulls, and a pot that belonged to an ancestor of Sir Walter Scott. A clock (carved in the shape of a mermaid) that goes for sixteen days, and old dirks, pistols, and powder-horns are also to be seen in the dining-room. Over the fireplace is this fine motto, 'You're welcome here, quha the Lord do fear.'

In the parlour adjoining is a chair reputed to be that of Archbishop Sharpe, an inlaid table, Sir Walter Scott's staff, and a bed of carved oak which folds up. There are portraits of some of the Heitons here, one of Van Dyck by himself, a Rembrandt on ivory, medallions of Napoleon and Josephine, and a youthful portrait of Queen Mary.

In the armoury, which is reached by a winding and narrow turret-stair, may be seen many full suits of German, English, and Italian armour; a suit of chain-mail made by Hal o' the Wynd, Perth; a spiked and dinted targe; dinted breast-plates; brass head-piece of the 2nd Dragoon Guards, worn at Waterloo; cross-bows; a battle-axe taken at the siege of Acre; a French hunting-knife found at Philiphaugh; a dirk from the battlefield of Culloden; several ancient swords used at the last clanbattle on the Borders, at Skirmish Hill close by; a Tyrolese rifle; and guns of the old Edinburgh City Guard. In the watch-tower above there is a concealed bed, a double mirror, and an old candlestick made on the model of one which is reputed to have belonged to Robert the Bruce; in another bedroom is a portrait of Annibale Caracci by himself, James V. as a 'gaberlunzie-man,' and a black oak cabinet from Chillingham Castle; the best bedroom has a reputed Queen Mary bed from Linlithgow Palace, double mirrors at the window, a grate dated 1596, and portraits of Lady Jane Grey, Anne Boleyn, and Michelangelo. Other curiosities are a 'knapscap,' a leathern cap covered with thin crossed straps of steel, worn by the Borderers under the blue bonnets; the arms of the Hays, Earls of Kinnoull, carved in oak, of date about 1600; the arms of James Drummond of Innerpeffray and Margaret Stewart of the Royal House, in oak, with carved panels of figures and flowers on each side; and the arms of the city of Edinburgh in oak.

Mr J. W. Small, in his Scottish Woodwork of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, presents a few examples from Darnick Tower. Of a curious couch here he says that it is the only example of an old couch of this period that he has seen. It is of oak of a warm brown colour, and stands on six legs turned and carved, like the seat-rail, on the sides and top. An oaken bed and door are also both illustrated and described.

Such are a few of the curiosities garnered into this interesting old tower, which looks out on the twentieth century from the sixteenth, a landmark, a record, and a museum.

R. C.

THE KNIGHT OF THE KNIFE

By MARTIN KELLY.



N the northern part of the County of Cork, about seven miles to the south of the prosperous little town of Charleville, is situated the mansion of Highfort. It is an ancient, roomy structure, built on an elevated site

in a wooded country, and commands extensive views of the 'Golden Vein' of Limerick and Tipperary on the north, and of the beautiful valley of the Blackwater on the south. In this neighbourhood were enacted some of the most stirring scenes in the wars of Queen Elizabeth; and not far off is Kilcolman Castle, where Edmund Spenser for many years resided, and wrote his *Faerie Queene*. Highfort had been built by the Purcell family, and was occupied by them for centuries prior to the following incidents.

In the year 1811 the occupant of the mansion and estates was Mr John Purcell, a gentleman upwards of seventy years of age, but strong, active, and hale. The country was very disturbed, particularly in the south and west, as it was not till long afterwards that the Royal Irish Constabulary was established by Sir Robert Peel. The only preservers of the peace at that time were detachments of soldiers stationed in the small towns.

Mr Purcell, who acted as his own land-agent, had collected rents amounting to a considerable sum, and decided to employ the evening of the 11th of March 1811 in writing up his books. The money remained in the house, as there was not time to lodge it in bank, the nearest one then being at Cork, some thirty miles distant; and this must have become known to some of the lawless banditti who infested the remoter parts of Ireland. The other members of the family were away from home; and as Mr Purcell foresaw that he would be employed until a late hour, he ordered supper to be laid in a large bedroom off the parlour, with which it was connected by two doors. After telling the servant not to wait up, and that the table need not be disturbed till the morning, he partook of supper, finished his accounts, and then retired to bed.

According to his own calculation, he had been about two hours asleep when he was awakened by an unusual noise. After a short interval the windows of the parlour were beaten in, and several men—twelve or thirteen, he reckoned—sprang into the house in rapid succession. The solitary but brave old gentleman had only a moment to deliberate; and, seizing a carving-knife which providentially lay on the supper-table, he resolved to resist to the last and sell his life as dearly as possible.

He was not certain by which of the two doors the robbers would attempt to enter; but his doubts were soon solved by hearing the gang remove a garde-duvin from before one of the doors, which was then smashed in. Putting his back against the wall next to the doorway, Mr Purcell, though outnumbered. had one advantage over his assailants: he was completely in the dark, and they stood revealed by the light of the moon pouring through the broken window. The leader of the gang, in a loud voice, demanded his money or his life; and two men approached the door abreast. He afterwards stated that 'at this moment I only hesitated to decide whether a back-hand or a right-forward blow would be the most powerful;' and, deciding on the former, he plunged his knife into the breast of the nearest man, who immediately fell back with a horrible scream and expired. The leader now gave orders to fire into the room, and a musket presented at Mr Purcell actually rested against his stomach. Observing, however, from its oblique position, that when fired it could not injure him, he actually pressed against the barrel in order to induce a belief that the charge would mortally wound him. The musket was fired; and Mr Purcell, who was unharmed, instantly dealt a terrible wound to the ruffian who fired it. That man retreated; but another took his place, and he also was wounded.

The ruffians now appeared cowed by the unexpected prowess of their intended victim, and were about to retreat, when the strongest man of the party forced his way into the bedroom and proclaimed his success in a loud and triumphant tone. A terrific struggle now ensued between the gallant old man and his new assailant. Mr Purcell was almost exhausted by his previous exertions; but though his opponent was young, fresh, and vigorous, the latter received blow after blow from the terrible knife, and could not close with its wielder. The robber again and again reiterated demands for Mr Purcell's money, to which he received only a knifethrust as response; but, as these thrusts were apparently taking no effect, Mr Purcell, on hurriedly examining his weapon, found to his horror that its point had been turned and blunted, and thus rendered useless. However, in the encounter he had discovered that his opponent possessed a sword, and this he now strove to gain; but when the wretched man expired in his grasp during the struggle, Mr Purcell found that the knife had not failed until it effected his deliverance.

The surviving robbers now hurriedly departed, carrying off the wounded men, and leaving two dead bodies in pools of blood. A man named Joy, who was a native of Kerry, died soon afterwards at the neighbouring town of Newcastle, County Limerick, his wounds not permitting him to escape farther.

It seems almost incredible that Mr Purcell was over seventy years of age when he made such a gallant struggle against terrible odds. The news of the outrage at Highfort and its successful repulse created a great sensation, and had far-reaching effects in inspiring both the authorities and the resident gentry to make greater efforts to put an end to lawlessness and disturbance.

In recognition of his unexampled bravery and resolution, the Crown a few months afterwards conferred on Mr Purcell the honour of knighthood; and he continued to reside at Highfort until his death in 1822, his wife, three sons, and two daughters surviving him. Some of his descendants still reside in the neighbourhood; but Highfort long since passed out of their hands. The memory of Sir John Purcell, 'The Knight of the Knife,' is still preserved in the local tradition and story of the north of County Cork and Limerick.

DAYBREAK IN AUSTRALIA.

ONE star still lingers in the vault of blue
As if 'twere loath to let its faint light fail;
Shines for a moment on the fallen dew,
Then quickly fades and vanishes from view.

A gentle wind that, wafted from the west, Is sweet with fragrance of the wattle-wood, Pauses a while as if to die to rest, Then hurries on as though to meet a guest.

A mist rests on the river and the rill,

And moves, and sways, and then expectant waits;

As upward leaps the sun behind the hill,

And wakes the world to life that was so still.

SPES.



TO RECLAIM THE ZUYDERZEE.

By ARTHUR HENRY.



ANY schemes for draining and reclaiming the Zuyderzee, wholly or partially, have emanated from the brains of inventive Dutchmen. The inhabitants of Holland have always been driven, by the pressure of in-

creasing population within a restricted area, to wrest from the sea all such additions to their tiny country as they might ever hope to make. Through the centuries their story has been that of a ceaseless conflict with the ocean, and the fertile Netherland itself has been the fruit of victory; so that the morasses and swamps of the old Rhine-delta now swarm with the millions of a prosperous race, and yield the plentiful tribute of a rich soil. This agelong conflict has produced its effect on the Dutch character, in the obduracy and pertinacity which are such strongly marked national characteristics. It is not surprising, then, that after each fresh victory over the sea and reclamation of fertile acres, Dutchmen with a touch of imagination should cast envious eyes upon the shallow northern sea that once was dry land, and should dream of schemes for bringing back into cultivation the great expanse that the sea, in one great catastrophe, claimed for its own, and has retained these many centuries.

Many modern works of reclamation have been successfully accomplished in bygone years; but the Zuyderzee! This, if it should ever be carried through, will be the most ambitious of them all. Perhaps the very vastness of the undertaking has had an attraction for those who have from time to time formulated plans for its attainment. During the latter half of the nineteenth century at least five plans, more or less practicable, have received serious consideration. The first of these was broached by Van Diggelen, engineer of the 'Waterstaat,' and therefore familiar with the problems involved. Van Diggelen's scheme was published in a pamphlet in the year 1849. It was a great proposal, involving the enclosing of the whole area of the Zuyderzee within the chain of islands that separates it from the North Sea. His object seems to have been No. 294. - Vol. VI.

almost entirely the improvement of the water-system -the network of canals and rivers; and the reclamation of land was regarded by him as of secondary importance. Next in order, in 1866, came the plans of Beijerinck, an inspector of the 'Waterstaat,' which were of a much more restricted character. The great obstacle in the way of Van Diggelen's plans was the difficulty due to the Yssel River, which drains into the Zuyderzee, carrying with it one-ninth in volume of the waters of the Rhine. Beijerinck proposed to avoid this by making enclosure only of the southern portion of the Zee, leaving the mouth of the Yssel outside the enclosing dike which was to be carried from Enkhuizen by the island of Urk to the Ketelmond. His main object seems to have been the reclamation of the land enclosed rather than the improvement of the water-system. This plan, modified by the engineer Stieltjes, formed the basis of the next suggestion; and in 1870 a concession was applied for that the work might be undertaken. The State commission appointed to examine into this application reported favourably of the scheme in 1873; but the Government ultimately decided that the work was one to be undertaken by the State, if at all. In 1877, then, a Bill was brought forward for enclosing and reclaiming the southern portion. Being modelled on the Beijerinck-Stieltjes scheme, here again the main object in view was the gain of land to be effected. Indeed, the provisions of the Bill were such that no adequate arrangements were made for the improvement of the water-system, to which due regard should be paid in any practicable scheme; and the Bill was ultimately withdrawn without discussion.

Some years later the matter was revived by M.
A. Buma, a member of the Second Chamber. His plan followed that of Van Diggelen. Though he did not succeed in eliciting the practical support of the Government, his proposals led to the establishment of the Zuyderzee Association, which now instituted the most exhaustive inquiry into the whole matter. The results of the inquiry were embodied in a series of publications ranging from [All Rights Reserved.]

1887 to 1898. Largely owing to the excellent work of this association, a State commission was appointed in 1892 to examine into their proposals and to report if the work ought to be undertaken. The report of the Commission, published in 1894, was in the affirmative; but it was seven years later before their suggestions were embodied in a Bill introduced to the Second Chamber of the States-General. The plans thus presented may be taken as representing the latest and most practicable method of effecting the great undertaking.

The twofold object of first enclosing and afterwards gradually reclaiming was carefully kept in view, and it was expected that the realisation of reclaimed land would ultimately pay the cost of the undertaking, heavy as it was likely to be. The plan provided for the enclosure of the Yssel River, heroically facing all difficulties, which were to be solved by the creation of a huge fresh-water lake within the enclosing dike, of a permanent level considerably lower than the average of the present variable level of the Zuyderzee. The enclosing dike was to run from the North Holland coast by Wieringen to Piaam, a distance of forty kilometres only. After the work of enclosing had been accomplished, it was proposed to reclaim by degrees four separate polders, two on the west and two on the east. These would represent, when finished, an addition to the fertile area of Holland of no less than seven hundred and fifty square miles, while within the polders and the boundary dike would be contained the fresh-water lake-some five hundred and sixty square miles in extent. The total estimated cost of the whole undertaking is one hundred and ninety million florins. The time allowed for the work was to be thirty-three years, and it was estimated that the boundary dike could be completed in nine years, and that the first polder could be ready for cultivation in fourteen years, the second in twenty-four years, the third in twenty-eight years, and the fourth by the thirty-third year from

the commencement of operations. As an alternative plan, in case of hesitancy in attacking such an immense work, it was suggested that the first two polders only should at first be formed, providing about one hundred and eighty square miles of land at a cost of ninety-five millions of florins.

Naturally, an enormous number of considerations have to be taken into account, and many important interests carefully weighed; but the arguments in favour of the scheme seem to have been quite sufficiently convincing to the practical men of the Commission. Among the improvements to be effected were a more satisfactory renewal of water and a consequent beneficial effect upon health, a better drainage of the many rivers and canals, a more certain and less expensive method of keeping out the sea in time of storm-floods, a reduced coastline and a consequent saving in defensive preparations, an improvement in navigation by the substitution of permanent harbours for tidal harbours, and an immense improvement in land communication. Both by road and by rail, Friesland would be brought much closer to Amsterdam and, indeed, to England, for within the great dike would be provided the track of a new railway to Friesland and Groningen. Against these advantages perhaps the most noticeable drawbacks would be the destruction of a great salt-water fishery and an increased difficulty in flushing the Amsterdam canals. Both of these obstacles, however, are provided against in the proposals. The entrances from the deep sea to the inner lake provided for navigators would be a ship-canal from Harlingen behind the sea-walls already existing to a point within the Yssel Lake, and locks at Wieringen for ordinary vessels and for fishing-smacks. Altogether, it would appear that in this last of many schemes almost all possible objections have been met, and that the enclosure and reclamation of the Zuyderzee must be no longer counted as an impracticable vision, but as one of the certain accomplishments of the near future.

THE PEARL NECKLACE.

CHAPTER IX .- THE MUTINY.



HE sun was setting as I sat by the open casement, watching, as I have ever loved to do, the wondrous spectacle that comes with the passing of the day. Twas a most calm and beautiful evening, the western

clouds, rose-flushed and golden, moving gently across the sweet blue sky. I remember well that, as I gazed at them in the stillness of the eventide, there came upon me a great craving for peace and quietness. When our lives, at the longest, are so brief, so full of trouble and sorrow and unrest, what folly it seemed to spend our years in strife and bitterness when we might live at peace with all men, and enjoy the good gifts which God in

His infinite pity and tenderness hath seen fit to bestow upon us! To abide in a quiet home, surrounded by kind faces and loving hearts, seemed to me, weary of war and bloodshed, the greatest boon that any man could desire. Thereupon—I can own it now without shame—I fell to thinking that the lot of him who, in some pleasant country-house, far away from the strife of parties or the clash of arms, could live with Mistress Dorothy as his mate would indeed be a gracious one. It could never be mine: that I knew well. Yet I sat as in a happy dream, gazing at the blue sky and the fleecy clouds—white and rose, like her fair young face, thought I—gazing and dreaming, with a half-smile upon my lips.

My dreams were suddenly disturbed by the sound

of a light, quick footstep approaching the house. My heart beat swiftly, cherishing I know not what foolish hopes, and I glanced out of the window, only to sink back into my seat with an exclamation of disappointment. It was the maid Barbara, not her young mistress, as I had for an instant imagined.

'Halt!' cried the sentry at the door, and I recognised his voice as that of Nicholas Rowe. 'Where are you tripping to so nimbly, my pretty maid?'

'I have come to fetch some apparel for my mistress,' answered the maid in the meek and quiet voice which I already knew from experience to be no sign of a humble and chastened spirit.

'Tut, tut!' answered Rowe; and I perceived from the fellow's manner that, in spite of my strict orders to the contrary, he had been making free with the wine in Sir John's cellars. 'I thought you had come to see me, my dear.'

I would have interfered there and then, but I had no doubt that Barbara was well able to take care of herself; and, truth to tell, being glad of any distraction, I promised myself some little entertainment from their conversation. I therefore drew back, hearing every word, unseen by either.

'Indeed, sir,' she replied, 'I think any maid in these parts would willingly come many miles to see you.'

'By my faith, pretty one!' he chuckled, 'there have been maids in other parts who came as willingly.'

'It may be so, sir,' she continued meekly; 'all I know is that here we seldom see such as you. The men in these parts are all so—so'——

'So what, sweetheart?' he inquired; and, peering forth, I saw him regarding her with a foolish grin.

'So well-favoured, sir,' she said, and dropped him a curtsy.

I saw him turn red, and heard the loud, hoarse laugh of a comrade who was standing by. Indeed, I was near laughing myself.

'You little shrew!' he exclaimed angrily, 'I will make you pay for that gibe.'

He advanced towards her as he spoke, and she shrank away from him.

'What would you have?' she cried. 'Stand back, if it please you.'

'But it does not please me, my pretty one,' he answered, with a leer. 'If those rosy lips speak so unkindly of me, I have no choice but to stop them with a kiss.'

'You shall not,' she cried. 'Stand back! stand back, I say!'

Then, as he made an effort to catch her in his arms, she raised her hand and gave him a sounding smack across the cheek. With a cry of anger he caught both her slender wrists in the fingers of one hand, and threw the other about her waist. She screamed and struggled, and I called out to him, ordering him to let her go instantly. If he heard me he heeded not, and I was, therefore, about to rush from the room to put a stop to the unseemly business when a new actor appeared upon the scene.

Down the steps with amazing agility flew the long, ungainly figure of Corporal Flint, and I caught a swift glimpse of his blazing eyes and his lean face quivering with passion. In three strides he was beside the struggling girl. His sinewy hands pounced like an eagle's talons on the collar of the furious and bewildered trooper, shook him as a terrier shakes a rat till his teeth chattered in his head, and then flung him with a crash full-length upon the gravel.

'Twas a thing to smile at, perchance, to see Corporal Flint flying like a knight-errant to the rescue of a distressed damsel; but, on my word, St George himself could scarce have accomplished the task more effectually. It was marvellous to behold the strength and activity displayed by that long, spare, angular body; and yet the scene was withal so comical that I could not refrain from laughing outright.

But the business was to prove no laughing matter in the end. For a moment Nicholas Rowe lay motionless, dazed and half-stunned; but presently he raised himself slowly on his arm, and then hurriedly scrambled to his feet. His face was black with rage; a murderous light glittered in his eyes; his lip curled upward so that his white teeth gleamed like a wolf's.

'You snuffling, canting, psalm-singing hound!' he snarled, 'will you lay your filthy claws on me! I'll let daylight through your skinny carcass for this, you whining hypocrite!'

His sword flashed out as he spoke; but the corporal was as quick as he, and when he lunged there was a loud clash of steel and the swift thrust was neatly parried. For an instant or two I lost sight of them; for, sword in hand, I darted from the room, along the passage, and through the open door. They were fighting desperately, thrusting, striking, parrying, with such ceaseless fury that the air rang with the grinding and clattering of their blades. Yet before I could reach them the fight was at an end. By a skilful trick of fence Rowe's sword was wrenched from his grasp, and as he leapt back from the corporal's point his foot slipped, and he lay flat on the gravel once more. Had he been cool and sober he would have had little chance against the corporal; half-drunk and blind with rage, he was hopelessly outmatched by the wary veteran. But though the bright steel glimmered at his throat his fury was not abated, and in his frenzy he actually spat at the corporal, crying out for aid at the pitch of his voice:

'Help! help! Dick! Robin! Hal! Help!'
Then, indeed, I perceived that the warning
Patience had brought me was no idle one. Those
of the troopers who had already shown signs of
being disaffected came running to Rowe's assistance,
and one huge country-lad from the north thrust
the muzzle of a musket in the corporal's face.

'Stand back, Master Corporal!' said he, his simple, honest, round face grown suddenly grim and threatening; 'put up thy sword and stand back, or I'll blow th' brains out o' thee, if thou wert Old Noll himsel'.'

The corporal instantly clutched the barrel of the musket and made a lunge at the lad that would have ended his business then and there if another of the troopers had not deftly turned it aside. By that time I had drawn a pistol and was among them. I pushed in between and thrust them apart.

'Back,' I cried; 'stand back, both of you. As God lives, he who strikes a blow or pulls a trigger shall swing from the nearest tree! As for you, Nicholas Rowe, lie still, or you will have a bullet through you before you can lift a hand.'

The corporal, though livid with anger, stepped promptly back, and the rest followed his example, but slowly and reluctantly, with sullen, dark faces and threatening eyes. They were like a lot of snarling dogs, beaten from a bone, ready at a word or a look to fly at my throat. I scarce knew yet whether I had to deal with rebels and traitors conspiring against His Highness, or whether the outbreak was caused by naught but ill-feeling towards the corporal and myself. In the meanwhile I spoke to the men as though I believed they were but interfering to protect their comrade.

'Why, what means this, my lads?' said I. 'Will you put your necks in a noose for the sake of such an insolent, foul-mouthed braggart as that?'

I pointed at Nicholas Rowe, who lay scowling at me, but prudently moving neither hand nor foot. They made no answer, but stood muttering sullenly among themselves. Feeling assured that I had not yet got to the root of the matter, I turned to one of the foremost, a fanatical Anabaptist named Ezekiel Formby, who was the last man in the world, I thought, to risk his neck for the sake of Nicholas Rowe

'Ezekiel Formby,' said I, 'you were at my side, if I mistake not, when we stormed the breaches at Tredah. Will you now turn against His Highness the sword that hath struck so many a good blow for the cause?'

Formby eyed me coldly.

'I did not fight to take the crown from one head in order that it might be placed on another,' said he gloomily. 'I shed my blood to strike down a king, not to set one up.'

'Pshaw!' said I, 'you speak like a child. See you not that if you turn your sword against the Protector you do what lies in your power to place the crown on the head of Charles Stuart, the son of the late king?'

'Even so,' said he doggedly; 'but it is better that Charles Stuart should wear it than he who hath betrayed us.'

'He hath not betrayed you,' replied I angrily.
'I have the honour to be on terms of friendship with His Highness, and with some of those nearest his person, and I pledge you my word that, though for reasons of State he may appear to take the matter into consideration, Oliver Cromwell will never wear the crown.'

I was altogether convinced of the truth of what I said, and therefore spoke with a confidence that made, as I could perceive, some impression upon him.

'Do you not see that you are fooled and tricked for their own vile ends by such creatures as this?' said I, pointing to Rowe. 'How will you be served, think you, when their purposes are accomplished? Will you not be thrown aside without scruple, as such tools and accomplices ever are?'

He glanced at Rowe's furious, flushed face with ill-concealed contempt.

'I am no man's tool,' he growled. 'He who seeks to use me as one will find so to his cost.'

'Then sheathe your sword and return to your duty,' said I, 'and prove yourself, as you have hitherto done, a true friend to the cause and to him who hath led us from victory to victory, so that we have never known defeat. Say what you will, you know right well that without him there would be no freedom or liberty of conscience in England this day.'

I think he was more than half-disposed to obey me, being, as I knew, a man of integrity though of a sour and obstinate disposition; but a certain glib, impudent fellow, one of Nicholas Rowe's intimates, struck in.

'Well, to my way of thinking,' he said, 'it seems a hard thing, your honour, that Nicholas should be so mishandled when he did naught but offer to kiss a pretty young maid, more especially that in showing kindness to the women-folk of the Hall he was only following the example of his betters.'

'What mean you, fellow?' I asked angrily.

'Why,' said he, with an insolent grin, 'I have heard it said that what the master does to the mistress the man may do to the maid, though he get no gold by it; but doubtless your honour knows best.'

I had well-nigh struck him across his leering, impudent face; but to do so would have been to play the fellow's own game, for he was clearly striving to goad me into attacking him. He knew as well as I that one blow at that moment would lead to a desperate and bloody struggle, the very thing it was plainly my interest to avoid. In the meantime, however, some of the better-disposed of the troopers had come hastily forth, and now stood, sword in hand, beside the corporal. They were stout, trusty fellows, veterans to a man; and, though still outnumbered, I knew we could give a good account of ourselves if it came to a fight. By putting on a bold face I thought I might perchance win the game and yet avoid bloodshed.

'Silence, fool,' said I sternly; 'and let me have no more of your insolence, or I will give you good cause to repent it before I have done with you My patience is well-nigh at an end, and I have but this to say to all of you: Put up your swords, and go back to your posts, and, save Nicholas Rowe, you shall hear no more of the matter. Refuse, and you stand confessed as rebels in arms against His Highness the Lord Protector, and shall be dealt

with accordingly. Come: is it yea or nay? I cannot stand here prating all night.'

For a while they stood hesitating, and then Ezekiel Formby and two or three others of the same persuasion, whether shamed or daunted, I knew not which, sheathed their swords and walked sullenly away. The others, being now in a minority, eyed us for a moment uneasily, and then, after whispering among themselves, swaggered off, muttering and casting evil glances behind them.

I had yet to deal with Nicholas Rowe, who was, I had no doubt, the ringleader among them. He was now somewhat cowed and humbled, and silently obeyed me when I bade him rise to his feet. I then turned to two of the troopers who had come to our assistance.

'Take this fellow and place him in a chamber apart from the rest, and see that you keep strict watch over him,' I said. 'I will see to it that you and your comrades who have stood by us in this business shall lose nothing by your loyalty.'

Thereupon they marched off with him, and I turned to the maid Barbara, who still looked somewhat pale and frightened, and was eying the corporal with a very curious expression.

'No one will molest you further,' said I. 'You are free to perform your errand; but one of my men must accompany you to see that you take no money or papers away with you.'

She curtised in reply, and then, to my astonishment, moved towards the corporal.

'I thank you for your timely aid, Master Corporal,' said she timidly, 'and I trust that if at our last meeting I said aught to affront you, you will pardon my unruly tongue.'

'I fear 'twas that unruly tongue of yours, child, that hath made all the trouble,' said the corporal sourly; 'that hath brought forth strife which might have led, but for the grace of God, to the shedding of blod,'

'Come, come, corporal,' said I, half-laughing, 'answer not the maid so ungraciously. 'Twas-a pretty speech prettily spoken, and deserves a kindlier welcome.'

'I have seldom known a woman who could not speak such pretty speeches trippingly enough if she had a mind to, or aught to gain by it,' replied the corporal grimly.

The maid flushed, her eyes sparkled, and her lips

opened as though she were about to make some hasty answer; but, instead of doing so, she turned away with a toss of the head, and walked briskly towards the Hall, accompanied by one of the men, whom I had motioned to follow her.

'Well, corporal,' said I as she disappeared, 'it was hot work while it lasted; but I think we have come well through the business.'

'Well enough,' said he, with a shake of the head; 'but, for my part, I fear this is but the beginning and not the end of it.'

I was much inclined to agree with him, and began to suspect that for once Sam Wilkins had spoken the truth when he affirmed that he had seen one of the troopers conversing with Colonel Montague. That even the worst of the men were prepared to join the conspiracy against Cromwell I still hesitated to believe; but, knowing the character of Nicholas Rowe and others, it would have surprised me but little to discover that they were accepting bribes from Montague to show as little zeal in the business as possible, and to supply him with information of my movements. But I have never in all my life found that aught was to be gained by troubling one's mind about those perils of the future which cannot be positively foreseen or dealt with until they arise. When they come, if come they do, they must be encountered with such courage and resource as we may possess, and the end will be as God wills. So, though my heart was far from light, I tried to wear a brave face.

'Well, well,' said I, 'we have proved more than a match for them this time; and, if the worst comes to the worst, I doubt not we shall do so again. I need not warn you to be discreet and vigilant, corporal. Is there no news of Jacob Watkins yet?'

'Nay, sir. I fear that some evil hath befallen

'We must hope for the best,' said I. 'Fail not to come to me instantly if he arrives, or if you have aught of importance to communicate to me.'

Thereupon I withdrew, and as I moved through a group of men in the hall I noted with satisfaction that their bearing was more respectful than it had been for some time past.

I slept that night with sword and pistol at my side, ready to leap up armed at a moment's warning; but happily there was no further disturbance.

THE BLUE GROTTO OF CAPRI.



H, bravo! bravo! You deserve molto maccheroni' (Capri idiom for a good tip). This eulogy was bestowed by an Italian on our boatman on account of the dexterous way in which he had brought his boat out

from the narrow entrance to the Blue Grotto of Capri into the open sea. Indeed, the operations both of entrance and exit require careful manipulation, for so low is the arch and so narrow the passage that sitting upright and rowing are alike impracticable. Each passenger is requested to lie down flat in the boat, while the boatman fends with his hands along the rocky sides of the entrance; but this performance is only the work of a few seconds, and had it to be prolonged would be well worth enduring for the sake of the marvellous beauty which the interior of the Blue Grotto ordinarily affords. It was exquisite on the occasion referred to—blue of different shades everywhere: pale on the roof of the cavern, darker on its sides, intense in the remoter parts of the water, and a flood of turquoise tint where the light approached it.

As, however, the intensity of the blue shades is affected by the amount of rays of light attaining to them, accounts must to an extent vary, as do those concerning the hues of the chameleon. Many have tried to depict in words the charm and wonder of this Blue Grotto; but they are such as to defy adequate description. Hans Andersen, however, has portrayed them more vividly than most writers. It has fittingly been stated by another that it might be taken for the dwelling of one of the genii of the Arabian Nights; and an Italian writer, P. Bresciani, expresses himself to the following effect: 'Whoever enters there to look around in wonder has before him a splendour of Paradise, and he remains spellbound in ecstasy, gazing on a thing that inspires with the Divine presence, that ravishes him with the beauty of its celestial ray, blended with the shadowing of a mystic profundity which pervades the sapphire light.'

The sun's rays do not directly penetrate the Blue Grotto, but their red and yellow radiance is absorbed as the water passes into it through a submarine aperture lying several fathoms below the available boat-entrance. Although the latter is so low that when the sea is otherwise than calm the water at times completely covers it, and consequently precludes visitors from entering—a disappointment to which excursionists to Capri are frequently subjected—there is a sense of ample space when once it is passed through, for the length of the grotto exceeds fifty yards, its width is more than half that measurement, and its height is between forty and fifty feet.

The Capriote boatmen, who as a body are far less extortionate and much pleasanter to deal with than the Neapolitans, have been wise enough to effect an arrangement which is calculated to obviate a deal of quarrelling and certainly conduces to the comfort of travellers. They have formed an association, and, in conformity with its regulations, take visitors to the Blue Grotto in turns, which fall on different days in the week, as the association numbers fifty or more. A fixed tariff is arranged, and the proceeds of this are periodically and systematically divided amongst them; but any money that the visitors may give them over and above it they are entitled to keep for themselves; and this they call maccheroni.

A few years ago it was the regular custom for the morning steamer plying between Naples and Capri to proceed to the Blue Grotto, when wind and weather permitted of its being visited, and to lie outside while those who wished to see it were taken off in boats. This waiting period often proved excessively disagreeable to bad sailors, who remained on the steamer awaiting the bringing back of the

others, and longing to be taken on to the harbour, which is about a mile from the Blue Grotta. Fortunately for sufferers from mal de mer, arrangements have been altered since a German steamship company entered into competition with the Italian one which hitherto had the monopoly, and now the steamers of both the rival companies go first to the harbour, land those who are so disposed, and then repair to the grotto, where the boatmen duly await them. The latter are habitually accompanied by one or more lads who earn money by plunging into the blue water, in which their bodies look dazzlingly white by contrast, and their splashes make showers of silvery drops which are beautiful in the extreme. One of these, a plucky little fellow called Antonia, had an adventure of which the writer learned particulars first from the lad's parents and then from himself, the two accounts tallying perfectly. One day, after he had been swimming about in the Blue Grotto for the benefit of the visitors, he went to a rock at its far end to put his clothes on. Then the boatmen overlooked him, and, each one thinking that the boy was in some one else's boat, rowed back unconcernedly to the harbour; so in a few minutes this youngster—he was not much over ten-was left alone in this great grotto. Italians are highly superstitious, and many of the Capriote children have been taught to believe that spirits inhabit some of the caverns; but the nerves of this lad were well strung. He was tired with his exertions; and, expecting every moment that he would be missed, and that some one would bring a boat in and fetch him, he calmly lay down and went off to sleep. More than an hour passed; then his mother, finding that the boy did not come in to the midday meal, made inquiries of the boatmen, who had all returned to the harbour; whereupon it was discovered that he had been left behind. One of the men immediately set off rowing back to the Blue Grotto, leaving the boy's family in great perturbation. They pictured his fright at having been left alone, and were fearful lest he should have attempted to swim out of the grotto to try to attract the attention of a passing boat, and so awaited the return of the man who had gone back for him in a state of feverish anxiety; but how much more was this enhanced when the fisherman returned alone, saying that he had explored the whole interior of the grotto, and that there was no trace of the boy! Fortunately, however, the terrible suspense was soon put an end to, for while the parents were mingling their sobs in their cottage the door opened and in walked Antonio!

Any one who goes round Capri in a boat can scarcely fail to note how inaccessible its cliffs appear. Great stone walls of rock defy the climber, and it is only here and there that he has a chance of scaling them. To this inaccessibility has been attributed the choice of Capri as a secure retreat for the later years of his life by the Emperor Tiberius, whose traces on the island are still indicated by the massive ruins of some of the numerous palaces

which he caused to be erected there. It was these natural features of the island which prevented Antonio from putting in an appearance earlier; for the brave boy, after awaking from his nap and finding himself alone, did not hesitate, but straightway stripped, placed his clothes in small compass on his head-Capriotes, male and female alike, are given to carrying things on the head in preference to the shoulders-glided into the sixtyfeet deep water, and swam boldly out into the open. Then he began skirting the coast, and eventually effected a landing. He had to clamber up a steep pathway and breast a hill nearly a thousand feet above sea-level before he could take a downward track to the fishermen's quarters near the main harbour, where his home was situated. The incident did not deter this plucky youngster from going over and over again to the Blue Grotto and figuring as diving-boy. He was doing so when the writer recently heard of him.

The octopus is tolerably plentiful in the vicinity of the Blue Grotto; but it appears to possess none of the formidable qualities with which Victor Hugo has endowed the devil-fish in his tragic romance of Les Travailleurs de la Mer. Portions of it constantly figure at the Capri hotel tables-d'hôte; for, although it can scarcely be considered a delicacy, the calamajo, as it is termed, is commonly eaten on the island, the ordinary process being to cut it into shreds and fry them.

Capri is a great resort for Germans, and they stoutly maintain that the rediscovery of the Blue Grotto was effected by German enterprise in 1826,

when the poet August Kopisch entered it with some fishermen. A French savant, however, has claimed to have found proof that a native of Capri, one Andrea Ferrara, visited it some four years earlier. One visitor to Capri early in the nineteenth century has thus expressed himself: 'Here I have seen the ruins of a palace formerly inhabited by the most execrable of men, and the most beautiful phenomenon that light can afford—namely, the palace of Tiberius and the Blue Grotto.' Although physical science can readily account for all that is to be seen in the latter, I, who always prefer the metaphysics of the mythology, like to think that this grotto is only accounted blue because of Glaucus; and I maintain that it was there that the unfortunate fisherman came to hide himself after his metamorphosis; and that the gods, moved by his disgrace but unable to interfere with the decree of destiny, which forbade that Glaucus should become man again, took away his form of a fish, and only left of him in the water his blue scales to immortalise his memory and his misfortunes.

Something of the glamour of the blue shades which pervade the water and rock is dispelled by visiting the Blue Grotto in the company of several excursionists; and, furthermore, the time allowed for a sight of its marvels is limited when one is taken there by steamer. It is, therefore, recommended that all who can possibly do so should take a boat from the harbour and visit the spot at an hour when it can be seen in quiet, so that contemplations shall not be broken in upon by ejaculations, and inspection may be made leisurely and uninterruptedly.

SERAPHINA

CHAPTER III.



LL this time the battle was raging fiercely, the Prussians attacking the Château of Gniesberg with the King's Grenadiers, under cover of their batteries at St Paul's. But we had enough to occupy our at-

tention. The Bavarians, having driven us out of the station, began to follow up their advantage, and opened fire on the village we held. They drove us from some houses to the left, and then their infernal shells began to fall among us once more. Two, one after another, fell right on the house, and set it on fire. At that moment the adjutant, who was close to me, was hit; but I caught him up and carried him behind the cottage. I had just done this when our men came rushing from the burning building; and among them, to my surprise, I saw a tall, fair-haired, very beautiful girl. Her blue eyes were wild with terror. I chanced to be the nearest to her.

'Oh, save my father!' she cried, clutching hold of my arm. 'He's ill, and can't help himself.' I could not resist her imploring glance, and, dropping my gun, I rushed upstairs. Through the blinding

smoke I saw a figure on the bed, and in another moment, though I was half-suffocated by the smoke and my eyes were full of water, I brought him safely to his daughter. I was amply compensated by the look of gratitude she gave me. When I had placed him in a summer-house she caught hold of my hands and kissed them. I would have liked to remain, but I dared not. I had hardly taken my place again behind the wall when a dense column of light-blue figures was seen coming up the road opposite. We poured a withering fire into them, and I think we could have driven them back; but a cry arose that we were taken in the rear, and a regular sauve-qui-peut followed. Hubert St Clare and I were about the last to leave. At that moment I caught sight of some beehives. Our foes had just reached the low wall, when, catching up a huge stone, I threw it at the hives and knocked one of them over.

'Bravo!' shouted my lieutenant; 'that will stop the devils. Sacré bleu! you deserve a commission for that.'

A mitrailleuse could hardly have been more

effective. The oncoming Germans went right into the midst of the infuriated little creatures. These Bavarians did not fear bullets; but they did not bargain for bees, and retired so hastily that Hubert and I and some others easily made good our retreat.

There was a field at the back of the houses. Our men were running across it as fast as they could to get refuge among some hops, when suddenly some cavalry—the famous Black Brunswickers—appeared on our left, and commenced cutting down the fugitives, and scattering them right and left. Luckily there was a wood to our right, and Hubert St Claire at once made for it, and I followed. Just in front of us I saw Felix Barcères; he was not really very strong, and we soon passed him and reached the wood in safety. We had hardly done so, when, just as I was putting a cartridge in my gun, I saw a horseman make for the wretched schoolmaster, and, leaning over the saddle, give him a slash on the shoulder that sent him to the ground; but he scrambled up again. His opponent wheeled round with the intention of despatching him; but a bullet from my chassepot caused the former to fall forward over his horse, and in another moment Barcères, breathless and pallid with fright, had joined us.

'You owe your life to Meynard,' said Hubert St Claire.

Bacrères made no answer. I was piqued at his ingratitude, and I had it on my lips to tell him he might inform Seraphina of what had taken place; but the poor man was such an abject coward, and seemed so dazed, that I held my tongue. A good many reached the wood; and, under cover of this shelter, we poured such a fire into the Black Hussars that they were only too glad to make off with some prisoners. All this time the fighting continued. Now, it was a very long time since we had got a good meal, and most of us had had enough fighting; but suddenly we heard the 'assembly' ring out behind us; and, making our way through the wood, we found ourselves among the Zouaves. At that moment an aide-de-camp arrived, and he ordered us all to advance through some hops in the direction of the Geisberg.

'Who goes there?' suddenly shouted one of our tirailleurs. The reply was a volley from some unseen foes, and the next moment they were on us. I can give little description of what followed. I remember the cracking of hop-poles, the stabbing and the fighting in the confined space, the shouting of the officers, and the swearing of the men; but at the very beginning I received one blow on my right shoulder and another on the head that sent me senseless to the ground.

When I regained consciousness I found myself in bed in a small room. The sun was setting, tinting the ceiling with crimson. I must have been roused from my torpor by the clank of a bucket-handle. Two of our medicine-majors in canvas night-shirts, with a chemist-assistant, were close to me. On a wash-stand was a leg they had just taken off.

'Pitch that blood out of the window, and look sharp about it,' said the senior surgeon to the assistant. I was seized with a horrible fear. I thought my turn was coming; but I had my fright for nothing, as they were going to turn their attention to a man who, from his large beard, must have been a sapper.

'Oh, let me die in peace!' murmured the poor wretch.

But the elder surgeon paid no attention to his request, and told the assistant to get the tourniquet and the lint. 'It will be something to boast of if we succeed,' he said.

'But there is no chance of that,' whispered his junior, who was standing by the window counting the drops of chloroform as they fell on a sponge.

Probably it was the fumes of the drug that sent me to sleep again, for I remember nothing more. How long I remained in that state I cannot tell; but I gradually became conscious of a beautiful girl standing beside me.

'Seraphina!' I murmured, 'is that you?'

'No,' replied a gentle voice, 'it's not Seraphina. Don't you remember me? You saved my father the other day from the fire. But you must take this now; it will do you good.'

My right arm was strapped to my side, my head enveloped in bandages, and I was perfectly helpless. I looked at the girl, and then I recognised her. Stooping over me, she poured some bouillon and brandy down my throat, which made me feel better at once.

'You are kind,' I said, taking her hand. 'Tell me where I am, and how I came here.'

'I saw you in a cart with some other wounded men, and I told my father, who sent me out for you, and I had you brought here. Our own doctor in the town is attending you. You must not talk any more now. I will come again soon.'

In the same room there were three others who were wounded. There had been four; but one, the poor sapper whose voice I had heard, was lying dead in his bed, with a sheet over his face.

My benefactor's name was Dietzmann, and his daughter's name was Marie. Under the latter's kind nursing I soon began to recover. As I was a prisoner, and found myself in such good quarters, I was in no hurry to get up; and I did not do so till nearly three weeks had gone by, and then I went and sat with my host.

The house we were in belonged to him. The tenants had fled; and, his own being burnt, he had taken refuge in it. Nothing could exceed Monsieur Dietzmann's kindness to me nor the attention of his beautiful daughter. I told them my history, and they told me theirs.

'It is strange you should be a blacksmith,' he remarked. 'I also was a smith; but I gradually worked my way up, and now my son manages my ironworks in Strasburg.'

It was evident that Monsieur Dietzmann was fairly well-to-do; but he had no pride, nor did he

boast of his commercial success. He was a martyr to gout, and one of these attacks had, unfortunately for him, just come on a few days before the battle of Weissenburg. For the time being he was perfectly helpless. The doctors could do little to assuage the pain. He used to say, with a laugh, that swearing gave him as much relief as anything. Now, however, he had nearly recovered. His son's fate in Strasburg was his chief anxiety. I never knew any one more entertaining, and he had, moreover, a keen sense of humour. As he sat up smoking in bed, and playing cards with his daughter and me, one might have thought that he had had no troubles. Much to my regret, the time came at last for my departure.

'Good-bye, my dear fellow,' said my kind host, wringing my hand. 'You must come and see us when you return; and if ever you want help, let me know.'

Marie came downstairs to see me off. 'I can never,' I said, 'thank you enough, ma'm'selle.'

'Don't call me ma'm'selle,' she said; 'call me Marie.'

'Well, Marie, I shall always remember you. When I carried your father out from the fire you kissed my hand; may I now kiss your lips?'

'Oh yes,' she said frankly, with a rosy blush; and I kissed her again and again. The tears came to my eyes, and hers too were moist, as I turned away to conceal my emotion.

It was a horrible journey to Frankfort; but the Dietzmanns had filled my pockets with provisions and tobacco, so I was better off than many. From Frankfort I was sent on to Magdeburg, where I remained till I was liberated. My family sent me a little money; but the dreary weeks passed only too slowly in spite of the small comforts I was able to buy. I wrote a letter to my kind friends at Weissenburg, and Marie sent me a long one in return, telling me that her father was now able to get about, and her brother was safe in Strasburg, though the ironworks had been a little damaged by the bombardment. I wrote, of course, to Seraphina as often as I could. To my chagrin, I received no reply; but as I thought she never received my letters it did not trouble me much at first.

It was towards the middle of October that I received a letter from my sister Josephine. Hubert St Claire had escaped from Weissenburg; but he had been so badly wounded at the battle of Beaumont that he was incapable of serving any more, and had returned to the château. This was bad news; but it was nothing to what followed. Barcères, too, had escaped, and returned to the village with his arm in a sling. According to his own account, he had performed prodigies of valour, and it was only his wound that prevented his enlisting again. Seraphina believed all this, and she showed her commiseration for Barcères by allowing him to make love to her in the most open way.

This intelligence threw me into a paroxysm of rage and jealousy. I felt like a wild beast in a cage.

Some comrades had succeeded in escaping, and my first impulse was to try and do the same. But I had no knowledge of the language and little money, and I knew that in case of failure I should be shot. It was not that I feared that risk so much, but I wanted to live. Wherever Barceres might be, I would find him. I wished to live, if it was only to thrash him within an inch of his life. For many days I brooded over my wrongs. I had no doubt that Seraphina and her lover would get far away ere my return; nor did I see how I could prevent them. Then suddenly I thought of Hubert St Claire, and I wrote to him imploring him to use his influence to make Barcères continue his service. I was successful. The lieutenant saw the Mayor of the district, and within a fortnight after the despatch of my letter my cowardly rival was on his way to Dijon, though his departure was a good deal hastened by Gambetta's agent, who had hit on a very happy plan of compelling numerous young men to fight for their country who wanted to escape doing so. Under the heading of 'Poltrons,' a list was stuck on the church door of those who would not serve. Barcères, knowing what Seraphina would think of him if his name appeared on the dreaded list, accordingly thought it best to join again, and in November he set off with some others for Dijon.

It was only in driblets that the Germans allowed their prisoners to return. I considered myself fortunate that I was able to do so in the following May. It was raining hard when I arrived one evening at Fismes, determined to see Seraphina. Through the soaking rain and the gathering darkness I hurried on to Marigny, and at length the spire of the old church came in sight, and soon afterwards the steward's cottage. Anxious to know my fate, with a trembling hand I knocked at the door. It was nearly nine; but the light inside showed that the inmates had not yet gone to bed.

'What, Etienne! Is it really you?' exclaimed Jacques Marly as he cautiously opened the door.

'Yes,' I answered, bursting into the room. 'Seraphina, my love, my darling'——

But the look on the girl's face as she rose from the supper-table made me pause.

'Why do you come here?' she said fiercely, and her splendid eyes flashed with anger. 'Did you not get my letter?'

'What letter?' I replied, my heart sinking within me.

'The letter in which I told you that I loved Felix Barcères, and would marry no one else.'

'Mon Dieu!' I exclaimed, 'to think that you should care for such an arrant coward'——

'It's a lie,' she broke in. 'Even if it were true, he is dead now;' and I saw the tears come to her eyes.

'Dead?' I cried.

'Yes, dead; and you and that Hubert St Claire killed him.' She was gradually working herself up, and cared nothing for what she said. 'Don't try to deny it; you got the captain to send him off. It was he who hounded him out of the village

to join Bourbaki. It was owing to you two that he died like a dog in the snow.' She was so carried away by her passion that for a moment she stood perfectly speechless, holding on to a chair with a heaving bosom and flashing eyes.

'Listen,' I replied.

'But I won't listen. Stand off,' she cried as I approached.

¹But you shall!' I returned, fast losing control of myself as my anger rose.

'Shall I?' she exclaimed; 'then take that.' And at the moment, in the twinkling of an eye, she had anatched a knife from the table and plunged it into my breast. I reeled under the force of the blow, but the fragile blade broke at the handle as it struck on the thick leather case I wore over my heart, which actually contained her own treasured loveletters. Overcome by her emotion, the infuriated girl would have fallen but for her father, who caught her in his arms.

'Mon Dieu!' he cried, wringing his hands as he half-led, half-carried her to a sofa. 'Mon Dieu, elle est folle! elle est folle!' I quickly regained my composure, and assisted him by pouring cold water on the pallid face of his unconscious daughter. But with all our care it was some time before we could bring her to, and then she remained in a half-dazed state and quite oblivious to what was going on around her.

'O ciel,' cried the old steward in an agonised tone, 'that it should ever have come to this! I always felt uncertain about her. I always told her to govern her temper. I am ruined. I am ruined;' and the tears trickled fast down the old man's cheeks.

'Have no fear for me,' I said. 'I love her even now. For her sake, for your sake, we must let no one know of this.' 'You are kind,' he said; 'but she shall go into a convent. It is best for her; it is best for all.'

I saw I could do no good; and, hardly knowing what I was about, I left him.

As I stood in the pelting rain it all seemed like a horrible dream. There was a brook on the other side, now turned into a swollen stream, and as I listened to the wild rush of the waters I felt half-inclined to throw myself into it; but the sound of the church clock striking ten brought me to myself, and I hurried up the deserted street to my own home.

'Etienne!' exclaimed my father; and in a moment my mother and all came hurrying down to welcome me, for they had gone to bed long before.

'You are pale, said my mother; 'those Prussian brutes have not given you enough to eat.'

'Oh yes,' I answered, 'they treated us fairly well.'

'You have seen Seraphina?' she replied, with the intuitive quickness of a woman.

'Yes,' I replied; 'we are no longer betrothed.'

'A good thing, too,' said my father.

'Yes, a very good thing,' repeated my mother angrily. 'A nice life that diable aux jupes would have led you. I never liked her, only you would have your own way.'

I feared they would notice the rent in my coat where the blade had torn it a little; so, pleading fatigue, I went upstairs.

I did not see Seraphina about the next day; but I met her father. He was still full of the idea of placing his daughter in a convent. I knew what the threat of such a horrible fate would be to a girl like Seraphina, and for my part I was not the least surprised when I heard the next day that she was missing. Even her father had no knowledge of her whereabouts.

MOON-SIGNALS.



T was while locum tenens at the rectory of Gladstone, Queensland, that I became aware of the discovery that moon-signals could be used in the same way as those of the sun. It was my duty to go to Bustard Head

Lighthouse every few months to hold service and visit the Sunday-school and people of the station. I usually went by land, and rode thirty miles to Turkey Station; and as soon as I arrived Miss Maud Worthington, the daughter of the station-owner, would at once heliograph the news of my arrival at Bustard Head, and inquire by use of an eight-inch looking-glass at what time a horse could be sent to meet me on the other side of the swampy ground, over which it was wiser to walk. I rode, with one of the family for a guide, to the creek, then took off my shoes and socks and waded over the soft ground to the higher

land, where I was met by Mr Rookesby and his wife, who piloted me through the woods to the lighthouse-station.

Mr Rookesby is a well-known inventor in the colony. Brought up as a seaman, this 'grand old man' educated himself by reading such works as the Scientific American; and he has perfected several scientific instruments, such as a new sun and star dial, besides erecting on his own plan new shieldlights that have been very useful in preventing shipwrecks. He also erected the heliograph between Turkey Station and the lighthouse, but failed to make communication with Gladstone, thirty-four miles off, either because an eight-inch mirror was too small, or because of other conditions peculiar to the lie of the country. He then experimented with signalling by moonlight, and discovered that-notwithstanding the feeble light of the moon as compared with sunlight—owing to the darkness of the

night, the moon's reflections were quite powerful enough to carry the intervening ten miles between the two stations.

But what, it may be asked, is the value of the discovery? Why, for example, on a moonlight night it might save six or eight hours, by enabling a soldier to moon-signal at once instead of waiting for the rise of the next day's sun, and the issue of a battle might depend on certain information being at once communicated to the general in command.

Gladstone has a splendid harbour, almost equal to that of Sydney; and, owing to its new railroad connection with Rockhampton and the discovery of coal and copper, it is likely in the near future to come into much more prominent notice. It is one of the oldest places on the coast, having been settled in 1846 at the instance of Mr W. E. Gladstone. It was once the capital of Queensland, and Governor

Sir Maurice O'Connell lived there. The harbour. which is spacious, deep, and well sheltered by Facing and Curtis Islands, abounds in fish, and the rocks are covered with oysters of fine flavour. Captain Cook mentioned in his log the presence of the pearl-oyster; but all the specimens I saw were small. There is still a good deal of gold found in the neighbourhood, and the back-country supports large herds of cattle, but is not suited to sheep. Turkey Station has been fortunate in the recent sad drought, and did not lose a single head of cattle. Not long since three hundred beasts were sold for seven pounds each, and sixteen pounds each could now be got for a like number, as there are large meat-works near Gladstone.

The locality will ever be famous as the place where moonlight-signalling was first practised—a system which will certainly be more widely known in the future.

ALFRED JENKINS AND THE DIDI.



LFRED JENKINS they called him on the Victoria Regina, though the name suited his personality about as well as a pair of plaid trousers and a billycock hat would have suited his red-skinned young person, which

bore no clothing save a calico 'lap' or apron. He belonged to one of the sparse native tribes of British Guiana, being an Ackawoise Indian from the borders of that debatable land, west of the Cuyuni River, which some years ago seemed likely to make trouble between Britain and Venezuela.

When I came across him he was down at the coast on the Victoria Regina sugar plantation, and had been steadily working there for four consecu-As the passionate attachment of the Guiana Indian to his native forests rarely allows him to stay at the coast for any serviceable length of time, Alfred Jenkins's long spell of plantationwork was something quite phenomenal. My friend Byngham, the manager of the Victoria Regina, suggested as a possible explanation that the Ackawoise had probably killed some Indian back in his own country, and hoped by working down at the coast to escape the blood atonement which the relatives of the dead man would be certain to exact; but, at the same time, Byngham stultified his own suggestion by saying that he didn't believe Alfred Jenkins could harm a fly.

Certainly the dusky face that looked out of its frame of long black hair was a strong support to Byngham's belief. Its prevailing expression was a somewhat melancholic but altogether amiable reserve; though that was not the expression his face chanced to wear the first time I saw him. He was standing listlessly by the magass-logé (the refuse canes from which the juice has been expressed), staring into space with a look of such tragically

intense longing and despair on his face that it caught and held my attention until he, becoming aware of my presence, turned sharply round and began gathering up a heap of magass to take to the furnace for fuel. That curiously pathetic look which I had surprised on the Indian's face somehow made me take an interest in him; and having, as the guest of a bachelor planter, more time on my hands than I knew what to do with, I gave some of it to cultivating the acquaintance of Alfred Jenkins with fair words and gifts of tobacco.

Alfred Jenkins could talk English-negro English -remarkably well for an Indian; but for some time he responded to my conversational advances with a discouraging though courteous reticence. Then one day, as I talked to him of the great forests of the interior, I suddenly knew, though he spoke no word, that his heart, for the first time, had turned to me as a man and a brother. I myself had hunted among the great tree-columns in the greendomed, dimly lighted vastnesses of these forests, and had eaten labba flesh and drank bush-water; and these facts put that into my speech which reached his heart. Afterwards he readily communicated his simple impressions of the world as he had known it.

One afternoon I took it into my head to go a-fishing with hook and line in the sea, and Alfred Jenkins rowed me out a mile or so beyond the courida-lined shore in a boat that Byngham kept inside the koker of the Victoria Regina trench. As we waited patiently for the fish to bite, I suddenly bethought myself to ask Alfred Jenkins what had been amiss with him that day I first saw him standing by the magass-logé.

'You looked, indeed, as if you wanted something very badly that you had no chance of getting,' I said.

'Oah, sah, me felt bery much bad dat time,' he said simply. 'Carry magass to furnace no good. Work in cane-fields no good. What dey give eat da heah no good. Notting no good da heah. Only forest him good all ober. Me sick—sick for de smell ob de much big forest! But me neber see him no moah. Neber make de labba jump out ob his hole an' see him take de water! Neber go watch for de abouyahs under de saouari tree! Neber, neber no moah!'

His 'neber, neber no moah' sounded almost as mournful as the tones of a passing bell.

'But what keeps you from going back to your own place if you want to?' I asked bluntly.

A look of ghastly fear passed like a spasm over his face. My words had evidently conjured up before his eyes some vision of no ordinary dread. This made me curious to know what possible terror the forest could hold for him strong enough to overcome his passionate craving for the life that is the only life worth living to the Guiana Indian. So, after a little coaxing, I prevailed on him to tell me his story. I give it here, pretty nearly in his own words, but done into readable English.

'It began in the beginning with my brother. He had not gone hunting for some days, for a little son had just been born to him, and he could not leave his benab (Indian hut) till the child's spirit grew strong enough to take no harm as it went with him, unseen, through the forest. There was only cassava to eat, and he was glad when the time came for him to go hunting again; but all that day he could kill nothing. He started no labbas when he poked a stick into their burrows among the tangled treewoods; he went on the tracks of the tapir and the deer, but he did not see either tapir or deer; he watched the feeding-grounds of the peccaries and the cavies, but none came to feed. He came home and was very sad, for he saw that his luck in the chase was gone.

'Then, that he might bring his luck back again, he rubbed into his blood the juice of two different beenas (plants with acrid juices with which the Indians inoculate themselves to get luck in the chase)—the beena that makes a man good at killing peccaries, and the beena that makes him good at killing labbas. But he could not have rubbed in enough juice, for when he went hunting next day it was the same as the day before: he killed no peccary, and no labba, and no beast of any kind; and he went to the creek, but the fish would not let him catch them. His heart was very sore, and he remembered that his wife could only give him cassava-cakes for supper.

'As he turned to leave the creek he saw something move on the ground behind some leaves and tangled lianas. Sure that it would be something good to eat, he shot an arrow amongst the leaves quick as a flash of lightning. A very strange cry came from behind the leaves, like the cry of a piccaninny; just one cry, but it told my brother

that his arrow had not missed. He was glad, because he thought his luck was coming back to him; and he put in his hand among the leaves and pulled out the thing he had shot. He looked, and thought it was a baby-monkey. He looked again, and saw it was not a baby-monkey. He looked again, and wondered much, for it looked like his own little piccaninny, which he had last seen asleep in the little hammock slung round his wife's neck as she set out for the cassava-ground that morning; but the skin of the little thing he held in his hands was covered with a thin red down which felt soft and silky, like the stuff that fills the pod of the silk cotton-tree. Then a very great fear was my brother's, for it came into his mind that the creature he held in his hands was a little Didi piccaninny.

'Not many Indians have seen Didi; but all fear them. They are less than human, and they are more than human: the hairy wild-men of the forest. It is not good for the Indian to meet the Didi, for the Didi are very strong and fierce and cunning, and they do not love the Indian. It is well there are not many Didi, and that they do not let themselves be seen very often nowadays.

'When my brother saw that the dead thing in his hands was a baby Didi he threw it away from him, and turned to flee, in much fear. As he turned, a full-grown she-Didi, panting with making much haste, rushed forward and picked up the dead little one from the ground, with a great cry which made my brother run very fast. Another cry-this time not sorrowful but angry-made him look back, and he saw the Didi coming after him, with her piccaninny clasped tight in her long, hairy arms. He ran very fast, and he got to the clearing where his benab stood before the Didi could reach him. She did not follow him beyond the edge of the clearing. She stayed there, and in the darkness of the night she wailed with loud, strange, sad cries for her piccaninny that was dead; and sometimes she screamed fierce words. No man knows the Didi tongue; but my brother felt the meaning of the words she screamed, and he trembled, and his wife trembled, so that their hammocks swung against each other.

'When the morning came my brother was not any more afraid. The cries had stopped, and he was glad, thinking the Didi had forgotten her dead little one, and had gone away back to her mate. He went hunting again, for he wanted meat sorely. This day his luck came back to him, and at sunset he returned home glad, carrying a fat labba and two accouries. He thought how good his wife would make that labba taste for supper, and how much better labba was than the cassava-cakes which she would perhaps have already baked for supper.

There were no hot cassava-cakes waiting for him in his benab, and no wife, and no quiet little baby. He wondered why she stayed so late at his little cassava-clearing, and he went to fetch her home.

Before he reached the cassava-ground he found her. She was lying across the path leading to the benab, and she was very much dead, for fierce and strong hands had twisted off her head, as a man twists off the head of a fowl. Her baby was clasped tight to her breast, but its head lay with its mother's a little way apart. My brother's eyes saw everything, and he knew that the Didi had not forgotten her dead little one. He sat down on the ground beside the bodies of his wife and child. He would not have cared just then had the Didi come back and twisted off his head too. After a little time he rose and gathered up the bodies and heads, and carried them back to the benab, and laid them in his wife's hammock. He himself sat on the ground beneath the hammock, and the night was very long to

'Next day I came back from where I had been on a big hunt up the river for many days with others of my tribe. I went to my brother's benab to greet him and his wife. He still sat on the ground beneath his wife's hammock. He did not greet me. He pointed in silence to the hammock above. I looked, and saw what the hammock held. Then my heart was very sore for my brother. There were only we two left of our family, for my wife had been dead many moons, and I had not yet taken another. My brother then told me all that had happened in the matter of the Didi and the killing of his wife and child.

'I said, "The Didi has killed more of yours than you have killed of hers. Let us go and find her, and exact the blood-atonement. There are two of us."

"The Didi is very cunning and very strong," he said, "and we are but men. Yet, if we find her I will kill her."

'For many days we hunted for the Didi—we two alone, for the others of our tribe were afraid, and said, "Why seek death?" We never found her. She was cunning and kept out of the way, knowing that men who have blood to avenge can sometimes be as strong as Didi. We hunted for the Didi all the time it takes a moon to grow big in the sky and to grow small again. Then we tired because we could not find her, and we hunted for her no more; we went only on the tracks of the deer and the peccary and the other animals of the forest.

'One day, towards sunset, my brother and I were returning through the forest from our hunting. He carried across his shoulders a wiriebiserie (a small forest-deer) that he had shot. I had had no luck with my bow and arrow that day, and carried nothing; therefore I walked lightly and drew far ahead of him. From behind me, suddenly, there reached my ears a cry—a cry very bad to hear—the cry of a man who dies in much pain. It was my brother's voice. I turned and ran swiftly back along the forest path. There lay my brother on the ground, and over him stooped a strange hairy creature that worked with its hands about his throat. I knew it was the Didi;

and it came into my mind then that she, unseen, had been watching us mockingly from tree-tops and from behind dense undergrowths all the days we had hunted for her, and that she had been waiting for her chance. It had come when my brother, off his guard and burdened with the dead wiriebiserie, had passed along the path far behind me.

'All this came into my mind, and, still running forward, I fixed an arrow in my bow and sent it flying on before me. It struck the Didi on the forearm, and, snarling like a dog disturbed at his food, she raised her head and saw me. Instantly she took away her hands from where they had been, and straightening herself up, made the motion of throwing. Something came rushing through the air and struck me on the chest, knocking all the wind out of me. Then it fell on the ground. I looked. It was my brother's head, and it was his blood that was running down my body and staining my "lap" red.

'My running stopped short, as if my ankles had been firmly seized hold of from behind. I looked at my brother's head and I looked at the Didi. She opened her mouth very wide, showing great tusks like a peccary's, and she laughed in my face. Loud, harsh, yelping laughter it was, human-like yet not human, for no man or woman ever laughed a laugh like hers, with the howl of a beast running through it. It turned the blood in my heart to water, and made my knees weak. I no longer burned to rush forward and avenge my brother. Her laugh had made me a coward. I wanted to get away and hide; but I was afraid to turn my back to her. I was afraid to look away from her. She did not look away from me. Steadily eying me all the while, she plucked my arrow out of her forearm, in which I saw it had stuck but lightly by reason of the thickness of her pelt. Then she raised the hairy arm to her lips and began to suck the shallow wound, thus showing herself crafty as an Indian in her knowledge of the woralli poison with which we smear our arrowheads.

'Still sucking at her arm, she came forward till she stood within two paces of me. My eyes were fastened on her. She stood on her flat-soled feet no higher than a woman, but she was very broad and very strongly made. She was covered all over with a thick coat of coarse red hair, save where the hair of her head, long, tangled, and black, hung around her face. Her face was as the face of one of the human race, save that it also was covered with hair smooth and close and short as the hair of a terrier dog. Her arms were twice as big as a man's. Her hands, with great talons at the hairy finger-ends, looked fit for what they had done to my brother and his wife and child. Just now blood was dripping from the Didi's hands, but it was not her blood. My arrow had not drawn blood from her.

With thick, slobbering lips still on the wound, she

stood before me, and looked at me over her great arm. Her wild, cruel, red eyes mocked me as they looked into mine from out of their deep sockets. They mocked me with the mocking of an evil spirit. Nevertheless, they told me seriously many things, and as plainly as if the Didi had spoken to me in my own speech. They told me that she knew I feared her with a fear passing the fear of death, and that her heart was glad to know this. They told me that she would kill me as she had killed my brother and his wife and child, because I was the brother of him who had killed her little one; also, because I had struck her with my arrow. They told, moreover, that it was her humour not to kill me then, but that, sooner or later, by her hands my death would come. Her eyes told me all this and much besides. Then she took the great bow from my slack hand, and she bent the hard redwood between her thumb and forefinger, and broke it as if it had been a reed; and as she did that she opened her wide, slobbering mouth, and again she laughed the laugh that had made me a coward. Then she slowly stepped aside, and the forest swallowed her up.

'I stood there on the path alone, and my brother's head was at my feet. I left the head where it was, and my brother's body, and the dead wiriebiserie he had been carrying. I left them to the jaguars and the pumas, and, fearful as a woman, ran fast away from the place. I ran to the nearest village of the people of my tribe, and I told all that had happened. They were all much afraid, and said, "It is an ill thing to quarrel with the hairy wild-people of the forest."

'That evening I took my woodskin, and I put in it a cartowerie (an Indian basket made of canework), in which I had packed my hammock and some cassava bread, and barbecued fish, and plenty arrowheads; and I took with me another bow in place of the one the Didi had broken between her thumb and finger. All night I paddled down the great Cuyuni River. In the morning I came to the village of a tribe friendly to mine, and there I stayed. This I did thinking to outwit the Didi, who would not know where to find me. But that same evening, as I stood alone beneath a clump of papaw-trees close to the village of my new friends, I heard behind me the laugh of the Didi. I turned, and she was there; and again she mocked me with her wild red eyes and slobbering lips, and then was gone.

'Next morning I departed from the village of the friendly tribe, and again went away in my woodskin. This time I paddled two days' journey down the river, and I came to people strangers to my tribe, but good Indians, and they made me welcome at their village; and there I stayed three days, and went on the hunt with them.

'On the third day it happened that I went to the creek alone to see if there were any fish in the snares I had set. As I came back the Didi stood in my path. She put her great heavy arms on my

shoulders, so that the sharp claws went deep into my flesh, and you may see the scars there to this day. She looked into my face and laughed the laugh that made me too weak to fight, too weak to flee, and then she was gone again. It came into my mind that the Didi was playing with me, as a jaguar might play with an accourie before it killed him. Wherever I should go, there, by her own hidden ways of travel, would she follow until her humour tired, when she would kill me as she had killed my

'Nevertheless, when a party of Indians, in a big woodskin, with hammocks, and arrowroot to trade at the coast, stopped at the village next day, and told us they were going down the river to the coast where live the parangheries (sea-people: an Indian name for white people who come from the sea), my heart leapt in my breast, and I asked to go with them. For I had heard tales of the parangheries, and I knew that they were a big, wonderful people, with a magic greater than all the magic of all the Indian peimans that ever lived; and I said in my mind, "Surely the Didi will fear to seek me among the parangheries."

'I went many days' journey with the Indians, in the big woodskin, down the great river, which, mingling with another, grew ever greater as we went, until, when we reached the coast, we could not tell where the river ended and the sea began. I found the parangheries wonderful and great though not as wonderful and great as the tales said and they have been good to me.

'On this plantation have I lived ever since I came to the coast, and never have I seen the Didi since that time she put her hands on my shoulders and made the scars you see there; for the forest is the home of the Didi, even more than it is the home of the Indian, and they will not come out of the forest even to seek revenge. While I live here the Didi, my enemy, cannot harm me; but if I go back to the forest she will kill me as she killed my brother. And the fear is in my heart that some day I shall go back to the forest. Ah, you do not know how the forest draws the Indian home to it again! At first, to live here did not make me feel bad, and I was glad that the Didi came no longer before me, save in my dreams; but, afterwards, every day more and more has the forest tugged at the strings of my heart. There will come a time when I shall die if I do not go back to the forest. It is in my mind that, when that time draws near, my fear of the Didi will grow small, and I will go back to the forest, and breathe the breath and drink the water of my own place again before my enemy kills me as she killed my brother. The mind of the Didi knows that the forest will draw the Indian home again, and she laughs and waits.

'This is all the tale I have to tell. To only one man, since I left the forest, have I spoken of the Didi who is my enemy. You are that man. You know why I stay here as yet, though my heart is sick, sick for the forest.'

The foregoing, told in his own mongrel English, was Alfred Jenkins's story. The five tiny, smooth scars which he showed me on each of his shoulders near the base of the neck certainly suggested, in their arrangement and conformation, the imprint of the nails of an exceedingly large human hand; but, of course, I could not accept them as evidence of the existence of the monstrous semi-human creature of his story in the face of my common-sense, which assured me that such a creature could not exist. The man, however, was so evidently sane, simple, and sincere that I was very much puzzled to make out what could have been the actual phenomena which had assumed such strange and revoltingly tragic shapes in his brain.

I did not repay the confidence he had given me by attempting the impossible task of reasoning him out of his belief in Didi in general, and in his own particular Didi; but I tried to reassure him with the suggestion that his dreaded Didi had likely forgotten all about him by this time, or that she might even be dead. He only shook his head, however, and said that she had not forgotten him, and that she would not die before he did.

The fish began to bite just then, and they kept us too busy for further talk until dusk suddenly fell on the sea, and we turned our boat's-head landward with a fair catch of fish.

Next day my brief stay with Byngham came to an end, and I went back to Georgetown, leaving Alfred Jenkins happy for the nonce with a specially large parting gift of tobacco.

Now for the queer sequel to Alfred Jenkins's story.

Shortly after this, business connected with my office took me to Barbadoes, and kept me there some time, so it was over a year before I saw Byngham again. He looked me up at my quarters in Georgetown after my return; and as we chatted about things on the Victoria Regina, I remembered to ask after my Indian friend Alfred Jenkins.

'Oh, we've lost Alfred Jenkins,' said Byngham.
'I'm sorry, for the overseers all declare that he worked as well as any negro or coolie in the whole lot. But the Indian's longing for the forest overmastered him at last, even after all those years of plantation-life, and about eight months ago he cut back to his own people.'

'He told me he was bound to go sooner or later,' I said, taking a couple of thoughtful pulls at my pipe.

'Well, as it happened, it would have been better for the poor chap had he remained on the Victoria,' went on Byngham in his languid West Indian drawl. 'About a fortnight ago I came across a half-caste who had just come down from somewhere away back, near the headwaters of the Cuyuni River, where Alfred Jenkins's people live, and he told me that poor Alfred Jenkins was killed the week after his return. The odd thing is nobody

seemed to know who killed him. He was found lying across an Indian path close to his village, with his head completely severed from his body; not cut off, mind you, so the man said, but wrenched off.

A smothered exclamation escaped my lips.

'Yes, of course, it is a little too strong—the statement about its being wrenched off,' went on Byngham, mistaking the cause of my exclamation; 'more especially as the half-caste laid much stress on the fact that it couldn't have been the work of wild beasts, as both head and body were found intact. The fellow talked a lot of rubbish, to which I paid little heed, about the tribe believing that Alfred Jenkins had met his death at the hands of some supernaturally strong and cunning creature, half-brute, half-human, which is supposed to haunt the bush. I suppose, however, that we may take it for a certainty that his death was the outcome of some Indian feud. I often used to say-don't you remember?—that it was fear of the Indian law of blood-atonement which kept Alfred Jenkins so long away from his beloved forest.'

I was genuinely sorry to hear of the poor Ackawoise's death, and very much disquieted, I confess, to learn the manner of it. That he should have been killed in exactly the fashion he had predicted seemed to place all the particulars of his strange and gruesome story on the impressive footing of actual facts—at least it seemed to me for the moment to do so. I was conscious of a queer, disagreeable sensation, such as a man may be excused for feeling when he finds himself confronted with apparent evidences of the existence of certain things in nature which lie uncomfortably outside the teaching of his traditions and experiences.

Î had never told Alfred Jenkins's story to any one; but, under the pressure of this queer sensation, I now told it to Byngham. By the time I had finished he was looking rather nonplussed.

'But it's all rubbish, you know,' he protested after a pause—'utter rubbish! His death and the way of it is just one of those odd coincidences that are always happening. Didi or their like, of course, don't exist outside the superstitious brain of an Indian.'

I gave but a dubious assent to this confident declaration. I was not prepared to say what, at that particular moment, I believed or did not believe concerning Didi and their like.

'Poor old Alfred Jenkins!' commented Byngham, leisurely sipping his brandy-and-soda, 'he was not a bad sort; but who would ever have credited the beggar with an imagination equal to spinning a yarn like that? For, of course, it was imagination. His story was all either lies or delusions,' he concluded positively.

'It wasn't lies,' I said just as positively; but that was really all I could say positively about the matter.

THE SHAN STATES.



N an article on 'The Shan States' in this Journal (1898, p. 310) we referred to the desirability of joining the landlocked southern Shan States with the Burma railway system. We are glad to see from the Adminis-

tration Report just published that a survey has been made, and a practicable and not very expensive line arranged for. The railway staff are now in Rangoon preparing plans and estimates.

Mr Hildebrand, C.I.E., who had administered the southern Shan States since the British occupation in 1887, has recently retired. His place has been taken by Sir G. Scott, who attributes the progress made to Mr Hildebrand's wise and beneficent administration. These states, formerly in a chronic condition of anarchy and desolation, are now reckoned amongst the most prosperous portions of the territory rescued from Thebaw's misgovernment in 1885; and the loyalty of the various chiefs, whose positions we have upheld and strengthened, is undoubted. The material prosperity of the people also has been improved, and the cultivation of wheat and potatoes, introduced by Mr Hildebrand, promises them wealth when they have the means of exporting their produce to Burma by rail. The people now only grow enough for their own consumption and to supply the single native regiment and the few police which are found sufficient to uphold law and order over a tract of country several times larger than England.

Kengtung, one of the Shan States on the border, abuts on French territory on the Mekong. It is satisfactory to learn that excellent relations exist between the French officers and our own. A fortnightly mail service is carried on between Kengtung and Mong Hsing, the headquarters of the French Commissaire; and trade amounting to some seventeen lacs of rupees is carried on by pack-animals between Kengtung, the French states, Siam, and China. Before the advent of the British, the Shans distrusted Siam so much that there was hardly any trade between the two. This feeling is said to have resulted from Siamese attacks on Kengtung about the time of the second Burmese war. A new generation, however, has arisen since then, and the old distrust has vanished. One of the keenest traders is a half-sister of the Kengtung chief, who has travelled in Siam and traded extensively with both Siamese and French subjects in salt, silk, and coco-nuts, which she barters for cloth; and her energy and enterprise has stimulated others to follow her example. The lady deserves well of her country.

A fine school building has been opened for the sons of the Shan chiefs at Sir G. Scott's headquarters at Taunggyi. Some twenty names of scholars have been received; but an unfortunate accident to one bright little boy, who arrived in stormy weather, and was struck on the head by a swing-door, will perhaps hinder anxious Shan mothers from availing themselves of the opportunity of giving their sons

an English education at a place, in some instances, so far from home. Everything, however, must have a beginning; and Mr Gordon, who took over the charge of the school in July 1902, hopes eventually, by the kind care he bestows on the scholars, to overcome all maternal fears.

Many of the Shan chiefs are good administrators and energetic men. They have seen the advantages derived from the opening out of roads and building up markets in Burma, and are pushing on communications between their states, building bridges, and planting and caring for roadside trees in a way which is highly creditable to them as Asiatics. Their revenues now steadily increase with good communications; and the contented populationmoney-making traders who can pay taxes-are people who view disturbances or rebellions with horror and disgust. So the chiefs were wise in their generation in making roads and bridges. These improvements, however, cost money, and many Asiatic potentates in similar positions would rest satisfied with things as they find them, and spend their surplus revenues in a less satisfactory way. All honour, then, to these Shan chiefs who have taken to heart the advice of the late administrator, Mr Hildebrand, and are working energetically to open up the country to trade and cultivation.

It is too early yet to say what progress will follow the opening of the railway. However, there are many hills in the states with a climate very like that of England, where pony and mule breeding might be carried on by Europeans; and a very profitable industry it would be, as ponies in Burma have trebled in price in the last thirty years. The railway will also open up some of the finest scenery in Burma. Probably a winter in the Shan States will be attractive to tourists, who now only go to Mandalay and Bhamo on some of the finest riversteamers in the world; but whether tourists come or not, the railway will be very advantageous. It is to be regretted that Mr Hildebrand retired before its advent, for no one had the prosperity of the southern Shan States more at heart; and his name is still spoken of with reverence and affection by both the chiefs and their subjects.

HOPB.

No wintry silence—be it e'er so long—
But spring-time wakes it with the birds' sweet song.
No day so drear but after frost and snow,
E'en in far north, the sweetest roses blow.
No night so long but daylight comes at last,
And the pink dawn forgets the darkness past.
No work so toilsome but the task begun
On earth is finished with the Morning Sun.
No way so rugged but the wandere's feet
Shall walk unweary in the golden street.
No parting ever but the God of Love
Shall join the parted—in the land above.

J. S. REDMAYNE.



CRIMES I HAVE COMPOUNDED.

By A BRITISH MATRON.



STRICT sense of what is due to myself constrains me to open this article by stating that from none of the trifling felonies to which I have been an unwilling accessory have I reaped the remotest benefit,

monetary or otherwise. Indeed, the collective increment gained by the actual perpetrators forms a ludicrously paltry sum, and one pitifully little worth sinning to obtain.

The first petty knavery at which I assisted took me so completely by surprise that the deed was done and the transgressor had fled before I believed the evidence of my own eyes. On some trifling errand I had chanced to enter a respectable grocer's shop in a large provincial town. It was the dinner-hour apparently, for the business had been left in charge of a raw assistant. Seated by the counter, I was patiently waiting the while he ponderously parcelled up the various commodities demanded by other customers, when a man, whose shabby evening-suit and up-all-night aspect proclaimed him a waiter from a hotel near, hurried in and asked for change, throwing a sovereign on the counter. Momentarily relinquishing his sugar-scoop, the shopman took from a little row of similar packets, placed ready on a shelf behind him, a paper containing a pound in silver, and, handing it to the waiter, said curtly, 'See if that's all right.' Then he went on weighing out the sugar. Tearing off the paper covering, the waiter with a swift turn of the hand spread the money out on the counter. He stood close to me, and for lack of better occupation I idly watched his movements. To my amazement, the same motion of his fingers-long, slender, predatory fingers they were—that levelled the little heap of coins served also to detach from the lot three shillings, which a swift upward turn of his wrist slipped into a waistcoat - pocket. 'Three shillings short,' affirmed the waiter, lying glibly. Almost before I realised the meaning of what I had seen, the fatuous shopman paid him the money, and the waiter vanished. Moral cowardice alone

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trick with a skill engendered by long practice; though I afterwards argued to my conscience that, being in such close proximity to the delinquent, the fear that my protest might have elicited a blow restrained me. Had the shopman shown even ordinary intelligence, I might have warned him against a possible recurrence; but he seemed so stolid, so doltish, as to give me the idea that any suggestion of his remissness in not counting the change himself would have injured his opinion of his own astuteness and so annoyed him. As he was only a man, not a master, the loss could not hurt him through his pocket; while the discovery that he had been so easily tricked would have seriously wounded his vanity. The other occurrences all took place in London;

it must have been that kept me from promptly

denouncing a thief who had performed his little

The other occurrences all took place in London; and, curiously enough, all the pettifogging everyday frauds to which I have been a party have been perpetrated by men. Whether it is because women are more honest than men, or that they are afraid to defraud their own sex, or because they have fewer opportunities for petty pilfering, I do not pretend to guess.

I was returning from the south coast to London, accompanied by my little son, a babe of four years, who so far had done his railway travelling free of cost. When we reached the station where tickets were taken, a uniformed collector, large, blonde, plump, and self-complacent, swung himself on to the carriage-step, and, taking my ticket, requested one for the child. 'He has never had a ticket yet; he is quite a baby. Does he really require one?' I demurred. 'Is he under three, madam?' the ticket-collector made bland inquiry. Veracity compelled me to admit that he had just turned four. 'Must have a half-ticket, then. Let's see: half That'll be five-and-ninepence, second from —. please,' he said, producing a table of fares. 'Thank you.' And just as the train moved slowly on he swung himself on to the platform, carrying with him my coins, and leaving me a growing conviction [All Rights Reserved.] JULY 25, 1903.

that it was the plump ticket-collector and not the railway company who would benefit by the excess fare—a conviction strengthened by the discovery that he had omitted to give me any receipt for the money received.

Something-I think it was the smug superiority of the man's manner-irritated me whenever the incident crossed my thoughts; and, after a day or two of indecision, I wrote to the railway company stating that I had travelled from a specified coasttown to London on a certain day, and, having paid so much excess fare, had not received a corresponding receipt. That the note reached the proper quarter was speedily attested. About ten o'clock on the morning of the day succeeding that whereon the head-office received my letter, I was told that a railway man wished to see me; and, going into the hall, I discovered, trembling on the door-mat, my friend the ticket-collector! I recognised him at once, though in some inexcusable manner he seemed to have shrunk. His self-complacency had gone, his blonde hair was dank with moisture, and though it was a chilly autumn morning, he kept wiping the perspiration from his face with an already moist pocket-handkerchief. His attitude of superiority had departed. The tables had been turned. He and not I it was who stood accused of transgressing the law. Begging to see me alone, he poured forth a torrent of cringing supplication. His story was that, my complaint having reached the proper quarter, and inquiry proving that no excess fare had been reported by the train specified, an inspector had been instructed to investigate and report on the matter. Judging by his method of procedure, the inspector's sole qualification for his post would appear to have been imbecility. Taking my communication in his hand, he interviewed the ticket-collectors, showing them the note and asking each if it referred to him. While joining with the others in acclaiming his innocence, my villain was astute enough to take a mental memorandum of the address printed on my note-paper; then, using some subterfuge to obtain a half-holiday, he had made a pilgrimage to St John's Wood with the intention of throwing himself upon my mercy.

How is it that any suppliant who invades his accuser's dwelling, and there boldly importunes for clemency, gains a better hearing than he would otherwise obtain? I do not know. Certain it was that the sight of the abject misery of a being who had evidently risen in his own station, and who bore in his sleek, well-fed personality outward token of prosperity, affected me more than might that of one who revealed signs of having already forfeited the respect of his fellow-men. My villain's excuses were the time-tried ones that have done duty so often that they are worn threadbare. The marvel is that so resourceful a scamp could not have invented something less hackneyed. He had an invalid wife and many children—nine, if I remember correctly. There had been sickness in

his household-oddly enough, though such sinners are always ready to plead illness in extenuation of crime, some superstitious feeling seems to restrain them from specifying death-and things had been going against him. In embezzling the railway company's money he had yielded to a sudden and instantly regretted temptation. It was the very first time he had ever stolen a penny, and he was ready to pledge his solemn word of honour that he would never trespass again. 'But what can I do?' I asked. 'The railway company has taken up my complaint; their inquiry must go on. I am powerless now to stop it.' But for a first offender my villain was wonderfully well versed in the procedure of like cases. 'Oh no, madam, not at all,' he hastened to explain. 'It's like this, you see: the first thing they'll do will be to ask you to identify the ticket-collector who got the moneypick him out among the lot, that is. And if you were to point me out it would mean my ruin, and my poor wife's death, and the ruin of all my poor little children. That it would, madam.' Only the most indomitable can see a fellow-creature at bay and remain firm. Relentlessness has never been my strong point, and the idea of being the moral murderess of an entire household was too appalling a picture to contemplate. Needless to say, the wily suppliant departed bearing with him the assurance that I would take no further steps to injure him.

A few days later a formal missive reached me from the railway company. It stated that their inspector's investigations had failed to discover the culprit, and asked if I would be willing to identify the man. Feeling very mean and sneaky, I replied mendaciously that, some time having now elapsed since the occurrence, I feared I might be unable to recognise the offender. There the matter ended, though sometimes I regretted having allowed the sleek penitent to persuade me, against my conscience, into giving a promise. For, the complaint once made, my action, while shielding the real aggressor, left the railway company with the knowledge that they had a thief in their service, and cast suspicion upon the integrity of their other employees.

Several petty peculations occur to me. One is that of a polite salesman in a Regent Street shop who took so much trouble to find me exactly what I wanted in the way of a veil, and then helped me to tie it on with such courteous anxiety to please me, that when I saw him falsifying my bill to the extent of a few pence I had not the ingratitude to call his attention to the fact.

Another case is that of a lad who had reached that trying age—especially trying to a youth placed among the temptations of a great city—when his narrow income appears hopelessly disproportionate to cope with his craving for betting, amusements, and feminine society. His mission was to call and solicit orders for a large firm of poultry-dealers, receiving payment when he brought the goods. One morning cook brought me a bill on which the

original price had been altered in pencil. surely the brace of pheasants was to have been seven-and-sixpence, not eight-and-sixpence?' I remarked, noticing the erasure. 'Yes, 'm,' agreed cook, 'so I told the young man; but he said they was such fine birds they ought to be more, and that they was cheap at the money.' 'Tell him I ordered the pheasants from the week's price-list at sevenand-sixpence a brace.' A minute later the cook appeared again. 'The young man says it's quite all right, 'm. It's just his mistake. If you give him the bill he'll make it all right.' But distrust of the plausible young man possessed me; and, anxious to see the servant who had power to alter his master's bills, I descended the kitchen-stairs to interview him. I found a ruddy-faced lad of eighteen or nineteen. 'It's all my mistake, ma'am,' he made haste to assure me, speaking in a strong Norfolk accent. 'As I said to cook, I'll make it all right.' 'But what have you to do with the bill? How can you alter it? Surely the accounts are made out at the shop? I won't pay you now. I'll go in to the shop and inquire about it.' At my words abject fear fell upon him. Gray patches streaked his ruddy complexion; his breath came in little gasps. Had he but guessed it, it was his youth and a certain atmosphere of green pastures that still clung to him that interceded with me on his behalf, not his reiterated assurances that it was only his mistake; that he had thought the game too fine to be charged so moderately; that if I'd only overlook it I'd never have to complain again. So I let him go, knowing that in the future nothing would induce him to tamper with my bills. Poor callow youth! Probably the same evil influence led him to tamper with those of other customers, for a few weeks later he disappeared, and his place was afterwards filled by a mature being, who, outwardly at least, appeared to be the epitome of rectitude.

My latest condonation was of perhaps the most flagrant and facile petty felony possible. It occurred on a raw, unpleasant November afternoon. A drizzling rain was falling, and even the pleasant residential neighbourhoods were foul with slimy London mud. It was the type of spiteful, malevolent weather that rouses a belligerent spirit in those forced to brave it—which may account for my making the feeble stand I did against knavery.

On the way to pay a call I entered a bus in a district where ticket-inspectors are scarce. There were only two other passengers; and, taking a seat next the door, I handed the conductor a penny. Taking the top ticket from the bundle he held, he inserted it in the punch, then gave it to me. It was not until he had gone upstairs that I remembered I had not heard the sharp ting of the punch, and examining the ticket, I saw that the under side was mud-stained, as though it had been used and thrown away. The personality of the conductor when he resumed his place on the step thoroughly aroused my awakening suspicion. He had a sallow, un-

wholesome colour and furtive eyes set closely together. 'Give me another ticket,' I hazarded, speaking in a quiet, perfectly expressionless voice. 'W'y! Wotever's the matter wif the ticket you've got, lydy?' the conductor replied, with affected jocularity, eying me uneasily. 'It's dirty. I won't have it.' 'Dirty? It's only dirty wif me 'ands!' he exclaimed, trying to snatch the ticket from me, but only succeeding in tearing off a corner. 'Give me a ticket,' I repeated impassively. 'I won't have this one.' "E 'asn't given me a ticket at all. An' I paid 'im afore you got in,' interjected a woman with a basket. Thus doubly convicted, the conductor surreptitiously slipped the two top tickets from his bundle and dropped them out into the street; then, finding escape impossible, convicted himself of attempted fraud by giving us each a fresh, properly punched ticket. The entrance of two lady-passengers caused a diversion, and the matter would have dropped had I not noticed the conductor making stealthy attempts to turn the face of his badge so that the number might be hidden. Finding his efforts useless, he secretly unfastened the buckle of his shoulder-strap, and, slipping off the badge, dropped it into the locker under the stair. Something in the secretive nature of his movements, and in the crafty precautions he was taking, served to arouse an animosity far beyond the deserts of his injury to me; so, catching his eye when he thought he had safely circumvented any possible detection, I produced a pencil and note-book and said in a low tone, 'Tell me your number.' 'Now, lydy - yer don't want to do me no 'arm, lydy? Yer don't want to lose me my plyce? Do yer now, lydy?' he whispered persuasively, thrusting his sallow face unpleasantly close to mine. 'Give me your number,' I repeated, with what must have been maddening persistency. 'I would never have thought of taking it if I had not seen you try to conceal it.' Our conversation was carried on so quietly as to be inaudible, over the rattle of the bus, to the other passengers. 'Just gi' me a chaunce, lydy. I can explain. Yer wouldn't do a pore man any 'arm, lydy-would yer? I've a sick wife an' young children. wouldn't 'ave me lose my plyce, lydy, an' them turned out into the street? Now, would yer?' The distasteful personality of the man, his grovelling profession of humility, the suspicious look in his close-set eyes, his fluent protestations that he had never done such a thing before, and would never do it again, merely hardened my heart against him. 'Give me your number,' I repeated, parrot-like. 'I don't leave this bus till I get it.' We were nearing the terminus; and, urged thereto by the assurance of danger ahead, the conductor reluctantly opened the box and produced the badge. 'Yer won't do me any 'arm, lydy? I apologise. Won't yer forgive me?' he insisted, speaking in the confidential whisper in which his part of the conversation had been carried on. Finding me maintain an immovable silence, now that my point had been gained,

he followed me when I quitted the bus, and clutching at my shrinking arm, repeated his wail: 'I apologise. Won't yer forgive me, lydy?' It is hard to witness the veriest human worm in a mental funk and remain unmoved. I fear I am very weak; for, though I detested the man, my resolution was inwardly wavering. I was on the verge of a rash promise, when an angry shout from the driver of the waiting bus and the opportune appearance of a policeman released me. But, despite the resolute bearing I maintained, and my inclination towards strict rectitude, I must confess I have taken no steps towards the conviction of this self-acknow-

ledged appropriator of his employer's funds. As I write, the disputed tickets lie on my desk: the soiled, spurious one with a corner torn off, and the crisp, clean, legitimate one. The defaulting conductor's number is written large in my note-book. No further evidence is wanting to convict him. Yet, for aught I have done to prevent it, the fraudulent bus-conductor may be gleaning his little perquisites as merrily as of yore, and his wife and bairns waxing fat thereon.

After all, the character of unofficial moral-policeman to one's fellow-creatures is a thankless part to play; and who amongst us cares to play it?

THE PEARL NECKLACE.

CHAPTER X .-- THE HIDDEN PAPERS.



N the morning the corporal came to me ere I left my chamber.

'Well, what of the men?' I asked somewhat anxiously. 'Are they disposed to give us any further trouble?'

'Not at the present, I think,' said he. 'They are quiet and peaceable enough to all outward seeming, and even Nicholas Rowe hath expressed some penitence for his conduct last night.'

'That is well,' said I. 'Hath Jacob Watkins come yet, or sent a message?'

'Nay, sir,' he answered; and as he spoke I noticed that he was glancing curiously about the room. 'Is not this the chamber which was occupied by Colonel Montague when he resided in the Hall?' he asked presently.

'So I was told by one of the serving-women,' I replied. 'Why do you ask?'

'Mark Rothwell, the man you ordered to accompany the maid Barbara last night, reports that she came here, and used every device in her power to induce him to leave her alone in the chamber. But, having your orders to the contrary, he would not budge; and, moreover, it seemed passing strange to him that she should seek for a woman's wearing apparel in a chamber like this. Finding her tricks of no avail, she departed in a very ill-humour; and, though she took some garments away with her, he shrewdly suspects that she did not succeed in performing all that she came to do.'

'What do you think she wanted here?' I asked uneasily.

'Nay, I know not, unless she was striving to carry away the papers we have been searching for.'

It was the very idea that had flashed through my own mind, and it was clear to me that Rothwell had bungled the business. If that were indeed the maid's errand, he should have allowed her to get the papers, and then have forced her to give them up. It was now too late to repair the blunder; but I immediately determined to search the chamber once more as soon as I could get rid

of the corporal. I desired to be the first to peruse the papers, for reasons that may be easily imagined; and, fearing he might offer to assist me, I affected to attach but little importance to his suggestion.

'Well, for my part, I see not where they could have been hidden,' said I, 'for there is not a possible hiding-place that we have not already examined most thoroughly. Such women are very subtle, and it may be she pretended to search here while really desirous of searching elsewhere.'

'Ay, truly, it may be so,' said the corporal indifferently; and presently, to my great relief, he withdrew.

No sooner had the door closed behind him than I commenced a most rigorous but unavailing search until I was wearied out and was thoroughly convinced that there were no papers hidden in the chamber, and that Barbara must have had other reasons for wishing to enter it.

And now I come to a portion of my story that I would fain pass over in silence. So keenly did I suffer that to this day I cannot recall the misery I endured without a pang of self-pity. The hours dragged wearily on, and still there came no message from Jacob Watkins. My spirits sank lower and lower as the time went by. Sick at heart I paced to and fro about the chamber, brooding-God forgive me!-not upon the best means of accomplishing the task set before me, but upon every look and word and gesture of Mistress Dorothy. To such a pass had I come-and I could no longer blind myself to it—that the duty I owed to the cause and to His Highness the Protector, my kind and honoured friend and master, had become of little account to me compared with the favour of a young girl, whose smiles, I knew well, I could not win without being false to the trust reposed in me. I will confess everything, for why should I write of this matter at all if I tell not the plain truth? My heart ached for a sight of her. I longed—God knows with what a sick craving—to be with her, to hear her speak, to look into her eyes-nay, but to hear her footstep or the rustle of her dress.

Truly I could scarce recognise myself. This child—incredible as it would have seemed so short a time before—had become all in all to me, and I felt that without her companionship life would be unendurable.

I tried vainly to persuade myself of the folly of this infatuation. She was fair to look upon, I told myself; as sweet and brave a maid as one could desire to see, yet, it might be, vain and light-minded, altogether given over to the vanities of this world, and no meet helpmate for one who desired to prove faithful to the cause which had hitherto been dearer to him than aught else on earth. If this should be, as the corporal had warned me, but a temptation of the Evil One to lure me from the path of duty, then was I indeed in a sorry case, and must do what in me lay to struggle against it.

Ah! but it was not so; I was sure of it. That fair and gracious form was the fit tabernacle for a beautiful spirit, and such a spirit I was sure had come to abide in it. She was loyal to the king. Ay, truly; and why not? How could it be otherwise? Seeing she was one of a family of the staunchest Royalists in all England, it would have been strange indeed if those who took up arms against the king had not appeared to her to be rebels and traitors. Would I have thought more of her had she been disloyal to those she loved and to the faith in which she had been brought up? I could not believe it. That she should sympathise with her friends in their efforts to restore the king's son to the throne-nay, even strive to do all in her power to aid them—was little to be wondered at. Indeed, I felt that it would have been unworthy of her had she failed to do so. The clear, sweet, truthful eyes told their own story. Royalist she was by birth and conviction, but sincere and brave and good and true; a noble maid that any man might indeed be proud to gain as a wife.

Now, while these thoughts passed through my mind, I was, as I have said, pacing to and fro about the room, and I noticed that one of the boards on which I trod appeared somewhat loose, and gave forth a more hollow sound than the rest. Stooping carelessly down, I contrived with some little difficulty to raise it. As I did so I uttered an exclamation of joy and astonishment, for I had no doubt that I had at length discovered the hiding-place I had hitherto searched for in vain. In the space beneath the board lay a wooden box, which I hastily drew forth, and found to be securely locked. I replaced the board, bolted the chamber door, so that I should not be interrupted, and then with the aid of my dagger forced open the lid of the box. Then, indeed, I felt my cheeks flush with triumph, for inside it lay a number of papers, and a glance told me they were the very ones I had given up all hope of discovering. No wonder Mistress Barbara had been so anxious to be left alone in the chamber!

Taking the papers from the box, I sat down

and began to peruse them. As I did so my heart turned sick within me. The first of the papers I read was that most odious proclamation, unworthy of a Christian and a gentleman, issued by Charles Stuart, the son of the late king:

'Whereas a certain mechanic fellow, by name Oliver Cromwell, hath by most wicked and accursed ways and means, against all laws both human and divine, most tyrannically and traitorously usurped the Supreme Power over Our Kingdoms: these are, in Our name, to give pardon and liberty to any man whomsoever, within any of Our Three Kingdoms, by pistol, sword, or poison, or by any other ways or means whatsoever, to destroy the life of the said Oliver Cromwell, wherein they will do an act acceptable to God and good men.'

And as I threw it aside with loathing and disgust, and glanced at the other papers, what think you I discovered was the main object of the very conspiracy in which Sir John and his family were engaged? Why, naught else but the murder of His Highness the Protector; and those who committed the foul deed were to be rewarded with the gold that had come from France. The originator of the conspiracy was Colonel Montague; but among the names of the conspirators, of which there was a list, I found, besides those of her father and brother, the name of Mistress Dorothy Woodville.

I think it was the bitterest moment of my life during which I sat there gazing blankly at the fatal documents, and wishing I had long ago been slain that I might never have suffered the anguish I then endured. Oh, there is nothing so cruel in life as to find base and unworthy those we have hitherto loved and trusted! Do they die? They have but gone before us. Presently, please God, we shall see them again, and renew the dear friendships of the past. But do they prove unworthy of our love and trust, there shall be no meeting again with untroubled eyes and hand clasped in hand. Then indeed are they dead to us, for that which we loved in them is no more—nay, never was. God grant that, whatever evils I may be called upon to bear in the future, this at least may be spared me.

Well, it is past long ago, and I need not dwell upon it; nay, in truth, though so long past I can scarce endure to dwell upon it, so keen was the pang I felt. For then I saw that the desire of my heart must be for ever thrust aside; and, cost what it would, I must go forth to perform my duty. With that I would palter no longer. I would go about it with zeal and energy, with a resolution that no weak emotion should enfeeble. Steps must be taken to arrest all those whose names appeared in the list of conspirators. I must think out some plan by which, with the utmost despatch and secrecy, the business might be accomplished. Otherwise who could say what might not be done. The plans of these essassins might for the moment be disconcerted; yet while they were at large Cromwell stood, as it were, on the brink of the grave. There was no time to be lost. I must act, and act

at once. I would summon Corporal Flint, lay the whole truth before him, and take such steps as seemed expedient.

But as I rose hastily to my feet there came the clattering of a horse's hoofs, the challenge of the sentry, and a heavy step in the passage. I thrust the papers hurriedly into my pouch, and unbolted the door, which a moment later was opened by Corporal Flint.

'A letter from His Highness,' said he, holding it out.

'Very well,' I replied, taking it from him; 'you need not wait.'

As he went out I tore open the letter and read it.

'To Captain Hawthorne at Oakwood Hall: These.

Haste, haste.

'SIR,-I am informed that the man Montague hath escaped and carried off the gold which I instructed you to seize. Moreover, it is reported to me that you have been slack in this business in order that you might gain favour in the eyes of those who, having harboured this wretch, have very plainly proved themselves to be enemies to the Commonwealth. I shall myself come to inquire into the matter; and let those who have taken part in this conspiracy, which I have reason to believe is aimed at the life of one who desires naught but the well-being of this unfortunate country, so torn and distracted by strife and faction-let them, I say, look to it, for, as God lives, they shall, verily, man or woman, receive the punishment due to their offence. As for yourself, take heed. I fear much that you have been weighed in the balances and found wanting. When I arrive, which may well be within a few hours of the messenger entrusted with this, let me have proof that you have been misjudged, or expect to meet with but little consideration at my hands. OLIVER, P.'

Truly I trembled as I read this letter. Evidently some spy-possibly one of the troopers-had reported all that had taken place to Cromwell; and what excuses, that could be of any avail, could I offer for my conduct? I had indeed, as I thought despairingly, been weighed in the balances and found wanting. Yet some hours still remained to me, and in that time I might accomplish much. If Montague had escaped, the rest might be taken; and, so thinking, I strode hastily to the door. My hand was raised to open it, when-how shall I tell it?—I stood stock-still as if turned into stone. It came upon me with a sudden sick qualm of terror that I might be condemning to the scaffold the being I loved more than all the world beside. Yes-I grew hot with shame at the thought-in spite of all that I had discovered I could not banish from my mind her face, or the sound of her voice, or the picture of her as she walked beside me through the wood. In my folly and blindness I had supposed that, having discovered that she was in league with assassins, and a party to this foul conspiracy against the life of the Protector, I could shake off with ease the shackles that bound me. But it was not so.

This was to me a thing that verily appalled me. Reason and the clearest evidence proclaimed her false and treacherous; yet was I powerless to overcome the longing that suddenly took possession of me to save her, if it might be possible, from the consequences of her crime. Cromwell was coming, and coming in his most ruthless mood. I should be forced to show him the papers, and what punishment he might think fit for those who were leagued with hired assassins to take his life with poison, steel, or bullet I shuddered to contemplate. And yet I own that I hesitated. There might still be time to warn Dorothy to escape; but if I did so I must myself be prepared to face the just wrath of the Protector, and I knew well that he would show but little mercy to one he had trusted, and who had, however unwillingly, betrayed that trust.

For several moments I stood there in an agony of indecision; and then, with a stifled groan, moved as it were by a power without myself, I seized my hat and sword and hurried forth.

'A word with you, corporal,' I said as I passed through the hall, and he followed me outside. 'Hath Jacob Watkins returned?' I asked.

'Nay, sir.'

'Well, mark me! His Highness comes here this day. If he arrives before I return make my excuses, and tell him I shall be back speedily.'

'Ay, sir,' said he; 'yet would it not be well if you were here to receive him?'

'Corporal'—— I began angrily; but he interposed.

'Nay, sir,' said he, 'I crave your pardon if I seem to be presumptuous; but God knows 'tis but of your own welfare I think, and naught else. I can keep a still tongue between my teeth, thank Heaven; but you must know that there are those among us who will give no friendly report of your proceedings to His Highness.'

To my astonishment, his voice well-nigh trembled with emotion, a thing I could scarce have believed possible, so hard and cold had he seemed hitherto.

'I thank you, corporal,' I replied; 'but, come of it what will, I must go. I have counted the cost, and will do this thing let the end be what it may. I shall myself report my proceedings most fully to His Highness, and the consequences must be as God pleases.'

He shook his head, and eyed me sadly.

'Well, well,' said he, 'I will say no more. But 'tis dangerous to venture forth alone. Will you not take some of the troopers with you?'

'Nay,' said I, 'no one shall ignorantly take part in that which I am about to do.'

'Ay,' said he bitterly, 'when I saw you gazing at the pearls I knew how 'twould be; God have pity on you! I knew well how 'twould be.'

And so, with another melancholy shake of the head, he turned and left me.

(To be continued.)

THE RETROGRESSION OF THE LEVANT.



N an article on 'Turkey' in the issue of this Journal for March, an anonymous writer gives an interesting account of the bankrupt condition of the country. I do not know what part of the Turkish Empire the

writer is specially acquainted with; but in Syria, where I was resident for some years, the evidences of impending bankruptcy were neither few nor far to seek. For this state of affairs the writer blames the free-trade policy forced on Turkey by treaties with the Western Powers, and sees in a limited amount of protection the remedy. I agree with him only as to the condition of Turkey, not as to the cause and the cure.

Since the Crimean war there has been a great increase in intercourse with Western Europe, especially with France, and this has promoted political discontent; further, it has promoted luxury. The young Turk who has been to Paris returns to the Levant with expensive tastes, and these cannot be easily gratified from hereditary sources of income. He cannot trade, so he becomes a Government official. Every official, from the Sultan downwards, has desires that require for their gratification a larger expenditure than his income permits, so each preys on those immediately beneath him. The predatory instinct is reinforced by the fact that their salaries are miserably small and very irregularly paid. Sometimes, after their salaries have fallen three quarters in arrears, the officials are informed that it will be regarded as a proof of loyalty if they will be content with two quarters. Is it wonderful if, in these circumstances, they reimburse themselves at the expense of the Sultan's subjects, or-when they have the chance-at the expense of the Sultan's exchequer?

Let us suppose that a protective duty is imposed on cotton goods, and that some European firm, attracted by the prospect of the profit to accrue from protection, determine to erect a cotton-mill near some port on the Syrian coast. The first difficulty they will encounter is in regard to the site. Every proprietor whose land abuts in the smallest degree on the plot chosen has the right of pre-emption, and will have to be placated. Perhaps, before a spade is put in the ground, operations will be forbidden: a suspicion is alleged that it is gun-cotton that is to be manufactured—a suspicion that can only be allayed by a liberal backsheesh. Structural defects, it is asserted, are to be found in the plan, and again 'palm-oil' will be in requisition. Meantime the qeima-qam (local governor) is changed; they are changed every twelve or fourteen months, sometimes oftener. The new governor, eager to show his zeal for the Sultan and also to secure some of the distributed lubricant, discovers that in old days a fort stood on the ground where it is intended to build—hence the ground belongs to the Sultan; or it is suggested that the mill might be fortified and command the harbour. Should the firm demur, a threat to refer the matter to Constantinople leads to additional backsheesh.

At length the ground is excavated for the foundations, and the partners think they have seen the end of their troubles. However, a draft is required for the Sultan's army, and all the builders are taken for the redif. Probably all the men have years before paid to be exempt; but that does not matter. The men are in despair, and backsheesh is required to set them free. By this time the second geima-gam is removed, and his successor must find some way to plunder the Frangi unbelievers. Bones are found in digging the foundations. The bones may not be human, or they may have been conveyed there under cover of night; but at once it is remembered that a Moslem saint was buried there. Nothing but liberal backsheesh can remove the taint of desecration. While the building is proceeding new pretexts are invented for delaying operations in order to extract more 'palm-oil;' and possibly years will have elapsed before the mill is actually opened.

After our supposed firm have opened their mill incessant attempts will be made to levy ever new and increasing taxation. To yield to these will be to invite fresh exactions; to resist will be to commence a course of vexatious litigation and a perpetual exudation of 'palm-oil.' The building of a wall, the erection of a coal-cellar, the renewal of a roof, will be the occasion of fresh demands. Then the firm, in all probability wearied out by continual worry and loss, will in a couple of years or so be compelled to close their doors.

I remember it took a German friend of mine three years to get a house built, and then he succeeded only through the intervention of the German ambassador. My friend had special advantages: he was a native of the same province as the Empress, and he had been able to confer some special favours on the Empress's Chamberlain when the latter visited the Levant. Moreover, the Emperor was the sole friend the Sultan had in Europe at the time. After he had been badgered and hindered almost beyond endurance, he wrote an account of the treatment he had received to the Empress's Chamberlain. The statement was submitted to the Empress, and she in return laid it before the Emperor, who notified his ambassador at Constantinople. The result of this was that not only was my friend allowed to build his house, but the local authorities disgorged to him twenty napoleons of the backsheesh he had paid them. I told him that the feat he had performed in getting Turkish officials to repay backsheesh deserved to be engraved on his tombstone.

All this time the exchequer at Constantinople also suffers. I had under my notice a case which

exhibited this very clearly. I had to arrange for the registration of a house which a friend of mine had purchased. The registrar came to me and offered to put the building on the register at a fifth of the price that had been paid for it if I gave him twenty napoleons. When I hesitated, he proceeded to expound the benefit that would accrue by this low registration. A large portion of the revenue of the Turkish Empire is drawn from a property-tax. Each property has to pay one-half per cent. annually on the price at which it last changed hands. It was obvious that a considerable saving would be effected if the house in question were registered at a fifth of its value. As I still demurred, he told me it was quite an understood thing. He said, 'Drive to the Ras-Beirut, and look at the houses. You will see many that could not have been erected under four or five thousand napoleons, yet not one of them is taxed for more than five hundred.' As I looked disappointed—I was new to the country then-it began to dawn upon him that I judged his conduct more harshly than he did himself, so he proceeded to explain his position. 'I paid,' he said, 'to be appointed registrar here one hundred napoleons. I will have to pay at least as much more to get another place. I must save up for this. All I have got in registration-fees during the past year is twelve napoleons.' Here, then, was an educated man expected to live on sixteen shillings a month, keep a family, and save, in a couple of years at most, enough to pay handsome backsheesh to his superior. No one could blame him accepting bribes to cheat the Government.

This unfaithfulness extends to all branches of the public service. A bookselling firm were plagued with the causeless objections of the local censor. He, being a confirmed gambler, needed a vastly larger income than he got from any ordinary source, legitimate or the reverse, so he tried to force this firm to increase his backsheesh. The managing partner proceeded to Constantinople to interview the head of the censorship. When he was closeted with this august effendi, the latter at once came to business. 'What backsheesh do you pay the local censor?' The sum was named. 'Give me that amount, and I will keep him quiet. I shall show you how we can manage. Whenever you get a consignment of books send me a list of them, and mark any you do not particularly mind being stopped, and I will forbid them being introduced into the country. However, every now and then you must complainindeed, protest vigorously-about my absurd strictness. Then I shall get more favour at headquarters. and so be more able to help you. By-the-by, when you do make a complaint of that kind you might privately indicate to me some passage that could be construed to be an attack on our religion or on the Government of the Sultan.' I said to the manager who was my informant, 'Did you agree to this nefarious scheme?' Perhaps I put emphasis on the word 'nefarious;' at all events the answer I received was a shrug of the shoulders, the head put a little to one side, the hands spread out more Gallico, and a meaning wink.

Another thing that militates against the progress of Turkey is the stupidity of her officials. While this is true of all, those with whom the travelling public come most in contact are the officials of the Custom-House. I well remember when I first entered the dominions of the Sultan what I experienced at their hands. Unfortunately I was not under the guidance of Messrs Cook: they have an agreement with the Custom-House at each port they use, and this generally secures entrance without molestation. However, I was an un-Cooked traveller; hence the officials set themselves to enjoy a leisurely inspection of my boxes. The mudir seated himself cross-legged on one of them. He held in his hand a string of large pebble beads like a girl's necklace, and twiddled it between finger and thumb, passing bead after bead along the string with a leisurely solemnity that was highly aggravating. His subordinates busied themselves bringing samples of my goods for his decision. Keating's insect-powder was regarded with suspicion, and a tin of it was solemnly opened, smelt, and tasted! Coleman's mustard and somebody's carbolic disinfectant were subjected to the same process. Even after he had tasted the mustard and the carbolic, the mudir's face retained its stolid solemnity. A box which contained charges for a gasogene excited grave suspicion; the word 'charges' was on the outside of the box, and the word 'powder' on each of the packets. After looking at the box and its contents, the mudir solemnly dismounted from his perch, jingling his beads; and, holding a packet at arm's-length before him, he marched from the shed where my boxes were to his private office. There he remained for half-an-hour. During his absence a number of my boxes were passed unexamined by means of backsheesh. He reappeared without the packet; and what process it had undergone I know not.

The action of the Turkish Custom-House in regard to books is a yet more striking revelation of the inherent stupidity of the Turk. I had a very considerable number of books among my luggage. I got the use of the official list of prohibited books to compare with the list I had of my books. It is a matter of regret to me that I did not copy that long list. The poems of Byron, Whittier, and George (sic) Milton were equally prohibited. Hauff's Die Caravane and F. Marion Crawford's Paul Patoff shared the same condemnation. All encyclopædias are forbidden, at least so far as articles on 'Mohammed,' 'Islam,' and 'Turkey' are concerned. I had the Encyclopædia Britannica and Herzog's Realencyklopädie. From the first of these I had got the obnoxious articles removed by a bookbinder before I left home, and the latter, from its subject, had no articles that were taboo. It took these wise officials two months to discover the latter fact and allow me to use my Herzog. It required seven months and the sending of the volumes that had

originally contained the dreaded articles to Constantinople to impress the former fact upon them. Meantime, while they were discussing the possibility of admitting the *Encyclopædia Britannica* I had received by post the articles which had been removed. When, after the payment of a couple of napoleons by way of backsheesh, I got my *Britannica*, I sent the defective volumes to the bookbinder to sew in the articles that caused the Sultan such trepidation.

If the Sultan would restrict his personal expendi-

ture to a reasonable figure, and if he would pay all his civil officials adequate salaries, then there might be some hope of a change for the better in the financial condition of Turkey. If he did this he could, with justice, punish severely all peculation, oppression, and bribery. He might then have money to make good roads, which are much needed, and he might also encourage industry. Such a change is more than can be hoped for. Let all well-wishers of Turkey pray that Germany for choice may get possession of Anatolia and Syria.

SERAPHINA.

CHAPTER IV.



HE months passed very wearily for me. I helped my father in his work; but I took no interest in anything, not even when the merry vintage-time came round. My mother urged me to marry, which I would have done

if I could; but, as it happened, all the girls in our village were very plain, and it is an awful thing to marry an ugly woman—though beauty, of course, is not everything. I had found that out, to my cost, with Seraphina. The fact of it was, I had burnt my fingers so severely—mon affaire du cœur had been such a failure—that I looked upon all women with suspicion. But there was one exception, and this was Marie Dietzmann. I could not help often recalling her kind and beautiful face. It came before me at the most unexpected times. I could not make myself believe that there could be anything false in that comely and gentle girl.

Hubert St Claire had now quite recovered from his wound, rejoined his regiment, and become a captain. It was resolved by the colonel and officers of my old regiment to erect a memorial at Weissenburg to all those who had fallen in that battle. Hubert St Claire was one of the officers who were deputed to see about this. The Germans had no objection, any more than we had to their putting up memorials in our country.

It was one of those bright, frosty days in January 1872 when I received a note from Captain St Claire that he wanted to see me up at the château.

'Etienne,' he said, 'I have just returned from Alsace, and have something to tell you. I have a letter for you from Monsieur Dietzmann, and no end of pretty messages to give you from his daughter. Now, if I were you,' he added, 'I should go and see them. I should not brood over Seraphina any more. There are plenty of other birds in the wood, my boy. Old Dietzmann is very nice; and as for his daughter—well, I was half-inclined to make love to her myself, only I did not want to poach on your preserves. Ma foil she is one of the prettiest and nicest girls I ever

'I know she is,' I replied; 'but she is too high

up in the world for me. She would hardly like to take a fellow in my position.'

'Well, all I say is,' returned my friend, slapping me on the shoulder, 'you go and see for yourself. It is regular folly remaining here. You are naturally energetic; it is foolish for you to waste your life in this place. Why, rather than do that, you had better rejoin the regiment again, and wait for a commission.'

In the letter which the captain had given me from Monsieur Dietzmann, the latter asked me to come and see him; and in a postscript he assured me his daughter had not forgotten me and would be equally pleased. This postscript decided me. I pictured the beautiful girl as I had last seen her, with the tears welling into her soft blue eyes as she wished me good-bye; and the following day I started for Weissenburg. Youth and hope once more seemed to have returned; life once more seemed worth living, though now and then, I admit, I had a qualm of distrust; but, for all that, I had not felt in such spirits for many a month. So I determined, come what might, I would carry out the adventure to the end.

When at last I arrived at the house, I found M. Dietzmann at home; but his daughter was out. He greeted me very warmly, and upbraided me for not coming to see him before. 'I have learnt all about you,' he said, 'from Captain St Claire. You know, we Alsatians have the option of remaining here and becoming Germans, or of leaving. I am determined to go. You remember I told you about my ironworks in Strasburg, which I manage with the help of my son. Of course I have lost severely by the war; but the same cause that has half-ruined me has injured others. Carl is an energetic, clever lad, and he has just heard of a business at Chartres. It appears that both the partners were killed in the war, and we can buy it very cheap. It is in the middle of a great agricultural district, and they require a number of agricultural implements. My son has gone there now, and will be back in a day or two. If he thinks well of the affair we shall conclude matters at once. My health is fairly good now, thank Heaven! and I thought that if you

liked to join us, as you have all the required practical knowledge, it would be a good thing for you.'

'It would indeed. I should like to do so,' I answered eagerly; 'but where is the money to come from?'

'Your friend the captain is going to make that all right,' replied the old man.

I could hardly believe my ears. Hubert had never even hinted at the kindness his family intended to do me. My good fortune seemed too great. I was quite overcome with gratitude.

'Well, you did him a service once,' said my host.
'You rescued him from the water, just as you rescued me from the fire; so we are both indebted to you.'

'And how is Ma'm'selle Dietzmann?' I asked.

'Oh, she is well enough. She has had two offers of marriage since you saw her; but she refused them. I fancy,' he continued, with a smile, 'she likes somebody else better.'

The way he said this made my heart beat a thousand to the minute.

'Do you mean,' I asked anxiously, rising from my seat—'do you fancy that it is I who have had the good fortune to please her?'

'Hark!' he said, 'I think I hear her. You will soon be able to judge for yourself.'

The next moment the beautiful girl was standing in the doorway.

'Ah! and so, M. Meynard, you have really come to see us, have you?' she said, her soft blue eyes brightening with pleasure. 'I know you are a plucky fellow,' she continued in a quizzing manner; 'but as for your memory'—with a pout—'well, il n'y existe pas; and as for your heart—but I won't be cruel, as you have really come.'

I always thought her pretty, but now as she stood there, with the warm flush on her dimpled cheeks that her walk in the snow had given her, she looked perfectly lovely.

'I admit, ma'm'selle,' I answered, 'I deserve all the hard things you say; but you must forgive me. We will be friends now; and I will try to make up for all my past forgetfulness.' And I think in this I very soon succeeded.

The weather was too severe for Monsieur Dietzmann to go about very much; but Marie and I were able to take long walks together. It would have been difficult to find two girls more different in character than Marie and Seraphina. I had seen the former under very trying circumstances. She was anxious and thoughtful then; now I found that she was naturally a very merry girl, and gifted with that rare quality in woman: a keen sense of Moreover, she prided herself on her knowledge of domestic affairs. On the other hand, I rarely remembered Seraphina, except as a child, ever laughing; and I knew that she considered all household matters as beneath her notice. Old Marly would often scold her for reading novels and letting things shift for themselves.

Carl Dietzmann arrived two days after my arrival.

He and I were friends at once. He was, as his father had said, a quick, energetic young fellow; and as he gave a very glowing account of the business at Chartres, Monsieur Dietzmann determined to take it and remove there the following March.

As one who had taken part in the battle of Weissenburg, it was highly interesting for me to explore the surrounding country, more especially in the company of Marie.

'You have not been up the Giesburg yet?' she said one frosty morning.

'No; let us go. I want to see the effect of the Prussian shells on the château.'

The view from the top was splendid. Beneath us we saw the little town, with the Lauter running through it, and the Bienwald on the other side of the valley. The blackened walls of many of the houses still remained; the church was a mass of ruins, but the reparation of the station was just being begun.

'It was a fearful time,' said my companion thoughtfully as she gazed over the distant hills, covered with their mantle of snow.

'Yes,' I answered; 'but it brought me luck at any rate.'

'In what way?' she asked, looking at me in surprise. 'Was it lucky to be so badly wounded?'

We were standing side by side looking over a low wall.

'Yes,' I replied. 'But for that I should never have known you. I would run the same risk to-morrow; because, Marie'—and as I spoke I took her little hand in mine—'I love you.'

She blushed deeply, but did not move. 'Do you really love me?' she said softly.

'Yes, I swear it,' I exclaimed, still holding her hand. Her soft eyes gave her answer, and her lips returned the warm kisses that I showered upon her.

'Well, let us go down and see father,' she said.

So, on that ground soaked with the blood of the heroic 74th, we plighted our troth.

'Now, you go in,' said Marie as we neared the house. 'You go and ask father.'

'No; but you come too,' I replied, for I felt somehow uncommonly nervous.

'Well, I'll follow.'

Her good father was seated at the fire reading the paper, which he put down as I entered.

'Yes, my friend,' replied the old gentleman when I asked his consent to our marriage. 'I give it readily. You are a lucky fellow, though'—

'I know that,' I interposed.

'Because Marie has been a good daughter; and,' he added sententiously, as though it were quite a new and original idea of his own, 'a good daughter makes a good wife.'

Our wedding took place a month afterwards, and Hubert St Claire, to whom I owed so much already, conferred another favour upon me by coming to it.

The business at Chartres, from the very commencement, was a success. My father-in-law,

though he was mostly in the bureau, kept his eye on everything. I was always in the foundry. I worked hard; for, now that I was married, I had something to live for. The indefatigable Carl, who had true German energy, travelled incessantly for fresh business. In this he thoroughly succeeded. His merry disposition, jovial face, and kind heart soon made him a favourite throughout the whole country-side. Though no people are harder at driving a bargain or more averse to parting with their money than our farmers and peasants, they are patriotic; and the fact that Carl and his father had emigrated to France rather than remain in Alsace under the hated Prussian rule appealed to the patriotism of the very meanest of them, and undoubtedly helped Carl to obtain many orders, apart from the quality of the goods, which his father and I took very good care should do us credit.

It was about four years after my marriage, and I had just paid off the last of the loan which the kindly St Claires had advanced for me to put into the business, when I received a Figaro addressed in Hubert's handwriting. I read it all through without seeing anything that interested me in particular, and I wondered why he had sent it.

'Let me look, Etienne,' said Marie, placing our youngest child on the ground. 'I understand now,' she continued. 'Listen! "Opera Comique. Trovatore. Grand début de Ma'm'selle Seraphini Marlini."

Glancing over her shoulder, I eagerly read of the success of my old fiance, who seemed to have taken the city by storm. To me it did seem extraordinary to read the eulogies showered on her, for I only thought of her as a peasant girl.

The next post brought a letter from my foster-brother, who had been at the opera on that occasion, and who had at once set to work to find out all about the *débutante*, whose identity he had guessed at once. And this is what he learnt: After leaving our village so mysteriously, Seraphina had made her way to Italy, where her mother's relatives resided. An uncle, a good musician, had at once

gauged her capabilities, and after two years' study she came out at Florence, and finally at La Scala, Milan. Soon after that, on the Riviera, she had made the acquaintance of and married an enormously rich Russian prince; but the excitement of the foot-lights, the love of applause, and the unbounded flattery that her voice and looks entitled her to were far too strong to make her give up her operatic engagements, so she continued to sing, and eventually made her way to Paris.

Now, Marie had never had a holiday since we were married. As for me, I was far too happy and contented with my lot to want one; but Marie became very excited when she heard of the startling success of my late fiance.

'Etienne,' she exclaimed, 'I cannot control my curiosity. I must see her, I must hear her; besides, I have never been to Paris, so do let us go.'

As I could have no greater pleasure than to please my young and pretty wife, I consented.

The evening we saw Seraphina she appeared in Meyerbeer's L'Étoile du Nord. To tell the truth, once I found myself inside the house I think I became quite as excited as Marie herself; and when Seraphina came on to the stage, smothered in diamonds, such was her beauty and so fine was the quality of her voice that I joined as eagerly as any one in the rapturous applause that greeted her. In the aria with the two flutes she simply brought down the house and carried all before her. It was, indeed, a veritable triumph. But for all that, as I gazed at the beautiful woman, I did not envy the Russian prince, for I knew the diabolical temper that dwelt in that breast beneath all those glittering stones.

'And only to think, Etienne,' said Marie as we were leaving, with the applause still ringing in our ears, 'that you might have married her. I never saw any one so lovely. I never heard such a voice.'

'Yes, she has a fine voice, ma chérie,' I answered; but I added, with a kiss, 'I know one who is as pretty, and I know a voice that is sweeter.'

I thought so then, and I think so now.

SURGICAL OPERATIONS PERFORMED ON ANIMALS.



HEN a veterinary surgeon is called upon to prescribe for, and in some cases to operate upon, such patients as the lion, the elephant, the rhinoceros, or other wild animal, it will be readily understood that he has

to exercise considerable caution in the administration of his cure. The difficulty, however, of treating a lioness that appeared to be suffering from inflammation or the lungs was easily overcome by an ingenious surgeon residing in a certain provincial town at which a large menagerie made a stay. With the aid of a long brush the surgeon was successful in applying a very effective mustard-plaster, and administered pills to the beast by hiding them in tempting pieces of meat. Ultimately he fed his patient with beef-tea by means of a syringe, and a few hours afterwards he had the satisfaction of knowing that the lioness was on a fair road to recovery.

Dr J. M'Call, of the Royal Veterinary College, took part, some four years ago, in an exciting episode at the Glasgow Zoo, the outcome of an attempt to perform a delicate operation on a lion. The animal had its tail severely clawed in the course of a fight with another lion, and Dr M'Call was called in to stitch up the wound. After large doses of chloroform had been administered, the animal was overcome, securely bound, and laid upon the operating-table. Suddenly, however, just as the operation was about to commence, the lion came to its senses, and made a great effort to get free from its bonds. Fortunately the attendants were able to hold the beast down while it was treated to another dose of the anæsthetic, after which the operation was performed with great success.

A surgical feat which is probably unique was successfully carried out in 1899 at Perugia, where Professor Gustavo Pisente, an eminent surgeon, operated successfully for cataract upon a young lioness. The animal was first of all treated to large doses of chloroform, and, after being rendered helpless, was placed on an operating-table in a dimly lighted cage. A similar experience, however, to that of Dr M'Call befell Professor Pisente, for the lioness partially recovered from the effects of the chloroform before the operation was carried out, and gave a roar which made the majority of the spectators beat a hasty retreat; but the drug overcame her again, and the operation was successfully performed. Recently an operation of the same kind was performed on a wolf by Professor Rollet of Lyons. The animal, which belonged to a travelling menagerie, had become exceedingly ferocious with the progressing blindness, and not even the menagerie-men dared to approach it. The operation, therefore, required some daring as well as skill. After a struggle the wolf was firmly secured by ropes, and Professor Rollet gave it an hypodermic injection of morphia. The animal was then chloroformed and the cataracts extracted, the eyelids being sewn together as a precaution against damage to the eyes during healing.

At Vienna, in 1902, a female rhinoceros belonging to the Schönbrunn Menagerie was successfully cured of a bad attack of influenza. The animal first showed signs of illness by refusing all food, and an examination, which was carried out under great difficulty by a well-known veterinary surgeon of Vienna, showed that she was suffering from influenza. He thereupon ordered the animal from five to six quarts of camomile-tea and several quarts of red wine daily; and, strange to say, she swallowed this peculiar mixture with great willingness, with the result that a few days afterwards she was completely cured.

A very delicate operation was performed on a valuable rhinoceros at the London Zoo. As the snout-horn of the animal grew so peculiarly that it threatened to destroy one of its eyes, it was resolved to saw off part of the horn. Needless to say, the task of securing so gigantic an animal was attended by some danger; but at last this was accomplished, and the growth successfully removed. Still more remarkable was the operation performed on an

elephant in the city of Mexico in 1901. The animal had for some time suffered very acutely from toothache; but as the offending molar was somewhere about twelve inches long and four inches in diameter at the root, and firmly embedded in the elephant's massive jaw, it was very difficult to remove. At last, after the pain had been deadened by the aid of large quantities of cocaine, a hole was bored through the tooth, into which an iron bar was inserted. A rope was then twisted round the bar and four horses attached; and after the elephant had been firmly secured, the horses were made to pull. This unique way of extracting a tooth was a complete success, although the bellow of pain on the part of the animal was terrible to hear.

An extraordinary feat of animal dentistry was performed recently on a horse belonging to Mrs Jefferson Seligman, a well-known society woman of New York. This horse, which Mrs Seligman valued at nearly a thousand pounds, can boast of possessing a full set of artificial teeth. It has, in fact, been treated just like a human being with regard to its molars, the nerves being first of all deadened with cocaine, while gold was used to fill the teeth that showed, and silver for the others. Before the operation the horse could not eat, but it afterwards tackled oats with relish.

To operate on a poisonous snake is a feat which very few medical men would care to undertake. Dr Miller, however, who is considered to be the greatest of living snake-doctors, will treat a deadly cobra, for instance, suffering from a sore throat or any other complaint, with as much sang-froid as the ordinary medical man would treat a human being. He once performed a very delicate operation on a king-cobra which was suffering from a dangerous abscess on the side of the head. It was expected that the abscess would disappear when the snake shed its skin; but as the cobra evinced no desire to do so, it became necessary to lance the swelling. Considerable ingenuity, however, had to be exercised in securing the snake's head. A small whip-snake was first of all introduced into the cage of the cobra, who at once seized it. While the cobra was engaged in swallowing its prey one of Dr Miller's assistants caught hold of the tail of the whip-snake, which protruded from the reptile's mouth, and pulled the cobra towards the back of the cage, where the operator was waiting. A syringe filled with water was then quickly squirted over the head of the snake in order to soften the abscess, and at a favourable opportunity the operator made a quick clip in the side of the head, and helped matters with a pair of tweezers. The wound was then sprayed with a preparation in order to prevent further infection, after which the snake was released. Altogether, the operation only lasted two minutes.

There have been numerous instances of skingrafting performed on human beings; but it is safe to say that the feat of successfully grafting a square yard of skin on an injured elephant is the most unique surgical achievement on record. This operation was performed in 1902 at Boston on a circus female elephant whose shoulder was severely lacerated owing to the animal being thrown down while getting out of a railway train. Inflammation and fever set in, and the elephant, which was the more valuable because she had a calf, was in grave danger of losing her life. It was decided by specialists that a wholesale operation in skin-grafting was the only thing that would do any good; and, strangely enough, the first elephant selected to supply new pieces of skin was the injured animal's own calf. The skin was taken from the young elephant in places where it appeared to have a great deal more than it needed, cocaine being liberally applied where the cuts were to be made. The skin was taken off in strips about six inches long and one inch wide, and these were pressed down upon the elephant's wounded shoulder, and held there by great bands of plaster. Altogether, skin was taken from fifteen different elephants before sufficient was obtained to cover the whole of the wound, and the operation was completed.

The following instance scarcely comes under the heading of surgical feats; but it is worthy of record as showing the extraordinary vitality of an elephant. At Buffalo, in November 1902, it was decided to kill an elephant named Jumbo by electricity, as it had developed very vicious propensities. Jumbo was chained to a platform, and the electrodes, which were large sponges, were applied behind his ears and at the end of his spinal column. A shock of no less than two thousand two hundred volts was given, which he did not appear to feel in any way. This was repeated six times, but without bringing about the desired result, and the operation ultimately had to be abandoned.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE SENSES OF SAVAGES.



HERE is a widespread notion, chiefly due perhaps to the pages of romance, that man in a primitive state is possessed of far finer senses than his more civilised brother. His practised eye will detect a moving

object on the distant prairie which would be quite invisible to a European, and his ear would at the same time give him warning which would be quite inaudible to his educated brother. The superiority of savage man in these respects was put to the test during the Cambridge Anthropological Expedition to Torres Strait in 1899, the second volume of the reports of which has recently been published. This is the first time that any attempt has been made to test the senses of savages by skilled observers and modern instruments. Most of the observations referred to were carried out by Dr Rivers and Messrs Myers and M'Dougall on Murray Island; and the natives seem to have heartily co-operated with the experimenters when they learnt that the trials were designed to show how superior they were to white men in seeing and hearing. The result of four months' careful tests was the deduction that the visual acuteness of the natives was only slightly superior to that of the average European. The tests for hearing did not give any definite results; but generally the powers of the natives were inferior to those of Europeans. It should be mentioned, however, that many of the men tested had injured their ears by pearl-diving. With regard to the sense of smell, the Murray Islander is slightly superior to the European, but far behind the Malay or Japanese. The Murray Islander has a wonderful delicacy of touch, coupled with a curious want of susceptibility to pain produced by pressure on the skin.

THE SALMON-FISHERIES.

Much disappointment is expressed among those interested in the salmon-fisheries of England and Wales that no legislation has followed the report of the Royal Commission appointed in 1900, which was issued in July last year. Mr Henry Ffennell, one of the first authorities on salmon, has described this report as being, in his opinion, 'an unbiassed exposition of the state of our salmon-fisheries, embracing, moreover, well-considered, far-reaching, and practical suggestions for the better regulation of the industry.' He further writes: 'The authorities, I think, have now ready at hand a wellthought-out and comparatively simple scheme, which, with some drastic pruning on one point, would, I believe, eventually lead to the greater development and regeneration of failing salmonfisheries.' Those who read the parliamentary reports, and have noted how much time is often wasted in discussion on very trivial topics, will agree with Mr Ffennell in deploring the fact that such an important matter as this report on the salmon-fisheries should be shelved. It is yet to be hoped that the Government will reconsider their determination to take no present action with regard to it.

THE MOSQUITO-PLANT.

Most poisons have their antidote, and it seems that nature has provided a remedy against the attack of the malaria-spreading mosquito. Captain Larymore has recently brought from Northern Nigeria a living specimen of the mosquito-plant (Ocimum viride), which he has presented to Kew Gardens. He tells us in a letter to the Times that by placing two or three growing plants of this species in each room, and along the windward veranda, a house can be kept practically free from mosquitoes. He had tried the experiment of

wrapping an insect in one of its leaves, and it became insensible in a few seconds. In mosquitoinfested districts the natives use an infusion of the leaves in preference to our quinine, and declare that it is more efficacious. These observations are corroborated by Mr George Birdwood, who asserts that a decoction of the leaves and stalks of the plant is the universal remedy for malarial fever in India, where the plant is known as 'holy basil.' At the time when the Victoria Gardens and Albert Museum were established at Bombay, the workmen were pestered with mosquitoes and malarial fever, and at the suggestion of the Hindu manager the whole boundary of the gardens was planted with basil, when both insects and disease disappeared from among the gardeners and temporary resident masons. Mr Birdwood also speaks of the efficacy of myrrh in keeping away mosquitoes, and says that natives of India who use much cinnamon or cloves in their daily diet are quite free from malaria and cholera.

SCHOOLS OF ADVERTISING.

A recent report from the British Consul at Chicago calls attention to the establishment in the United States of schools where the art of advertising forms the subject of education. Vast sums of money are now spent by large wholesale, manufacturing, and retail establishments, as well as by railway and other companies, upon advertising, and it has long been known that a study of the best way in bringing things to the notice of the public is a most important part of a business organisation. In these schools the students are taught not only how to word an advertisement, but how to instruct artists in producing posters and other forms of illustration, how to check the circulation of newspapers in which advertisements appear, how to lay out money to the best advantage, and how to calculate the results from each form of advertisement adopted. In some cases, it is stated, the returns from a business have been doubled by the employment of a clever and energetic advertisement-manager. In our own country examples are not unknown of the adoption of some single word, a motto, or a jingling rhyme which may almost be said to have made a fortune. It is to be hoped that the schools will consider the question of obtrusive or vulgar advertisements, the display of which in unsuitable places has recently given rise to so much adverse comment. A clever advertiser will seek to attract all men and disgust none.

A SPECIFIC AGAINST RHEUMATISM.

Dr Perc, of Marburg, has lately delivered an address before his colleagues in which he advocated a cure for those rheumatic and neuralgic pains which are among the most distressing ills to which human flesh is heir. He pointed out that from time immemorial the ignorant classes, who have little faith in medical science, have resorted to the sting of the bee as an antidote to rheumatism, and it would seem from his successful experiments that

this old wife's nostrum is a most effective remedy. Most of us know by experience what a bee-sting is. and how the inoculation of the poison produces a little pimple of a very irritating kind. But it seems that frequent stinging makes a person immune from any further effect, and, according to Dr Perc, he becomes at the same time immune from the pains of rheumatism. The Doctor's method is to cause his patient to be stung by bees near to the muscle or joint affected, the number of bees being increased at each sitting. He asserts that he has cured in this manner no fewer than five hundred patients, and therefore he has good reason to look upon bee-stinging as a specific against rheumatism. The busy bee is thus made to 'improve the shining hour' and the unhappy sufferer from rheumatic pains at the same time.

CITY TREES.

A well-known ballad by the poet Wordsworth describes how a country girl in service in London has a bright vision of her former rural life when she notes a tree 'at the corner of Wood Street' in Cheapside. From this we may gather that trees were scarce in the Metropolis as Wordsworth knew it. That particular tree still flourishes, although it is closely surrounded by bricks and mortar. But there are other trees now; many have been planted along the Thames Embankment, and we are glad to see that the County Council have decided to plant the new thoroughfares with the plane, the acacia, and the ailanto, so that in time the grand new streets, Aldwych and Kingsway, will have much the same aspect as the beautiful Parisian boulevards. The Strand is also to be bordered with plane-trees, which seem to thrive under conditions which would be fatal to most woodland products. We need hardly point out that the planting of trees is valuable not only from an æsthetic point of view, but also because they absorb carbonic acid and give out oxygen in return. They therefore act as purifiers of the air, and in a crowded city such purification spells health.

BULLETS IN SAVAGE WARFARE.

War is always accompanied by unnumbered horrors; but, owing chiefly to a more generally humane feeling among civilised nations, it is happily not quite so terrible as it used to be When, however, civilisation comes to a contest with savagery the old cruelties reappear, and war resumes its most hideous form. The savage tries to kill, and if he can at the same time torture his victim so much the better is he pleased. His civilised brother, on the other hand, is content to disable, and is thankful to know that the modern rifle-bullet, although far-reaching, does not make half such an ugly wound as did the clumsy ball used at Waterloo. But there is another side to this question. In Somaliland recently a small force of our men was surrounded and all but annihilated; and there is no doubt that this would not have happened if our troops had been furnished with a more deadly bullet. The hardy Somalis, although pierced with two or three Lee-Metford bullets, pressed on to the British square, and were able to use their spears with deadly effect. A writer in the *Times* pertinently asks, 'Are the Mullah's men restricted to small-bore bullets, or their spears limited to a third of an inch? Under these circumstances, is it fair that our soldiers, fighting against twenty times their number of fierce tribesmen, should be provided with ammunition which is selected because it is less likely to prove fatal to the enemy.'

PHOSPHORUS IN MATCHES.

Much was heard a few years ago on the subject of the employment of yellow phosphorus in the manufacture of matches, because of its terrible effect on the workpeople in inducing necrosis, vulgarly known as 'phossy-jaw.' The excitement died down, and the various efforts to produce a match which would strike on any surface, and at the same time be free from the objectionable form of phosphorus, seem to have come to nought. But it is not so in Germany. The Reichstag has now passed a Bill forbidding the use of yellow phosphorus in match-making after 1st January 1908. Speaking in favour of the measure, the Secretary of the Interior asserted that phosphorus not only caused necrosis three or four years after a workman had left a match-factory, but that the disease thus contracted became hereditary, so that whole families were affected. He further said that the bones became so brittle under the malign influence of the disease that they often fractured without the victim being aware of it at the time. It is stated that the German Government have reported favourably upon a new process which has been introduced for making a safe and harmless lucifer-match.

LITERATURE IN TREES.

The Scientific American makes an interesting and curious calculation as to the value of trees in the matter of books, and it will be seen that the subject has a bearing upon the much-discussed question of reafforestation. Books are made of paper, and although it is commonly supposed that paper comes from rags, as a matter of fact most of the paper used for books is made from wood-pulp, and this, of course, is made from trees. The article referred to gives the total sale of nine popular novels as one million six hundred thousand volumes; and, taking the average weight of each as being twenty ounces, we arrive at a total of two million pounds of paper. An average spruce-tree, from which the pulp is made, provides about half-a-cord of wood, which represents five hundred pounds of paper, so that the nine works of fiction were responsible for using up no fewer than four thousand trees. We have thus thrown upon the forests of the world an enormous strain which cannot be met unless replanting on a great scale is proceeded with as the mature trees are cut down. Could Shakespeare have foreseen this new development in paper manufacture he would possibly have written for 'tongues in trees,' 'books in trees.'

LONDON'S DRINK-BILL.

Dr Hamer's report to the London County Council is a very interesting document, for it furnishes statistics as to the quantity of different kinds of liquids consumed by each individual every day. Beer heads the list with an estimate of sixteen ounces; of aerated waters the Londoner consumes five ounces; of wines and spirits, a little over two ounces; of milk, five ounces; of hot drinks, in the shape of tea, soup, &c., twenty-three ounces; and of cold water, fifteen ounces. He also computes the amount imbibed by youths, women, and men respectively. By questioning those who are inmates of common lodging-houses, he is able to state that these members of society consume each on the average as much as four pints of beer per day, as well as spirits and a considerable quantity of tea. They seem to consume little solid food, spending all that is left after paying for this and their bed upon beer. ('O monstrous! But one halfpennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack.') He speaks of one individual whom he questioned, a fish-porter, who owned to expending five shillings and a penny each day upon beer! This man's earnings amount to five shillings and eightpence, from which he deducted sixpence for bed and one penny for food. Dr Hamer sees in the increased consumption of aerated waters a good omen for general health, provided that sanitary conditions are rigidly safeguarded.

TRAIN SERVICE ON THE SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

Mr H. B. Miller, American Consul at Newchwang, reports that the Siberian Railway began direct through service on 18th February from Moscow to Dalny on the Pacific. The run is set down as taking thirteen and a half days. At Dalny two steamers of modern construction meet the train and sail immediately, one direct to Nagasaki, Japan, and the other to Shanghai, the time being thirty-six and forty-eight hours respectively, thus making the time from Moscow to Japan fifteen days, and to Shanghai fifteen and a half days. At first the trains were to run once a week; but the service is to be increased to twice a week. Both railway and steamship lines are practically operated by the Russian Government.

A GAS-PRODUCER.

The gas-engine has usurped the place of steam in so many industries that everything relating to improvements in its employment is of interest. It may generally be supposed that the use of this type of motor is confined to places where gasworks are to be found; but this is not the case, for apparatus is now to be obtained for making gas on the spot where the engine is at work. One of the best of these is known as the Taylor gas-producer; and

although it is impossible to give an adequate description of it without diagrams, we may say that it consists mainly of a generator containing incandescent anthracite coal, through which is passed a mixture of steam and air, which is decomposed and forms a gas of excellent quality for the purpose designed. Any existing gas or oil engine can be fitted with the apparatus; the engine can be started working a quarter of an hour after lighting the fuel; and the makers guarantee to run any good modern gas-engine with it at a maximum cost of one farthing per brake-horse-power per hour, and there are no extra fire-risks to meet. Such are some of the advantages claimed for the Taylor gasproducer the agents for which, in this country, are Messrs Horne, of 5 Torrenz Street, City Road, London, E.C.

HOUSE-DRAINAGE.

In a lecture recently delivered by Mr G. A. T. Middleton, a well-known London architect, much valuable information was given. He stated that the modern system of house-drainage was practically unknown fifteen years ago, and utterly unknown twenty years ago, the pioneer work having been really done during the past decade. After pointing out the importance of straight drains when necessity placed them under a house, and the reason why they should be efficiently trapped and ventilated, the lecturer expressed a preference for thick iron pipes instead of the earthenware tubes generally employed. He quoted a case in which the ordinary drain-pipes, laid by one of the best-known sanitary engineers, began to leak in less than twelve months, and at the end of five years had to be entirely relaid. Iron, unless the pipes were very thick, would rust; but it was better to lay a drain which one knew would go wrong in forty or fifty years than one which would go in five years. Such pipes should not be less than six inches in diameter. Although some of the house-drainage in London left much to be desired, the Continent was quite fifty years behind it in the matter of sanitation.

'OUT-OF-THE-WAY ENGLISH GRAVES.'

Mr. Thomas Adkins, J.P., late H.M. Consul at Newchwang, now of Long Hyde, Evesham, writes: 'I have read with much interest the paper on "Outof-the-way English Graves" in Chambers's Journal for May (Part lxv.), more particularly that portion of it which refers to China. There is now before me a cutting from the Times newspaper of 10th January 1890; it is a notice from the Colonial Secretary of Hong-kong of the removal of the remains and monuments in the old colonial cemetery to the existing cemetery in the Happy Valley. The monuments-there were about fifty of them-were repaired and grouped round a plain memorial stone on which was stated from what part of the colony they were removed. Among the monuments was one to Major Eldred Pottinger, of whom Mr Talboys-Wheeler wrote: "One British officer appears to have kept his head among all these bewildering disasters. This was Captain Eldred Pottinger, a man who knew how to lead Asiatics and how to control them. He was inside Herat throughout the siege, and by sheer pluck and fertility of resources kept the enemy at bay until the siege was raised. He was one of the hostages made over to Akbar Khan, and was sent with the others to a fortress in the northern mountains. There he bribed the Afghan commandant with a written promise of a future ransom. He hoisted the British flag over the fortress, took possession of the surrounding country, collected the revenue, called in supplies, and kept up the spirits of ladies and children amidst the general depression and humiliation. Eventually the prisoners were delivered from their enemies and restored to their families and friends; but Eldred Pottinger died and was forgotten." At the time of his death (1843) he was apparently on a visit to his uncle, Sir Henry Pottinger, who negotiated the Treaty of Nankin. There are English graves also at the adjacent Portuguese settlement of Macao, the most notable being that of Sir Fleming Senhouse (1841). Hong-kong had not then been ceded to Great Britain, and I have heard it said that that distinguished naval officer made special request that he might not be buried there, but in Christian territory. We know what happened at the hands of the Boxers to the cemetery at Pekin, where were laid the remains of our countrymen, victims of the treacheries of 1860, and of others since deceasedmany of them personal friends of the writer.'

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

THE gentle breeze bears sorrow in its sighing, Low-voiced with sadness is the distant sea; Even in summer's prime all life seems dying, Because I drift apart from life with thee.

Our ways divide. The coming of the morrow
Shall see the song-birds and the sunshine flown.
I, in the Eden of our love, in sorrow,
Shall stand among the withered flowers—alone.

How can I bear each day the well-known faces!

Thy face will absent be; all life grows sore.

How can I seek the old familiar places,

Knowing thy feet will tread the paths no more!

The summer sun can bring to me no gladness,

Dark clouds are gathering o'er the golden days;

My heart feels but the coming night of sadness,

For we have reached the parting of the ways.

MARY H. POYSTER.

. TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANU-SCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



THE RED HEAVIES.

By CHARLES EDWARDES.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS .- CHAPTER I.



HEY were nicknamed the Red Heavies because of their jackets and red busbies. The jackets were frogged with yellow; otherwise sealing-wax wasn't in it with them from the waist upwards, as a coarse critic

once said of them. Some one else (a lady) declared that the name was no nickname at all, but a concise (coloured) description of the quality of their brains. She referred only to the officers of the regiment. But that was before little Popper joined—little Popper with the pale-blue eyes, and flaxen moustache with its ends ironed upwards strenuously, and an eyeglass.

This was a revolution, at least. To Major Grandison Lee, the heaviest in weight of all the Red Heavies, it seemed to bode anarchy and ultimate dissolution. This, too, quite apart from Peter Popper's defiance of the regimental tradition in not shaving clean. From the Colonel downwards, hitherto, for tens of years, not an officer of the Red Heavies, while in the regiment, had worn a hair to his face below the nose. Even when wounded, it was a sacred law that he should be shaved as regularly as his dresser came to him with the bandages.

The Major was distressed and angry. 'Why, the lad's a marionette,' he said to Captain Galway one evening, some little time after Popper's introduction to his comrades. Popper himself was chaffing the Colonel by the fireplace, with one foot on a chair and his elbow resting on his knee; and the Colonel (a six-footer) was smiling down at him while he screened him completely from the fire. 'A little German doll, sir! I tell you what, Galway, if this is the stuff they're forced to send us, the service is at the lower end of Queer Street, and no mistake. Any one would think we were a nation of pigmies, if he's a sample. What's the Colonel thinking about, Galway? That's the riddle I want solved.'

The Major drew in a breath that seemed immeasurable.

'He has a heap of shekels,' said Captain Galway dryly.

'Ah!' The Major let out a little breath as he sighed, and shrugged. He had few shekels and several younger brothers and sisters whose paths in life were not yet plain.

'And he's got his head screwed on all right, if you ask me, Lee. Why—but you're not a speculating chap!'

'Head screwed on? I dare say. The question is, was it worth his father's and mother's while to screw it on at all? However, it's no use my talking. If we're doomed to become a second-rate Power, words won't alter it. But—what do you mean by saying I'm not a speculating chap?'

Captain Galway seemed to regret something. He made a noise with his tongue as if to hint that he had forgotten a matter that demanded attention. 'I must have a look at that new nag of mine,' he said, moving.

But the other's grasp was on his arm.

'Wait a bit,' said the Major earnestly. 'I'm in the dark. I have had the glimmering of an idea that things were happening about which I was an outsider. You said "speculating." Do you mean that that young jackanapes is poisoning your minds with infernal passions of that kind?'

Captain Galway shrugged. 'That's piling it on, old man,' he said.

'Then it's so?'

'Well, seeing that a rose by any other name would still smell sweet, we won't quarrel over an adjective. It is a fact that Popper's folks are very wide awake about City matters, and—there's no harm in telling you that I for one made a cool couple of hundred on Thursday. One of the little chap's tips—Stock Exchange, you know! But, Jove! Lee, what's up with you?'

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The Major's eyes wore their battle-look, and the mighty hand that now hung by his side clenched its fingers. 'And the Colonel?' he whispered, tawny-red with excitement, perhaps even with shame.

'Don't be such an idiotic Puritan,' muttered Captain Galway testily. 'Where's the objection? He'd have been only too happy to do you the good turn as well if we'd supposed for a moment you— Oh, you know what I'm driving at. It's the deuce of a pity that you should be always so short, and then your—high moral tone—and all that. The Colonel did pretty well too: rather better than fifteen hundred, I believe. But excuse me now, my dear fellow; and—don't be hard on us.'

The Captain smiled. There was a dash of depreciation and a dash of something else in the smile that moved the Major even more effectually: the pity of comparative opulence for poverty. Having administered this salve, the Captain flicked some cigar-ash from his right spur and went off singing.

Then the Major sat down to challenge his emotions. The words 'idiotic Puritan' were still

ringing in his ears.

Was he that? Perhaps. Yes. No. By heaven! No; a thousand times No, in this matter. That glib talk of Galway's about winning hundreds of pounds in a day as simply as signing one's name had not aroused his envy. With but one extra hundred pounds he could see his way clear to getting Lawrie coached for that F.O. exam.—coached right away into the first half-dozen or so on the list, and given a career for life. Yet he would not take it at the price which the Colonel, Galway, Fanshaw, Bissell—and the others also, apparently—did not shrink from paying. He would not, indeed.

The Colonel's hand on his shoulder aroused him.

'Anything wrong, Lee?'

'Wrong?' The Major met the Colonel's twinkling dark eyes and—suppressed himself. The odds against him were too great at present. 'Some fancies!' he added. 'I was thinking about the boy Lawrence. You know I've told you he's working up for the Foreign Office.'

The Colonel nodded cheerfully. 'That's all right,' he said. 'I'll back him to pull through. You are such a chap to worry, Lee. Always thinking of some one else instead of yourself—nearly

always, that is.'

The pressure he gave to the Major's shoulder and the twitch of his lips at the corners referred to one of these exceptional times. It was that memorable occasion—recorded in the archives of the regiment—when Grandison Lee had tackled three hillmen of the East with his own sword, and polished them off before Major Reed, as he then was, could stagger to his assistance. The Major had a bullet in the elbow. 'I'll manage them. Stay where you are!' Grandison Lee said imperatively. It was like his confounded, high-principled cheek. But he did manage them, in less than a dozen strokes of cut-and-thrust; and the present Colonel Reed never

forgot it, and often laughingly said that he would never forgive him either.

The Major and subaltern Popper were alone in the room, the latter with his back to the former, straightening one end of his moustache, and whistling over the agreeable pastime. The sight was too much for Grandison Lee. His earlier prejudice against the new-comer returned fivefold as he looked at Popper's thin, yellowish scalp with its broad parting—almost as much parting as hair. To think of it? Such an object as that to thrust itself like an evil spirit, certainly as an element of decadence, into the mess that had so far done nothing to tarnish the good name of the famous Red Heavies!

'Popper!'

The Major bridled his indignation very fairly. He was bound to give the little image its chance, anyway.

'Hullo, Major! You there still?' The 'marionette' turned round sharply, with an air of perfect good humour and confidence. 'By Jove! what a conceited ass you'll think me! Fact is, if these few sunbeams of mine once get away from each other, I look such a guy I'd be sorry to be about on a Fifth of November. Union's strength, they tell us. In re my moustache, it's the only saving clause: I'd be an ugly little beggar if I didn't keep 'em packed together. Expect I'll have to fall into line with you other fellows and shave yet. Must let myself down gently, though, a bristle at a time, or so. Reminds me, there's a certain girl'—

The Major coughed hoarsely and raised his hand. That shut up Peter Popper.

'Yes, sir?' he said, straightening himself.

'Er—this is between ourselves, Popper,' said the Major tensely. 'I may be somewhat old-fashioned, but I can't help believing that money-making and fighting are two separate and even antagonistic occupations. I'm afraid'—

'One moment, Major,' interposed the youngster briskly. 'If you knew how vexed I was to leave you out in the cold in that Delaroo corner last week! The other chaps kept me off. They said you wouldn't touch anything of that kind with a pair of tongs, wouldn't think it the correct thing, and so on; and so I didn't like—dare, I mean, you know. I was frightfully sorry. But I tell you what, old man, if you'll let me, the next whisper I get from my people, you shall run for the profits and I'll risk the losses. A propos, I don't know if you've noticed a grig of a girl about the place since last Tuesday, casting intellectual sheep's-eyes at.'——

'By Gad, sir, hold your tongue!' cried Grandison Lee, starting to his feet.

'Major!'

The subaltern stood away a pace or two. He seemed acutely astonished. 'What have I done?' he continued, like a doubtful schoolboy, staring at the Major in his wrath.

The answer came in deep tones:

'There is such a thing as the honour of the regiment. I am sorry to say it, but you are a cad, sir; and if my influence can do it, you shall not be one of us long. You are a contamination, sir. And now I'll thank you to relieve me of your company. I've more important things to think about.'

'A cad!'

The youngster jumped as if a bayonet had been run into him behind. He stared and stared. 'Honour of the regiment!' he murmured, frowning as if he were trying to digest the phrase. He seemed to succeed, too. 'Oh!' he gasped, with quite a different quality in the stare which he still fixed upon his insulter.

'I repeat, I am sorry to feel obliged to speak my mind. What I meant was that nothing but a degrading, caddish impulse could have led you to presume—yes, presume, sir—to address me as if for one moment I—— But there! I've had enough of it. You've sickened me. Pray go—unless you particularly wish to be indoors here just now.'

Popper brightened considerably.

'All right, I'll go,' he said cheerfully. 'I begin to catch on too. Perhaps soon I'll see all there is to be seen. But—"cad!" And yet—— Well, anyway, Major Lee, you're a gentleman, and so there can't be a duel between us about it.'

He left the room, nodding to himself. The Major had an instant attack of remorse. He wanted to call him back and apologise, but something restrained him. He believed that he had said and done no more than his duty demanded. Nevertheless, he was not properly satisfied with himself. It was as if he had put his foot on a butterfly merely because the poor little flutterer a moment or two before had dared to spread its wings between his eyes and the sun.

For the rest of that day the Major felt uneasy. A nervous dread seized him lest Popper should tell the others what he had said to him. The honour of the regiment, forsooth! Who was he, when all was estimated, that he should set himself up as high priest of the cult of this same honour? He knew just how his comrades would feel in the matter. They would laugh and chuckle and say, 'Poor old Lee! Just like him!' and so on; and in their hearts they would designate him a confounded old prig. They would try, perhaps, to maintain the familiar friendly footing, for old times' sake; but they would also realise that he had overstepped the mark, and had done for himself as one of themselves in spirit and in truth.

He worried himself desperately with these and kindred fancies; and, as salt on the wounds of his

worries, that longing to give Lawrie every possible chance of a billet for life grew and grew. A mere hundred pounds; and the Colonel had gained fifteen times as much by a stroke of the pen and the lack of all high-falutin notions about human nature!

Yet the day passed much like other days at Baddenham, and it ended with threepenny whist at the Union Club; and no one except young Popper seemed any different with him.

At half-past eleven the Major was helped into his coat by some one in the hall of the club. It was rather a clumsy some one, too, so that he turned with a smile as well as thanks to see which of the members was playing the amiable for the first time or so in his life. But it was neither the town-clerk nor Chesling the rich provision-factor; no, nor a new servant either. It was Sub-Lieutenant Popper, with confusion in his eyes.

'Sorry, sir. You are such a dashed height!' murmured little Popper as he snatched at his cane.

Then the Major knew what Fate exacted of him. He waited for little Popper, and they walked back to quarters together; and on the way he recanted those earlier words of his almost to the very last of them.

'I'm downright ashamed of myself, Popper, and that's the truth,' he said finally. 'One never knows, I suppose, what outrage one is capable of until the precise—er—sort of temptation necessary—faces one. I'd like the assurance of your forgiveness, if you don't mind.'

Little Popper had made a variety of spasmodic noises and exclamations designed to check the Major in his outpouring. Now, however, when he had his opportunity, he seemed at a loss. All he could get out was this: 'I say, Major, don't talk like that.'

'But I disgraced myself, Popper. I called you a cad.'

'And I called you a gentleman, Major; and I may have meant it for irony, and that's beastly bad form at any time,' urged little Popper.

'We were both wrong, then,' said the Major.

'You weren't, sir. But—it's awfully good of you. It's what any fellow would expect of you, I expect. I've been reading up the article on "honour" in the club's *Encyclopædia*, and it squares with what you said—that is, if you read between the lines. I only wish—— But it's never much good wishing. I do know, though, that I'll sleep better for what you've just said.'

The Major lowered his hand to get at the sub's arm; and in silence, thus looped, they walked the remaining distance to barracks. If the lamp-posts thought the spectacle a mirthful one, they kept their thoughts to themselves.



MORMON BRIDES.

By MARY STUART BOYD, Author of Our Stolen Summer, Clipped Wings, &c.



UMMAGING through a drawer filled with the uncataloguable flotsam and jetsam of travel, among a medley of guide - books, passenger - lists, timetables, and menus of meals eaten on board many ships, I came upon a

modest chocolate-covered booklet that acted the part of Aladdin's carpet, and conveyed me in the twinkling of an eye back to where Salt Lake City shelters at the base of the great snowy mountains. With vivid transition of memory, I stood again by the counter of the book-store whereinto, one April noon four years ago, an icy, dust-laden wind had blown me, buying this souvenir of the dauntless pioneers of the desert city.

A Collection of Pictures and Biographies of Brigham Young and his Wives, the pamphlet purports to be; and it promises a 'True and Correct Statement of the Birth, Life, and Death of Brigham Young, Second President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, and Brief Biographies of his Twenty-six Wives, and Names and Number of Children born to Them.' In token of its authenticity the book is signed by Brigham, eldest extant son of the late Prophet, and by eight of his stepmothers.

The short life-sketches, though they read oddly to alien minds, are simply and sincerely written; and amongst the portraits, most of them crude photographs taken in the early days of the art, are many earnest, comely faces. Though not more than half-a-dozen out of the quarter of a hundred wives boast any claim to beauty, all appear honest and steadfast women, who, having once adopted a creed, however erroneous, would cling to its tenets even through hardship and peril.

To the uninformed, Mormonism suggests polygamy and little else; yet when at the age of twenty-three Brigham Young, moved thereto by sincere conviction, left the Methodist Church and joined the Latter-Day Saints, and for eleven years after, the doctrine of plural—or, as the Saints preferred to term it, celestial—marriage had no part in the tenets of the body.

When Brigham Young threw in his lot with the followers of Joseph Smith he was an industrious young tradesman, who supported his wife and two little daughters by working as carpenter, joiner, painter, or glazier, as occasion demanded. The picture of his wife, Miriam Works, shows her as a bright, attractive creature, looking upon the world through clean, honest eyes; and one wonders whether, had she lived, the dogma of plural marriage would have found favour in her husband's sight. Certain it is that after Miriam—his first and probably his only love—died of consumption, Brigham Young remained alone for eighteen months,

and when he invited Mary Ann Angell to fill the empty place he chose a mature spouse whose attraction probably lay in merit rather than in feminine charm. In her portrait Mary Ann has a sensible face, and wears a matronly cap. She was not much over thirty; but people aged earlier in those days. The pleasantest line in her bald little history tells that she proved herself kind and loving to Miriam's two little motherless daughters.

For eight years Mary Ann reigned alone in Brigham Young's household. Near the close of this period Prophet Joseph Smith, the founder of the Saints—finding that the freedom of his life was calling forth adverse comment—had a convenient revelation which expressly approved and established polygamy. Brigham Young, as a staunch upholder of the sect, accepted the new command, and Sister Mary Ann, we read, 'gave her husband other wives, because she knew the principle was true.'

At this date Brigham Young had turned forty, and the notion of wedding a young wife upon compulsion seems not to have been repugnant, for in June 1842 he married Lucy Decker, a girl of twenty, whom her biography describes as being of fair complexion, medium height, and 'quite nicelooking.'

Apparently this bigamous union proved a success, for the following November Brigham added yet another bride to his household in the person of Harriet Elizabeth Cook Campbell, a maiden who was yet in her teens. 'Sister Harriet,' my booklet tells, 'is a tall, fine-looking woman of fair complexion, and is an educated and intelligent lady, having studied from books and nature a great deal during her life. She can converse intelligently on the aims and duties of mankind.' An intellectual companion, doubtless; but one wonders with what degree of patience the less erudite Mary Ann and Lucy—who, though Latter-day Saints, were only present-day human beings—listened to Sister Harriet's discourses on the duties of mankind!

It is a little confusing to learn from the succeeding paragraph that on the very day whereon Brigham led Sister Harriet to the altar he espoused also a lady named Augusta Adams! Augusta's chronicler, without attempting to conceal the fact that she had reached the ripe age of forty, declares her to have been 'high-toned in sentiment.'

At this comparatively embryonic stage of his marital career the Prophet must have had some difficulty in apportioning his attentions between his brace of blushing brides. General knowledge of mankind constrains the opinion that Brigham would honeymoon with the nineteen-year-old Harriet, leaving the damsel of forty summers to air those high-toned sentiments for which she was justly

noted in the company of the sympathetic Lucy and Mary Ann.

In comparison with the years to come, 1843 had been a matrimonially idle period with Brigham Young, though more conventional men would account the accession of three fresh wives no light matter. The succeeding year was fated to rank among his busiest, for during its course he united himself in the nuptial bond with no less than five estimable ladies.

His marriage with Clara Decker, a child of sixteen—she was sister to the Lucy Decker with whom the Prophet had allied himself two years earlier—which took place in May, might be considered a union of inclination. A month later the murder of Joseph Smith by the mob that broke into the jail at Carthage, where he was imprisoned, left widowed a number of ardent female Saints, and these Brigham's big heart could not suffer to pine in loneliness. During the next few years he married six of Prophet Smith's widows, who bore a distinction from his own wives in being sealed to Young for time only, not for eternity. In a better world they were to revert to their first husband.

Brigham was a man of action, and the times were troublous and brooked of no delay. On the 27th of June the mob, by firing the shots that killed Smith, helped to perpetuate the Mormon creed by encircling with the halo of martyrdom the unworthy head of its founder. Before the close of September Young had married a girl named Clara Ross in addition to two of Smith's widows. The younger of these, Emily Smith, had had a painfully romantic history. Her parents, who were staunch supporters of the cause, had died leaving herself and a sister, both mere children, helpless and penniless. Joseph Smith and his wife offered them a home and treated them well. It was during the residence of the orphan girls under his roof that Smith experienced the revelation commanding celestial marriage; and, acting under its light, he wedded both sisters.

Throughout October Brigham Young was, as the actresses say, 'resting;' but on the 2nd of November he married Susan Snively, an active, industrious woman, whose services—for she had no children of her own—must have been an acquisition in a household already teeming with babes. A few months later, in February 1845, Young annexed Olive, another widow of Smith's. She died soon after, of pneumonia.

The Prophet's next matrimonial venture was Emmeline Free, a young maiden over whose beauty even my literal booklet feels constrained to gush. The photograph reveals her as a handsome matron, from whose good looks the care of ten children has scarcely detracted.

A little later, Brigham—after that benevolent fashion which was fast becoming a habit with him—undertook the guardianship of Margaret Pierce, the young widow of a lately deceased Saint, Morris Whitesides. 'Sister Margaret,' says the narrator, 'has been an earnest and faithful worker in cooking

and carving for her husband's workmen and others, with the assistance of others of his family. She was also actively engaged for about two years in raising silk from the worms.'

The opening month of 1846 was probably the briskest in all Brigham Young's energetic life, for within its passing he took unto himself five extra wives. On the 21st of January he married Martha Bowker; on the 26th he sealed for time the young widow of Brother Twiss, to whom the Prophet had himself united her in the previous summer. The exact dates of his marriages to the three other ladies are not given; but they all happened in January. One bride was Eliza Rockwood, a girl of seventeen; the others were more mature, Maria Lawrence being another relict of Joseph Smith, and Zina Dianthor Huntingdon yet another.

From January till the following October other gods than Cupid would appear to have claimed the Prophet's attention; but on the 14th he mated with Margaret M. Alley, who was both young and devoted. In the following March, just before starting out with a company of men to seek a location where the Saints could settle in peace, he married Lucy Bigelow, a child of the age he most favoured—sixteen.

The following year proved a time of vast import to the Mormons, for it saw them established in Utah. Brigham Young, with his fellow-pioneers, having surveyed the great desolate tract of land lying at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and having pronounced it good, the long migration of the brethren across the vast arid desert began. In May 1848 Young, who had returned to bring his family, started afresh with his wives and their already numerous progeny on the five months weary journey that separated them from the chosen site of what was destined to become Salt Lake City. It was the fifth time the persecution of the sect had forced them to abandon home and property, and to begin the world afresh.

Throughout the whole of 1848 public matters seem to have engrossed the Prophet. Remaining content with the twenty helpmates he already possessed, he devoted his undoubted genius to laying the foundation of the future welfare of the community. With their Indian neighbours he preserved a conciliatory policy, wisely deeming it not only cheaper but more humane to feed than to fight them.

When Hymen's torch again lit his path it was probably mental not physical gifts that attracted him; for, in discoursing on the intellectual capacity of this, the twenty-second, bride, the usually restrained chronicler becomes positively enthusiastic. To confess the truth, Eliza Roxey Snow impresses as being completely out of her proper element among the assorted mistresses of the Prophet's ménage. She came of unmixed Puritan stock, all the lines of her ancestry running back through pure streams of New England blood. 'She was well skilled in household accomplishments,' says the biographer; 'but she also possessed a

literary talent which was destined to eclipse all commonplace acquirements.' In early life Miss Eliza Snow began to write poetry for various publications. When she was over thirty she removed to Kirtland, Ohio, then the Mormon headquarters, where she taught a select seminary for young ladies, and — oh, amazing contrast!—boarded with the family of Prophet Smith! Cognisance of Mr Smith's infelix reputation prepares us for the announcement so quaintly stated by the decorous scribe that 'her intimate association with Joseph the Seer ripened into a holy consummation.'

Having thrown in her lot with the Saints, Eliza adhered to them whole-heartedly, generously expending her patrimony on the completion of the Mormon Temple at Kirtland, and sharing in the rigours of their expulsion and subsequent exodus to Utah. It is difficult to imagine the refined and precise poetess cooking over a camp-fire on that dreary five months' journey, or driving, as she did, an ox-team from Mount Pisgah to the Missouri River.

Once she was settled in Salt Lake City, her scholastic training enabled her to take a leading part among the female Saints, few of whom had enjoyed her opportunities of education.

The description of Sister Eliza's physical charms is delightful, especially when taken in conjunction with the portrait, which reveals her seated rigidly upright beside a little table whereon rests a ponderous open tome. Viewed thus, she recalls vividly a prim and punctilious instructress of one's childhood. In accord with her, Eliza's chief feature was an 'unusually high and expansive forehead.' Like her also, 'in speech and action she was thoughtful; her every word being distinctly articulated, while her sentences were admirably constructed.' No amount of word-painting could convey a more effective picture of the gracefully pedantic deportment of the whilom schoolmistress. How Mary Ann and Susan Snively and others of the purely utilitarian wives must have waxed secretly insurgent against that deliberate conversation and those admirably constructed sentences when half-a-hundred bairns were clamouring for attention! She had no children of her own. Motherhood is not required of the Eliza Snows of life.

As a wooer, Young's ardour had already slackened. It was in June 1849 that he laid his somewhat tardy claim to the hand of the poetess. At the date of her widowhood Eliza had reached the wrong side of forty; and Brigham—who was never in such a hurry as when the brides-elect were still in their teens—ungallantly left her to pine in her weeds for five years before scaling her to himself. Not till October 1850 did he again lead a maiden to the hymeneal altar. Regarding this wife, one of those still alive when the booklet was penned, little detail is given. All that we know is that she came

to Salt Lake City in 1849, when Eliza Snow had consented to make Brigham happy, and that a year later she too shared the hospitality of the all-absorbing Lion House.

The Prophet's twenty-third spouse had previously wedded unworthily, and the width of his affections is again exemplified, for in marrying her he adopted the three children of her former union.

Brigham Young was over sixty when he married Amelia Folsom, a handsome girl of twenty-five, who was afterwards distinguished as his favourite wife. It was for her reception that the President built the Amelia Palace (or Gardo House, as it is now called), which is situated exactly across the road from the Lion House, the barracks-like tenement under whose roof all the other ladies had 'apartments' To irreverent eyes the Amelia Palace resembles nothing finer than a slightly ornate suburban villa; but forty years ago in the desert city, when all was for use, nothing for show, it probably ranked as a dwelling of marvellous ostentation. It is easy to picture the score of older wives jealously watching the process of its erection from their windows in the many-gabled Lion House, and to fancy the caustic remarks they would exchange respecting their new rival; excepting always Sister Eliza Snow, for even the boldest of visionaries would find it impossible to conceive her doing anything that savoured of the unlady-like.

Two years later, in 1865, Mary Van Cott was added to the inmates of the Lion House; and in 1868 the President made his last, and what was probably his only untoward, marriage. This lady, who was fated to prove the apple of discord in his Garden of Eden, was good-looking and self-assertive. She was forty-three years younger than her husband, and had already weighed another spouse in the matrimonial balance and found him wanting. After seven years passed in wedlock, she sought a divorce from the President. When the case was settled the Church solemnly excommunicated her, whereupon Mrs Ann Eliza Webb promptly retaliated by touring the country lecturing against the Mormons.

Brigham Young had proved his wisdom in many ways, but never more clearly than when, having been released from an uncongenial wife, he determined to wed no more, and to the last kept his resolution.

From the pages of my booklet the sincere eyes of the pioneer Mormon wives look calmly on a world that flouted a faith for which they sacrificed all. A few of them survive still. Most were dust long ago. On the enclosed green slope under the tall trees, within sight of their old home, their humble graves are grouped together near that of him who, to them, was both husband and god. Their little part in life's tragedy, if infelicitous, was heroic. More than any other it exacted endurance and self-abnegation. Let them rest in peace!

THE PEARL NECKLACE.

By JAMES WORKMAN.

CHAPTER XI. - THE SPY.



a soldier who hath fought in many a battle, siege, and skirmish, I doubt not that I have passed through as strange adventures as well-nigh any man; yet there are no passages in my life that so haunt my memory,

and even my dreams, as those of the few hours after I left Oakwood Hall. Pen in hand, I write down calmly and deliberately that which took place; but at the time it seemed as though the minutes flew by with the speed of lightning, and one scene followed another in that tragic drama with scarce a moment's breathing-space.

I soon gained the wood, and was hurrying along the path which led to Poplar House when I suddenly caught sight of the boy who had brought me the message from Jacob Watkins running in front of me, cap in hand, chasing a white butterfly. So eager was he in the pursuit that though I called out to him he did not hear me; and as the insect swerved from the path to elude him, he darted after it with a merry shout, and disappeared in a clump of bushes. The next moment I heard a shriek of terror, and the boy came flying back, with a white face and staring eyes, screaming as he ran. I tried to stop him; but at sight of me he leaped to one side, as though crazed with fear, and vanished in the thickest part of the wood.

Wondering what could have so startled and terrified him, I left the path and stepped towards the bushes. They were scattered about a small open space; and as I thrust my way through them I suddenly started back with a cry of horror, the blood running cold in my veins. On the ground before me lay the prostrate figure of a man. My heart beat furiously and the cold sweat stood on my brow. It was the dead body of Jacob Watkins. There he lay with his livid face gazing up to the aky, his fingers clutching at the grass, a round blue spot on his forehead showing how he came by his death.

I knew by instinct who had done this foul deed, and I ground my teeth with rage at the thought. This was another of the infamous crimes for which, if it pleased God, I would call that man of blood, Colonel Montague, to account. Sure we but act as the instrument of God's justice in ridding the world of men so vile and inhuman. Had it lain in my power at that moment I could have crushed the life out of him with as little scruple or remorse as though he had been a poisonous snake. Again I bitterly repented that I had not forced him to fight when I had him face to face with me, and so perchance have prevented all the evil.he had wrought.

But there was no time to waste in futile regrets.

There was one thing yet to do before I undertook to execute justice on Colonel Montague and his accomplices. So I turned away from the silent and motionless figure, and hurried on to have speech with Mistress Dorothy, though I was beside myself with rage and shame to think that she should be the associate of those capable of such foul and loathsome crimes. I was in a tumult, in a frenzy of haste to warn her to fly instantly from them, and, if it were still possible, to save her from the fate which should—if I could bring it about—most assuredly be theirs. I longed passionately to deliver my message and be done with it, so that I might be free to do my duty, and bring these vile criminals to the gallows they so richly merited.

I was so intent upon my errand that the thought of the danger I ran scarce crossed my mind. Yet was I, as I should otherwise have perceived, in imminent peril of my life. I had not to do with honourable foes, but with assassins who might be lurking behind any tree or bush, ready to use steel or bullet without scruple or warning. At any moment I might have shared the fate of Jacob Watkins; but I ran on breathlessly, with never a thought of it. Nay, I think that in the mood I was then in no dangers, visible or invisible, would have appalled me or turned me back, and naught have stopped me but death itself.

The path I was following did not lead to the main gate that fronted the highway, but to a door in the wall that surrounded the house. Finding this door unlocked, I thrust it open, and passed through into the garden. I had not gone a score of yards when I came suddenly upon the maid Barbara, who was stooping over a bed of flowers. She dropped the flowers she had been gathering and confronted me with a stifled scream.

'Why, what—what do you here, sir?' she exclaimed breathlessly.

'I must have speech with your mistress,' I said hurriedly—'instant speech with her. Go and beseech her to meet me in some private spot without a moment's delay.'

Her look of alarm changed into one of sullen defiance.

'What would you have with her?' said she. 'Why should you desire to have speech with her? You have spoken with her more than enough, I think.'

In my wrath and despair I seized her by the arm and almost shook her.

'Listen to me, woman,' I exclaimed. 'I would not hurt a hair of your mistress's head for all the gold that was ever coined or to save my neck from the scaffold. I wish to see her on a matter which concerns her most nearly, concerns her honour, her

safety—nay, her very life itself. You fool, do you not understand me? Do as I bid you; and remember if you breathe a word to others of my presence here your mistress's life may be the price of your folly.'

Plainly she was moved by my excited speech and gestures, and yet she still hesitated.

'If you do not go at once,' I said impatiently, 'it may soon be too late. There is not, I tell you, a moment to lose. If spies have dogged my steps that which I have to tell her may prove useless. Go, go, I say. You may accompany her if you remain out of hearing of what passes between us.'

At that she gave way.

'Well, I will deliver your message,' said she, 'and Mistress Dorothy shall herself decide whether she will see you. In the meantime you will do well to keep out of sight, for there are those in the house, let me tell you, from whom you are like to receive no friendly welcome. Seat yourself in there, and I will go to her instantly.'

As she spoke she pointed to a rustic summerhouse almost screened from view by the trees and bushes that surround it. Then she hurried away, and I entered and sat down in the summer-house, quivering with impatience that I might deliver my warning and be gone.

Presently I heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and peered cautiously forth. It was with a sense of infinite relief that I beheld Dorothy and her maid coming hastily towards me. The maid stopped, and Mistress Dorothy came forward and stood at the threshold. She was very white, and her eyes fell before mine; but she still preserved towards me the unfriendly attitude she had assumed since my duel with Frank.

'Well, sir,' she asked, 'for what purpose have you summoned me?'

'Be good enough to enter and be seated,' said I coldly; 'for I have that to tell you that must reach no ears but your own.'

She hesitated for a moment, and then reluctantly stepped within and seated herself on the side farthest from me. Never had she seemed to me so fair to look upon, and I half-turned away that my eyes might not rest upon her lest once more I should be lured into weakness and folly. This, I told myself, was the last time we should ever speak together.

'Well,' she said, beating impatiently on the floor with her foot, 'I thought your business was urgent.'

'That it is,' I answered, 'and the gist of it is this: you must leave here with all speed, and'——

Then I stopped abruptly, for, strange as it may seem, it suddenly flashed upon me for the first time that I could not warn her without warning the rest of the conspirators, and that seemed a thing most dishonourable for a man in my position.

'If that be your message,' said she, 'you may spare your breath. I will not leave here at the

dictation of you or any man breathing. My father'----

'Nay, one moment,' I interposed. 'Give me your promise that you will not repeat to a living soul what I tell you, and I will give you such reasons for your instant departure as I doubt not will satisfy you.'

She rose to her feet and faced me.

'Sir,' she said indignantly, 'by what right do you demand such promises from me?'

The words sprang to my lips in spite of myself. They were the last I would in my sober senses have dreamed of uttering.

'The right of one who loves you,' said I.

'You!' she exclaimed, leaning back, white and trembling, against the wall.

'Ay,' I answered bitterly, 'I think it has been always so since you were a child, though I knew it not. Oh, you need not shrink from me. It is against my will, let me tell you; and after this day, please God, I will never look upon your face again.'

She regarded me with a very singular expression. 'Why—why do you speak thus?' she asked in a

faltering voice.

'Why?' I cried. 'Because I find you leagued' with'-

Again I stopped, and then suddenly, with an utter disregard of consequences, said that which I had determined should not pass my lips without a promise of silence on her part.

'Listen!' said I. 'Promise or no promise, I will tell you, and have done with it. I have discovered the object of the conspiracy in which you are engaged, and a full list of the names of the conspirators, including your own; and yet, God forgive me, in spite of reason, conscience, and duty, I come here to tell you that which it is a shame and a sin for my lips to utter. Cromwell is at hand, may be here at any moment, and, I fear, will spare no one, man or woman, who hath had any share in the business. Go, I entreat you, ere it be too late, separate yourself from these vile men, and try to be that which, sure, God, who gave you so fair a face, intended you to be. I will strike out your name, and Frank's, and your father's from the list; but you will nevertheless be suspected, and if you remain here will most certainly be arrested.'

She drew herself up haughtily.

'I do not understand your words,' she exclaimed.
'That I have joined with those who desire to place the king upon his father's throne I do not deny; but to my thinking there is nothing in my life of which I have more cause to be proud.'

'Proud!' I cried. 'Proud of being leagued with assassins, of being entrusted with the gold that is to

be the reward of murder?'

'Murder!' she exclaimed. 'How dare you speak thus? It is false! false! You are mad to speak thus.'

'I am so sane,' said I, 'that there is not a word I have uttered of which I could not give you the

most certain proof. Oh Dorothy!' I cried passionately, 'if you have indeed been deceived, if you have been entangled in this vile plot without your knowledge or against your will, I pray and beseech you to trust yourself with me, to come with me to Cromwell, and'——

'Leave me,' she cried angrily, 'and never presume to speak to me again. There is not, I believe, one word of truth in that which you have said. You wish to terrify me into playing the part of a spy and traitor, and—— Oh, go, go! I cannot breathe in your presence. I loathe the sight of you.'

'I will not go,' said I. 'I will not stir one foot until I have convinced you of the truth of every word I have uttered.'

I drew the papers from my pouch, and held them out to her.

'See,' I exclaimed, 'here are papers I discovered in a hiding-place in the Hall. Here is the odious proclamation of Charles Stuart, giving authority for the assassination of Cromwell. Here are letters that have passed between Colonel Montague and his accomplices. Here is a plan of the scheme to set upon and stab the Protector on his way to Whitehall, and here is stated the amount of the reward that shall be given to him whose bullet or dagger pierces that noble heart. Here is the list of the conspirators, and among them the names of your father, your brother, and yourself. Do you still doubt what manner of men you have to deal with? Then, go to the wood there, and you shall find the dead body of Jacob Watkins, foully murdered by this man of blood, Colonel Montague, and his fellow-assassins.'

She glanced at the papers as I held them out, and then shrank back, shuddering and hiding her quivering face in her hands. 'Oh no! no!' she cried; 'it cannot be; surely it cannot be.'

'Then you knew nothing of this?' I asked joyfully.

She glanced up at me as though amazed.

'Knew of it!' she exclaimed. 'Is it possible you can believe that I or mine would knowingly league ourselves with assassins? I would rather die than have aught to do with such a plot. Never have I heard so much as a whisper of it till this moment.'

'Thank God!' said I fervently; 'thank God! Forgive me, Mistress Dorothy, if for one moment I ever doubted you. Truly, it appeared incredible to me that you should know aught of the designs of these men; but the times are evil, and the proofs seemed so clear, that I—I knew not what to think. And now, if you will not trust in the justice of the Protector, I beseech you to seek out your brother, and be gone from here without an instant's delay. For me, I have a task to perform, and I must speedily set about it. As God lives, I will call this man, Colonel Montague, to account for all the blood he has spilt and the evil he has wrought; ay, if I follow him to the end of the world I will do it.'

The words had scarce passed my lips when a figure appeared in the doorway.

'It will be quite unnecessary to take so long a journey, my worthy Master Hawthorne,' said a cool, quiet voice. 'I am, I think, the person you desire to meet with, and I assure you that an immediate interview cannot possibly be a source of greater pleasure to you than to me.'

Before me, calm and smiling, with the same air of insolent condescension, the same malicious expression in his bold, dark eyes, as when we had met before, stood Colonel Montague.

LATIN-AMERICAN TRADE.

IN TWO PARTS.-PART I.



OUTH-EAST from the United States are seventeen republics, some of which have fewer inhabitants than has any one of half a score of cities of the Greater Republic; but the total population of the so-called

Latin-American republics is fifty-two millions. Few of their people are of pure European descent; a larger, but indefinite, number are of mixed American and aboriginal race; and probably a greater percentage is of unmixed blood.

Some of these people toil in mines; many more gather rubber or cut timber; most of them labour in agriculture. As a rule the methods they use to-day are much like those which were followed in Egypt before the dawn of history. Naturally, the wage-earning power of people of such simple habits is small, and their purchasing-power is compara-

tively little. All their manufactures together do not equal in value those of a single city of England, of Germany, or of the United States. Little work is required in tropic America to provide all necessary food, and wants are few and simple in those lands. A suit of cotton is enough, in all except the higher and colder regions; and four-fifths at least of Latin-America is warm. When working in forest or in field, men put off all clothing except a single garment, or mayhap wear only a strip of beaten bark or of cloth about the loins. Usually those who labour in the fields lay aside blouse, shirt, and trousers, then roll the legs of their cotton drawers as high as they can before they venture among the thorny growths of field or of forest. They say that the bare skin gives quick warning of touch of thorn or of insect, and so saves from many a scratch and bite. Millions of women there are content to go about their work with no more clothing than a chemise and a simple skirt; and, when no stranger is present, many even dispense with the chemise. I have seen many a woman who was evidently of opinion that the skirt itself was an extravagant and cumbersome garment; for her whole costume was a cuala, a bit of cotton print three-quarters of a yard wide and perhaps two yards or less in length, which was wrapped around her hips and held up by tucking in the corners. When no outsider was in the village, old women have often gone about their tasks with not even a cuala to conceal their bronze beauties. They were more than content with a mere strip of bark of the tuno, from which all woody and useless matter had been pounded and washed, leaving only the soft brown lace woven by nature; but these were Indians in their native wilds.

Many a time, on a Sunday, one sees women tramping along the sunny, dusty highways towards town and church and neighbourly gossip. Most of them bear on their heads shallow, broad baskets containing fruit, vegetables, or grain; and in their hands chickens dangle, gasping for breath, with wings drooping to the ground. A few carry young children astride their hips, some perhaps going to their baptism. In the basket are the woman's shoes, and perhaps a bundle of skirt, silken mantilla with fringe a foot long, and fancy hose. At the edge of the town the burdens will be put down in the shade of some convenient tree, the dust may be washed from tired feet, and stockings and shoes drawn on. These will be taken off as soon as the wearers shall have reached the country again. It is easy to see why those millions buy few shoes and very little dress goods.

One article nearly every man, and most women, outside of the towns has, and must have, is a machete. With it wood is cut in forest and in field, ground is dug, meat is carved—and so is one's foe. Few wish for any other knife. Those who camp in forest or on plain in other lands may well learn from the millions in the southern republics who have—in daily hunting and fishing, farming and lumbering—through the centuries found no instrument superior to this sword-like blade. An axe or a hatchet is clumsy and dangerous in comparison.

Requiring but scanty clothing and no foreign food, the Latin-American in wilderness or on farm needs little from other lands; yet he buys some things of foreign make. He will now and then buy a cheap shot-gun, or—if he can manage to save it from conscription—perhaps a repeating rifle. Indians want the shot-gun to provide food or to rid their neighbourhood of beasts which take too heavy toll from hen-roost or herd; and every planter strolls now and then into the forest near his country-house to pot a deer, a turkey, an iguana, or other game. Sometimes planters gathered at a neighbour's may tell tales about hunting until enthusiasm becomes so aroused that the party will

go on a hunt. More often the story-telling will end with a siesta in cool hammocks.

While the native is delighted by spectacular displays and music, and will spend money freely for such diversions, he cares little for athletic sports. He is likely to content himself with cock-fighting and games of cards, dice, or other forms of gambling requiring little physical exertion. Much of his cash goes to lotteries. In fact, few active sports are seen in tropical America. A game of cricket is played now and then at Carácas, in Venezuela; and an American youth there brought together a number of college students in a baseball club; but a few strokes of the bat sent the baseballs flying in puffs of shoddy, and broke up that club. It seems scarcely necessary to say that the cricketers were Englishmen.

Golf was something of a fad last year at San José, in Costa Rica, many of the Americans there having a bout at it in the early mornings. Bicycles had a run four or five years ago in Nicaragua; but a Government eager to squeeze the ultimate centavo from its people levied a tax heavy enough to promptly hang up nearly every wheel. It may be said that apathy as to active sports exists in nearly every city south of the United States: perhaps we may say south of the northernmost states of the Union. It is manifest that little demand for sporting goods will come from countries of which the foregoing is true.

Strange to say, in these countries, where nearly everybody can ride, and ride well, few often do so for pleasure. Races are almost unknown even in the higher regions, where the cool, pure air should put life and animation into man and beast. With great forests at hand, in which the puma, the jaguar, the tapir, the peccary, the deer, and a vast number of smaller animals are found, few hunt for the sport. Rubber-gatherers and Indians in the wilderness kill enough to feed their families; and that is about all the hunting done. Yet the peccary is game enough, and the jaguar and the puma are not too tame. Wild turkeys, pigeons, ducks, pheasants, quails, and other birds can be got any day in numbers sufficient to make a creditable bag.

Ever-present fear of revolution prohibits the importation of rifles and revolvers, except under special permits. The shot-guns usually sold are of the simplest types, such as may be made for a few shillings each; but as these sell for two to four pounds each, and as the average cash income of the native may not be more than double that amount in a year, the total number of sales is necessarily small. Duties on ammunition are excessively high; consequently the revenue from powder and shot is inconsiderable. These facts do not lessen the profits of contrabandistas.

He who would share the profits that await persistent effort in Latin-America has curious obstacles to meet. Among them are those which come of a conservatism that makes people there more willing to use the things they know than to venture on trying

anything new, however it may excel the familiar article. Yet these folk are far indeed from being dull of wit, nor are they unduly suspicious of the strange; but it is much easier to follow a habit than to break with it. Often a Spanish-American may reject a new implement because the shape is unusual, and it may not fit the hand as does the old one; or its use would require a change in the method of work, and this might demand some study and experimenting. The patron knows that there will be difficulty about making his labourers use the new tool or follow the new method, so he declines to buy an improved instrument or machine. Experience of generations in the forests of Canada and the United States taught hundreds of thousands of the best woodmen the world has seen that a curved helve or handle is better than any other for the axe; but such helves meet with scant favour among woodcutters in the tropics. They cling obstinately to the long straight helve, with which no strong blow can be struck; and persist in using axes which a northern lumberman would not allow to be seen in his camp lest he should be shamed in the eyes of visitors. To the mahogany-cutter it is nothing that the straight helve is clumsy, and wasteful of energy and of time. The curved helve would feel unusual and unhandy for a few hours; therefore it would be better to stick to old friends.

A real and an important obstacle to rapid extension of trade between English-speaking people and those of Spanish-America is the fact that the literature common in the republics of the South is Spanish, Portuguese, or French. Periodicals, novels, scientific works, poetry, and correspondence are largely if not wholly in one or other of the languages directly derived from Latin. Naturally the writers offer such views as southern Europe holds, and are often swayed by racial and local prejudices in their presentation of subjects. It would be unreasonable to expect such authors to fairly represent British—they certainly cannot justly present American—character, conduct, or designs; for they do not, and probably never will, comprehend such character or such purposes.

Sons and daughters of Latin-American families have been educated on the Continent. Such prejudices as they may have imbibed at home are strengthened by that education. On their return, what more natural than that they should extend and intensify already existing prejudices? Inevitably, such influences injure trade, for the people of Latin-America are more sympathetic, more easily moved by sentiment, than are people of northern blood, and this strongly affects their business relations. To their honour it may be said truly that there is among them honest friendship in business. He who can deserve and win such friendship, who can inspire confidence in his integrity, may safely count on continued orders from his friends. Oldfashioned ideas of honour are still more binding on these people, as a whole, than are written contracts among many business men in other lands.

It is as interesting as it is true that, while nearly every republic south of the United States has each year a day of rejoicing and of celebration of its success in throwing off the galling fetters of Spain, while nearly every native family in these lands tells to its children traditions of atrocities inflicted on it ancestors by Spanish masters, and notwithstanding that the mother of many a child scares it into good behaviour by threatening to 'call the Spaniards,' the success of the United States in freeing Cuba and Porto Rico from the grasp of Spain has created resentment in many, if not in all, Spanish-Americans. Yet few of them have much Spanish blood in their veins. The doctrine that 'blood is thicker than water' seems farther from the truth than the assertion that ties of language are stronger than appeals of reason. The fact that the religion of Rome is that of all Latin-America, and that people there believe that all who speak English or other northern tongue are heretics, and therefore to be suspected, if not hated, doubtless has much to do with the innate hostility often

This might warrant one in urging that efforts should be made to extend the influence of the English language and of English literature in these countries. This would in time give us a fair hearing, which we have never had there. It would help to correct wrong beliefs, in many cases diligently instilled in order to lessen or to destroy our influence. Possibly success might follow efforts to induce the wealthier of the families there to send all their children to English or to American schools rather than to those of the Latin countries of the Continent. Much could also be done to hasten the spread of the English tongue by simplifying the spelling, which now affords little or no clue to the pronunciation of our words, and is therefore the most serious of stumbling-blocks to the student.

Fears that the Greater Republic will wrest from them control of their own countries is an ever-present and powerful influence against the American. More was done by the Spanish-American war to strengthen that feeling than by all that had gone before. That squall convinced Latin-America that the United States was actually brave enough to declare war, and strong enough to punish even Spain herself. Amazement was natural, for had not all Spanish-America to struggle desperately for many years before it could break the shackles that bound it beneath the banner of blood and gold? Before that skirmish which freed Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, probably nine-tenths of even the more intelligent of Spanish-Americans believed that the deliberate inquiry by the United States into each case, before demanding reparation for alleged wrong to Americans, must be caused by timidity alone. It is said that even the best-informed classes there find it difficult to believe that any nation will take time to be just if it dares to be dictatorial. Doubtless much time and patience will be required to convince people of these republics

that their sister republic of the north will be just and friendly to them; that it is so rich and powerful that it cannot feel any desire to take advantage of opportunities which might tempt a poorer and weaker nation to try to profit at the cost of a neighbour, as a penniless and hungry man might be sorely tempted to steal a loaf which would excite aversion if stomach and purse were full.

A SOLDIER'S LETTER ABOUT WATERLOO.



HERE are few family histories that cannot furnish material for the novelist and biographer, and in the most unexpected corners there sometimes lurk undiscovered and valuable records of episodes in life-histories.

This is quite the case with the family of a Clydesdale laird to whom, and to his son, Basil Steuart, bookseller and publisher, London, various letters written in the early years of the last century are addressed in the course of a family correspondence. Several sons of Robert Steuart of Brownlee were soldiers, and it is the letter of Captain Robert Steuart descriptive of the part he played at Waterloo which is here given.

One might have wished that there had been some record of the career of his brother Basil Steuart, as that might have proved of more than ordinary interest. Born 28th March 1794, he died in 1886 at the great age of ninety-two, having seen much of the literary activity of Edinburgh and London in the earlier half of last century. In personal appearance he was strikingly handsome, and was six and a half feet in height. A relative of William Blackwood, he had his early training in the publisher's first shop, in South Bridge Street, Edinburgh; and thence he moved to London, entering John Murray's publishing house, Albemarle Street, of which he became manager. In this capacity he had rare opportunities of seeing and conversing with men who were eminent in every walk in life, and of corresponding with not a few of them. He came in contact often with the Duke of Wellington and Canning. He knew old Isaac D'Israeli intimately, and frequently took tea with him on Saturdays. Benjamin was quite a boy then, and got little notice. He also knew Thackeray long before he came to fame; and-tell it not in Gath!-it is more than a tradition that Basil Steuart assisted the poet Campbell with the selection of his Specimens of the British Poets (1819). A most interesting bit of work fell to his share also in the arrangement of Lord Byron's library at Newstead, which occupied him for a fortnight. While engaged in this duty his lordship came in and had a long chat with him every day. This must have had weight with the young bookseller, as in the latter days at Lanark no one might run Byron down in his presence. He was present in Murray's drawing-room at an important meeting between Scott and Byron. He received Blackwood's Magazine from headquarters all his life, as one of the 'original contributors.' Basil Steuart seems to have preserved the letters from his father and his soldier brothers, addressed first to the care of Blackwood in Edinburgh, then to Murray's in London, and later, when he began business, to Steuart & Panton, 139 Cheapside. The family do not seem to have kept his own letters. When he found a young family dying around him in London he retired to Clydeside, full of recollections, which have passed with him. Letters from Gifford and other notabilities were destroyed before he left London.

The father of Basil Steuart, and of a notable family of soldiers, was Robert Steuart, laird of one hundred acres at Brownlee, on Clydeside, besides a moorland shooting called Middlehope. laird was a famous shot, and on the moors always had a pinch of snuff between his fingers. When the birds rose he took snuff, first with one nostril then the other. By that time the birds were well out. Then right and left, and certain death to two. The Napoleonic wars bore heavily on these Clydesdale lairds, and many went down under the increased burden of taxation. Those who survived had to work like galley-slaves at their acres. Four sons of Robert Steuart went forth to fight their country's battles. One named William was killed at the age of eighteen under Wellington in Spain. Robert Steuart rose to be captain, and commanded the Grenadiers at Waterloo. It is a copy of the letter he sent six weeks after the battle to his father, which was again sent on to his brother Basil, care of Mr Murray, Albemarle Street, London, which is here printed. It is a soldier's letter all through: Robert Southey or Dr Fitchett would have made the narrative more picturesque. The Duke of Wellington, on being applied to by Sir Walter Scott for facts about Waterloo, recommended him 'to leave the battle of Waterloo as it is.' This is exactly what Robert Steuart has done. He gives his own simple, unadorned narrative without one word of rhetoric, just the part he played and no more. And yet what a world of meaning lies behind his simple sentences, that 'near the left-centre, where the greatest carnage took place, stood the 73rd, and was nearly annihilated. Of five hundred fine fellows that remained after the battle of the preceding day only sixty-nine remained.' Stenart commanded the Grenadiers all the day; and when Colonel Harris was wounded in the heat of the action, the command of the regiment devolved on him. Robert Steuart, who played such a heroic part, seems to have been neglected after Waterloo. Previously he had seen much service in Germany under General Bülow, and was in several engagements.

Afterwards he was on service in Ceylon. The reason of the neglect after Waterloo seems to have arisen from the fact that some despatches were lost in a wreck. Before they were made good an officer who had played a less heroic part at Waterloo was in command, and it was nearly ten years afterwards, when the affair became known at head-quarters, that he had his captaincy. It must have been the subject of a question in Parliament, for Joseph Hume said this was some piece of Tory jobbery. But a Minister rose and related the matter as it occurred. Advancement was then slow without friends at court or money in the purse.

'CAMP BEFORE PARIS, July 5th, 1815.

'MY DEAR FATHER,—I would have written immediately after the battle of Waterloo to assure you of escape on those days which saw laid low in death such numbers of my companions-in-arms; but, owing to the very hurried manner in which we afterwards followed the French towards Paris, I had it not in my power. I therefore embrace this as the first opportunity I have had of writing you now.

'It was on the 15th June that the regiment left the village of Champs notre Dame, came and joined the division at Soignies. The French having crossed the frontier on this day, we marched early next morning to meet them. After a long march we came up with them at Quatre Bras. Part of our corps (the Prince of Orange's) were up and engaged with them a little before us. The Prussians were engaged at the same time a little to our left. After hard fighting to nearly eleven o'clock we succeeded in driving them from the field of battle. Both sides suffered a very considerable loss. Unfortunately none of our cavalry were able to come up in time excepting two Belgian regiments. The cavalry and part of Lord Hill's regiment arrived during the night. Next morning we expected a renewal of the action; both armies lay in view of each other all the morning until after midday. The light troops continued firing at each other all the morning, and the main body of the army had just been put in motion for making an attack when word arrived that the Prussians had been defeated, in consequence of which they were obliged to retire. A retrograde movement thus became necessary on our part to keep up the communication with them. After retiring until sunset, we arrived on the plains of Waterloo, where we took up a position. The enemy followed us closely on the retreat with their cavalry and light troops, but without doing us much harm. We had a tremendous thunderstorm in the afternoon; the rain fell in torrents, which it continued to do during the night, with intervals, rendering our situation very uncomfortable, as it was impossible to lie down without being buried in mud. The rain began to subside about daylight, and towards . . . we had a beautiful morning. Ranged along some opposite heights, the French army was discovered in great force (Bonaparte having collected all his force during the night excepting one division left to observe the Prussians). The videttes of both were advanced on the intervening plains to within pistol-shot of each other. Thus on the morning of the memorable 18th of June lay in full view of one another the rival armies of France and Britain.

'Alas! how many of either were [never] destined to see another rising sun! The battle began about ten by the enemy making an attack upon our position, and lasted until six o'clock doubtful. Although pressed by dreadful odds, our troops continued steadfastly to maintain their ground until the . . . was in front by the discharge of three hundred pieces of cannon. The slaughter on both sides was very great. About the above-mentioned hour the enemy, having heard of the advance of part of the Prussian army to our assistance, made a tremendous attack upon our left centre, which appeared to be the most assailable point of our position, throwing forward immense columns of horse and foot intermingled with one another. At one time it appeared as if all were lost. All the guns and part of the troops were ordered to retire but those that remained to defend this point (with orders to stand to the last man). After having stood the shock of these bodies of horse and foot, which were at least five to one, of their opponents for two hours, they succeeded at length in repulsing them. Lord Wellington-who was ever in the hottest of the action-observing that the enemy retired from their attack with a considerable degree of confusion, ordered those that were retiring to return again, and the whole line to advance to the charge. The enemy were instantly routed in every direction, and fled in a complete mass of confusion, abandoning on the field of battle nearly two hundred of their guns. The Prussians arrived just in time to render the victory most Already had there commenced a hot fire on the right of the enemy before the last and furious attack was repulsed. Near the left centre, where the greatest carnage took place, stood the 73rd, and was nearly annihilated. Of five hundred fine fellows that remained after the battle of the preceding day, only sixty-nine remained.

'I commanded the Grenadiers all the day, and when Colonel Harris was wounded in the heat of the action the command of the regiment devolved on me.

'When out in the front skirmishing with the camps in the morning I received a very slight hurt in the arm; but I have not returned myself wounded.'

The following is a letter from Mr A. Steuart, Brownlee, Lanark, enclosing a copy of the above, to Mr Basil Steuart, 'at Mr Murray's, bookseller, Albemarle Street, London:'

'27th August 1815.

'DEAR BROTHER,—The above is the principal part of a letter we have just received from Robert, in case you have heard nothing of him, I take the earliest opportunity of sending you. After the above he describes the march to Paris. The

weather being very bad, he caught a cold in his throat, which gathered and broke twice; but he was recovered and quite well again. He lost a horse in the retreat of the 17th.'

To his brother Basil, Captain Steuart also wrote a letter from Bois-de-Boulogne on 14th August, describing the battle of Waterloo, and couched in much the same terms.

A NEW GUIDE-BOOK FROM AN OLD LIBRARY.



E were rummaging the other day in an old library full of ancient books and musty pamphlets, and came across an old guide-book. Its nearest neighbour was an old Latin copy of Calvin's *Institutes*; above it were some fierce

Jacobite pamphlets; around were certain ponderous old Bibles, a copy in black-letter of Laud's famous Prayer-Book of 1637, numerous controversial works of politics and theology, and many other volumes of like sobriety and seriousness. Amid so reverend a company our book preserved a grave front. To the eye, as it wandered along the shelves, it bore the appearance, like so many of its fellows, of a theological treatise. Externally, indeed, it out-Calvined Calvin in strict respectability, for there was in this particular Calvin a somewhat rakish air: one of his covers was half torn away; he had lost a corner; he was dusty and dog-eared; and as I drew him forth with his neighbour he almost fell to pieces in my hand and raised a subtle flavour of mustiness in the mouth which it took long to dissipate. He was perhaps three hundred years old, and bore his name quite plainly on the faded leather of his back. His neighbour, in a sober coat of brown paper. did not proclaim himself so clearly; his title was hidden, and though a friendly hand had inscribed something upon him, there was nothing to excite the faintest suspicion that he was of a different character and complexion from the rest of the company which crowded the shelves. Like the excellent old lady who, on receipt of a letter, turns it over and over in her hand, and spends no little time in making a variety of conjectures as to the personality of her correspondent before breaking the seal, we lingered before turning back the cover, and indulged in a similar futile exercise of imagination: What was within that cover? We rather inclined to an expectation that this sober, grave, staid, apparently venerable worthy would have something to say about election or predestination, or would perhaps vindicate Presbytery against Episcopacy, or stoutly champion the divine right of kings to govern wrong, or, at least, echo some of the watchwords or battlecries of his day. We found nothing so warlike or so ancient; on turning the cover we found the titlepage to bear the following legend: A Description of the Scenery of Dunkeld and Blair. London. 1823.

By what powers of insinuation this callow youth had come into so august a company of elders, had jostled Calvin, had looked down upon Laud, had shouldered out at least a dozen pamphleteers, we dare not speculate. We have seen adversity making strange bedfellows in Holywell Street; but, if it is allowed to compare small things with great, we should as soon have expected to find a 'yellow-back' in the Bodleian or a book of quackery on the shelves of the Royal College of Physicians as this frivolous intruder in so ancient and honourable a presence.

The modern guide-book is of a severely practical character. Its whole and sole object is to give information, which it compresses into as small and neat a compass as is compatible with clearness. We read it as we run. We arrive at a certain point of our tour; we turn up our carefully indexed book at the proper place. We find out what there is to be seen or what is worth seeing; the distances are all carefully recorded, the hotels at which we are to stay plainly noted; there may be a few obvious historical observations, an occasional quotation more or less apt from a local poet, a brief notice of some local celebrity, but they do not trouble us much. What we look for is information, and the shorter and pithier it is the better we are pleased. Modern guide-books do not indulge in fine language; they never attack any one; they never sneer; they never flatter; we should feel that we were being unfairly treated if we were forced to read there what we can always read elsewhere. We are on our travels; we want to see as much as we can and as expeditiously as possible; we are at peace, and we wish to be in sympathy with our environment as long as we can. But our friend of 1823, dragged forth from this respectable hiding-place, has quite a different method. He begins at the beginning; his introduction is overpowering in its wealth of language and its choice of elegant epithets, and is written very much in the style of those decorous ceremonial addresses to the 'gentle' or 'candid' reader with which a former generation used to launch its literary ventures upon the world. He proceeds as he has begun. His business is to describe the surroundings of Dunkeld and Blair for the benefit and guidance of the traveller. He does it with a will. Vivacity dances through his pages; he sparkles with wit; he scintillates with smartness; he has a pretty turn for sarcasm, tempered, it is only fair to say, by good nature and a rush of good spirits; and his admiration, not without a tinge of awe, for the reigning Duke-John, fifth Duke of Atholl (1778-1846)—breaks out sometimes into language which we should in this age account superfluous, but which was by the men of that age considered the due and proper tribute to a great nobleman.

Here are a few examples of his style: 'That one

nobleman should be the possessor of two seats which, united, no proprietor in Britain can rival, and with which, even separately, few indeed can enter into competition, might excite envy were it possible that such a feeling could enter the mind of any one to whom the liberality of the noble owner is known. To the public at large they are free without restraint or limitation; while it is one of his chief enjoyments that he can thus diffuse among multitudes a pleasure probably as great as that which their beauties excite in himself. The friend and stranger alike are received at a house ever open and ever full, and at a table where the warm welcome of ancient Highland hospitality is united to all the munificence and minute attentions of refinement.'

He describes the famous view from the Bridge of Dunkeld thus: 'The picture is as perfect as could be desired. The Cathedral is here displayed in a very picturesque and favourable point of view, foreshortened and relieved by the dark-green of the trees around it, and taking off the attention from that part of the town immediately under the eye, which is rather too conspicuously displayed. The grounds of Dunkeld park rise behind, overtopped by Craig-y-Barns, in a manner the most vivid and rich that can be imagined; while the extreme distance is constituted by the long woody ridge of Craig Vinean. Perhaps, however, the chief beauty of the scene consists in the river, which, grand and highly ornamented as it everywhere is, scarcely offers any point of view superior, if equal, to this. As it retires from the eye in a prolonged and varied perspective, silent, smooth, dark, its source seems lost in the deep woods and rocky recesses of the lofty hills by which it is overshadowed, while on each hand trees of endless variety in colour, shape, and disposition skirt its margin, often feathering down into its dark water and blending with their own reflections, so as to conceal its boundaries.'

'Capability' Brown undergoes trenchant criticism: 'If we had not known that this reformer of nature had been a planter of cabbages and flowerborders, we should have concluded that he was a cook or a confectioner. It is difficult to comprehend how any imagination could have flattered itself that it was rivalling or imitating nature in this most wretched and meagre system, destitute of all variety and resource, by which all grounds at one period were made by a receipt as uniform as if the patterns had all been sent out from a tailor's shop.'

These extracts may serve to illustrate the three separate and distinct styles found in the book: the adulatory, the descriptive, the sarcastic. The author is perhaps a little too fond of the first and last of these; but he nevertheless gives us some interesting and useful descriptive information, though the monotonous repetition of a string of facts is plainly not much to his taste, which inclines rather to the picturesque than to the practical, and is always remarkable for an acute artistic and poetic sense. The love for and appreciation of the natural beauties

of the country were just beginning to find expression and to resume the place they once held in the minds of both Englishmen and Scotsmen. We had at our doors, both in England and Scotland, some of the most beautiful country in the world, practically neglected or unknown. The Lakes of Cumberland and Westmorland were scarcely suspected as being objects of attraction when Gray wrote his letters; and it was not until the rise of the Lake School of poets that they began to receive any very general measure of notice or appreciation. Their existence outside their own district was scarcely known. Guthrie, the author of a well-known grammar at the end of the eighteenth century, mentions Whittlesea Mere as the only English lake of note, adding as an afterthought that there were some in Cumberland, named 'Derwent Waters.' Wyndham did for Wales what Gray effected for Cumberland, and we suspect that this book and possibly others like it were instrumental in transforming the partial and imperfect knowledge of the Highlands of Scotland into a fuller and deeper familiarity with their unique loveliness. In 1798, in a map of Scotland published in Edinburgh, Loch Katrine was not even mentioned, and doubtless similar ignorance prevailed with regard to other parts of the country. Twenty-five years later, when this book was written, the Highlands were becoming fashionable; people began to make annual tours to the neighbourhood of Dunkeld and Blair, and the want of a guide-book began to be felt. Dunkeld and its immediate neighbourhood were beautiful then amid the surrounding hills, with the noblest of rivers winding its way between; but the natural beauty of both has been much increased by the extensive planting operations undertaken during the last eighty years. The traveller of 1823 arriving from Perth and entering the pass of Birnam must have been tempted to repeat Mr Pennant's witticism that Birnam Wood had never recovered the march which its ancestors made to Dunsinane. It was a wild and bare spot, the hills on either side displaying barren and broken faces of gray rock. Birnam Hill, which is now covered with most luxurious vegetation, was then a desolate height, and was planted by a former baronet of Murthly within comparatively recent times. The present picturesque village of Birnam, nestling under its shadow, was not in existence. Dunkeld itself was buried among the dark shade of luxuriant trees; but the hills to the north and east and west were but scantily covered. The whole appearance of the district has been entirely changed by tree-planting on a gigantic scale, extending from Dunkeld to Blair, a distance of twenty miles. It is calculated that in a few years thirty million trees were planted, those of Dunkeld alone covering eleven thousand acres. Scotch fir was at first largely employed in these operations; but the discovery of the superior advantages of the larch opened up a new era for planters, proprietors, and rural economists. The first specimens of this tree were introduced by

Mr Menzies of Culdares in 1738, and were at first treated as hothouse plants. Later their hardiness and capacity of rapid growth in the soil of the district were discovered, and this led to their widespread use. The tree is at once ornamental and useful; it is a graceful object at all times, more especially in the early spring, when it rivals the birch in the gracefulness of its outline and the tender green of its young leaves. It is capable of growing at elevations approaching a thousand feet, and amid rocks covered by a scanty soil, and far exceeds in the value of its produce the wood of the Scotch fir. Where planted in the roughest ground, previously covered with useless plants and heath, it excludes them and destroys them all in a few years, inducing a green covering of herbage, applicable to the pasturing of cattle, and not less than twenty times the value of the original surface.

These plantations have not only substituted beauty for deformity, but have raised the value of larren territory in a degree which is nearly incalculable. To-day when the visitor walks northwards to Loch Ordie and Dowally and St Colme's farm, eastward to the Hattons and the Glack Mill, he is moving amidst the matured specimens of those infant and flourishing plantations which the author of this book saw as he visited these places more than eighty years ago.

It has already been pointed out that the larch grows at an elevation of one thousand feet, and many have been puzzled to know how trees which we see growing to-day in inaccessible niches of the rocks came to be there. The story goes that one day a distinguished artillery officer who was being entertained at Dunkeld House was asked his opinion as to the best means of planting the higher and less accessible parts of the hills. The gallant officer conceived a brilliant idea. He advised that a number of field-guns should be stationed at various convenient points under the hills, and charged in the ordinary way, with the addition of a quantity of the seed required to be sown. The guns were then to be discharged, scattering the seed far and wide and high up to places where no human being could for an instant maintain a foothold. It is further related that the ingenuity of this gentleman in due time bore fruit, and resulted in the covering of these inaccessible places with a flourishing growth of young plants. We give the story for what it is worth. We ourselves are of opinion that it is an ingenious attempt to explain a puzzle, and are credibly informed that a far more prosaic and practical method of planting such places was employed. Large sacks full of earth mingled with seed were let down from the hill-tops into the required places, and their contents emptied by an ingenious arrangement of ropes. Our informant was a serious man, and his eye displayed an unmistakable twinkle when the exploit of the gallant gunner was related to him. The latter was evidently a convenient deus ex machina, invented to rescue the local gossip from a confession of ignorance, to which wholesome liberation of soul no self-respecting Highlander has ever been known, willingly, to submit.

We leave the book with much regret. There is so much in it that is altogether admirable that we can afford to laugh good-naturedly at the author's foibles. We find so genuine a love of nature, so high a sense of the beautiful and artistic, so wholesome an indignation at all that was false and debased in the taste of the day, so keen a sense of the humorous and the ludicrous, that we lay it aside with reluctance. What the author did he did with all his might. He was no mere casual traveller, who takes in at a glance the general aspect of a place and records his impression in a series of hasty notes, and departs, having discovered nothing of that inner loveliness which they only can realise who, like him, investigate the nooks and crannies which abound on all sides, stroll leisurely along the loveliest bypaths in the world, and in climbing the heights almost at each step are rewarded with some new vista or rejoice in some fresh impression of a scene they have viewed before. Each season of the year has its special beauties. There are the incomparable glories of the spring, with its wealth of fresh green clothing the hills; there is the pageant of summer, the marvellous effect of summer sun and shadow; the 'fiery finger' of autumn with a magic touch converting the whole country-side into a glowing mass of golds and browns; the rosy gleam of the snow in winter, as the westering sun strikes upon the eastern hills-all these fill the year with an endless series of delights.

We replace our friend once more upon his shelf for another long slumber. Who knows? One day, perhaps, we may wake one of his companions for a brief space; but we have firmly resolved and hereby solemnly promise that it shall not be his neighbour.

LIFE THE INTERPRETER.

We look towards the dark, perplexing Past,
And search—with hopeless, unrevealing eyes—
The keyless, enigmatic riddle vast
That, untranslatable, behind us lies.

Mute, by our side Life stands, close-veiled, aloof, Her silence mocking, as it seems, our doubt That there is any meaning in the whole, Or any chart for feet along the route.

Rings in our ears the echo of a song—
A song that mocked the breaking of a heart;
Across the cruel, wayward Past is flung
A mirthless laugh, in which joy held no part—

Nought but despair. When swift she lifts her veil, And in a moment all is rendered clear, The Past redeemed, the harshness washed away Through the enlightening magic of a tear.

Yet once again the shrouding veil is raised,
A gleam of brightness in a weary while,
And all the hopeless, enigmatic Past
Is lightened by the magic of a smile.
AUTHOR OF 'MISS MOLLY.'



MY EARLY ADVENTURES IN THE PACIFIC.

By Louis Becke.



ROSSING from Holyhead to Ireland one night, I found, during an hour's talk with the captain of the steamer on the bridge, that we had both sailed in an Australian coastingsteamer more than twenty years

before; he as chief officer and I as a passenger; and her shipwreck one Christmas Eve long afterwards, which was attended by an appalling loss of life, led us to talk of 'pig-headed' skippers generally. His experiences were extensive; and some of his stories were terrible, others grotesquely humorous. The memory of that particularly pleasant passage across a sea as smooth as a mill-pond has impelled me to retell some of the incidents I related to him of my own adventures with obstinate, self-willed, or incapable captains.

My first experience was with a gentleman of the 'incapable' variety, and befell me when I was quite a lad. I had taken my passage in a very smart little Sydney (New South Wales) barque bound for Samoa, viá the Friendly Islands. She was commanded by a Captain Rosser, who had sailed her for nearly twenty years in the South Sea trade, and who was justly regarded as the prince of island skippers.

In those days quite a fleet of vessels were engaged in the South Sea trade, and most of them were owned in and sailed from Sydney; and I could have secured a passage in any one of three other vessels, but preferred the Rimitara—so I will call her—merely because the agent had told me that no other passengers were going by her. Captain Rosser frankly told me that he did not like passengers; but when he learned that I had been to sea before, and intended settling in Samoa as a trader, his grim visage relaxed, and he growled something about my finding the accommodation ample enough, as I was to be the only passenger.

The Rimitara was lying off Garden Island; and, as she was to sail at eleven in the morning, I went on board with the captain at ten o'clock.

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Just ahead of the barque was a very handsome brigantine, also bound for the Friendly Islands. She had been launched only a few weeks before, and had been built for His Majesty King George of Tonga at a cost of four thousand pounds, as a combined cargo and despatch vessel. As Rosser and I stepped on the barque's poop, the captain of the brigantine—whose decks were crowded with visitors—hailed the former and challenged him to a race.

'Oh, race with yourself, sir,' was Rosser's abrupt reply, as he bade his chief mate heave-up; and then, seeing that a number of ladies were standing beside the captain of the brigantine, he raised his hat, and added more good-humouredly that although the *Rimitara* was not a yacht like the *Tuitoga*, he would bet her captain ten pounds that the barque would be at anchor in Nukualofa Harbour forty-eight hours before him.

'Make it fifty,' cried the master of the new ship, amid the cheers of his guests.

Rosser shook his head, and replied with apparent unconcern, though he was really angry, that ten pounds was enough for any one to lose. 'But,' he added, 'don't think I'm going to race you. I'm just going to dodder along as usual.' He kept his word most thoroughly.

We got under way first, and were just passing out between Sydney Heads under easy sail when the brigantine overtook us, and passed like a racehorse galloping past a trotting donkey. She presented a beautiful sight as she swept by with yards braced up sharp to a good south-east breeze, and every stitch of her brand-new canvas drawing. One of the officers had the bad manners to take up a coil of small line and make a pretence of heaving it to us for a tow-rope. Rosser looked on with an unmoved face, though our own mate made some strong remarks.

'Guess it's that champagne he's drunk,' was all that Rosser said as he turned away. In an hour the *Tuitoga* was a long way ahead.

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will come to grief. She's overmasted, and the fellow who has her ought not to be trusted with her. He's going to make a mess of things.' Then, in his slow, drawling manner, he told us that the command of the *Tuitoga* had been given to an ex-lieutenant of the Royal Navy, whose knowledge of sailing-vessels was confined to his youthful experiences on one of the service training-brigs.

By sundown the brigantine was hull down ahead of us, though the barque was a very smart vessel, and we were then making eleven knots. At midnight I heard the mate give orders to take in royals and topgallant sails; and, going on deck, found the wind had almost died away. Rosser was on deck, and told me that we were 'going to get it hot from the north-east before long;' and by four in the morning we were under topsails and lower courses only, the ship flying before a most unpleasant sea. I turned in again, and slept till daylight, when the second mate gave me a call: 'Come on deck and see something pretty.'

The 'something pretty' was the brigantine, which was in sight about a mile away on our lee bow. She was in a terrible mess. Her fore and main royal-masts, topgallant-masts, and jibboom had apparently all carried away together, and she was almost lying on her beam-ends. We ran down to her, and saw that her crew were busy in cutting away the spars and sails alongside. All her boats were gone, and her for'ard deckhouse had started and was working to and fro with every sea.

In less than half-an-hour the mate and six hands from the barque were on board, assisting the crew in cutting away the wire rigging and trimming the cargo, the shifting of which had nearly sent her to the bottom. I went with the boat to lend a hand, and the second mate of the brigantine told me that the young captain had refused to listen to the mate's suggestion to shorten sail when the officer told him that the wind would certainly come away suddenly from the north-east. The consequence was that the furious squall took her aback; and had not the jibboom and then the upper spars carried away under the terrific strain, she would have gone to the bottom. The worst part of the business was that two poor seamen had been lost overboard.

After rendering all possible assistance to the brigantine, we left her about midday, and had been lying at anchor for two weeks in Nukualofa Harbour before she put in an appearance outside the reef. A native pilot went out in a canoe; but the captain haughtily declined his services, and would not even let him come on board: he wanted to show people that although he had never seen Nukualofa Harbour before, he could bring his ship in without a pilot. In less than half-an-hour a swirling eddy caught the vessel, and carried her broadside on to the reef, where she would have

been battered to pieces had not our two boats gone to her assistance, and with great difficulty got her off again. Captain Raye several times countermanded orders given by his chief officer—an experienced seaman—and bullied and 'jawed' his crew in the most pompous and irritating manner; then, finally, when we succeeded in getting the vessel off the reef, with the loss of her false keel and rudder, and were towing her into smooth water inside the reef, he came for'ard, and abruptly desired our chief mate to cease towing, as he meant to anchor.

'Anchor, and be hanged to you!' replied our officer, with angry contempt. 'The kind of ship you ought to command is one that is towed by a horse along a path in the old country.'

We cast off and left him to his own conceit and devices. He let go in less than five fathoms, paid out too much cable, and went stern first into a coral patch, where he stuck for a couple of days, much to our delight. Within six months this gentleman succeeded in getting the brigantine ashore on four occasions, and she had to return to Sydney to be repaired at a cost of seventeen hundred pounds.

My next two experiences were with the pigheaded type. I had made an agreement with the master of a Fiji-owned vessel, also a brigantine, to convey myself and my stock of trade-goods from an island in the Tokelau or Union Group (South Pacific) to Yap in the Caroline Islands in the north-west, where I intended starting a trading business. This captain was as good a seaman as ever trod a deck, and had had a very long experience of the island trade; but a mule could not surpass him in obstinacy, as I was soon to learn, to my sorrow.

A week after leaving the Tokelaus, we dropped anchor on the ledge of the reef of one of the Gilbert Group to land supplies for a trader living there. The coast was badly exposed to all but an easterly wind, and neither the mate nor myself liked the idea of anchoring at all. The skipper, however, brought his vessel close in to the roaring breakers on the reef, let go his anchor in six fathoms, and then neatly backed astern into blue water sixty fathoms deep. Here we lay apparently safe enough for the time, the wind being easterly and steady. By sunset we had finished landing stores and shipping cargo, and when the captain came off in the last boat we naturally expected him to heave up and get out of such a dangerous place; but, to our surprise, he remarked carelessly that as the men were very tired he would hold on until daylight.

'I wouldn't risk it if I were you,' said the trader, who had come aboard in his own boat to 'square up.' 'You can't depend on this easterly breeze holding all night, and it may come on squally from the west or south-west in a few hours and take you unawares.'

'Bosh!' was the reply. 'Hoist the boats up, Mr Laird, and tell the men to get supper.'

'Very well, sir,' replied the mate, none too cheerfully.

Naturally enough I was anxious. I had on board trade-goods which had cost eleven hundred pounds, and of course had not one penny of insurance on them.

After supper the captain turned in, while the mate and I, both feeling very uneasy, paced the deck till about nine o'clock, at which hour the wind had become perceptibly lighter, and the captain was called. He came on deck, trotted up and down in his pyjamas for a few minutes, sat on the rail like a monkey on a fence, and then asked the mate snappishly what he was 'scared about.'

The mate made no reply; and the captain was just going below again when two fishing-canoes, with four natives in each, came quite near us, both heading for the shore, and the skipper asked me to hail them and see if they had any fish to sell. I did so.

'No,' was the reply; 'we are going back again, because much rain and wind is coming from the westward, and we want to get over the reef before the surf becomes too great.' Then one of them stood up and added, 'Why does not the ship go away quickly? This is a very bad place here when the wind and the sea come from the west. Your ship will be broken to pieces.'

'What do they say?' inquired the little man. I translated what they had said.

'Bosh! I say again,' was the reply. 'The glass has been as steady as a rock for the past three days.' Then, to my intense anger, he added an insinuation that my fears had led me to deliberately misinterpret what the natives had said. The retort I made was of so practical a nature that the mate had to assist the skipper to his feet.

A quarter of an hour later, as the mate and I still walked the deck discussing the captain's shortcomings, the wind died away suddenly, and then several of our native crew came aft and said that a squall was coming up from the westward. The mate, though neither he nor myself could then see any sign of it, went below and again called the captain. He came on deck, with came hand covering his injured left optic, told me he would settle with me in the morning, and then took a long look astern. There, certain enough, was a long streak of black rising over the horizon. The mate stood by, waiting his orders.

'It's not coming near us,' said the little man more snappishly than ever as he marched up and down the poop.

'I say it is,' said Laird bluntly; 'and I consider this ship will be ashore if we don't slip and tow out a bit before it is too late.'

The mate's manner had some effect on the

obstinate little animal. 'Oh, well, if there's such a lot of old women on board, I'll give in. Call the hands, and we'll heave up.'

'Heave up!' echoed the mate in angry astonishment. 'What's the use of trying to heave up now? That squall will be on us in ten minutes, and if we had an hour to spare it would be none too long. Why, man, it's a dead calm, and the swell will send us into the surf on the reef quick enough without our dragging the ship into it. Reckon the best and only thing we can do is down boats and slip right away. We might get a show then to lay along the reef, and get clear.'

'I'm not going to lose a new cable and anchor to please any one,' was the captain's stupid reply. He could very easily have recovered both anchor and cable with the assistance of the natives on the following day, or indeed months after. Then he sang out to the men to man the windlass.

The hands, realising the danger, turned to with a will; but within five minutes the first breath of the squall caught us and sent us ahead, as was evident by the way the slackened cable came in through the hawse-pipe. We had out fifty-five fathoms of chain, and before twenty-five were in the squall was upon us properly, the brigantine went gracefully ahead, overran her anchor, plunged into the roaring breakers on the reef, and struck bows on. In another moment or two a heavy sea caught her on the starboard quarter, canted her round, and dashed her broadside on to the reef with terrific violence. Then, fortunately for our lives, two or three rollers sent her crashing along till she brought up against some coral boulders whose tops were revealed every now and then by the backwash. In less than twenty minutes she was hopelessly bilged, and her decks swept by every sea.

We carried three boats, and our native sailors showed their pluck and skill by actually getting all three safely into the water, two on the lee side and one on the other. The captain, now conscious of his folly, became very modest, and gave his orders quietly. The crew, however, took no notice of him, and looked to the mate.

When the captain ordered me into the first boat, in which were the ship's papers, charts, chronometer, &c., I refused, and said I preferred getting on shore in my own way. I had seen that two native 'boys,' passengers, had run out on to the bowsprit, and, watching their chance, had dropped over into a curling roller, and were carried safely ashore.

I had with me on board about nine hundred silver Merican and Chili dollars—some in a cashbox, the rest in a bag. Calling my native servant, Lévi, I asked him if he thought all the boats would get ashore safely. He shook his head, saying that it was doubtful, and that it would be better for me to throw the bag and the cash-box over the lee side, where they were

pretty sure to be recovered in the morning at low-tide. 'All the boats will capsize or get stove in going over the reef, or else will be smashed to bits on the shore,' he added, 'and the natives will steal everything they can lay their hands on, especially if the white men are drowned. So it is better to throw the money overboard.'

I took his advice; and, going on deck, we dropped both box and bag overboard just where Lévi pointed out a big boulder, against which the brigantine was crushing and pounding her quarter.

Again refusing to enter any of the boats, I watched my chance, and ran for ard, followed by Lévi; and as soon as a big roller came along we dropped, and were carried ashore beautifully. Some hundreds of natives and the white trader were on the lookout, and ran in and caught us before the backwash carried us out again.

The mate's boat had already reached the shore without accident, owing to the splendid manner in which he and his native crew had handled her; but both the captain and second mate came to grief, their boats broaching to and capsizing just as they were within a few fathoms of the shore. However, no lives were lost. Although next morning the brigantine's decks had worked out of her, and came ashore, the hull held together for some weeks, and we saved a lot of stores. I recovered my money two or three days later, though it had been carried more than a hundred yards away from the spot where it had been dropped overboard.

So ended my second experience, and the only satisfactory thing about it to me—after losing goods worth more than a thousand pounds through the captain's obstinacy—was that he managed to lose his right forefinger. This loss he much bewailed, never thinking of the fact that the boatswain had all but lost an eye, and had never even murmured at his hard luck.

My third experience of a 'pig-headed' mastermariner followed very quickly—so quickly that I began to think some evil star attended me.

After living on the island for three months subsequent to the loss of the brigantine, two vessels arrived on the same day—one a schooner belonging to San Francisco, and bound to that port; the other the George Noble, a fine, handsome barquentine, bound to Sydney. Now, it would have suited me very well to go to California in the schooner; but, finding that the skipper of the wrecked brigantine had arranged for passages for himself, officers, and crew in her, I decided to go to Sydney in the George Noble, purely because the little man with the missing finger had become so objectionable to me—brooding over my losses, and wondering how I could pay my debts—that I felt I could not possibly remain at close-quarters with him in a small

schooner without taking a thousand pounds' worth of damage out of him during the voyage. So I bade good-bye to good mate Laird, to the boatswain with the injured eye, and to the native crew who had acted so gallantly; and then, feeling very despondent—for I had but nine hundred Mexican and Chili dollars to meet a debt of eleven hundred pounds, and had out of this to keep myself and my servant Lévi for perhaps six months until I got another start as a trader—I went on board the George Noble and bargained with her captain for a passage to Sydney, at which port I knew I could at once get an engagement.

The captain of the George Noble was a very decent, good-natured German named Evers. He agreed to take me and my henchman to Sydney for one hundred and twenty-five dollars; I to live aft, the 'boy' to go for ard with the sailors and lend a hand in working the ship if called upon in an emergency.

I had not been long on board the George Noble when I discovered that Evers, who was a fine sailor-man and a good navigator as well, was one of the 'pig-headed' kind. His mate, second mate, and carpenter were Britons, as were nearly all the crew; but they and the skipper could not agree. There was no open rupture; but Evers had the idea that both his officers and men disliked him because he was a 'Dutchman.' Perhaps this was so; but if it was, the officers and men never showed their dislike at being commanded by a foreigner; they knew he was a good seaman, and gave him unvarying respect and obedience.

On our way to Sydney we called at various islands of the Gilbert Group, and finally went into Apaian Lagoon, where the barquentine had to load a hundred tons of copra (dried coco-nut). During the time I had been on board Evers had become very intimate with me; and I am glad to say that through me he and his officers became quite friendly, and we all spent many happy evenings together. But I could see that Evers was extremely jealous of his second mate's reputation as a South Sea pilot, and he would very often purposely question him as to the entrance of such-and-such a passage to such-andsuch an island, and then deliberately contradict the mate's plain and truthful statements, and tell him he was wrong. Foster, a good-humoured old fellow, would merely laugh and change the subject, though he well knew that Captain Evers had had very little experience of the navigation of the South Seas, and relied upon his charts more than upon his local knowledge.

We loaded the hundred tons of copra, and were ready for sea by nine o'clock one morning, when a number of large sailing-canoes came off, crowded with natives from a distant part of the island, all anxious to buy firearms and ammunition in view of a great expedition against the

adjacent island of Tarawa. They all possessed either plenty of money or copra, and Evers did a remarkably good though illegal business, selling them over a hundred rifles. However, by the time they had finished it was past one o'clock, and I concluded that we could not leave the lagoon till the following morning. To my great surprise and the second mate's open-mouthed astonishment, the skipper, who was highly elated with his morning's trading, told the mate to clear the decks immediately and get ready to heave up.

'Why, he's mad,' said the second officer to me. Now I must explain. Apaian Lagoon is a vast atoll completely enclosed on the eastern and southern sides by a low, narrow strip of land, densely covered with coco-palms, and on the northern and western by a continuous chain of tiny islets connected by the reef. On the western side there are two narrow ship-passages, both exceedingly dangerous on account of their being studded with numerous coral 'mushrooms' -that is, enormous boulders of coral rock which, resembling a mushroom in shape, come to within a few feet of the surface. Through these passages the tide, especially the ebb, rushes with great velocity-six or seven knots at least; and vessels when leaving the lagoon generally wait till slack-water or the first of the flood, when with the usual strong south-east trade-winds they could stem the current and avoid the dangerous 'mushrooms.' But no shipmaster would ever attempt either of these passages except in the morning, when the sun was astern and he could, from aloft, con the ship. After two or three o'clock the sun would be directly in his face, and render it almost impossible for him to get through without striking.

Here, then, was the position when Evers, cheerfully smoking a cigar and smiling all over his handsome face, gave the order to heave up. It was blowing very strongly, the tide was on the ebb, the sun was directly in our faces, and we were to tear through a narrow passage at racehorse speed without being able to look out for any obstruction.

I ventured to suggest to him that it was a bit late for us to get under way.

'Not a bit of it. Come along with me up on the fore-yard, and you'll see how the *George Noble* will skip through.'

We certainly did skip, for before the anchor was secured we were dashing westwards for the passage at eight or nine knots, and Evers kept calling out to the mate to make more sail. By

the time we were abreast of the passage the George Noble had every stitch of her canvas on her, and was fairly 'humming' along at nearly thirteen knots over the smooth water; and when she spun into the narrow passage through which a seven-knot current was tearing her speed became terrific, and I held my breath. The second mate and boatswain were at the wheel, and the crew were standing by the braces. The silence on board was almost painful, for the terrible roar of the current as it tore along the coral walls of the passage deadened every sound.

'Starboard a little!' shouted Evers to a sailor stationed in the fore-rigging below us, who repeated the order to a man on the rail, who in turn passed the word aft. 'Steady, there! steady!'

I tried in vain to discern anything ahead of us; but the blinding, blazing sun prevented my seeing aught but a mad, seething swirl of water just beneath our bows and on each side of us. Evers, however, seemed very confident.

'We'll be through in another two minutes'he began, and then came a terrific shock, and both he and I were jerked off the foot-rope, and toppled over the yard on to the bellying foresail! We both rolled down on top of the windlass, and landed almost in each other's arms half-dazed. I sat down on deck to consider who I was and what was the matter, and Evers made a wobbly run aft, the ship still ripping along, for we had been checked in our mad career for only a second or two. In two or three minutes we were outside and clear of danger; and Evers, now much subdued, brought to under the lee of the reef and anchored. Then we lowered a boat, and made an examination of the ship for'ard. Nothing was wrong with her above her water-line; but three feet farther down her stem was smashed into a pulp, and bits of timber kept coming to the surface every now and then. An hour later we had nine inches of water in the hold; and the consequence of Evers's pig-headedness was that we had to keep the pumps working day and night every two hours. Later we rigged a windmill, which was kept going till we reached Sydney.

Six months afterwards the local trader at Apaian wrote to me that Evers 'has improved the passage into the lagoon very much. You ran smack into a big mushroom standing up right in the middle, and broke it off short about fifteen feet below the surface. Hope the George Noble will do the same thing next time.'



THE PEARL NECKLACE.

CHAPTER XII. - COLONEL MONTAGUE.



WAS so astounded at Montague's sudden appearance that for a moment or two I stood dumb and motionless. Then I laid my hand on the hilt of my sword and took a step forward.

'Good!' said he. 'I see you are not without some sparks of spirit, Master Wheyface. By my faith! you improve upon acquaintance. Your love-making, now—Heaven preserve us! I should as soon have thought of a tombstone making love—your love-making, I say, is somewhat crude, a little wanting in polish, you understand, somewhat ponderous and elephantine, but nevertheless fairly creditable in so sanctimonious and thin-blooded a person as yourself.'

I felt my face flush crimson with rage and shame. 'You spy,' said I; 'you prying, sneaking eavesdropper, are you without a sense of honour as well as a heart and a conscience, that you so glibly publish your own shame?'

He laughed sneeringly.

'Ha! ha!' cried he. 'I touch you there, my saintly friend, do I? You did not suppose that you had a witness to your clumsy gallantry, did you?'

'Come,' said I through my clenched teeth, 'we waste time. Let us go where the presence of a lady will not prevent me from giving you the only reply with which I shall deign to answer you.'

He took off his hat with a mocking bow to Dorothy, and half-turned to go. I was about to follow him when I felt—ah, what a thrill of pleasure it gave me even at that moment!—her hand upon my arm. Moreover, I read in the eyes lifted pleadingly to mine that which seemed well-nigh incredible to me, and filled me with infinite joy.

'Do not go,' she faltered; 'I beseech you do not go. A gentleman may well refuse to cross swords with such a man as this.'

He bowed again, and there was a gleam of malice in his black eyes.

'I have the honour to remember a time, Mistress Dorothy,' said he, 'when such a man as this stood higher in your good graces than the new-found friend to whom you cling so lovingly.'

She swung round and faced him.

'And do you remind me of it?' she exclaimed—
'you of all men? Why did you win my liking and
esteem? Because I thought you a loyal and honourable gentleman, risking fortune, liberty, and life
to aid the cause of your king. And now in very
truth I regard you with contempt and loathing and
shame, to think that I should ever have exchanged
so much as a word with you. And why? Because
I know you to be—and you, I see, cannot deny it—
no better than a hired assassin.'

In spite of his callous nature, his cunning, and audacity, her words not only stung him to the

quick, but he could not conceal his chagrin. Yet in another moment he had recovered his self-control, and was again regarding us with a sneering smile.

Well, well,' said he, 'my tongue is no match for a woman's, and I will not venture to dispute any further with you, Mistress Dorothy. On the contrary, I will leave you to make your adieux in peace. You may bid him a long and loving farewell, for, believe me, 'tis the last time you will ever meet with him on this side of the grave.'

As he finished speaking he turned and strode briskly away. Again Dorothy held me back as, boiling with anger, I followed him.

'Oh, stay!' she pleaded. 'Stay, I beseech you! He is one of the most famous swordsmen in Europe. You will but be throwing away your life.'

Her pity and tenderness so moved me that I think there was naught in the world that I would have refused her but the one thing she asked.

'Nay, Mistress Dorothy,' said I, 'go I must. Honour and duty call me, and lifelong shame would be mine if I refused. But fear nothing. Your kindness hath inspired me with such courage that I have no fear of the issue. Farewell! And if aught should indeed befall me, I pray you to think of me as a friend who strove—not well or wisely, it may be, but with a good heart—to serve you.'

'Oh, yes, yes,' she faltered, 'I—I see it now. I have most cruelly misjudged you, treated you most unkindly. Frank hath told me that he forced the quarrel upon you, and—— Oh, must you indeed go?'

'Indeed I must, and that instantly. Farewell, and God be with you!'

And so I tore myself away, turning my head aside that I might not see her pitiful, beseeching eyes, and so be unmanned for the work that lay before me. Montague was waiting impatiently some little distance away. He immediately proceeded to an open space in the midst of the shrubbery, and, taking off his doublet, drew his sword. I followed his example, and placed myself on guard. Instantly he came at me, and-I may at once confess it-our blades had scarce crossed when I perceived that he had made no vain boast of his swordsmanship. Indeed, it seemed to me that I had at last met my master, and that it would be little short of a miracle if I escaped with my life. Almost at the first pass he had well-nigh slain me; and I felt, I think for the first time in battle, as though struggling helplessly against overwhelming odds. I am now disposed to believe that the scenes through which I had passed, the finding of the papers, the finding of the dead body of Jacob, the strange outcome of my interview with Dorothy, had unnerved or unstrung me. To meet a swordsman of such skill and resource my head should have been cool, my hand steady, my mind free from all distractions. Still, I made shift to defend myself while he attacked me with a tigerish ferocity. Again and again I was within an inch of death, expecting every moment to feel the cold steel between my ribs. Then presently, finding myself still unscathed, I grew cooler and more confident, the more so as I found that he began to rage at being held at bay, when, no doubt fearing interruption, he had exerted all his energies to bring the combat to a speedy close. I began to hold my own, to press him in my turn, to strike and thrust as vigorously as he. I shall never forget his expression of fury and amazement when he found himself foiled again and again by an enemy he had despised, and compelled to exert all his skill and energy to parry the thrusts that more than once had all but gone home. And in proportion as his temper got the better of him and he fought more wildly, my spirits rose, and I felt myself well-nigh, if not altogether, his match.

But that question was to be left still undecided. So fiercely were we engaged that we had not heard the approach of rapid footsteps, and were only made aware that we were not alone when our swords were beaten up, and Frank and several young Royalist gentlemen of the neighbourhood interposed between us. Montague cast a most venomous glance at Frank, and stamped his foot with rage.

'Why, what means this, Frank?' asked he. 'What is this canting rebel to you that you should prevent me from ridding the earth of him?'

'Colonel Montague,' said Frank very quietly and coldly, 'I have hitherto lived on terms of familiarity with you on the assumption that you were a gentleman and a man of honour. I find that I was mistaken, and I beg to inform you that from this moment our acquaintance is at an end.'

'What in the fiend's name do you mean?' asked Montague furiously.

'I think my meaning is already sufficiently clear,' rejoined Frank; 'but if not, I will make it still clearer. I have just now received a letter from my father, bidding me cease all acquaintance with you, and informing me that the plot into which you have drawn us is for no other purpose than to assassinate Cromwell. Moreover, my sister tells me that Captain Hawthorne has supplied her with further details of the vile scheme in which you are engaged.'

'Take care, take care!' exclaimed Montague.
'Have you read the king's proclamation with regard to such plots to put an end to the blood-stained usurper?'

'Nay,' answered Frank hotly, 'nor do I desire to read it; for let me tell you, sir, that though I am ready to shed my blood in the king's cause, I would not sacrifice my private honour for all the kings in Christendom.'

'Nor I!' 'Nor I!' exclaimed the gentlemen who were with him.

'You may go,' continued Frank, 'and let me say that you will do well to go quickly. Next time you seek to concoct such a plot as this, seek for your associates among bravoes and tavern-bullies, and not among English gentlemen. Nay, sir, you need never frown at me. I will not do you the honour of crossing swords with you; but if you advance another step I shall see whether a pistol-bullet will not put an end to your infamous career. Go, I say. You have been my father's guest, and I would not have any harm befall you without due warning, even by the sword of this gentleman; but if you are indeed responsible for the murder of Jacob Watkins, doubt not that the avengers of blood will soon be upon your track.'

For a moment Montague hesitated, and then slowly returned his sword to its sheath, and drew on his doublet.

'You think the game is at an end, Master Frank Woodville,' said he as he turned to go; 'but let me tell you it is only beginning. Do you think that with such an enterprise in hand I would place my trust in such milksops as you? I have others at my command who will be troubled with no such womanish scruples. You shall hear of me soon—ay, and the whole world too—and in a manner you little expect. Then will come the day of reckoning, and doubt not that I shall pay to the uttermost farthing the debt I owe you.' So saying, he turned on his heel and hurried away.

Frank spoke for a few minutes apart with his friends, and then approached me.

'Captain Hawthorne,' said he, 'I and my friends wish to assure you that, in spite of any apparent proof to the contrary, we have had no hand or part in this vile plot. Colonel Montague, as he stated but now, hath other associates who have recently joined him, no doubt as desperate and unscrupulous as himself, and we know not what may have been their intentions in the past, or what they may attempt to do in the future. But as for ourselves, we can solemnly affirm that though we were prepared to draw the sword in open warfare to restore the king to his throne, and though we make no false professions of loyalty to the usurper, we are innocent in word, thought, and deed of this design to assassinate him. As to the murder of Jacob Watkins, we are ready to submit to the closest investigation in order to prove that we are wholly guiltless of it.'

'I need no further proof than your bare word to convince me of that, gentlemen,' said I. 'Indeed, it seemed incredible to me that you could be acquainted with the character of this man Montague, or with the real object of the conspiracy in which he is engaged; and nothing would induce me to believe that any here present had aught to do with the death of Jacob Watkins. And now, gentlemen, I must take my leave of you. Farewell! I trust we may meet again under happier circumstances.'

I was moving away when Frank, after a word

with his companions, stepped forward and laid his hand on my arm.

'Nay, John,' said he kindly, 'indeed you go not thus. You must come into the house and drink a cup of wine with us. Who knows when we shall meet again?'

I cannot express in words the joy it gave me to feel Frank's hand upon my arm, to see once more a friendly smile on his brave, kindly young face. I was loath to refuse him anything; but I had no choice but to ask him to excuse me. Thereupon he waved his hand to his friends, who returned to the house, while he still remained with me, inquiring after the health of my mother and Patience, and talking merrily of the happy days we had spent together in the past. Again I bade him farewell, but he would not let me go.

'Nay, nay,' said he, 'Dorothy would never forgive me if I let you depart without giving her an opportunity of thanking you for all you have done for us. It was she who beseeched me to put a stop to your encounter with Montague, and she hath told me something of the obligations under which we lie to you. Come, and let her thank you in person. Come, come, I will take no refusal.'

I knew well that I should not have allowed him to persuade me. The sun had already gone down. and it was my duty to return instantly to the Hall, to take whatever steps might be necessary to defeat the plans of Colonel Montague and his accomplices, and to warn the Protector of the imminent peril in which he was placed. But truly the flesh is weak. I could not resist the temptation of seeing Dorothy once more, of listening again to the voice that was ever like music in my ears. I looked at the darkening sky and the shadows gathering among the trees, and, shaking my head, mumbled I scarce knew what. Whereupon Frank laughed, and, clapping me merrily on the shoulder, hurried away. Presently he returned, and though I still tried feebly to expostulate, he drew me along a path until we came to a little square plot of ground, shrouded by red and white rose - bushes, with a fountain babbling musically in the centre. Then he slipped his hand from my arm, and was gone ere I could utter a word. My heart gave a great leap, and I was filled with a strange mingling of joy and fear, for there before me in the twilight, with pale, sweet face and shy, kind eyes, stood Mistress Dorothy.

LATIN-AMERICAN TRADE.

PART II.



HE action of the United States with regard to the Philippines has created deep distrust, which will greatly harm American trade interests in all Latin-America. It has made it well-nigh impossible to convince any

Spanish-American that there could be any honesty in the declarations of the eminent American statesmen who told us they and many of their fellow-senators would oppose the admission of any other colony or republic in the Western World to the Union, if such admission should be asked. Yet I think it is true that many American statesmen feel that the States cover so many diverse and naturally antagonistic interests that any addition might endanger the whole.

In republics of the South which have no infant industries to foster, import duties are as high as the most ardent protectionists in other lands would ask. Some of those countries having a young industry to protect 'go the whole hog,' as Yankee slang would express it. When Crespo was President of Venezuela, envelopes were made by a concern in that unhappy land, and an import duty of twenty-five bolivars, or about twenty shillings per pound, was levied on imported envelopes. One ignorant of the ways of that administration might have imagined that such a tariff would have been protection enough; but that duty was collected not only on the envelopes themselves, but on the strawboard boxes in which they were packed, as well as on the

wooden cases in which all were carried. In one instance a youth ordered from the States five hundred envelopes, baseball bats and masks, and other goods. They were put in one case; and the duty charged on all was at the rate of twenty bolivars per pound. Assuming that the wooden bats, wire masks, and pasteboard boxes weighed two hundred pounds, the case fifty pounds, and the envelopes five pounds, the duties would have amounted to about the sum of two hundred and fifty-three pounds.

The vagaries of those who try to regulate the customs of these countries are a delight to those who like to laugh at the whims of humanity. For example, two years ago Nicaragua demanded a special duty of ten centavos on each piece, big or little, landed at her ports. Every bit of timber, each piece of moulding or a lath, might have been required to pay that tax. But we had a suggestion from a friendly official, and passed a rope round half the timber required for building a house, and thus made all into one package, on which we paid only ten centavos. That tax was supposed to go to make a park on the shore of Lake Managua. A little grading of the ground was done, a stucco group of statuary was set up, and then the stream of special duties went-where?

Nicaragua actually proposed to put on the free list beans, corn, rice, and sugar; yet agriculture is the chief source of revenue of her people, and the products named are their main support; and that Government protested that its principal purpose was to promote the interest of agriculture. Their notions of the wants of commerce seem to have improved little since the law was made that all vessels anchored in their ports must unship their rudders at sunset.

As the masses must pay whatever duty their own rulers see fit to impose on importations, millions in Latin-America are unable to buy more than a few yards of cloth in a year. They must go without hats or shoes of foreign make, and can scarcely more than dream of buying anything to instruct or to amuse; but almost all expenses of Government are paid by such duties, and by direct taxes on the skill and industry of the farmer. Land is lightly taxed in some of these republics; but in others it pays no direct tax. In the latter a favoured class, the landowners, have great tracts which they can hold without cost to themselves until the slow march of events shall have made the land valuable, and thus enriched the owners. Meantime some of these landholders dwell in squalor, idleness, and ignorance; while the man who toils in cutting and selling timber, raising cattle, or growing crops will be taxed in proportion to the diligence and skill he gives to converting the riches of nature into forms which will contribute to the comfort of mankind. Little wonder if the latter sometimes thinks it is better to do nothing for nothing than to work hard for nothing; for taxes leave him little of the product of his toil. It would be difficult to devise a system that would more effectually repress industry and thrift, discourage ambition, and hinder the development of natural resources which, under wiser management, would make these countries rich beyond dreams of fairy gifts. Spain's policy of squeezing the last possible centavo from her colonies could scarcely have left them a more hurtful heritage than this system of taxation. Many of the people complain that their sons will not devote themselves to agriculture; that they turn to such overcrowded professions as the law, medicine, and trade. Yet they know that their taxation burdens the farmer so heavily that he could not afford to grow crops for sale if climate and soil did not work together to reward his efforts bounteously. They have before them the truth that the wealth and the strength of the great republic of the North come from and rest on its agriculture; that the toil of its farmers protects the whole country better than could a thousand fortresses and warships, because no foreign power can attack that great granary of the world without risk of quickly starving itself and its neighbouring nations.

It would seem likely that generations, if not centuries, would be required to change materially the conditions in Latin-America; that it would be unreasonable to hope that owners of large tracts of land would favour taxing their property. Comparatively few of the people read. Their ideas of political economy are received from patron and priest. Moreover, there is more than enough public land for all who will take and use it; and each may soon wish to become possessor of a tract, and hold it free from

taxation. If the people would labour to put into useful form the raw materials in which their countries are so rich, if they would even work to place those riches in the hands of men who have means for delivering them in available condition to the consumer, continuous peace and prosperity might become the lot of those millions. But they will not make use of the wealth nature strews before them; they persist in wasting time, energy, and material in fighting between themselves or against their neighbours; yet they complain jealously because they see their industries, their commerce, and even their lands passing into the hands of those who prefer the victories of creative peace to the fool's glory that comes of legalised destruction, robbery, and murder. There are rich opportunities in these republics for men of purposes higher than those of conquest by force—the crude recourse of the brute and the savage.

When one of the frequent, and comparatively harmless, revolutions is under way there, the native is 'between the devil and the deep sea.' If he sides with his friends, the other party will rob him of all on which they can lay hands; if he attempts to remain neutral, he will be plundered by both friend and foe. Naturally, if he is a merchant or a planter on a large scale, he puts his property into the hands of some foreigner whose nation has power and disposition to protect him. Thus the property will be safe from confiscation and from serious damage. If the native owner proves notably useful to his party, office of honour and profit will be his reward if they succeed. Should his party fail, all their prominent partisans who have property enough to be worth seizing will find it expedient to go away, and stay. In either event the goodwill of the business, if not most of the property transferred, will remain with the foreigner. Untroubled by levies for war purposes, by unauthorised plunderings by friend or by foe, the foreigner will wax fat of purse.

There is another side to that shield. In those countries many an enterprise honestly designed and otherwise well managed has been wrecked by lack of knowledge of, or of due attention to, physical, industrial, financial, political, legal, or other conditions having bearing on the undertaking. As of corporations, it may truly be said of some Governments that they have no souls; but at least some Governments appear to have a sense of honour. This is true of more than one republic of Latin-America; but it is also true that some seem to be in the control of men by whom oppression, robbery, and assassination appear to be regarded as readily available means to any end that has promise of money or of power.

To avoid loss in such countries one must know and evade conditions which could scarcely exist in a land governed by men of northern race. Those who have learned to manage in such circumstances may win liberal reward; for in no part of the New World can a man honestly win as much for as little outlay as he may in countries south of the United States. Nor are there in all North America places

at once so comfortable, so healthful, and so beautiful as are to be found in hundreds in tropical America. A man having physical energy might land at any one of those hundreds of places, and, with no other capital than his own labour, in a little more than a year make himself owner of a plantation which would give, then and thereafter, an income that would not only keep a family from want, but also provide means for quickly gaining a decent fortune.

It is likely that any country where such conditions exist, not remote from markets, will quickly and surely become peopled by industrious and thrifty men. There will follow largely increased demand for such products of loom and of forge, of press and of studio, as are made by Great Britain and Germany, by France, and by the United States. Large returns for little labour will afford money with which to buy and leisure in which to enjoy. The volume of trade from such regions may be greater than is possible from any like population in the temperate zone.

During the four hundred years that have passed since the discovery of America, the ancient colonial policy of Europe has been followed; and from America has been taken all it would contribute. In return, nothing was done for the lasting improvement of those sources of supply. Thus Spain strangled her colonies, until they tore away from her killing clutch. Vast treasures of silver and gold were taken, and worthless holes in the ground are all that were left in return. Great fortunes have been taken from their forests, and naught but rotting stumps left in exchange. Millions of pounds of

gum have been taken from the trees of tropic America; and their dead trunks are all that remain to the countries in which they stand to pay for the immense riches carried away. Harvesting has gone on without ceasing; of seedtime there has been none. Is it not time to begin a wiser system? Evidently Americans think it is, for more than seventy companies and many more individuals are actively striving to develop the agriculture of one Spanish-American republic; and a few pioneers are doing a like work in some of the others. Lumbermen, miners, and railway builders and operators from the North are opening the way for a wise use of the immense natural wealth of those regions. Such expansion of influence by men of northern race-cool, courageous, and just, ready to give to others their due, and as ready to insist upon having that which is their own-ensures the safety of investments of money and of work wherever such influence reaches.

What good would not come to those who now inhabit, but do not use for their own betterment, those vast and fertile regions, if to that fertility should be added the energy and ingenuity, the frugality and the honesty, which have carried the northern races far toward domination of the world! For where peoples of tropical race rule there is uncertainty, injustice, and inscurity of property and of life. But where the cool blood of the North governs, there is law and safety. With these assured Latin-America would afford ample field for the industry of many millions, whose trade would employ other millions, to the great good of all.

THE RED HEAVIES.

CHAPTER IL



HE officers of the Red Heavies were not only a clean-shaven set of men, and—barring Popper—great in bone and sinew; they were also as good as sworn bachelors. So runnour ran, without telling a lie of the usual size.

This tradition, like others of the regiment, had come down from the comparatively remote past. It was often discussed over the wine as a capital joke. At other times it was accepted as an inevitable detail of the regimental life. Officers of other regiments were in danger wherever there was a pretty woman to lay snares for them in the conventional way. This kind of incense left the Red Heavies unmoved in their circumstances. They were not uniformly stolid in the matter; sometimes, indeed, they had earnest little flirtations due to great determination on the part of the lady and the man's temporary weakness; but marriage was out of the question. A word from the Colonel, and it was all up with the fair conspirator's ambitions.

So it had been for quite thirty-five years.

Of all the Red Heavies, too, no one seemed less likely to run counter to custom in this particular than Major Grandison Lee. As a rule, he was too trying a fortress for any lady to besiege for more than an hour or two. He met the warmest direct advances with ice, ice; ice: there was no end to the ice he had at command. Life was too short for any lady to attempt to thaw him until he might tire. It was generally understood that he was a most dutiful son to his old mother, and an unusually affectionate brother to his sisters. But to the rest of the world such information, taken by itself, was not exciting. Of all the officers of the Red Heavies, therefore, Grandison Lee was least troubled by the serious attentions of the fair sex.

Yet on the day after his imbroglio and reconciliation with young Popper, something happened to give point to the Colonel's inquiry at dinner that evening: 'By the way, Popper, you must mind what you are doing. I suppose you introduced Lee to that charming sister of yours?'

Young Popper did not raise his eyebrows like

certain of the others. He looked quickly at the Major and smiled, sedately for him. 'She's my half-sister, sir,' he explained; 'and it was awfully good of Lee to take her off my hands as far as those Bailey folk by the Park. I had to introduce him. She almost trod on his toes turning a corner.—Didn't she, Major?'

'Really, I don't remember that,' said the Major.
'I thought it was you, Popper. But'----

'Oh, Major, Major!' exclaimed three voices at once.

'Don't be silly!' said the Major. 'And, Colonel, I think I may say that Miss Riddell would not have been troubled by my escort if Popper hadn't put it out of her power to—er—accept an alternative!'

'Question!' cried young Popper. 'That is, old man'—for he and they all marked with surprise the Major's evident disquietude—'I know she wouldn't really, if you want to have it put so impolitely.'

'What did you say she's worth?' asked Captain Galway, feigning to be quite casual, while he stripped

'Eighty thousand, the poor dear. And a bounder of the name of Stiles won't leave her alone. He's a dogcake-maker; and because his father invites a few broken-backed lords to shoot his covers he thinks himself irresistible. She's said "No" to him three times. The next time I hope she'll pull his ears. She's come down here with the "mater" for a fortnight to try to get a rest from him?

It was curious to see with what avidity these Red Heavies listened to young Popper's words. But the Colonel, as well as Major Lee, had had enough of the subject.

'That will do, Popper,' he said. 'I can't allow you to continue unsettling our minds. Your halfsister is charming, as I have said, and so we leave her'

But the Major was disturbed for a considerable time longer, in spite of his endeavours to comport himself as usual. With good cause, too. Popper's half-sister had at first appealed to him merely like any other young lady of twenty-two or twenty-three, with tender gray eyes and a ready smile. Probably the dappled sunlight under those beech-trees of the avenue made her look prettier than she really was. It didn't matter much anyway. What did matter was the tone she adopted towards him as soon as Popper had slipped away, after a look at his watch, an expletive of annoyance, and mention of an engagement at the Imperial Hotel.

'I do so want to say something to you, Major Lee,' she began when they were alone. It was then that he noticed her face more particularly. She was blushing like a boy, and she had clasped his hand, too, with the honest grip of a boy.

'To me?' he had replied, with rather less ice to his words than the contingency required.

'Yes. Peter has been telling us how splendidly

you have been lecturing him, and both my mother and I think it noble of you.'

She shot out her words like a boy in his younger teens.

The Major was startled, and the more he looked at those sunny gray eyes and the tell-tale cheeks the more he was startled. He begged her pardon; had she not made a mistake?—and so forth.

But there was no mistake at all, from her point of view, as the Major himself soon had to admit; not without mortification, seeing that it was now his turn to blush. His blushes were of the tawny kind, yet not to be disguised any more than hers.

'Money is so debasing,' she said simply, 'and you are the first man who has said anything to him, Major Lee, about ideals of a loftier kind. It is glorious for him to be in a regiment like the Red Heavies, and I'm sure he ought not to have any time for those horrid Stock Exchange transactions, which are his father's business. That is what I meant.'

She was a little less like a boy now. A highspirited and lovely girl, rather; so lovely, indeed, that the Major could no longer look at her without feelings which had for years and years been anathema to him.

'You are making a great deal out of nothing, Miss Riddell,' he said, forcing a raucous laugh.

'No,' said she, 'I do not think so. And you don't think it either.'

Had she been an ordinary girl he would have settled her with a dry rigmarole beginning, 'But, my dear young lady,' and she would soon have said her 'Good-afternoon.' But there was an ethereal light in her eyes now which raised her far above the crowd.

'I—was unpardonably rude to your brother,' he said lamely.

'Yes; but it was for his good; and, coming from a man like you, and one of his senior brotherofficers, it was quite the most generous thing you could do.'

She had changed again. Her eyes met his frankly and reasoned with him as man to man. It was amazing and more startling than before.

The Major had never yet met this kind of young woman. 'But perhaps you are not aware that I called him a—cad, Miss Riddell?' he protested. If his life depended on it, he could have no reservations with her in this matter.

'Yes; and you were right to call him one. I don't say he is one, for he isn't at heart. But some men are just like children, and it's only when they get their ears boxed by the right person that they see how unworthily they have been behaving. It was caddish of him to suppose that you were angry with him because you had not made money like the others.'

'Miss Riddell!' he had exclaimed, unconsciously striking a majestic attitude.

But she was wound up, just like a full-blooded boy after a college cricket-match, with the win on his side. She shook her head in an 'I-know-all-about-it' manner.

'Yes, Major Lee. Peter told me how you'd take it. He said it was like my cheek when I told him I would speak to you, and thank you; but he doesn't really mind, I think. I've seen such a very great deal of the demoralising side of mere moneymaking. My own father—and then Peter's uncle and his father—But I think you have had enough of me and the subject. It's a painful one.'

She gave him a very intimate smile, with a gleam of sadness in it, and offered him her hand. It was a small hand, daintily gloved in lavender-coloured kid.

The Major glanced at it, then again at her face, and—positively he trembled. He did not take her hand, but in the fullness of his humiliation proceeded to explain.

'You make me ashamed of myself, Miss Riddell,' he said quietly. 'Do let me tell you what I should be sorry to tell any other living being—well, suppose we say except my old mother. You have been imputing it to me as a virtue that I called your brother an abominable name. What will you think of me when I confess to you—in confidence or not, as you please—that an hour or two afterwards I was possessed by unholy envy of what seemed to me the luck of the other men? I said to myself, "Why wasn't I in it?" And so on.'

'Well?' said she, glowing with triumph, and in the wretched Major's eyes too beautiful now for mortal man to look at.

'That's all,' said he, feeling abject.

'Yes; but,' she cried, seeming almost as if she were about to put her hand on his arm, 'how dull you are, Major Lee! You miss the point. You were tempted, but resisted; whereas'—

'I am afraid that is not quite a true statement of the case,' he interposed.

'It's near enough, Major Lee.'

'I don't see it, Miss Riddell.'

She shook her head and smiled the serene smile that proceeds from instinct the infallible. He, anxious only to have done with heroics and to divert her from them too, tried hard to be and appear solidly matter-of-fact.

'I think, too, that it's going to rain soon,' he added bluntly, looking at a very innocent young cloud above the spire of St Eric's Church.

Then she laughed brightly, as if she were now about to enjoy herself thoroughly, without responsibilities.

'I don't,' she said. 'But I will not bore you any more. I was to say from my mother, and Peter's—if we did meet you, that is, as Peter said we should,' she added in rather a disturbed parenthesis—'she would be glad to see you if you cared to call. And now good-bye, and thank you so much for your patience. Peter said you were the soul of chivalry, Major Lee, and I've found you so. Good-bye.'

He felt like stooping and gently raising that little lavender-gloved hand to his lips. Worse still; he understood what the yearning indicated. At his mellow age and with his autumnal prospects! For a moment or two he could not be his unemotional self. Then, with a stern effort, he recovered control of his routine faculties. 'I shall be delighted, Miss Riddell,' he said, in a sort of faint echo of his field-day voice. 'May I ask where Mrs Popper is residing?'

'Hasn't he told you?' she asked gaily. 'I could show you if you would let me. It is only a little way past that odd Jubilee fountain—Regent House. But I know you detest the——— That is, Peter says you are all woman-haters. I think you are right, too, in a sense. To a real soldier we must seem intolerable little circumstances, like dust-specks in the eye, and that kind of thing.'

Was she laughing at him? And did she or did she not beckon him with her eyes as well as her tongue? These were the futile questions the Major discussed with himself when they had parted and he was alone amid a world of golden memories.

Regent House was a large, square white mansion, with statues on its roof-line; a little palace, if he might judge from its exterior. But that was nothing. He would have been quite as much or as little impressed if she had pointed to No. 299 in a street of two-storied, red, jerry-built tenements, all alike, with their thirty square feet of grass-plot between the iron-wicket and the door, and with a milkman ladling milk at No. 297 while a dustman heaved the rubbish of No. 296 into his cart to windward of the milk. It was the temple which for the time being she inhabited. That was enough for him.

He scarcely remembered what had passed during that walk with her of less than ten minutes' duration. She did the talking. Mrs Popper suffered slightly from rheumatism- she had told him that It was one reason why they were at Baddenhamfor the baths, of course. But he recalled certain of her words with curious eagerness. 'Do you know, Major Lee,' she had said, 'you were the first of Peter's brother-officers my mother and I happened to see after coming here. We were with Mrs Hepburn, the doctor's wife, and she pointed you out. Both of us felt that Peter would do splendidly if they were all like you.' Then it was 'Good-bye' once more, and the old gray cloud of the routine life descended upon him. He had never before realised the burden of an existence without domestic hopes of the peculiarly personal kind. And the golden memories of ten minutes, half-an-hour, an hour ago eddied about him as if to emphasise the grayness of his past which was his present also.

That little annoyance at dinner by-and-by was an annoyance to him really only in so far as it drew him roughly from his dreams. He had tremendous compensation shortly afterwards, considering it from one aspect. This was when little Popper came up to him with a clownish kind of simper and an apology.

'We are pals again, aren't we, Major?' he inquired.

'I hope so, my boy,' replied the Major.

'That's all right, then,' said little Popper. 'It was jolly rough dumping Polly Riddell on you like that this afternoon, and I was thundering sorry for you, old man. But the girls will have their own way, as the sexton of my governor's parish church says when a beaming bride drags another reluctant bridegroom up the aisle. She's very much gone on you, if you care to know!'

They were in the barrack-yard at the time. The Major liked to smoke a solitary cigar by the moonlight, watching the men come and go, and listening to the movements of the stalled chargers. His orderly had brought out a camp-stool for him, and set it against the red barrack-wall opposite the stables. Thus sitting, he had let his thoughts return to Popper's half-sister. Not that they wanted much letting.

'She is,' said the little subaltern, as if encouraged by the Major's silence. He did not see the quiver that shook the Major from head to foot. 'She's not half bad when you understand her. She wanted to know you frightfully. Rum things—girls! But I told her we Heavies haven't any spare moments for women—a nobler goal is ours, and so on—and that she might as well set her cap at Nelson on the Monument as at you or any of us. What do you think she said to that, old chap?'

The Major passed his hand across his brow, then looked at little Popper under the moonlight.

'What have you had to drink since dinner, Popper?' he asked, a trifle wearily.

'Me? To drink? Oh, a whisky-and-soda, and then another one. There may have been another after that; I forget. But don't be savage with a fellow, Lee. What's the use? What do you think she said when I said she might as well try to get made love to by St Simon Stylites himself, or

whatever his beastly long name was, on his column? What?'

The Major stood up and closed his camp-stool. 'I must write a letter,' he said. 'My young brother Lawrence—but I have probably already told you about him, Popper—he's a bit shaky in his tongues. I want him to be in Paris for a month or so.'

He was going, when the subaltern grabbed him by the arm.

'Don't snub a fellow so per—pershistently, Lee!' he exclaimed. 'What's the good? Hitting him when he's down, and all that, and such a little chap, too! Ha! ha! Good that. I know all about your brother; every fellow in the regiment knows about him by heart. It's a stock joke—in a friendly way, of course, Major. But I want to know if you want to know what Polly said when I told her that. You'd like to know. You'd feel comfortable then; especially though—no, because—oh, bother! Anyhow, that stuffed owl of a Stiles is still in the running. He'll be down here tomorrow in full cry again.'

'I'd get off to bed, Popper, if I were you,' said the Major. 'It's a poor show to be like this.'

'What did she say, I'm asking you?' cried the little subaltern. 'Can't you answer a chap civilly?' Then the Major gave way to his desire. 'What?' he whispered.

'She said,' replied little Popper, marking the words in the air with his other hand, 'that she was glad of it, because then she could talk to you on what she calls a common-shense footing. Common-shense, she said. And so, old man, you may take it from me that she said a lot of rot, whatever she said.'

'Good-night, Popper,' said the Major; 'and thank you.'

THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY.



BOUT eight hundred years ago a strip of strong white linen, more than two hundred feet long and about twenty inches wide, was worked in coloured crewels with a series of figures representing the invasion of England

by William of Normandy, as well as with some of the incidents that preceded that portentous event and those that immediately followed it. There are more than six hundred and twenty men worked upon the long strip of linen; more than two hundred horses, and five hundred other animals; no fewer than thirty-seven buildings and forty-one sea-going vessels of various sorts; and nearly fifty trees, some of which are in interlaced groups. The faces of the men are about the size of a penny or of a florin, and the rest of their figures are in proportion to this scale. The large number of miscellaneous animals delineated arises from the use of them to ornament two borders that extend along the whole length of the top and base of the work. For the most part the human figures are arranged in small groups depicting seventy-two scenes divided from each other by conventional trees; and, as though there should be no uncertainty as to the intention of the representations or tableaux, they are elucidated with short inscriptions setting forth their exact meaning. This is the famous piece of needlework so well known as the Bayeux Tapestry. In reality it is not tapestry at all, as we understand the term; but it is crewel-work of the kind that has been recently so much in vogue among ourselves. It consists in some parts, such as the faces and hands, of outlines sewn neatly over with coloured crewels, leaving the background of linen in view; and in others, such as the garments, sails, and

animals, of these outlines filled up completely with the crewels. It has been handed down as the work of Matilda, the wife of William the Conqueror. English and French antiquaries and critics have brought forward other claims, and even urged those of two other Matildas; but its interest consists not so much in its authorship, though that is very appealing, as in the 'fierce light' it throws upon the transactions of the stirring times it depicts.

This long strip of white linen, now embrowned and somewhat faded, and also somewhat tattered towards the end of its length, where the battlefield is shown, is at the present day deposited in the town's library or museum at Bayeux. For centuries it was kept in the cathedral, and it is mentioned in a catalogue of the property belonging to the church, in 1476, as a long and narrow hanging of linen broidered with images and inscriptions making representation of the conquest of England, which is hung round the nave of the church on the day and during the octave of relics. There is no word in this document as to its being the work of the wife of the Conqueror, though there are two entries in it that describe two mantles that Duke William and his wife wore at their marriage, and which then belonged to the church. Montfaucon the French antiquary appears to have been the first to mention the tradition that it was the work of Matilda and her handmaids. A later French antiquary, M. Ducarel, making inquiries concerning it of the Bayeux clergy in 1767, found that they knew but little about it, and it was not till he described it as being annually exhibited on certain days that they identified it. Napoleon recognised its historical value, and he had it conveyed to Paris when contemplating his invasion of England, and caused it to be publicly exhibited for some time; and considerable capital is said to have been made out of the singular coincidence in connection with the comet then visible that a similar stella was represented in the tapestry as having preceded or heralded William's successful undertaking. After its return to Bayeux, la toilette du Duc Guillaume, as it was called, was placed in the town library, where it is now exhibited, as stated, carefully preserved under

With the aid of lights thrown upon it from Domesday Book, the Roll of Battle Abbey, Wace's Chronicle, and other contemporary records, the work gives us a truly graphic account of the details of the Conquest. It begins with a representation of King Edward the Confessor seated on his throne conversing with two persons who are standing by his side, one of whom is supposed to be Harold. According to our own impressions, we may decide that the king is either instructing him to go to Normandy or forbidding him to do so; for, notwithstanding the artist's pains to state the meaning of his delineations in clear inch-long letters, a wide field has been left for conjecture as to many of his intentions. This group is lettered 'Edwardus Rex.'

In the next compartment Harold is shown, with several companions, riding with a hawk upon his wrist or fist, and the lettering states, in Latin, 'Where Harold the English chief and his knights ride to Bosham.' The succeeding scene, which is labelled 'The Church,' shows Harold and a companion entering a building; and the next one shows a section of a larger edifice, with a farewell feast taking place in an upper chamber. Then follow scenes of embarkation, disembarkation, the seizure of Harold on landing in Normandy by Guy Count of Ponthieu, his imprisonment, conferences between him and his captor, the arrival of messengers from William to the Count demanding the transfer of the imprisoned Harold, and the eventual compliance with this command, and his reception at the palace of the Duke. At this part of the work occurs the representation of a female figure, of which there are but three examples in its whole length. It is headed, in Latin, 'Where a Clerk and Ælfgyva,' leaving a puzzling uncertainty as to the meaning intended to be conveyed either by the accident of the omission of a word or by design. Some authorities consider that, as the work was contemporaneous with the events it depicts, only the slightest allusions to some of them would be requisite to enable them to be understood. This conversation may have been one of the well-known facts in question; as also may have been the burning of a house at another part of the work, where a second female escaping from it, and leading a child, occurs.

The work proceeds, getting more interesting at every stage. The costumes appear to be accurate; the fashions are minutely indicated, especially in the matter of hairdressing; particular accoutrements are depicted; and details of buildings are given, such as seventeen semicircular arches to the façade of the palace of the Duke of Normandy; and all these matters contain evidences of its eleventh century origin. For instance, the costumes are those that are found in other kinds of work of the same period; the back-parts of the heads of a great many of the Norman figures are shaven from the crown downwards, as has been ascertained to have been the fashion at the time; the weapons delineated in the hands of the Saxons differ from those in use by the Normans, and mark the different nationalities more distinctly than might have been the case had the work been executed in a subsequent century; and the architectural features always show the characteristic semicircular arches of the Normans. The borders are treated as a sort of running accompaniment to the main work; for when a land scene is represented there are beasts and birds worked in them, fish and eels are depicted below one of the sea-pieces, and rows of archers (interspersed with wounded and headless knights and soldiers) supplement the battle-scenes. Here and there, too, some other special references are made to the subject treated at particular places, as in the instance of the comet, towards which several

men are pointing, which is placed in the upper border; and occasionally the summits of the various buildings and the tops of some of the ships are also carried up into it.

After the unexplained conference between the clerk or priest and Ælfgyva, a hostile expedition into Brittany is depicted, in which Duke William made use of the services of the stalwart Harold and his companions. Mount St Michael is shown, with the neighbouring quicksands, over which Harold carries one man on his back while dragging another across by the arm, and a horseman is represented as pitched over his horse's head: 'Here Harold the Earl dragged them out of the quicksand,' the legend savs. The combined forces arrive at Dol, and Conan Count of Brittany betakes himself to flight, in the words of the legend, but makes a stand at Dinan, where, however, he at last gives up the keys to one of his opponents on the point of his lance, who receives them also on the point of his lance, both lances being decorated with small banners. In recognition of his services in this expedition, Duke William confers on the Saxon Earl the honour of knighthood, and is represented as placing a helmet on his head and fastening the straps of his hauberk.

A succeeding scene shows Harold standing between a reliquary and an altar, and taking the oath of which we have heard so much; and the next two depict him returning to England, and then repairing to King Edward. Here occurs a singular mistake on the part of the embroiderers, or of the draughtsman who prepared the linen for them, for the funeral of King Edward is placed before his death. At the foot of his bed kneels the female figure that makes the third depicted in the work.

In the adjoining presentment Harold is crowned: 'Here they give the crown to Harold,' says the legend, and the new monarch is seen seated on a throne with a sceptre in one hand and an orb surmounted by a cross in the other, and with Stigand, archbishop, by his side. At this point the marvelling at the comet is depicted. Then Harold, again seated on his throne, gives audience to a man who has brought important information; and immediately afterwards the scene is changed to Normandy, and an English ship is shown arriving there, which is supposed to have conveyed the news of Harold's coronation.

The next scene is headed, 'Here Duke William commanded ships to be built,' and the Conqueror is delineated as seated in his palace conversing with a personage who from his tonsure is identified as his uterine brother Odo, Bishop of Bayeux. The processes of hewing down trees and building of ships are then portrayed, followed by the launching, arming, and provisioning of them; and afterwards by the voyage of the king and his army in a fleet of eighteen vessels across the sea to Pevensey. We are shown the landing of horses and the setting out of foraging parties, and then introduced to a new

personage on horseback under the heading, 'Here is Wadard.' The investigations of antiquaries have ascertained that a person so named was an undertenant of Odo, the Bishop of Bayeux, and held lands in six counties in England; and it is possible that he may have come to the assistance of the invaders, or in some way well known to his contemporaries distinguished himself on this occasion. Preparations for a banquet follow, and then the principal personages are seen eating and drinking at two tables, one of which seems to be made of two shields, and the other to be of semicircular form, with the guests seated on one side of it, and a page, waiting on bended knee, on the other. Bishop Odo is named as being present. A council follows, a fort is ordered to be entrenched at Hastings, and a castle is shown there. News is brought to William of Harold's approach; the house mentioned as having been burnt is fired by two soldiers, and then the invading forces, headed by Duke William, leave Hastings and advance to meet the Saxons. They are met directly by one Vital, of whom mention has been found in Domesday Book as holding lands under Bishop Odo, and he is asked by Duke William whether he has seen Harold's army.

In the next presentment a scout is shown giving information to Harold of William's approach: 'This man brings word to Harold the King respecting Duke William's army,' the legend says. The broidery then shows the invader exhorting his soldiers, and the great onslaught follows, at an early stage of which the deaths of Lewin and Gurth, brothers of Harold, are delineated.

The next inscription says, 'Here fell together English and French in battle;' and below it is a terrible encounter in which men and horses are represented in wild entanglement, some of them almost upside down, or falling on their heads in their death agonies. The ground is strewed with the wounded, and the lower border is filled with what we now describe as casualties. The heads of several of the warriors are lying at a considerable distance from their bodies, marking the violence of the combatants. At this juncture Bishop Odo encourages some of the Norman soldiers to fresh exertions, or, as the legend says, 'Here Odo, holding a staff, exhorts the pueros;' which is succeeded by the rallying incident of Duke William raising his helmet to assure his followers that he has not been slain. 'Here is Duke William,' the legend says simply.

The fight continues under an inscription which says, 'Here the French are fighting and have slain the men who were with Harold.' Then under the legend, 'Harold Rex interfectus est,' we see the mighty Saxon on foot taking an arrow out of his eye, and again, finally falling to the ground facing a horseman whose weapon appears to have given the fatal finishing-stroke. There is one more knot of combatants, men on foot contending against horsemen; and then the work, now drawing to its close, begins to represent the flight of the Saxons pursued

by the Normans; and the linen is damaged and the lower border missing. The defeated troops are represented by two rows of figures smaller than the rest, one above the other, of which the upper ones, with a single exception, are on foot and the lower on horseback; and the work is at an end.

During the last ten or twelve decades much has been written about this piece of crewel-work, perhaps even more than has been set down in the same time about any one of the seven wonders of the world. Many writers have examined the figures and endeavoured to identify those of lesser note, as well as the leading personages, such as a dwarf holding horses on the occasion of Harold's detention by the Count de Ponthicu, designated Turold. Others have interested themselves more in the origin of its workmanship. They have observed the insertion of a few Saxon words in the inscriptions. They have noted that, next to Harold and William, the person most frequently represented is Bishop Odo, whose see was Bayeux; that two other persons named in the inscriptions are his tenants, who would be probably well known in Bayeux likewise; and calling to mind, also, that he only would be authorised to allow a piece of embroidery representing a profane subject to be exhibited in his cathedral, they have arrived at a conviction that it must have been made to his order. Others have found in it an apologetic account of the invasion from a Norman point of view only.

Objections to the antiquity of this embroidery have been raised on the score of the silence of the old historians and contemporary inventories concerning it; in answer to which M. Pluquet has pointed out that it was not the custom of chroniclers in the Middle Ages to quote monumental authorities, and that, as it did not belong to Duke William, it could not be expected to appear among his effects. The same French antiquary is equally ready with answers to other objectors who have stated that the references to some of the incidents in Æsop's Fables in the borders point to a later origin; that the use of the term Frenchmen in the inscriptions points to a foreign source; and that, as Bayeux Cathedral was burnt down by Henry I., this work must have perished if it had been there. He shows that Æsop's Fables were translated by King Alfred in the ninth century, that Wace the Norman chronicler (who was a prebend of Bayeux) frequently calls his countrymen Frenchmen, and that the same authority especially records that when the cathedral was burnt the treasures were carried out of it. M. Thierry supports the opinion that the work was wrought by Saxon embroiderers at the cost of the chapter of Bayeux, and that it was executed specially for the purpose for which it was used in the cathedral. Whether it was made by Matilda the wife of the Conqueror, or Matilda the Queen of Henry I., or Matilda the mother of Henry II., or by embroiderers of lower rank, the fact remains that it gives us the

most vivid realisation of the contest between the Norman Duke who 'loved the tall stags as though he was their father' and the Saxon Earl who was the first man of the age, 'tall, open-handed, and handsome,' that time has left us.

After perusing this antique piece of needlecraft, which enables us to see as in a magic crystal the industrious embroiderers at work in the old, old days to which it relates, almost to feel the quick movements of their hands as they plied their art, and scent the faint odour from their newly spun crewels, and almost, too, to hear the curfew-bell that bound them down to short hours, there remains for us to pass into the narrow streets of Baveux, and thread our way to the grand cathedral, to note for ourselves the environ of the nave-to use the word of the fifteenth century inventory that has been quoted—which it formerly enriched. It is not without a sense of marvel that we remember that eight centuries have passed since those who enacted the incidents depicted, and those who recorded them so pictorially, ceased to live and move and have their being.

IN TWILIGHT LATE.

WITH drowsy stroke and loitering hum The steepled clock tells ten, And an after hush of brooding calm Falls on the haunts of men.

Pencilled against the steel-gray sky
The poplars sway and swing;
Where bird and bee sang 'parts' by day,
The leaves, now twittering,

Make for themselves a flickering tune, With many a minim and 'rest,' As the breeze that stirs them passes on To its home in the silent west.

No star appears in the distant depths, Nor moon with her crescent rim; But darker, blacker loom the leaves Athwart the deepening dim.

The river near makes murmuring chords
O'er its gravelly, shallow run;
The notes rise high as the wind is strong,
And fall when its force is done.

Half-shaped to words the mellowed lears Hint at some song well known, And, floating on the changeful breeze, Sing it in soothing tone.

My mind, attuned, interprets thus
In the twilight, lingering late:
'Love swells to more, Life sinks to less.
Haste not; still wait—aye wait.'

And eye and ear, in the quiet hour, Harvest their tale of rest; Hushed in my lieart the message sleeps, And peace is my gracious guest.

G. J. C. Score.

AYR.



ROMAN REMAINS IN NORTH BRITAIN.



any one wishes to gain a fresh sense of the daring, power, and determination of the Romans, and a deeper sense of their military skill and the civilising influence of their occupation of North Britain, the

materials lie to hand for such a study. Our museums in London, Edinburgh, Newcastle, and such an excellent collection as that at Chesters on the North Tyne, afford good opportunities for the study of Roman remains; but it is far more impressive, where possible, to study the traces of Roman occupation under the open sky. The average Philistine, who cares for none of these things, is inclined to quote Edie Ochiltree's saying, 'Pretorian here, Pretorian there, I mind the biggin' o't,' which so roused the wrath of the Antiquary. What a lightning-flash on history is the discovery of the Roman quarryman's work in some disused moorland quarry -as at Fallowfield Fell, near Chollerford, or as in the Gelt Burn near Brampton—the legend that 'a vexillation of the second legion, under an optio called Agricola, was in the consulship of Flavius Aper and Albinus Maximus [A.D. 207] employed here to hew stone.' Scott told his friend Clerk that during an expedition in the higher parts of Northumberland he had seen more Roman inscriptions built into gate-posts and barns than were to be seen in any other part of Britain. One does not need to be an antiquary to appreciate these and other traces of Roman occupation.

General Wade's road between Newcastle and Carlisle pretty nearly follows the line of the great Roman Wall which spans the north of England between Wallsend-on-Tyne and Bowness on the Solway, a distance of seventy-three and a half miles. Built of squared stones, it has proved more solid and durable than the Wall of Antonine, which spans Scotland at its narrowest part between Carriden near Bo'ness and Kilpatrick on the Clyde, a distance of thirty-five miles, and is constructed of sods. The English wall seems to be most perfect where most inaccessible in crossing these Cumberland and Northumberland moors; and General Wade's

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soldiers in road-making and neighbouring farmers in building farm-steadings have made the walls and military stations a kind of quarry. William Hutton the Birmingham bookseller arrived just in time to witness, to his sorrow, the wholesale destruction of a considerable stretch of wall. The sight of the wall itself filled him with surprise and delight; he 'was fascinated and unable to proceed; forgot I was upon a wild common, a stranger, and the evening approaching; lost in astonishment, I was not able to move.'

How interesting and fascinating indeed it is to trace the outline of the English wall, to mark it climbing the ridgy back of a hill, as the Nine Nicks of Thirlwall, descend into the valley, and climb again. You can mark it at a distance outlined against the sky. We came on a lonely fragment six or seven feet high, with altars standing against it, in the wood at High Brunton; another fragment nine feet high formed part of the fence in a garden in which a woman was busy pulling black currants. What a contrast, past and present: a child chopping sand on the top of a Roman altar or playing at the base of the wall. Sheep find shelter and graze at its base, the lark carols above it, here and there a stray fern peeps from its crevices, and in winter the wind whistles desolately through and over it! Scott in Guy Mannering makes Brown, one of his characters, exclaim, 'And this, then, is the Roman Wall. What a people, whose labours, even at this extremity of the empire, comprehended such space, and were executed upon a scale of such grandeur! In future ages, when the science of war shall have changed, how few traces will exist of the labours of Vauban and Coehorn, while this wonderful people's remains will even then continue to interest and astonish posterity.'

Recent excavations have disclosed so much of interest both in England and Scotland that we take this opportunity to lay a few of the results before our readers. The past fifty years have witnessed the growth of a spirit of greater reverence for this and other ancient remains. Pity it is that the reverence and conservatism for what is ancient had not dawned [All Rights Reserved.]

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earlier; we had less to lament, as in the case of the total destruction of Arthur's O'on near Falkirk, and other acts of vandalism!

Mr Haverfield has pointed out that the age of Hadrian and his successors, Pius and Marcus, was the age of scientific frontiers. During Hadrian's reign (A.D. 117-138), about 124, the distinguished Aulus Platorius Nepos was sent to construct a line of continuous fortifications across the northern frontier of the province, and 'to place a wall, like the Great Wall of China, as an everlasting barrier between the province and the unconquerable Caledonians. . . . The wall, as we know it to-day by its astonishing and massive ruins, consists of various parts. The wall proper is a wall of hewn stone, some eight feet thick and once perhaps eighteen feet high, fronted by a ditch. At frequent intervals turrets and small forts (milecastles) are built on the wall. At longer intervals there are larger forts, some sixteen in number, contiguous to the wall, with stone ramparts enclosing three to five acres, and connected by a solid road twenty-two feet in width. . . . South of these works is another work, constructed of earth, and running roughly parallel to the wall at a distance which varies between thirty and one thousand three hundred yards.' The wall of turf sods is called the vallum. The remains of the wall seen by the Venerable Bede were twelve feet high; its height by some has been estimated at twenty feet; its construction may have cost an equivalent in our currency of a million sterling, and was guarded mainly from the forts.

Mr E. A. W. Budge, as the result of a sifting of the evidence, says that no one really knows who built the wall, although Hadrian and Severus may have had a hand in it; further, that short walls or barriers of earth may have existed before the coming of the Romans. When Agricola arrived he built strong forts on the line of the English wall and a chain of forts between the Forth and Clyde, as a defence against the attacks of the Picts and Scots. The Scottish wall, which runs mostly on the northern brow of a low range of hills, was erected, Mr Haverfield thinks, not instead of the south wall, but as a breakwater before it, which would encircle the hill-tribes of southern Scotland and deprive them of free communication with the northern Highlands, and also, it is believed, as a political boundary marking the limits of Roman power, which lasted, less or more, from 55 B.C. to 446 A.D., when Britain was abandoned by the Romans.

The station of Cilurnum, or Chesters, is the sixth on the line of the wall from east to west, on the western bank of the North Tyne, and five miles from Hexham, through which it may be reached by rail from either Newcastle or Carlisle. From Scotland the most direct route is by way of Hawick and Riccarton to Chollerford. Here the remains of the Roman bridge—with its massive blocks of stone evidently from Black Pasture Quarry, which is still worked on the hillside above—and the buildings on

the plateau in front of Chesters House-which Mr John Clayton (1792-1890) the proprietor unveiled, with the assistance of Mr W. Tailford, since 1840make a strong impression on the visitor, and will never be forgotten. The second ala of the Astures from Spain are believed to have occupied this station; and, as Hodgson says, 'a lovelier spot than Cilurnum all the Asturias could not give them.' It is embosomed on every side but the north with hills cultivated to their tops, and 'tracing the horizon with a line of great beauty.' This station is open to the public on Tuesdays and Saturdays and on bank-holidays. Mr Clayton, as proprietor of estates on the line of the great wall, including five stations, developed a strong interest in tracing the footprints of the Romans in North Britain. It has been left to his successor to provide a museum at the entrance-gate to house the many relics brought thither from Carrawburgh (Procolitia), Housesteads (Borcovicus), and Chesters, which have been arranged and catalogued by Mr E. A. W. Budge of the British Museum. Besides Bruce's Handbook to the wall, the visitor will be well advised to provide himself with the account of the Roman Antiquities Preserved at Chesters (Gilbert & Rivington, 1903), in which the three thousand five hundred items are set down, with interesting information about the wall and the Roman occupation of Britain. The book has one hundred illustrations and a sketch-map of the wall. Procolitia furnished the effigy of the goddess Coventina from a well there; also a hoard of sixteen thousand coins from a well, twenty-four Roman altars, massive votive tablets, vases, rings, beads, and brooches. One of the most interesting finds at Chesters was an inscribed bronze tablet, known as the Chesters diploma, conferring upon a Roman soldier the right of citizenship and the right of marriage. There is a replica of it here; the original is in the British Museum. There is also a replica at Chesters of the finely carved monumental tablet found at Bridgeness, near Bo'ness in 1868, which so far fixes the termination of the eastern end of the Scottish wall. Besides numerous inscribed altars dedicated to Jupiter, Apollo, Mars, Fortuna, and Minerva, are inscribed stelæ, the gravestone of Brigovalvos the Christian, milestones, coins, rings, hairpins, Samian ware, and millstones. The visitor will marvel at the excellence of much of the workmanship.

Cilurnum, or Chesters, the largest station on the wall, excepting Bird Oswald, has an area of five and a quarter acres, and is in the form of a parallelogram. At Chesters there are six gateways instead of the usual four; each gateway has two portals, eleven feet wide, divided by a narrow wall. A two-leaved gate closed each portal, and the pivot-holes in which the gates rotated may still be seen; so may the stone against which the door struck; and the doorstep is worn with traffic and rutted by wheeled vehicles. There are guard-chambers on each side of the gateways, the foundations of the Forum remain, and the treasure-vault gapes openly to the sky. Close to the Tyne is a villa which may have been

a combined temple or bath, having seven niches and very perfect heating apparatus. Thirty-six human skeletons were found just outside while digging, one of them a woman's, with two children beside her, as well as those of two horses and a dog. Fragments of window-glass and lead pipe were also found here. Whether the visitor is resident at Gilsland, Brampton, or Chollerford, Housesteads, eight hundred feet above sea-level-because of its size and the large number of fine buildings to be seen, and its present desolation—is well worth a visit. At Limestone Bank wall and vallum are cut through the basalt, and the excavated masses of stone, one of them when intact about thirteen tons in weight, may still be seen. The crypt of Hexham Cathedral is built of stones from the Roman Wall, while there is an interesting stone with the figure of a Roman standard-bearer riding rough-shod over a prostrate Briton, not unlike one with a similar subject carved in relief found at Camelon in 1902.

The excavations of the most northerly Roman station in Britain, that of Inchtuthill, on the Delvine estate, in Perthshire, six miles below Dunkeld and eleven miles from Perth, are rightly held by Mr Haverfield to be very noteworthy and may claim more attention than they have received. The three periods of Roman activity in North Britain were during the occupation of Agricola (80-84 A.D.), Pius (140 A.D.), and Septimus Severus (208 A.D.). The Scotch wall was constructed of sods regularly laid, resting on a stone pavement. It may have been fourteen feet thick at the base, and of the same height; in front was a ditch or vallum. There were ten or eleven forts at intervals. The researches of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries at the stations of Castlecary, Roughcastle, and Camelon have yielded interesting results. Nothing is known as to the garrisons, and the district between the north and south walls was not occupied. One road, the Northumberland Watling Street, can still be traced most of the way from the Tyne to the Forth. There were five forts which guarded this road: Habitancium (Risingham), Bremenium (Rochester-for which see 'A Roman City in the Cheviots,' Journal, 1890), Cappuck near Jedburgh, Newstead near Melrose, and Cramond near Edinburgh. To this list may be added Blatobulgium (now Birrens) near Ecclefechan, from which a large number of interesting remains were unearthed, now in the Scottish Antiquarian Museum.

Not only is Delvine the most northerly Roman station yet investigated, but antiquaries like Sir James Ramsay are ready to prove that Agricola was encamped here and fought the battle of Mons Grampius on the slopes of Redgole (Gourdie) close by. Mr Haverfield is amongst those who think this a reasonable guess, although there are others who are equally confident as to Comrie or elsewhere. The whole question is discussed, along with a narrative of the excavations of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries, in a volume by Sir Alexander Muir Mackenzie the proprietor, entitled Memoirs of Delvine: a Brief Account of the Roman Occupation

of Delvine, or Inchtuthill, in the County of Perth (Perth: R. A. & J. Hay). The book is a valuable contribution to local and general history in that it gathers all available information, ancient and modern, about Inchtuthill. Since the excavations have been covered in the proprietor has erected small pillars to mark the site of the Roman camp and stations of the Caledonians. Tulina or Inchtuthill is said to have been one of the chief settlements of the Picts before Roman occupation; the remains of entrenchments, breastwork, and dike could be traced in 1900. The place is believed to have been burned at the approach of the Romans under Agricola. Pennant, who was here in 1776, learned that two farmers of the name of Stirton remembered the foundation of the outer walls of the Roman camp, some fourteen feet thick, and had heard their father say that, in ploughing, ashes, cinders, and pieces of metal had been turned up. As in the case of other stations, it had been used as a convenient quarry by neighbouring farmers, and the ramparts had been ploughed down. A coin believed to be a Domitian seems not inconsistent with the statement that Agricola encamped here. The Romans built their camp on the north-east border of the triangular plateau of Inchtuthill; though much obliterated its general form is still traceable as a square of about fifty-five acres, each side measuring five hundred and twenty yards. The walls to a considerable height were nine and a half feet thick. The ramparts are twenty feet wide, with a ditch also twenty feet in width and from six to seven feet deep. A road twenty feet wide divided the area within the ramparts into two unequal parallelograms. Sir A. M. Mackenzie likens this camp to Saalburg, near Homburg. No foundations of permanent buildings, or other signs of protracted occupation, were found in the interior of the camp; there were, however, some fragments of querns and Roman pottery. A Roman villa or bath, disclosed one hundred yards outside, with heating apparatus, fragments of lead pipe, pottery, and harness-mounting, was a surprise. The ovens disclosed near the south end of the east ditch were circular in form, and built in rough courses of natural boulders. A tumulus known as the Women's Knowe had in its centre a cist containing an unburnt burial.

At the east end of Gourdie Hill there are some curious mounds locally called Steeds' Stalls, consisting of eight mounds and eight trenches, where the advanced guard of the Caledonian army was believed to be posted before the battle of Mons Grampius. Tacitus says that Agricola had along with him at this battle eight thousand auxiliaries and three thousand horse. Sir James Ramsay believes that his advance was made from Ardoch to Perth, and from thence to Coupar-Angus, and next to Delvine. The Picts had been preparing for two years at least, and Agricola pressed forward to challenge them to action. The Roman loss was set down at three hundred and sixty killed; that of

the enemy at ten thousand. These excavations at Inchtuthill are only a commencement of the exploration of the farthest line of Roman advance in Scotland.

During 1899-1900 the station at Camelon, a mile west of Falkirk and to the north of the Antonine vallum, was excavated by the Scottish Society of Antiquaries at the suggestion of Mr J. R. M'Luckie, a local antiquary. The station is partially built upon; there are houses and foundries on the site, and the Midland Junction Railway to Stirling passes through it. Camelon consists of two quadrilateral works and an annex eighteen hundred and seventy feet in length. The base of the rampart of the north camp was composed of peat, clay, wood, and brushwood, the upper part of earth, sand, and gravel. The area of the main camp of Lyne and the northern camp of Camelon are much alike. In Camelon the usual fragments of pottery, tiles, fibulæ, spear-heads, and bronze objects were picked up, also a stone with marks of the twentieth legion. A sculptured stone in relief shows a Roman apparently riding rough-shod over a prostrate native, and bears a resemblance in subject, as we have said, to that of the Roman standard-bearer built into the wall of Hexham Abbey. This was found while digging the foundations of a house in Camelon. The fort at Castlecary, six miles west of Falkirk, belongs to the stone type of fort constructed by Domitian, A.D. 90; and the wall, built of large, well-dressed blocks of stone, surpasses much of the masonry of the English wall. The width of the wall proper is six feet six inches, consisting of a core of concrete, with outer and inner faces of dressed stones. The shape of the fort, which is now cut obliquely by the North British Railway to Glasgow, is that of an oblong four hundred and fifty feet long by three hundred and fifty feet wide. There is a south-west tower, the only angle-tower of Roman work hitherto found in Britain. There are four gateways to the camp, and there is also an annex on the east side. Two trenches surround the camp on the south, east, and west, whilst the north is defended by the fosse. The finds included leather foot-gear and sandals from a well: the largest eleven inches by four, the smallest being dainty shoes of soft leather, with soles about eight inches long, the uppers being scolloped and

cut out in open-work, evidently worn by women. Beads, bronze fibulæ, an intaglio in carnelian representing Jupiter with his eagle, a gem of rock-crystal with female figure clothed in light drapery with a salver in her right hand containing five apples and a jar in her left, and charred wheat, were some of the other finds. Everything, Mr Haverfield says, points to Castlecary having been occupied only once, while the wall was held in the second century; at Camelon and Inchtuthill there are some hints of Agricola, but Castlecary is evidently only the work of Pius. Falkirk is in the line of the wall; and about two miles west thereof is the fort of Roughcastle, on the south side of the wall, which is now being excavated. It is nearly square in plan, each side being about seventy yards in length; it is defended by a double trench on three sides, and on the east by two advanced ramparts and trenches. General von Sarwey, who examined the wall a few years ago, considers that the trench to the north of the wall was a political boundary as the limit of Roman territory.

The Scottish wall consists of three parts: a ditch, a rampart, and a road. The wall was built of sods on a fourteen-feet foundation of stones; the forts occurred at intervals of two miles. There is a fine section of the wall on the Bonnyfield estate, near Falkirk. The Glasgow Archæological Society this year cut a section of the wall at Hillfoot, Dumbartonshire; the section disclosed sixteen layers of turfing, with a stone base of fifteen feet wide.

There is room for a popular book on traces of the Romans in North Britain. The Proceedings of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries contain a mine of information: there is Mackenzie's Delvine already mentioned, an account of excavations by the Glasgow Archæological Society (1899), and Early Fortifications, by Dr Christison. Waldie's Walks along the Northern Roman Wall is now out of print. For the English wall there is Bruce's Handbook, and, incidentally, Tomlinson's excellent guide to Northumberland. There are some instructive chapters on the subject by F. R. Haverfield in Traill's Social England. Recent books are Roman Roads in Britain by T. Codrington, and Roman Britain by E. Conybeare. The old books by General Roy, Alexander Gordon, Horsley, Hutton, Hodgson, and M'Lauchlan are still literary quarries for modern use.

THE PEARL NECKLACE.

CHAPTER XIII .-- AMONG THE ROSES.



CAN say with truth that I faced the breaches of Tredah with a bolder heart than I did that slim young maid of eighteen. Never had I felt so rude and uncouth, and my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth as I

remembered the words I had uttered so short a time before. Truly, I marvelled at my audacity, and stood there speechless, knowing not what to say or do. I think she, too, was embarrassed, for her eye fell, and she spoke in a low and hesitating voice.

'I beg to thank you, Captain Hawthorne,' she said, 'for all the kindness you have shown to myself and my brother; and to ask your pardon for the harsh and bitter things I have said to you in the rast.'

It was very wonderful to me to find this proud young maid, who had hitherto been so haughty and contemptuous, standing before me with downcast eyes meekly pleading for forgiveness. I can truly affirm that it gave me rather pain than pleasure. Now that I was convinced that she knew nothing of the plot to assassinate the Protector I was again overcome with a sense of my own unworthiness. What was I, a rude soldier, whose life had been spent among scenes of strife and bloodshed, that this innocent child should crave pardon from me?

'Nay, Mistress Dorothy,' said I humbly, 'I entreat that you will not speak to me thus. In truth it would have been strange had you not spoken and acted as you did. In your eyes I could not seem aught but a disloyal rebel and a faithless friend. Indeed, I think that it is I who should crave pardon from you, for not having refused at any cost to undertake a duty that would force me to act harshly and unkindly towards those I so greatly honoured and esteemed.'

At that she looked up at me with shining eyes.

'I am a loyal subject of my king,' she said, 'and would gladly risk life and liberty to place him on his throne; but I thank God, though you may think I have hitherto given but little proof of it, that I can honour a brave enemy who does not shrink from performing a disagreeable duty in obedience to the dictates of his honour and his conscience.'

Never did bugle-call summoning me to the charge so move and stir me as those brave words, uttered in the fresh, clear young voice that seems, though now I am old and gray, to have rung in my ears ever since. Ah, if women only knew how easily they could influence men to be true to their better selves, sure they would never use the power they wield over them for less worthy ends. It was even so that I would have desired the maid I loved to speak, and my heart thrilled with joy as I listened to her. Yet the words were scarce uttered when I perceived that her eyes were beginning to twinkle merrily.

'And yet,' she continued, 'I think I am chiefly indebted to you for performing that which I fear it was no part of your duty to do. Tell me truly, Captain Hawthorne, was it your duty to warn a Malignant to fly from the wrath of the Lord Protector?'

Whereupon I hung my head, seeing clearly how little I had deserved the praise she had given me.

'I—I could not help myself,' I stammered. 'I strove hard to perform my duty, and the plain truth is I would have done it, but I could not.'

'Well,' said she, smiling, 'it is a strange thing that though I think highly of you for undertaking to do that which was your duty, I think still more highly of you for not doing it. But how came it to pass that you could not do it?'

Now, at that I was utterly abashed and bewildered. Was it possible that after what I had said to her she did not know?

'How — why' — I stuttered; 'nay, Mistress Dorothy, I' — There I stopped, and stood speechless before her, while she gazed up at me with a very innocent expression, as though she wondered what could possibly have induced me to act as I did. 'Sure,' said I at length, 'you cannot have forgotten what I told you so short a time before, Mistress Dorothy?'

She glanced up at me quickly, and then looked hurriedly away, and appeared to me as though waiting for me to continue. But for my part I was again struck speechless. The ways of women are, I think, always incomprehensible to men, at least to those who know as little of them as I. That she should apparently forget words that made me tremble and flush to think of having uttered took me so utterly aback that I stood gazing at her as one dumbfounded. Then, as I still remained silent, she made, as I thought, a slight gesture of impatience, and moved a little away from me.

'You told me many things, Captain Hawthorne,' said she. 'You can scarce expect me to remember everything that you said.'

I thought she spoke coldly, and I was instantly overwhelmed with despair, fearing that I had offended her.

'I pray that you will forgive me, Mistress Dorothy,' I said humbly, 'if I have said aught to displease you. I am but a rude soldier, and have lived too long in camps and barrack-rooms to learn to make the gentle and courteous speeches that are alone fit for a lady's ears.'

'Nay,' she answered, 'I think you speak very well, Captain Hawthorne, when—when you have a mind to.'

Then I noticed that she had plucked a white rose from a bush beside her, and was nervously pulling it to pieces, while she kept her face half-turned away from mine. There was that in her manner and the tones of her voice which gave me courage to speak out, and I forthwith resolved to do so, come of it what might.

'Mistress Dorothy,' said I, 'if I speak at all I must needs speak bluntly, for indeed I cannot speak otherwise. It is but a little while ago since I told you that I loved you, I, a man well-nigh twice your age, with gray hair, and staid and sober manners, and none of the graces and accomplishments of those who are most like to find favour in the eyes of a young maid. The words escaped my lips ere I was aware, and if they have displeased you I grieve most heartily that I should have uttered them. Yet they are said, and I cannot recall them-nay, I would not if I could. I have scarce any hope that you can ever regard me as aught but a friend, and for your friendship I should indeed be most grateful; but if it were possible that you could ever regard me as something nearer and dearer, there is naught in the world, God knows, that I would not do to prove the depth and sincerity of my affection. I have spoken thus to none but you in all my life, and I beseech you

that you will not trifle with me. Tell me truly whether the love of one so unworthy of you, so plain and dull of speech, and so unsuited to you in years and disposition, could ever find favour with you.'

It seemed as though a great silence had fallen upon the place. Once I heard the faint, far-away bark of a dog, and the hum of a beetle that buzzed past my ear, and then all was still in the hush of the eventide, as though the very breeze that wandered among the roses had stopped to listen to Mistress Dorothy's answer. I can see her yet as she stood before me, a dim, slender figure with long, fair curls about her drooping head, her fingers still playing absently with the petals of the white flower she held in her hand. To this day the scent of a rose brings back the memory of that scene, and ence more I seem to stand in the fading light, waiting with swiftly beating heart for the answer that I dreaded and yet longed for. And while I waited, faint and far away at first, but coming every moment nearer, I heard the trampling of a horse's hoofs, now ringing sharp and clear on the stones, now low and muffled where the dust lay thick. And even as Mistress Dorothy raised her eyes to mine, and her lips moved as though she were about to speak, the sounds grew so loud that she remained silent, and we both stood listening. I scarce know how it came to pass, but it was as though that ill-omened clattering had awakened us from a happy dream. I think we were sure from the first that it was some messenger of ill-tidings who rode so hard and fast. I know that, for my part, a pang of shame went through me. In those sweet moments, standing face to face with Dorothy, I had forgotten all else, more especially the duty I owed to His Highness the Lord Protector. He was placed, as I knew well, in imminent peril of his life; and yet, weak and unworthy as I was, I stood there dallying like a love-sick boy with a young maid among the rose-bushes. It almost seemed as though she had read my thoughts, for she appeared to shrink away from me, and even in the deepening gloom I could see that her face had grown very pale. In these foolish, happy moments we had forgotten the grim fact that she was for the King and I for the Protector, and that all the suspicion and bloodshed and bitterness that flow from civil war interposed between us.

I was about to bid her a hasty farewell, and hurry away, when I perceived a light approaching through the bushes. It came from a lantern carried by Barbara, who had come to search for her young mistress.

'Are you there, Mistress Dorothy?' she called out.

But Dorothy, who was listening intently to the trampling hoofs, paid no heed to her, but glanced quickly up at me.

'Hark!' she exclaimed. 'He is coming up the avenue.'

Then she turned and moved swiftly away, motioning Barbara to accompany her. I followed her with a sinking heart, tortured with shame to think that tidings might come of some disaster that more promptitude and vigilance on my part would have prevented. In a few moments we were standing in the avenue, and had scarce reached it when the dim figure of a horseman swept into sight. He reined suddenly in, and leaned eagerly forward as though doubtful whether he recognised us. As he did so the light from the lantern fell full upon his face. His hat was gone, and there was a crimson gash across his brow. A cry of shame and grief escaped my lips at the sight.

It was Corporal Flint.

WOMEN'S WORK AND WAGES.

By Marion I. Gray, M.A.



N view of the present keen competition in all kinds of remunerative work, it may not be uninteresting to inquire why women's earnings are not only in general so much less than men's, but in many cases a most

inadequate reward for their labour; and whether anything can be done to remedy this state of things.

Fifty years ago there was an idea that a woman who did the same work as a man, though it were work the same in amount and the same in quality, should not receive the same payment for it for no other reason than because she was a woman. As a theory of just dealing, this notion is fast dying out; but in practice it still obtains, to the disadvantage of women-workers of all classes. For instance, though it is generally admitted that

women teach as well as men do, the average salary of class-teachers in 1901 in elementary schools was ninety-one pounds five shillings and tenpence for men; while for women it was sixty-seven pounds four shillings and ninepence. And to take examples from a different class: it is not unusual to pay a woman only three shillings and sixpence for making a dress vest, for which a man receives seven shillings and sixpence; and in Glasgow, where over five thousand women are employed in tailoring, there are only three shops which have the honourable distinction of paying the same wages to men and There are to women for doing the same work. cigarette factories, too, where the printed rates are as follows: 'Men's rates for cigarette rolling, one shilling per thousand; women's rates, ninepence per thousand' (Women's Industries in Scotland, by M. H. Irwin). It is to be hoped that this inequality

will not be allowed to continue, both for the sake of the women, who are being underpaid, and for the sake of the men, who are being ousted from trades in which women are content to do the same work for lower pay.

But the survival of an ancient prejudice is not the only reason why women's wages are lower than men's; and it may be worth while to consider what other reasons may account for the fact, having regard especially to hand-workers. A low rate of wages may be due (1) to conditions which belong to the nature of things, and cannot be altered; (2) to conditions which it is in the power of working women themselves to alter; or (3) to conditions which may be altered by legislation or other efforts on the part of those who are labouring at social problems. Let us look at these three points in order.

(1) Amongst the conditions which cannot be altered, we may put the fact that women are differently constituted from men, both physically and mentally. If, then, they enter into competition with men, in trades and professions where they are inevitably at a disadvantage because of the physical strength and endurance required, they must expect to earn less than their male comrades. Girls, for instance, are largely employed in marblepolishing, in carrying heavy weights in tin-plate factories, and in other ways which severely tax their strength. On the other hand, there are trades more suitable for women than for men, in which many men are yet engaged. Can a woman not sell ribbons and lace as well as a man? Can she not shampoo and dress a lady's hair quite as well? Such considerations bring us to the second point under discussion, for the wise choice of occupations largely depends on women themselves.

(2) There are, then, certain conditions responsible for low wages which women themselves can do something to alter. They should avoid, in the first place, wherever possible, unnecessary competition with men. Domestic service is at least free from this objection; and, whatever its disadvantages may be, servants who learn their business thoroughly are always sure of steady employment and good wages. But this principle alone will not enable a girl to choose a profitable trade. Sewing, for instance, if we except tailoring, is entirely a women's industry; but it is, as a rule, very badly paid, from causes to be examined later on.

Mrs H. Bosanquet, who has carefully studied the subject in London, is of opinion that one of the most practical remedies for the poverty of many women-workers is to induce them to learn skilled trades. She says that 'to a very large extent our badly-paid women are engaged in doing work which could really be better done by machinery, and which would be so done if it were not that unfortunately women are cheaper than machines.' The investigations of the Women's Industrial Council afford proof that 'there are many well-paid industries in which women can earn good money, and

that wages and conditions improve steadily as the amount and kind of training given improves.' The facts and figures given by Mrs Bosanquet refer to London, and in smaller towns there is not, of course, quite such a variety of trades to choose from; but girls and their parents are often pennywise and pound-foolish, when, for the sake of a few shillings a week more at first, they choose a trade that any one can pick up in a few days, rather than one—such, for instance, as dressmaking or upholstery—where an apprenticeship leads to the possibility of making a good income in time.

There is another way in which it would be greatly to women's interest to raise the quality of their work. A manufacturer will sometimes tell you that he cannot afford to pay high wages to his girls, because they cost so much in overseers. They cannot be trusted not to waste time in trifling and gossip, unless they are constantly overlooked; and girls themselves will admit that this is so.

Then, again, many women take up work with the feeling that it is only for a year or two, till they marry, and they do not take the trouble to learn their business properly. Thus they do it with less skill and precision than a man who is making it his life-work. In this case it depends on the women themselves to raise the quality of their work, and so to be able to plead honourably for a higher wage.

What perhaps would do most to raise women's wages is a means of which they have been, and still are, very slow to avail themselves. They will not combine; they are generally too short-sighted to see the value of organisation, and do not think it worth the small sacrifice of time and money it demands. Public spirit has been little encouraged in women, and needs much fostering before it will be strong enough to do much for them. In self-denial for friend or for family, women often outstrip men; but they are slow to perceive either the need or the duty of self-denial for the sake of their sex, or for the sake of its industrial or professional interests. They have not learnt to consider sufficiently the effect on other people of how they conduct their own personal affairs.

When we inquire, for example, why sewing and all branches of work done by women in their own homes are so badly paid, what is the reason given? It is that such work is often undertaken by married women, or by girls living at home, as a means of adding to a small income; and, as these women do not require to earn a living wage, they are too often content to work for less than will support a person dependent on her own earnings. What is the consequence? The rate of payment falls to the lowest figure at which women will do the work; and all workers at the same trade, either at home or in workrooms, suffer. There are always women willing to take in sewing at any price they can get, and those who depend upon it for their daily bread have a terrible struggle. Miss Irwin, who made investigations for the late Royal Commission on Labour, estimates that, for 'finishing' shirts and

trousers, 'the work is usually paid at about a penny or a penny farthing per hour, although cases have been met with where the rates were as low as a farthing an hour.' Now, in such cases, an individual worker is powerless, supposing that she can get no other work, and must do what she has, or starve. But, at least, those women who are not entirely dependent on what they earn by home-work ought to feel it dishonourable, in the interests of the others, to take underpaid work. It is absurd to say that women ought never to undertake paid work if they can live without it, while it is considered right for a man to earn as much as he can; what is wrong is for women who are not dependent on their trade or profession to take less payment than they could afford to take if it were their sole source of income.

(3) Having discussed conditions of low wages which working-women themselves may do something to mitigate, we may now consider what outsiders may do, and are doing, to help them.

In the first place, the public generally, as has often been pointed out, are to blame for their inordinate desire for cheap goods, and their carelessness as to how they are produced at so low a figure. It is, in many cases, the working-classes themselves who buy the ready-made garments made by the half-starved women mentioned above. If people would take the trouble to calculate the cost of much of the ready-made clothing offered for sale, they would see that the seller cannot possibly do a profitable business and at the same time pay his workers a fair wage. In such cases, a purchaser, instead of exclaiming, 'Why that's cheaper than I could make it myself!' might well refuse to buy an article that she is not honestly paying for.

But it is not always easy for the public to know whether the work they indirectly pay for has been justly rewarded; and here comes in the usefulness of such bodies as the Women's Industrial Council in London and the Scottish Council for Women's Trades, which do such excellent work in investigating the conditions of women's industries, in endeavouring to promote legislation where it is required, and to see that existing laws are carried out. In England there is also the Industrial Law Committee, which exists for the enforcement of the law and the promotion of further reform; and a branch of this committee has lately been started in Edinburgh.

In regard to the various employments now open to women, information is being collected and published also by a committee of the Charity Organisation Society and by the Central Bureau for the Employment of Women, 9 Southampton Street, London, W.C. The latter has published a shilling pamphlet, Open Doors for Women Workers, containing most valuable information for educated women in search of a career. The Englishwoman's Year-Book (Black) also covers the whole field of women's work and interests.

Women about to choose an occupation are earnestly recommended to study the question of supply and demand. There is very little demand and very small remuneration for untrained and unskilled women of any class. Particulars must be sought elsewhere; but, as an example, it may be mentioned that at present there is no demand for companions, and very little demand for housekeepers in small establishments; while for children's nurses (especially those who have received some training) there is a very large and constant demand. There is little demand, again, for needlewomen working at home or in workrooms, and, as we have seen, their earnings are often miserably small; but a good needlewoman who goes out to sew in private houses, especially if she knows something of dressmaking or upholstery, can get, at least in large towns, constant employment, and earns from two shillings and sixpence to three shillings and sixpence a day. For well trained teachers there is a large and constant demand, especially in elementary schools.

The road to success lies in selecting an industry or profession for which there is an increasing demand, and for which a girl has some natural aptitude, and in obtaining the best training available.

Individuals and societies interested in the industrial welfare of women can certainly do much in guiding them towards more profitable work and in assisting them to consider and to co-operate with one another. Whether the law can directly interfere where wages are too low to support life adequately is another and a difficult question. Mrs Sidney Webb pleads that the minimum wage ought to be fixed by law. This plan has been tried in Australia and is said to work well in New South Wales. On the other hand, Judge Backhouse, in his report on the experiment in Victoria, says that the law has been evaded by mutual consent in cases where both employer and employed were aware that the work done was not worth the prescribed minimum wage, and also that the law has given rise to hardship in loss of employment by weak or inefficient workers. The problem is indeed a difficult one; and how to deal with the inefficient is one of the knotty points.

The main thing at present is that the public should not be allowed to forget the fact that hardworking women are in many instances miserably underpaid, and that efforts should be made to bring home to those responsible for it a sense of the injustice done.



THE RED HEAVIES.

CHAPTER III.



RANDISON LEE called on Mrs
Popper, in keeping with his promise to Mary Riddell. But he was
in no hurry about it, as he might
have been had not Peter Popper let
the cat out of the bag after those

superfluous whiskies-and-sodas. Ere he pulled the bell at Regent House, he had throttled the very last of his illusions about Mary Riddell. At least he thought so. He flattered himself it was easy enough, too, considering he had seen the girl only once.

Nevertheless he was very nervous when the footman ushered him into the drawing-room.

Mrs Popper's welcome was of the warmest. 'This is sweet of you, Major,' she exclaimed. Her hand almost clung to his. Perhaps it was a mark of her kinship with Mary; perhaps it meant nothing. She was a large lady, with much jewellery about her, evidently a stately person when she chose to be so. 'We were so dreadfully afraid you were some one else,' she added, with a most encouraging countenance.

Then the Major turned to Mary Riddell, and his courage failed him. She was all, and more, than he had thought her. Was there a smile in all the world to match hers? 'Good afternoon,' he said, in his hardest and most frigid tone.

But she did not shrink in the least. She looked her gladness calmly, and again gave him a boyish hand-clasp which thrilled him to the heart.

'I thought your principles had compelled you to neglect us,' she said.

It was no good. In her presence he forgot everything except the pleasure of the moment. He felt like a criminal whenever he tried, feebly enough, to rally himself into a condition of ordinary insensitiveness to the charms of womankind. It was easier to be natural, and far more comfortable.

Mrs Popper soon mentioned her gratitude in the matter of Peter. It was soon over too.

'Don't, mother!' said Mary Riddell. 'I gave Major Lee as much of that kind of physic as he could take. He'll never call on us again if we keep worrying him about it.'

'Very well, my dear,' said Mrs Popper. 'I owed it to myself.—Much as I love my son, Major, I would really rather talk to you about this County Ball.'

'Ball? Oh, of course! I remember,' he murmured.

Before he knew anything else definitely, he had not only promised to go to the ball, but also to dance the first dance with Mrs Popper. She had asked him point-blank. He was quite simple in confessing afterwards that he did not, as a rule, go to balls; hated them in fact.

He felt dazed, ridiculous, yet blindly happy. All the while he listened to commonplaces, and talked them, he was living his real life apart with the face of this blithe and lovely girl which said so much to him with its eyes alone.

So it went on, all too quickly, until there came a distraction.

'That's his ring; I feel sure it is!' cried Mrs Popper, almost as if she were in despair, when the bell pealed loudly. 'Upon my word, I don't know what some young men are made of. I daresay you know him, Major, by this time: Albert Stiles. He'——

'Never mind that, mother,' said Mary Riddell laughing. 'If I dared, I would ask Major Lee to help me to seek cover in the conservatory in a minute or two. There's a wonderful cactus'——

'Anything I can do for you—anything!' he said, with grave alacrity.

'Would you? Oh, how good of you! In five minutes. Not more,' she whispered.

The footman appeared, and Mr Stiles after him. This young gentleman had been told, in the plainest language, that Mrs Popper and Mary were only at home on Thursdays; and yet he had called every afternoon since his arrival in Baddenham, on the chance, as he said. There had been passages-at-arms with the footman about him; but of course nobody wanted a scene, and Albert Stiles was free with his money, as well as determined and artful where Mary was concerned. He tried to make love as his father had made a fortune in dogcakes, by forcing these down the throats of the dogs of the public. His father's appropriate and favourite maxim, 'It's dogged as does it!' was his also, as touching Mary Riddell.

Now the Major had already met Mr Albert Stiles. For the fun's sake, so he said, Popper had brought him to a mess-dinner. But there wasn't much fun in it for any one. Young Stiles could be the most ordinary young man in the world on occasion, and he soon made the Red Heavies yawn in spite of themselves. He condescended to talk horses to them, and parried Popper's sallies with considerable craft. There was not a laugh in or about him from the soup to the coffee, and every one was thankful when Popper took him away.

To the Major, after due contemplation, it seemed a monstrous thing that such a bladder-headed radish of a youth should think it possible Mary Riddell could love him. He was a mere wisp of a fellow, with a moustache trained like Popper's, only black instead of flaxen. But to-day the Major shook young Stiles's hand heartily. He felt almost as if he could excuse any man anything. He nursed his knee and smiled pensively, and listened to the neat

little duel of words between Mrs Popper and Albert Stiles with quite a relish.

Mrs Popper was determined not to mince matters with the young man.

'Didn't you observe, Mr Stiles, that the *Thursday* on my card was underlined?' she asked severely. 'We are going out directly.'

'I can't help dropping in, Mrs Popper,' said Albert Stiles, with his eyes on Mary.

'Yes, yes; but you ought to know better. What would your own mother say if Peter, for example, took such liberties with her?'

Albert Stiles made his score with a grin which really suited his excellently tight cornstalks of legs, scarlet necktie, and cut-throat collar. 'She'd be iolly thankful,' he replied. 'She likes Peter.'

Mrs Popper generously spared him the retort which he invited.

'Well, I don't think I shall even ask you to sit down,' she said. 'Major Lee is different. He is here on business, if he will allow me to say so.' This with a graciousness towards the Major which was cruel in the circumstances.

'Business!' exclaimed Albert Stiles, with a slight frown. 'It's business with a decent amount of pleasure to it then. And, anyhow, Mrs Popper, you can't turn me out. I'll leave when the Major does. I may stay that long, Miss Riddell, mayn't I?'

There was no more of him than this.

Mary Riddell rose and shook her head at him compassionately. 'I think you are the most foolish individual I know,' she said quietly.—'But perhaps he is tired, mamma, and wants a rest.—If you will be very good, my mother will humour you so far.—Shall I show you that—wonderful cactus now, Major Lee?'

The Major was on his feet in an instant. 'I should like to see it immensely,' he said.

'And in ten minutes, my dear, I shall put on my bonnet,' said Mrs Popper.

Mary Riddell nodded an airy 'Adieu' to Albert Stiles.

'Oh, but'—— he began protestingly. Mrs Popper, however, stifled the forthcoming indiscretion by inquiring what he paid for the flowers he was so absurdly extravagant in sending daily to Regent House; and before the question was answered Mary and the Major were in the other drawing-room, with the conservatory beyond.

'This is better,' she said, facing him pleasantly the moment the glass door was shut upon them. 'Do you think I was too harsh with him?'

'Too harsh! I — surely that depends, Miss Riddell. You didn't look harsh.'

She folded her hands behind her head, and, standing in a frame, as it were, of orange-blossom, gazed at Grandison Lee with that earlier wholly confiding freedom which had wrought such havoc on him.

'That's what I like about the Red Heavies!' she said quickly. 'You are all above the nonsense one expects and gets from other men.' 'How so?' he asked, determined to keep calm.

'Oh, about marrying. I assure you, Major Lee, speaking as one disinterested human being to another, it's not to be believed how a girl with a little money has her own aspirations budgered out of her by that—that tiresome presentiment of courtship. Whenever I am introduced to a gentleman I have to start weighing him up instead of just being spontaneously civil. How is one to know what his aims are? It seems that even one's smiles—poor plain little things!—may do a great deal of mischief quite innocently. You see what I mean?'

An Arctic wind had swept over the Major's heart. The conservatory was warm, but he had become very cold. 'Yes, I believe I see what you mean,' he said. 'And yet'——

Suddenly a fierce passion of revolt against the restraints of his circumstances followed that Arctic gust. This radiant and adorable girl smiled at him and talked to him as if he were a milestone by the roadside; and she thought him nothing better, as touching his sensibilities. What he said he said, and even afterwards he could not bring himself greatly to regret it.

'And so, Miss Riddell,' he ended, 'you see that you have, quite unknowingly, and I'm sure without wishing it, wounded one more man and made him feel sorry he was born. Only for the time, of course. Give me a couple of hours, and I hope I shall be myself again. You called your smiles just now "poor plain little things." You couldn't have spoken seriously, and so it was not fair of you to say anything about them. I have met you only twice; but those poor plain little things, as you call them, have—done for me. God knows, I'm a fool, and not a young one either; but I'd do anything, almost be anything, if I could have those smiles for my own every day of my life. That's how I feel now, please to understand. wish I knew if by-and-by you will be laughing to yourself about me or not. Really, I can't tell. I shall fight against this image of you which you have fastened in my brain so that other memories can't stand against it yet; and I hope I may crush it out. Hope? Why, yes, of course; for I couldn't live else. And that's all. You will perceive that I am, unfortunately, in love, Miss Riddell, and therefore I had better say "Goodbye" at once.'

He proffered his hand, smiling. It was not such a bitter smile as his words required; not quite. But such as it was it left him altogether when he marked with some degree of calmness the expression on the girl's face.

She was waxen white, breathing fast, and there was real pain in her eyes.

'You-think that of me?' she stammered.

The Major drew himself up. 'I have no right to think anything about you except the best possible,' he said. 'Please forgive me. I'm an inconsiderate brute. I thought I had more sense. I—won't you

say "Good-bye," Miss Riddell, and have done with me?'

'Yes, Major Lee,' she said. 'I too have been—thoughtless. It is better, I suppose. Good-bye.' She gave him her hand, flushing as she did so, looking at him earnestly, and then looking away. 'Believe me,' she added, 'I had no idea.'

'And neither had I,' said he, trying to be gay, 'that I was such a boy. Well, I hope you will the more easily forget my stupidity.'

He scarcely knew that he had patted the little hand in his as if he were a grandfather rather than a boy. Then he took his hat from the soil of the camellia beneath which he had placed it when his mad fit seized him, and prepared to go.

'I think you said there was another way out?' he asked. 'I'm afraid I daren't go back into the drawing-room.'

'Yes,' she said. Leading the way, she conducted him through the glass-houses and so to the lawn.

Here the Major had something to add to his previous pleas for merciful judgment.

'I was never in love before, Miss Riddell,' he said, hat in hand, with several new wrinkles on his forehead. 'But I daresay, with your experience, you will have surmised that at once. Please Heaven! I am now inoculated. Good-bye.'

'Good-bye,' she said again.

The Major's emotions were not agreeable as he passed the different flower-beds of the garden. Thousands of bulbs were here shooting their young hopes heavenwards. He might have tormented himself by contrasting his still-born hope with theirs, so full of the promise of fruition. But he had enough to distress him without that. He had humiliated himself and hurt that beautiful girl. Yes, he realised this now; he had hurt her feelings, perhaps even wronged her.

He paused at the gate, positively half-tempted to return, in the ardour of his contrition. But Albert Stiles diverted him from that step. He caught him on the pavement outside and immediately became excited.

'Oh, I say, good business, Major Lee!' he cried. 'You're just the man I want. I'm sure you'll do it when you know the circumstances.'

'What may you be talking about?' said Grandison Lee.

'I didn't know, Major, you were so thick with Popper's folks. Wish to goodness they'd talk of me as they do of you—that is, the old lady does. Any one can see, too, that you stand pretty well with Miss Riddell. Lucky bargee! Now, couldn't you, do you think, slip in a sly word for a fellow now and then? I've eight hundred a year allowance, and I'm an only son, and certainly not worse than the average man. But Mary Riddell does ride such a high cock-horse of her own that there's no touching her unless you're something lofty yourself. If you would talk to her in a fatherly way, you know, about being practical, I'd be no end obliged to you.'

The Major's face would have frightened some young men.

'Practical!' he said. 'Do you think it would be practical of her to marry you? Is that what you mean?'

'Yes, of course it would,' was the eager reply. 'We've known each other since we were so tall.' He put his hand down to his knee.

Then all the severity went out of Grandison Lee's countenance.

'My lad,' he said, 'I'm sorry for you. If you can't do without my help after an acquaintanceship of that long growth, I'm afraid you're past praying for'

'But, Major'---

'We're a couple of fools, and that's all about it, Stiles,' said the Major, interrupting him. 'And I've squandered enough time already today.'

He strode off with a nod and the bearing of a man without a care in the world.

Looking something like a limp tulip, Albert Stiles stared after him. 'Selfish beggar!' he growled sulkily.

THE GREAT BRONZE 'DAIBUTSU' OF KAMAKURA.



F there were enough ruins of Kamakura left to sit upon, the contemporary Yankee might anticipate the reverie of the future New Zealander on London Bridge. But of all the great military capital of Japan no-

thing—save quiet rice-fields—remains except the gigantic bronze *Daibutsu* which has kept it from falling entirely into obscurity through the centuries of its decay. Sitting upon his lotus pedestal, the Buddha seems wrapped in an eternal calm that such transient happenings as earthquakes have not been

able to disturb, while the tidal waves that repeatedly swept over and destroyed the city have only made him nod.

The figure is one of the most remarkable works of art in Japan, or, for that matter, in the world; and, like most other interesting things, its origin is wrapped up in legend and myth, and bound in a web as picturesque and fantastic as that which entangled William Tell, whose romantic existence modern common-sense historians would have us doubt. So long ago as the eighth century an image of the god stood at Kamakura; but, being

of wood, time and the elements destroyed it. A second one was designed with a head eighty feet in circumference; but that also was demolished by a typhoon. The present Buddha dates from 1252 A.D. Originally he stood in a great temple which when Kamakura, instead of being only a name, was the seat of the Shôgunate and the capital of Japan —used to be the meeting-place of princes and feudal lords, brocaded grandees and trains of men-at-arms. This temple was a magnificent building such as the golden age of Japanese art made possible, fifty yards square, with a roof supported on sixty-three massive pillars. A series of earthquake shocks and tidalwaves more than three hundred years ago destroyed the city, and with it this beautiful building. The Buddha alone remained unharmed, the great weight of the bronze preventing him from being swept away, and he was left sitting calmly beatific on his lotus pedestal where he sat centuries ago. For Japanese Buddhists the lotus has a deep and especial significance. It is the symbol of the human soul. As the beautiful flower arises pure and spotless from a bed of mud, so the spirit, held down in its earthy bed by the slender wavering stem of the body, rises serene and unspotted towards the higher perfection.

There is a railway station, with a modern hamlet surrounding it, a mile or two from the great statue, and every foot of ground teems with historical legends and associations. There is an old wooden temple built to commemorate the Genius of War, who was son of that famous and valiant Japanese Joan of Arc the conqueror of Corea; an ancient stone toriye or archway of noble proportions, approached by an avenue of fine old trees; and there is a modern inn for tourists near the bay—all of these are called Kamakura; but they are no part of the ancient city, which was never rebuilt after the great tidal wave in 1494 A.D.

The Buddha is of colossal size. The eyes, nearly four feet long, are of pure gold, and a narrow slit has been cut in each so that those who go inside the statue to the little votive chapel, and clamber up a narrow ladder, may look out on the beautiful garden in which he stands, and have a more correct idea of his wonderful size. In the centre of the calm, massive forehead is a silver boss weighing thirty pounds, representing a ray of light. The whole figure is forty-eight feet high and ninety-seven feet in circumference, the nose is three feet long, the ears six feet in length, and every one of the little curls (of which there are eight hundred and thirty) is a foot long. At the time of the Chicago World's Fair an enterprising American

firm made overtures to the Japanese Government in the hope of buying the statue; but, luckily, it was found too unwieldly for transportation, and the project was abandoned.

This work in bronze stands, perhaps, at the head of the incomparable arts of Japan. An alloy of tin and a little gold is mingled with the copper, and on the joined thumbs and hands, where visitors climb to sit for their photographs, the bronze is polished enough to show its fine dark tint. The rest of the Buddha is dull and weather-stained, and the rough seams where the sections were welded together now show plainly.

In addition to the image, various altarpieces, statuettes, candlesticks, incense-boxes, and flower-stands, rich with carving, inlaying, and damascening, and a great bell, were cast at the same time. Every evening at sunset, like the old Angelus, this splendid bell reverberates and echoes in solemn and tender tones over a devout countryside. The striking of it, which is done by a big beam of wood swung on chains being hurled against the outside, is an event in the monotonous lives of the priests who attend to the gardens, and whose delight and pleasure it is to describe their art treasures.

The statue itself needs no guide to point out its grandeur. Unlike all the other Buddhas of Japan, which are certainly very ugly and unspiritual, and rouse no emotions in the ordinary observer, this figure cannot fail to stir a sense of devotion even in the frivolous or dissenting. The face is not the expression of momentary passion, but full of appealing dignity and simplicity. As Ruskin says in describing a Greek statue: 'Not that it is so beautiful, but it is so right. Its peace of heart, its contentment, its true and everlasting strength, and all the grace that follows on that strength, are marvellous.'

Much of the charm of the religious places of Japan consists in the profound sentiment with which they have been placed in the midst of most lovely natural surroundings, which have been 'thought out' in relation to the masterpiece they frame. The Kamakura Daibutsu is no exception to the rule. It stands in a grove of tall trees, a truly ideal setting for a place of worship. Deprived of its ancient roof, the figure is itself a shrine under the blue dome of heaven, confined by no other walls than those of the rustling grove. The 'Light of Asia' repays study, and, in truth, yields little of its meaning at first sight, though even the casual observer is awed by its overpowering size and a sense of the littleness and transitoriness of every-day life face to face with such a symbol of the eternal reality.



A CAVALRY SCOUT IN THE INDIAN MUTINY.

By JUNGUL WALLAH.



N December 1857, along with twenty members of my corps, I was deputed by Sir James Outram to go from the Alum-Bagh to Bunee Bridge, a distance of sixteen miles, for the purpose of ascertaining how the

garrison at that place was getting on. Bunee was the only position held by us on the main road between Cawnpore and the Alum-Bagh, which were forty-eight miles apart.

We got along very well until within two miles of Bunee, when a horde of mutinous cavalry suddenly appeared out of a tope (clump) of mango-trees about a quarter of a mile off. The officer commanding the party decided at once that our only chance of escape was to make the most of the distance between us and the enemy's cavalry, and scuttle. So off we went at a hard gallop, making for Bunee, followed up by the enemy in full pursuit. But, to cut this part of the story short, we outpaced them, got in safe and sound, and were entertained to our hearts' content by the garrison.

While we were enjoying our excellent supper, the officer commanding at Bunee sent an aide-de-camp to say that he had most urgent information for Sir John Inglis, commanding at Cawnpore, which he was anxious should be carried to him at once. The commanding officer said he was well aware it would never do to weaken Sir James Outram's force by detaching a number of men, and they would not get through the numerous vedettes the rebels had on the road; but he thought two of our men would probably succeed in sneaking past any obstructions they might encounter. Of course he was fully aware that the undertaking was a dangerous one; still, the risk must be taken. So it was settled that two of us were to go to Cawnpore. The task the officer commanding our party had to tackle was to select those two, as every man was anxious for the duty; but, being a long-headed fellow, he got over the difficulty by deciding that we should draw lots. This was done, and Sergeant Butler and I were what we considered the prize-drawers. Poor Butler! he had been recommended for the Victoria Cross; he never lived to obtain it, having died at the Alum-Bagh in 1858 from the effects of a blow he received in the chest from a rebounding round shot.

At ten P.M. we left Bunee, both of us having a duplicate of the despatches, which were in cipher, rolled into small tin tubes. We got along all right for about eight miles. When we neared the town of Busseerutgunge we saw by the glow of numerous fires that large parties of rebels were encamped on both flanks, and that the town was occupied by some of them, so we halted to consider what was to be done. The conclusion we arrived at was that

there would be no use in trying to get round either flank, as we did not know the country, and the town was surrounded by swampy ground. So we decided that we must make a choice of two courses: either return to Bunee, dejected and disappointed, and probably to be chaffed off our heads by the garrison, or make a dash for it, and gallop through Busseerutgunge, which we knew was only half a mile long. The latter course being adopted, we dismounted, hauled our canvas horse-clothing from under our saddles, cut it up, and tied our horses' hoofs in four folds of canvas, so that the patter, patter of their feet on the hard road might be muffled. Having done this, off we went, creeping up to within four hundred yards of the town without being observed, and then we rode at a gallop. No sooner had we entered than we heard the challenge, 'Who comes there?' but, taking no notice of this, we pressed our spurs into the horses' flanks, flying for life. Within two minutes after we passed the sentry who challenged us, hundreds of rebels turned out, and began to fire from all sides; but the darkness of the night favoured us, and we got through scot-free. After proceeding about half a mile, we drew rein and dismounted to remove the bags from our horses' hoofs and to give the nags a breather. This halt was necessary, for we had sixteen miles farther to go before we could reach Campore, and the odds were we would have to make another dash for it through Onoa, a village about eight miles off. It was lucky for us in more ways than one that we did decide on this halt, as within a quarter of an hour we heard the enemy's cavalry coming down the road, evidently following us up. Off the road we went, and hid behind some high bushes, relying for safety on the darkness of the night and on the horses not neighing. The sensible creatures remained perfectly mute, and we had the satisfaction of hearing the enemy—we could not see them-gallop on towards Cawnpore, shouting to each other, 'We have them! They are not far ahead!' Fortunately we were not discovered, so again we had to decide what was to be done, knowing our awkward position between the rebels at Busseerutgunge and those on the road to Cawnpore.

But we were bound to 'face the music.' After resting for an hour, we proceeded, and got through Onoa without being in any way molested. Them at Munglewar, which was only eight miles from our destination, we were told by a native traveller from Cawnpore that a large body of rebel cavalry had passed through the town about an hour before, most of them squabbling with one another at the stupidity of allowing two Englishmen to outpace them and escape. He also added that he had seen them leave

the road about half a mile off and make for a tope of trees. On hearing this, Butler proposed that we should set off and ride as hard as we could for the banks of the Ganges opposite Cawnpore. But that would not do; as, if the rebels should see us (and it was very probable they would, as daylight was breaking), or if they overtook us (which they would do unless the horses were fresh), our end would not be far off. Therefore we made up our minds to proceed at a walk for the rest of the journey, and that in the event of being waylaid or chased we would sit down in our saddles and ride as we had never ridden before.

We got along unmolested within three miles of our destination, when at sunrise we heard numerous trumpet-calls on our left. 'Ah! ah!' both of us exclaimed almost simultaneously; 'so there you are! Well, you beggars, you shall ride for it. Our horses are fresh, and by the time you get into your saddles and form up we will have had a good start; and, if the worst comes to the worst, the odds are that all that can happen is that we may have to swim our horses across the Ganges.' Away we went at a ripping gallop, and on came the rebel cavalry in hundreds. They chased us for over a mile, but never got within three hundred yards; and they gave up the pursuit when the Cawnpore garrison, seeing the fix we were in, loosed off a few shells in the midst of them, making them retreat pretty sharp. On arrival at the banks of the Ganges

we found a large flat-bottomed boat waiting for us with a party of armed men; and within a quarter of an hour were landed safe and sound at Cawnpore, where we were entertained for a week like kings.

It was considered by Sir John Inglis too risky to let us return to the Alum-Bagh alone; therefore we were ordered to await the departure of a convoy that was to leave for that place in a few days; so we had to stay. This week's absence made General Outram decide that we had fallen into the hands of the enemy, and been killed, which was the fate of nearly all those who were captured by the rebels. You can picture to yourself how we were welcomed on our return.

I cannot conclude without bringing to notice the heroic conduct of Sergeant Butler during the trying night we spent together, and also the fate of his poor horse. Butler was a very stout man, and when he began to ride fast, when chased by the cavalry, his weight began to tell on the animal. Butler felt this, and said, 'Ride on and save yourself; leave me to my fate. There is no need for both of us to be caught.' But, thanks to a merciful Providence, there was no necessity for this, as the game old horse seemed to waken up suddenly to the danger of falling behind, made a desperate effort, and carried his rider safely to the Ganges. But, alas! the effort was too much for him, and he died the next day.

TALKING ABOUT TJALKS.

By W. VICTOR COOK.



HAT is a tjalk? On the lips, or rather in the mouth of a Dutchman, the word is pronounced something like 'tyálluk,' with a short, clicking final syllable, as if the speaker's tongue had suddenly snapped in the middle.

Any one who has ever run across to Rotterdam or any of the Dutch river-towns must have seen tjalks by the score, for they are nothing more nor less than the picturesque sailing-luggers—one can hardly call them barges—that ply continuously up and down the length and breadth of Holland, and ascend the broad Rhine stream as far as Cologne or even to Coblenz. Everywhere, throughout the intricate network of waterways with which the flat surface of the Netherlands is intersected, one comes across the tjalk. Far away over the polders it may be seen gliding mysteriously through what seems the midst of a solid meadow, its tall mast and brown sails only visible; or, if the wind be unfavourable, or the channel of water too narrow for sailing, one follows it on the canal footpaths as its inmates toil and strain at the rope by which they are dragging it along. The tjalk is the delight of the artist, the stand-by of the small trader, and the despair of the Dutch school-attendance officer.

With the school attendance-officer's despair we begin to approach the 'true inwardness' of the tjalk. In most of the western countries of Europe, including our own, the rivers and canals-while they are still, of course, extensively used for the purposes of commerce-are no longer what they once were. Their population differs in no important respect from the population of the districts through which they pass. It has lost all the individuality it may once have possessed. But of the canals of Holland it may almost be said that they breed a race of their own, a race with its own dialect, its own customs, its own traditions handed down from father to son for generations. From fifty to seventy thousand persons out of the five millions or so who make up the population of Holland are born, brought up, live, marry, and die on the tjalks. The tjalk is the only home they have ever known or will know, or probably would wish to know; up and down the land they glide, slowly but surely, from day to day, never in the same place for many weeks together, unless when winter holds the inland waters in its icy grip. The little child's playground is the tjalk's deck; the young man's ambition is to have a tjalk of his own, so that he may marry and go up and down the land as his fathers have done before

him, to earn a living for his family. When he reaches middle-life, and his family is growing up sturdily around him, my lord the tjalk-owner settles down to enjoy life. Pipe in mouth, you may behold him in placid meditation in the stern, now and then giving a touch this way or that to the great tiller, while his wife and family, very possibly including his mother-in-law, tug away at the towrope on the bank of the canal. For although on the rivers and wider canals sailing is practicable with a favourable wind, far the greater part of the work has to be done on the tow-path.

The greater part of the internal carrying trade of Holland is done on the tjalks, Germany receiving large quantities of food every year through their agency. Each tjalk is divided into two portions. The front of the boat below the deck consists of a capacious hold, where the load is placed; the family dwell astern. In a small tjalk the whole of the domestic establishment may be below the deck; but in most there is a little house, painted green or white, just in front of the tiller. Cosy little dwellings they look, their bright-coloured paint set off by a row of plants and flowers on the deck or stuck in the tiny window, their song-bird in its cage, their dog or cat, or both, asleep curled up in a corner of the deck. There was a time, not so very many years ago, when, instead of going to sleep comfortably on deck, the tjalk-owner's dog had to do most of the work of towing. The tjalk-master omits nothing that may help to make his floating dwelling look smart. The tjalk itself is frequently painted a bright colour; and, wherever an excuse offers, it has shining metal-work, on the polishing of which the master and his family will spend as much care as their compatriots on the polders do on the evening washing of their house-fronts. Little pennants frequently adorn the mast and heavy yard, while the tjalk-owner's care for his craft is also shown by the waterproof covers in which the sails are folded when the boat is for any length of time stationary.

When the tjalk has done its day's journey and the labours of towing are over, or when it is lying in one of the numerous havens in the towns waiting for cargo, then is the time to see the family at their ease. Then the vrouw brings out her needlework from the tiny house, and sits placidly sewing, with her back against the wall of the house, the youngsters scramble about the deck, and mynheer smokes the pipe of meditation or strolls ashore to consume 'schnapps' and discuss the doings of the world with his acquaintance of the canal-side. Wonderfully picturesque is a group of the wandering canal-vessels moored along the quays of some old Dutch city, waiting to load or discharge. On the whole, though offering no great scope for 'vaulting ambition,' the management of a tjalk is a profitable business, and the young man who hardens his muscles by tugging at his father's tow-rope may, if he be reasonably industrious and reasonably fortunate in picking up a wife whose dowry will

do a little to help his own savings, look forward with confidence to making a tolerably comfortable living.

Wandering one warm morning among the picturesque havens and canal quays and bridges of old Dordrecht, the writer was seized with a sudden ambition to explore the interior of a tjalk. The same notion had taken possession of his mind several times before, when here and there the road northward struck a canal-bank or led on to the dykes that border the broad, winding channel of the Waal; but hitherto time and opportunity had not been available together. Now, however, was an hour or two to spare, and here were tjalks galore, moored at every turn. There, close at hand, lay a group-it might be half-a-dozen—of them, with their great masts and their long brown yards making a picturesque confusion at the quayside in front of the Café Cronje. Selecting the best-looking tjalk of the half-dozen, the writer balanced his bicycle against a hauling-post on the quay and stepped hopefully forward. A momentary qualm seized him on observing the name of the craft: President Kruger, by all that was pro-Boer! What with Cafés Cronje and President Kruger tjalks, it did not seem a very healthy spot for a verdomde rooinek to go poking about in, -for these were in the days of the Transvaal War. However, there is nothing like taking the bull by the horns; so, marching up to the master of the President Kruger, the writer made shift to ask, in the very best blend of Anglo-German Dutch at his command, if mynheer would have the complaisance to let him step on board to look at his very interesting boat. Notwithstanding the partisan character of his surroundings, mynheer turned out to be the most affable person imaginable. The permission was freely accorded, and mynheer constituted himself guide. He must have been a man of high intelligence to have understood the fearful and wonderful compound in which his visitor's utterances were phrased; but, though there was a good deal of mutual bewilderment in the course of the conversation, it went very well, and the master of the President Kruger proudly pointed out the varied excellencies of his craft.

When we had explored the deck and admired the big tiller, and the brass nails along the bulwarks, and the brightness of the red paint on her sides, and when mynheer had perseveringly tried to make his visitor understand the use of the zwaard—the curiously shaped board hung on both sides of the vessel to assist in turning her quickly in a small space, then we went in and down at the door of the tiny house, more like an overgrown dolls'-house than an abode for human beings. This little apartment, where the family slept and where they retired in bad weather, was divided midway by a sort of movable partition, and in each half was a diminutive window, tight-closed, with white blinds half-drawn, and a little flower-pot in the midst. At the side of the apartment farthest from the stern was a petroleum-stove, surmounted by the most absurd

yet neatest little mantelshelf, covered with photographs and tiny knick-knacks ranged on each side of the clock. Round the other three sides of the room ran a semicircular seat against the wall, with lockers beneath, which the host proudly opened to display his family china and 'plate,' the latter being of copper or enamelled pewter and brightly polished. Two of the largest lockers served the purposes of a larder. From the roof, in which was another small window, hung the mynheer's pipe, an important article of furniture. The whole interior of the apartment-from the varnished wooden panels of the lockers to the cooking-utensils that hung on the walls-looked as though it were polished and scrubbed every few hours, which those who know the Dutch housewife's inveterate love of scrubbing for its own sake could readily believe to be actually the case.

When we had concluded our inspection of the family apartments, nothing would serve but we must go and look at the great hold. So, emerging again from the little 'front door,' where the vrouw was sitting cutting up vegetables for the evening meal, we passed forward, and mynheer swung back on a hinge one-half of the heavy wooden cover of the hold, and we descended into the spacious depths. The President Kruger had entirely cleared her cargo, and had been lying for a day or two awaiting a fresh commission, so that the entire hold was empty, from the forward end, where the foundations of the great mast went up through the deck like the roots of some sturdy tree, to the opposite extremity, where mynheer's two eldest boys had fastened a swing to iron hooks in the roof, and were vying with each other in daring deeds, their small sister standing by and enviously admiring. On the flooring near them lay several toys, which seemed to indicate that, when not more profitably engaged, the hold served the purpose of an indoor nursery. At the other end of the boat was a large compartment for storing sails, &c.

In a city like Rotterdam, where a broad stream of river as well as wide canals are spanned by a number of bridges, it is an interesting sight to watch the tjalks pass under the arches of the bridges on their way up or down the river under full sail. As the great majority of the bridges are too low to allow them to pass clear, the masts of the tjalks are slung close to the deck on hinges, and are fitted with an arrangement of levers so that they can be laid almost horizontal in a few seconds. The frequency of the necessity to lower the mast thus gives the tjalk-owner and his family a remarkable smartness in the operation. We may watch one of the great picturesque boats bearing down-stream at full speed, her brown sails bellying out in a strong breeze, till it seems as though another half-minute must see her go crashing into a bridge and snapping the mast off short like a twig. But the master, as he stands at the tiller, knows to a foot how near he can sail in safety. A couple of stout lads stand in the bow, waiting for the word. Just as all hope for the poor mast seems lost, the word comes. Within a second or two the fat brown sail has come sliding down, and with a few steady turns of the winch-handle the tall mast is leaning back at an angle that obviates all danger. The tjalk glides under the bridge in safety, mynheer gives the word again, and in another second or two the boat is under full sail as if nothing had happened. At other times-at least so far as Rotterdam and the great seaboard cities are concerned—there is no need to lower the mast. One of the most characteristic and (if you are not in a hurry) interesting sights of such a city is the frequent raising of the portcullis of a river or canal bridge to let the shipping through, while, as in the case of the Tower Bridge in London, the long line of the waiting traffic grows longer every minute, and the patience of the unaccustomed stranger shorter every minute.

One of these days, when the Dutch school-attendance officer has 'got his hand in' more than he has as yet contrived to do, and the thirty or forty thousand children who now grow up in blissful ignorance on the waters of the canals have to go regularly to school like their fellows ashore, the break-up of the picturesque and historic barge-population will probably begin. The day when it sets in in earnest will be a day of joy and thanksgiving for the educationist; but the artist and the dreamer, and all the Bohemian brotherhood who would rather lean over a bridge and sigh than sit in a useful and necessary counting-house and grow rich, will drop a gentle, romantic tear into the muddy stream of the canal in kind remembrance of the tjalks and of those who dwelt therein.

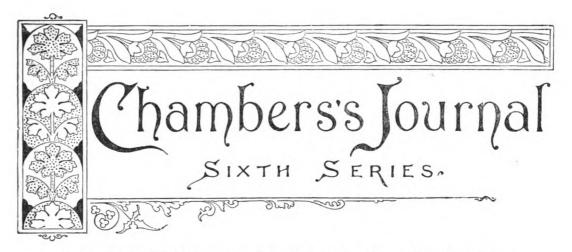
R. L. S.

THERE'S an island in the ocean
Where Pacific breakers roar,
And a mountain on the island,
And a grave—and nothing more!
And upon the grave is written
The name of him who lies
Where no voice disturbs his alumber,
'Neath 'the wide and starry skies.'

There's an island in the ocean
Where Atlantic breakers roar,
And the mountains rise up rugged
From the rocky, stubborn shore.
And the heather-blooms are purple,
And the whaups and plovers cry,
And the 'wine-red moor' is melted
In the dusky northern sky.

There's a valiant soul a-sailing
Upon the eternal sea,
From east to west and northwards;
But ever home turns he.
For through the mirk and darkness,
On the headland of the night,
There's a deathless memory blazing
Which his torch has set alight.

H. HALYBURTON Ross.



TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESSES AND THE G.P.O.

By W. B. ROBERTSON.



HE business of the Post-Office is to facilitate and expedite communication, and it does this satisfactorily. In the doing of its work it compares favourably with other State departments; one reason, no doubt, being

that, serving the public more directly than other departments do, and serving it in a matter of the first importance, the public soon lets it know when its action or want of action is disapproved. Thus is it kept up to the mark, the officials usually having the good sense to accommodate the service to the growing needs of the millions they cater for.

In one notable instance, however, the authorities displayed remarkable obstinacy-remarkable because so foreign to their traditional policy of enlightenment. This was in connection with the telegraphic or abbreviated addresses we are now so familiar with and find so economical. Any man by paying a registration-fee of a guinea per annum can go to the Post-Office and have the half-dozen or more words contained in his postal address reduced to twonamely, an agreed-upon word that is registered for his exclusive use in his district, and the name of the place he is established in. In the case of an address that by this system is reduced from six words there is a possible saving of twopence on inland telegrams-not to the man who has registered his address, but to those sending him telegrams. It is thus necessary, to gain the advantage of the system, that those likely to telegraph him should know his registered address. He gains because the condensed address makes it easier, because cheaper, to communicate with him by wire; and whatever facilitates communication facilitates business. Moreover, receiving enough telegrams to justify the annual outlay of a guinea for registration, he is himself sure to be the sender of numerous telegrams, and on these he will gain when sent to correspondents who have registered. The Post-Office also gains. Its annual income from registration-fees is now sixty-three thousand pounds, and its clerks have fewer words to put on and take off

the wires and fewer words to write out on the messages. It can thus do more business in a given time, and increased business has come through the abbreviated addresses cheapening rates. Yet, strange to say, the Post-Office officials manifested hostility to these addresses for eight years! They took your guinea and they registered your address; but they prevented its being of any use by keeping it a secret. They would neither publish the list of recorded addresses themselves nor allow others to do so, alleging that the persons registering might object; as if any sane man would pay a guinea a year merely to have a meaningless word written down in the Post-Office!

The dislike of the Post-Office to the system of telegraphic addresses was revealed immediately after the introduction of sixpenny telegrams in 1885. Then there was what might be termed a rush of business men to take advantage of the system, in anticipation of the extended part telegraph messages, through being cheapened, would play in commerce. Commenting on this rush, the Postmaster-General reminded the public that the system of abbreviated addresses had originated with foreign telegrams, the heavy charges for which made every possible saving important, and he did not recommend the registration of abbreviated addresses. Nevertheless, the registration of abbreviated addresses recommended itself to the public, and the public continued to register in increasing numbers, though the system was largely, indeed almost completely, shorn of its benefits by the strange hostility of the officials to giving publicity to the registration.

Here is an example of what was continually happening. A business man would receive a telegram like this: 'Wire lowest prices for Fizzing. If reply received to-day can place order.—UPRIGHTLY.' Now, unless he were in constant communication with 'Uprightly,' the chances are the receiver of the telegram would not know who 'Uprightly' was. It was useless going to the Post-Office to inquire, for the information would not be given there without the consent of 'Uprightly,' the sender of the

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So, to inquire after 'Uprightly,' the telegram. office-boy would be sent round on a roving expedition to houses that were in the habit of doing a large business by telegraph and might have manuscript lists of the telegraphic addresses of their clients. It may not have been bad for the boy's morals to be sent in such diligent quest of 'Uprightly;' but next day he might be just as diligently seeking 'Cigars' or 'Devilry' or 'Burglar.' Of course search was very often unavailing, and he would return discomfited, to find every one in the office in a state of irritation, with 'Uprightly' on the brain. Many instances happened of people receiving important telegrams ordering goods for immediate shipping, and bearing a code signature, which, not being decipherable under the secret, or rather silly, system, led to the loss of good business. Again, not having access to the registered addresses of firms, people wiring them were mulcted in the extra expense of transmitting the postal address; and the difference between the two addresses sometimes may be gathered from comparing 'The West African Gold Prospecting and General Exploitation Company, Limited, 783A Old Broad Street, London, E.C.,' with 'Prospect, London.'

This was a most vexatious state of affairs; and Mr Henry Sell, who has been singularly successful in rendering important services to the mercantile community, set to work to do what he could to remedy matters. He collected as many names of firms with registered addresses as he could get, arranged them alphabetically, and numbered them, with the telegraphic address of each in juxtaposition. He also arranged the telegraphic addresses alphabetically, with a number opposite each; the number in each case corresponding to the number that indicated the position of the name and address of a firm in the first arrangement. Thus, if you wished to know the telegraphic address of John Jones, 309 Frying-Pan Alley, London, E., you would look under 'J' in the alphabetical arrangement of names and addresses, and opposite the particular John Jones you were interested in you would find his abbreviated address: 'Serpent, London.' If, on the other hand, you wished to know who 'Serpent, London,' was, you would look under 'S' in the alphabetical arrangement of abbreviated addresses, and opposite 'Serpent' you would find the number 597, which would guide you to John Jones by referring to the arrangement of names and addresses.

This first list was published in 1885 simply as a broadsheet, and contained only a thousand addresses. It was incomplete—woefully incomplete; still it proved so useful and was so much appreciated that Mr Sell determined to continue the publication. He told the Post-Office what he had done, and what he meant to do, and asked permission to be allowed to copy their registrations. Oh dear, no; absolutely out of the question. Such a thing was never heard of. Mr Sell, however, went on with his work; he circularised all the firms in the United Kingdom likely to have a registered address, and sent out an

army of canvassers. It was an appalling undertaking, and the chagrin at the difficulties to be overcome was not lessened by the knowledge that within a few hundred yards of his office lay every item of the information he had to seek for so laboriously. It was positively galling; still he went on, encouraged by seeing his publication yearly increase in bulk and in public favour, though year after year the Post-Office denied him access to their list.

At length, by 1891, Mr Sell's list, now grown into a five shilling volume, contained twenty thousand addresses-not more than half the total; and he had more than ten thousand letters from heads of firms throughout the kingdom appreciating his efforts and wishing him success in his 'war,' as it was called, with the Post-Office. Mutterings had been heard for some time in the newspaper press. These now developed into direct attacks on the Post-Office, which was likened to the dog in the manger. The Times considered that Mr Sell's 'request has been refused for reasons which appear to us to be of no validity. It may be that the department has tardily recognised that it ought to have issued a similar volume itself, but this does not seem to be the case; and, if so, its refusal to allow any one else to perform the duty it has neglected is an injury to the public.' Newspapers of every shade of political opinion condemned the position taken up by the Post-Office on this question, and commercial men and members of Parliament rallied round Mr Sell, who finally triumphed in September 1893, when he was granted official sanction to copy the Post-Office lists of telegraphic addresses. Then the work went merrily on. A staff three hundred strong was engaged, and in February 1894 the public had what it had so long yearned for-a complete directory of registered telegraphic addresses.

In thanking the press and the public for the support they had accorded him in his eight years' war, Mr Sell, in his preface, reminded his readers that 'it was in consequence of the widespread dissatisfaction felt among commercial men at not being able to get any information from the Post-Office as to the senders of telegrams when signed by a registered code-word, and also as to what is the codeword of a firm with which they wished to communicate, that I determined, at any cost, to obtain for business men what they required.' The book was now hailed by the press as the 'most notable publication ever issued,' and was the object of much laudation. It thus received bold advertisement in compensation for the trials it had come through. The broadsheet with one thousand addresses has now grown into a tome of more than two thousand pages and with sixty thousand addresses. There are also issued three quarterly supplements with alterations, cancellations, and other changes in addresses right up to date. Changes are, of course, taking place every day where sixty thousand business addresses are concerned, and every day there comes to the office of Sell's Registered Telegraphic Addresses & list of these changes from the Post-Office.

In the first official issue, Mr Sell made a good suggestion to users of abbreviated addresses, and told a good story. The suggestion was that one word should be adopted to indicate that the preceding word in the message is a registered telegraphic address. For instance, a correspondent received this cable: 'Pay Jemima one thousand pounds.' Of course, Jemima was not the word used, but it serves the purpose here. The receiver of this message could not imagine who Jemima was; but after much trouble it was found to be the registered address of a Liverpool firm, and the money was immediately sent, the delay, however, having caused much inconvenience. The word Mr Sell suggested as a 'pointer' was 'quaintness,' being easy to remember and never likely to be confused with ordinary words used in telegrams, and this word he registered for the convenience of his subscribers.

When he went to register his own address as 'Sell, London,' he found he had been forestalled by a firm of wine merchants, who had chosen it merely as a good business-word. They, however, very graciously gave Mr Sell back his name on his representing that it would be better remembered by his clients than any other. A firm of wholesale stationers named Hunt registered 'Hunting.' This word was earnestly desired by a saddler whose chief trade lay with huntsmen. A bargain was struck, and the coveted word was transferred.

A well-known journalist has 'Hybiscus,' the name of a scarlet flower of the mallow family, for a telegraphic address. He took it from a book he had been reading at the time he registered, and he had had it for over twelve years when he received a telegram requesting him to purchase some hundreds of shares in a public company for 'Jack.' He was nonplussed. It was addressed 'Hibiscus,' which is the correct spelling of the word; yet he was sure it could not be for him, so he returned it to the Post-Office. Later, he wrote: 'I looked "Hibiscus" out in Sell's Directory of Telegraphic Addresses, and there, sure enough, was the word against the firm in question'-an Australian financial syndicate. The foregoing shows some of the influences that have guided people in the selection of their telegraphic addresses. Men in business always like to keep their own name, as it is an additional advertisement, and it is best remembered. That, however, is not now possible, as the Post-Office provides the words that are to be registered, allowing each one to choose which he will have out of a number offered. When people had a free hand a common practice was to take a syllable from the name of each partner—the first syllable of one and the last of the other, or the first syllable in each case. Thus a firm styled Butrous & Rapers might give 'Butpers' or 'Butrap.' The idea underlying this device was that such combinations suggested the firm's full name. Another common plan was to use a word expressive of the trade carried on. Thus an undertaker would register 'Funeral,' 'Hearse,' or 'Coffin;' a sporting tailor, 'Tally Ho,' 'Hark Forward,' or 'Buckskins;' a clockmaker, 'Tick-tack;' a financier, 'Money.' 'Bloomerism' is registered, curiously, however, not by a costume-maker but by a horse-dealer. Some seem to have adopted their street number: thus we have 'Twelve,' 'Three-score,' 'Fifteen,' 'Fifty-four,' and so on. Others appear to have gone out of their way to get words that might be striking, and therefore distinctive. Among such may be mentioned 'Unhappily' (which is a lady's aldress), 'Thingumbob,' 'Uproar,' 'Sorrowful,' 'Overweary,' 'Somnolent,' 'Overworked,' 'Frolicsome.'

Every one of the addresses in Sell's Directory is there with the consent of the owner. That consent is given with alacrity except in a few instances, these being chiefly where partners in a firm have agreed upon a code-word for exclusive use amongst themselves. Such, of course, are not given. Besides telegraphic addresses this book now gives telephone numbers and full details as to telephone regulations and ramifications. The publication of such knowledge in convenient form benefits the whole community by leading to the extended use of our established means or lines of communication, and thereby to an extended volume of business. Indeed, the development and exploitation of our means of communication giving increased fluidity to distribution would seem to be more needed at present than increased productive power; for the cry of 'markets for our commodities' is far louder than the cry 'commodities for our markets.'

THE PEARL NECKLACE.

CHAPTER XIV.—EVIL TIDINGS.



I was he who spoke first.

'Is it you, Captain Hawthorne?' he asked hoarsely.

'Why, corporal, what brings you here?' I stammered.

He swung out of the saddle, but remained speechless, and with his eyes fixed on Dorothy.

'Well, man,' I said angrily, 'why do you not speak?'

'What I have to say is for your private ear,' he answered grimly.

Dorothy would have instantly drawn back, but I interposed.

'Nay,' said I, 'whatever you have to say may be said in the presence of this lady, who hath no longer any hand or part in the plot against His Highness the Protector.'

Still he hesitated, glancing dubiously from one to the other. I began to lose patience. 'Corporal Flint,' said I hotly, 'you forget yourself, and not for the first time. Be good enough to obey my orders, and speak out what you have to say, and that instantly.'

The corporal feared no man living save one, and he turned and faced me with a very truculent expression.

'Ay, that I will,' said he. 'I will speak out, not only here, but in the presence of those who shall judge between you and me. Know you what hath taken place while you have been consorting with avowed Malignants, and toying and trifling with their women-folk?'

At that I seized him by the arm, and my voice shook with anger.

'Take care,' I exclaimed; 'do not presume too much upon my patience. If you carry your insolence further I will'——

'Nay, sir,' said he—and I could not but own that there was a certain rude dignity in his voice and manner—'the fear of man shall not seal my lips, nor prevent me lifting up my voice to testify against backsliders and those who place the love of any earthly creature before their duty to the cause. I varned you and you would not listen, and now'—

'In God's name, man,' I cried, 'tell me your news and be done with it. Is this a time for rebuking and testifying and so forth? What do you here? Why have you left your post? Why are you not at the Hall?'

'Because,' said he bluntly, 'the Hall is in the hands of the enemy.'

'The Hall in the hands of the enemy!' I exclaimed, and I reeled backward as though I had received a blow.

'Even so,' said he grimly. 'They came upon us in the dusk through the secret passage spoken of by Jacob Watkins, and I only am left to tell the tale. The rest are taken or slain, save Nicholas Rowe and Ezekiel Formby, and others who have joined forces with them. The Hall is now in the hands of Colonel Montague, to whom I owe this slash across the head as I cut my way through.'

For a moment I was as though stunned, gazing in bewilderment at the white, scared faces of Mistress Dorothy and her maid, and the fierce eyes and grim countenance of Corporal Flint. Then as I realised the truth I was beside myself, uttering I know not what wild and incoherent speeches, and crying out in my rage and despair that I had been tricked and betrayed

'Betrayed!' exclaimed Dorothy.

'Ay, betrayed,' I cried. 'At this very moment His Highness may be lying dead, stabbed to the heart by the daggers of assassins. Did I not tell you that he was coming to the Hall, traitor that I was? Oh, I see it all! Rowe and Formby and the rest of the troopers will receive him at the door. He will enter unsuspiciously, and be stabbed or shot by Montague and his accomplices as he crosses the threshold. God help me, what a dupe and dolt I have been!'

'Did I not warn you?' exclaimed the corporal.
'Did I not lift up my voice to testify against the snares of the Evil One in the guise of a woman's face?'

'If you could but see your own face, Master Corporal, with the eyes of others'—— began Barbara; but her mistress put her on one side, and stood before me, very white and with quivering lips, her slender figure drawn to its full height, her eyes gazing fearlessly into mine.

'When you speak of being tricked and betrayed, Captain Hawthorne,' said she, 'will you be good enough to explain whether you accuse me or my

brother of being guilty of treachery?'

Had I been in my sober senses, sure I could not have uttered the cruel words I did; but I was half-frantic with shame and grief, and scarce knew what I was saying.

'I must judge by deeds, not words,' said I harshly. 'In spite of his fine speeches that he would have no part in the plots of an assassin, your brother insisted that Colonel Montague should go free; and when I would forthwith have returned to the Hall, as it was clearly my duty to do, persuaded me, you know well by what inducements, to remain. It was a clever trap, Mistress Dorothy, and truly I think you may be proud of the ease with which you hoodwinked the poor fool who trusted you.'

She shrank back as though I had struck her. Barbara, half-sobbing with rage, put her arm about her.

'Oh, you coward!' she cried. 'Shame upon you! Are you a man that you can speak thus to one who'.——

'Be silent, Barbara,' exclaimed Dorothy.—'And as for you, Captain Hawthorne, follow me instantly, and you shall soon know whether I or mine could be capable of such vile treachery.—Go forward with the light, Barbara.'

She walked rapidly towards the house, and I followed her, scarce knowing what I did.

'Are you mad?' said the corporal at my elbow.
'There is not one moment to be lost. Cromwell must be warned of the trap set for him, and that instantly, or it will be too late.'

'Warned!' I exclaimed. 'And how? Were you not pursued?'

'Ay,' said he; 'they followed hard at my heels more than half the way, and then drew rein. Yet if my ears deceive me not, they are keeping watch outside the gates.'

I paused for a moment, and in the silence could hear the faint click-clack of hoofs, as though several horsemen were moving stealthily along the road.

'Even so,' said I. 'They are lying in wait to intercept any one who would attempt to warn Cromwell of his danger.'

I pointed to where the moon was rising, round and red, through the evening mist.

'Look,' I continued; 'it will soon be well-nigh as light as day, and none could pass those who are lying in wait without being seen. Moreover, if we

should elude them, or cut our way through, how could we contrive to warn the Protector? Four roads meet near the Hall, and which, if it please you, will he come by? God help me, I know not what to do. Had we a sufficient force, and knew of this secret passage, we might fall on the assassins, sword in hand, and retake the Hall; but if that cannot be done I fear we are powerless to save him.'

'And do you think the Malignants, who have already betrayed you, will help you to do this?' sneered the corporal. 'Will you again be tricked and fooled by a treacherous'—

'Hold your peace,' I interposed angrily; for there had come to me some glimmer of hope, I scarce knew why, and I already bitterly repented the cruel words I had uttered. As we rapidly approached the house I could hear the voices of Frank and his friends making merry over their wine, and it flashed upon me that with their help alone could the Protector, if still alive, be saved.

Without a word, without a turn of the head, Dorothy walked swiftly up the steps and into the brightly lit dining-room, where Frank and the Royalist gentlemen were seated. I can see still the ruddy sparkle of the wine and the flushed, comely young faces turn wonderingly towards us. The mirth died out of their eyes, and the merry voices and laughter were hushed at the sight of our tragic countenances. In an instant Frank was on his feet, gazing in consternation at his sister's white face.

'Why, Dorothy,' cried he, 'what has happened? Speak. Do you bring ill news?'

She half-turned and waved her hand towards me. 'This gentleman,' said she, 'has seen fit to accuse us of having tricked and betrayed him—of having been guilty of the blackest and basest treachery.'

'Treachery!' exclaimed Frank, and laid his hand on the hilt of his sword; and there was the sound of shuffling feet and the clink of steel as one after another rose from his seat.

'It was you who let Colonel Montague go free; you and I—so it seems—who persuaded Captain Hawthorne to remain behind; and now we are accused of having done this in order that during his absence Colonel Montague might surprise the Hall—which he has succeeded in doing—and set a trap to assassinate Cromwell, who is going there to-night.'

'Tis a vile and shameless lie,' cried Frank, 'and I will thrust it down his throat with my sword.'

He whisked his sword from its sheath deftly enough, in spite of his still bandaged arm, and the others following his example, I saw the glitter of steel on every side. Had they taken time for reflection they would doubtless have acted differently; but, moved by a sudden outburst of passion, they pressed towards me with angry cries and gestures.

'Down with the crop-eared cur!' cried one.

'Slit the canting hypocrite's throat!' exclaimed another.

In such a mood it was useless to parley with them, and I drew to defend myself, and placed my back against the wall. Beside me stood Corporal Flint, with a grim smile on his rugged, blood-stained countenance. In another moment the room would have rung with the clash of steel; but before the blades could cross, Dorothy had interposed between us.

'No, no, Frank—no, no, gentlemen!' she cried; 'this is not the way to disprove the charges brought against us. If you slay Captain Hawthorne, will that prove that we have not betrayed him? There is but one way, and that is, if it be not already too late, to enter the Hall by the passage you know of, and put an end to the plot by seizing Montague and his accomplices.'

They ceased their outcries as she spoke, and made no effort to force their way past her; but they still stood irresolute, regarding me with gloomy and threatening looks. It was Frank who, after a moment's hesitation, broke the silence.

'She speaks the truth, gentlemen,' said he; 'and however little you may relish the business, I know well that I can rely on you to aid me. Come, there is not an instant to lose.'

He took a step towards the door, but the rest hung moodily back.

'Well, for my part,' said one as he sullenly thrust his sword into its sheath, 'I can say with a clear conscience that I knew nothing of the matter, and that I will maintain against any man breathing; but, by heaven, I will not stir one step, nor raise so much as a finger, to save the usurper from the fate he richly merits.'

'Nor I!' 'Nor I!' 'Nor I!' exclaimed the others.

'What did I tell you?' growled the corporal in my ear.

'Gentlemen, gentlemen,' pleaded Frank, 'do you not see that the honour of my family is at stake—that if the man be assassinated in my father's house we shall never be able to convince the world that we had no knowledge of it?'

'His hands are red with the blood of the martyred King,' said the other gloomily. 'What matters it whether he dies by the hangman's rope or the assassin's dagger? Let him die, I say; and then the King, God bless him! shall enjoy his own again.'

A nurmur of approval broke from the rest, and they sheathed their swords and sat sulkily down, turning a deaf ear to Frank's entreaties and expostulations.

It was plain that I could expect to receive no aid from them, and I motioned to the corporal to follow me, and moved to the door. I had no hope that we could now save the Protector; but at least we would quit ourselves like men, and die sword in hand, if need be, for the man and the cause we loved. My foot was on the threshold when Dorothy began to speak again, and I half-turned to listen to her.

Never while life lasts shall I forget that scene. The light fell full upon her brave young face, and, fair as I had thought it before, it had never seemed so fair to me. Ah! what are shining eyes, and soft flushed cheeks, and flowing hair, and all the sweet and subtle witcheries of women if they be not the signs and symbols, as it were, of a pure and noble spirit? As she stood there braving the scorn and anger of her friends, and beseeching them to act like gentlemen and men of honour, be the sacrifice what it might, I think that for the first time I truly loved her. From my heart I can pity him who loves not the woman he weds as, from that moment, I loved Mistress Dorothy.

'Gentlemen,' she exclaimed, 'is it indeed possible that you will allow the name of your friend-ay, and your own names too-to be sullied with a stain that can never be wiped out? Will you allow it to be said that, by false professions of friendship, we induced Captain Hawthorne to remain here in order that during his absence Colonel Montague might seize the Hall and assassinate the Protector? I tell you that when it is noised abroad that, though you knew of what was taking place, you would not lift a hand to interfere, no man or woman in all broad England, Cavalier or Roundhead, will believe in your innocence. What! are you, loyal and honourable English gentlemen, content to have your names coupled with that of an assassin who lurks behind a door to stab his enemy in the back? I cannot, I will not believe it. Gentlemen, for your own sake, for the honour of the names you bear, for the fair fame of your King, I entreat you, do not shame and disgrace your friends and yourselves by allowing it to be said that you were the tools and accomplices of a hired assassin.'

She had not misjudged them. She knew better than the corporal and I what manner of men she had to deal with. The gallant young fellows were on their feet before the last words had escaped her lips. No doubt her beauty and the sound of her voice moved them—for what man could be insensible to such things?—but, for my part, I think 'twas because her brave words awoke in them their own love of honour and contempt of what was vile and treacherous that they responded so readily to her appeal.

'Enough, Mistress Dorothy,' said he who had previously spoken. 'You were right and we were wrong, and we will do what lies in our power to make amends.—Lead the way, Frank. There is not one here who will not follow you.'

Instantly they streamed out after Frank as he hurried into the hall, calling to the servants to bring torches and lanterns to light us through the passage. For one moment I lingered behind.

'Mistress Dorothy,' I said humbly, 'it may well be that I shall not return, for there is like to be much bloodshed ere this business be ended. Can you forgive me for the cruel speech I made when I scarce knew the meaning of the words I uttered?'

But she looked at me very coldly—as, indeed, she had good reason to do.

'It is of little consequence whether I forgive you or not,' she said; and the words went through my heart like a knife.

'But if I escape the perils of this night, may I not hope to hear that which you were about to say when we were interrupted, Mistress Dorothy?' I pleaded.

'Nay, sir,' she answered; 'for I may tell you here and now that I will never give my hand to one who could so cruelly misjudge me. Go, and do your duty, Captain Hawthorne. I trust that you will never be tempted to neglect it in the same way in the future. Farewell. Whatever be the issue of the struggle, you and I are scarce likely to meet again.'

So saying, she turned and left the room; and, sick at heart with grief and pain, I hurried after Frank and his friends, who were already outside the house.

CURRENT COIN.

By ORION.



N A Third Pot-Pourri, lately published by Messrs Smith, Elder & Co., Mrs C. W. Earle tells some good stories, which no doubt will be current for some time, and, like coin, passed on from one person to another.

'At a rent-audit dinner, the Squire noticed that a new tenant of his, sitting in the place of honour on his right hand, was taking nothing to drink, so he said, "Well, Johnson, this won't do. You are drinking nothing," &c. Johnson replied, "No, Squire, I never drinks nothing with my meals." "How's that?" asked the Squire; "are you a teetotaler, or suffering from rheumatism or anything, and acting under doctor's orders?" "No, Squire, 'tain't that.

It's this way: if you take a bucket full of water, you can't get no taters into it; but if you put the taters in first, it's wonderful what a lot of water you can get in afterwards."

'A philanthropic old lady in Exeter, very keen on the drink-question, got hold of a very bibulous old sailor whom every one had given up as a bad job. He had lost a leg and one eye, and used to do odd jobs about the market-place. He told the lady that if he could once get a fair start on his own account he would try to reform, many of the jobs he now did being paid for in drink. The old lady, after much thought, purchased for him a tray to hang round his neck with a broad strap, and a supply of nice gingerbread, and she taught him the

following sentence to repeat at intervals: "Will any good, kind Christian buy some fine spicy gingerbread off a poor, afflicted old man?" When he had sold a shilling's worth he congratulated himself on his strength of abstinence, and thought he would treat resolution to just one half-pint. This, needless to say, led to one or two more; and, when he resumed his station on the pavement, his cry became a little mixed, and in a loud voice he appealed to passers-by with: "Will any poor, afflicted Christian buy some good, kind gingerbread off a fine, spicy old man?" Trade became very good, and he again treated resolution, with the result that his cry became: "Will any fine, spicy Christian buy some poor, afflicted gingerbread off a good, kind old man?"

Mrs Earle received these stories from a fellowguest at a country-house, and in return she told him this, which, however, is not, I think, quite so original: 'I am told that in the bankruptcy court the debtor is always asked by the judge if he can give any reason for his failure. A young man who was being thus examined promptly answered, "Oh yes, quite easily: fast women and slow horses."'

As a happy instance of what the unlettered can make of a botanical name, Mrs Earle tells us that she had been told by a friend who actually heard it, that as two old women were parting at a cottage-gate, one said to the other, admiring a large lauristinus in full bloom, 'What a fine plant you have there!' 'Yes,' said the cottager, 'and such a beautiful name as it's got!' The other woman, looking a little astonished and ashamed of her ignorance, said, 'And what is it?' 'Oh, don't you know it's called "The Lord sustine [sustain] us."'

In Miss Goodrich Freer's biographical preface to Miss Ferrier's novels, published by Messrs Methuen & Co., I find the following: 'An old tenant of the land of the Wester Ogle was on his deathbed, and his end near at hand, when his wife thus addressed him: "Willie, Willie, as ye can speak, are ye for your burial-baps round or square?" Willie, having responded to this inquiry, was next asked if the mourners were to have gloves or mittens, and then was allowed to depart in peace.'

A dealer in faggots in Aberdeen was asked how his wife was. 'Oh, she's fine; they've ta'en her to Banchory;' and on its being remarked that the change of air might do her good, he looked up, and, with a half-smile, said, 'Hoot, she's i' the kirkyaird!'

In Mr Inglis's Oor Ain Folk there is given this delicious dialogue between Liz and Mag: 'Scene—Stairheid, doon the Spoot.—"Fine day the day, Mag." "It is that na'." "Ony noos?" "No' muckle. But fat dee ye think Jen Maisterton hed till 'er denner yesterday?" "I'm share I dinna ken. Fat wis't?" "Od, wuman, can ye no' guess?" "Gae awa' wi' ye. Fu cud I guess?" "Weel, then, she had staik." "Staik! Set her up wi' staik! Like her impidence, I'm share! The same's gin parritch

werena guid eneuch for the like o' her, an' her jist fillin' pirns [bobbins] to Jock Soutar."'

It is said that the legal lights of old Forfar were convivial to a degree, and there is something in this reputation if all stories be true. For at a time when several schemes for draining the loch were being discussed, a local wit, who was not guiltless of the failing which he made the butt of his sarcasm, proposed the emptying of a hogshead or two of whisky into the loch, and added, 'Jist you set the Farfar wreaters [writers, solicitors] at it syne, and they'll sune drink it dry.'

Jamie Coutts was beadle and sexton of the old parish church of Forfar. He did not approve of the dwarfed tower of the church; and a local wag persuaded him to do what he could to undermine it so that the town council would be compelled to erect another of a worthier kind. Discovered in the act, he was taken before one of the bailies, who sternly inquired, 'Od, Jamie, man, what pique or spleen had ye at oor auld steeplie?' Jamie's answer was ingenuous to a degree: 'I had neither a pick nor a spleen,' he said, 'but just an auld spade.'

The minister of Tannadice—the 'daft Buist' of many a tradition—who acted as clerk of presbytery, was on one occasion drafting a minute which contained certain figures. Mr Clugston, the minister of Forfar, remarked, 'I think you have a cipher too many there, Mr Buist.' Looking at his mentor, the eccentric clerk replied, 'Yes, there has always been a cipher too many since you came amongst us.'

The minister of Oathlaw, the Rev. Harry Stuart, used occasionally to officiate on Sunday afternoons as chaplain in Forfar prison, and there he used to pray, as he did at home, 'Lord, conduct us in safety to our several places of abode.'

A Forfar story is related by Sir Walter Scott in his notes to Waverley: 'A., an ale-wife in Forfar, had brewed her "peck of malt" and set the liquor out of doors to cool; the cow of B., a neighbour of A., chanced to come by; and, seeing the good beverage, was allured to taste it, and finally to drink it up. When A. came to take in her liquor, she found the tub empty, and from the cow's staggering and staring, so as to betray her intemperance, she easily divined the mode in which her "browst" had disappeared. To take vengeance on crummie's ribs with a stick was her first effort. The roaring of the cow brought B., her master, who remonstrated with his angry neighbour, and received in reply a demand for the value of the ale which crummie had drunk up. B. refused payment, and was conveyed before C., the bailie or sitting magistrate. He heard the case patiently: and then demanded of the plaintiff A. whether the cow had sat down to her potation or taken it standing? The plaintiff answered she had not seen the deed committed; but she supposed the cow drank the ale standing on her feet; adding that had she been near she would have made her use them to some purpose. The bailie, on this admission, solemnly adjudged the cow's drink to be deoch-an-doris (a stirrup-cup), for which no charge

could be made without violating the ancient hospitality of Scotland.' This story has had the further honour conferred upon it of becoming proverbial. Dean Ramsay notes this fact, and quotes the proverb, 'Do as the cow of Forfar did: tak' a standin' drink.'

The members of the Town Council of Forfar never seem to have been wanting in humour. 'What else,' asks the local historian, 'could be said of a body which allowed its convivial expenses to merge in its treasurer's accounts under the item "Whin seed?"' 'Oh for the grip o' a rashie bus',' Bailie Fyfe was declared to have cried in a moment of seeming peril on the sea; and Forfar annals bristle with his quaint sayings. On the bench, for instance, when a poor old woman was brought before him charged with stealing sticks from Balmashanner woods, he indignantly exclaimed, 'Things ha'e come to an awfu' pass if we canna tak' an armfu' o' sticks frae oor ain plantins. Gae 'wa' wi' ye, man,' he continued, addressing the prosecutor, 'are ye no' ashamed o' yersel'?-And, Janet, my wuman, whenever ye want ony mair sticks just gang the same gate and tak' them. Fat's the world comin' till, I wonder ?'

The Laird's—Provost Fyfe was called the 'Laird' —knowledge of agriculture and stock was unique. On one occasion he was bargaining for some pasturage which was recommended as being very fine grass. On going to see it, he exclaimed, 'Ay, man, that's yer girse, is't? Girse, did ye ca' it? Nebuchadnezeer wad ha' eaten't a' in a week.' This appraisal comes quite naturally from one who, in referring to a field of diseased potatoes, said, 'By jing, lads! they're a' gane to pot.'

When rinderpest began to work dire havoc among cattle, the minds of the community were greatly exercised over its cure. Some masons who were 'working' for the Laird were deep in a discussion on this subject when he made his appearance unexpectedly amongst them. For a little while he listened to their remarks; but suddenly he exclaimed, 'I'll tell ye, lads, what'll cure the rinderpest: twa draps o' mason's sweat; but I'm hanged if ye'll get it here.'

The Laird's speech to the lawyers of Forfar was characteristic. 'When I kent ye first,' he said, 'ye were writers, then ye becam' agents, and noo ye ca' yersels solicitors. Ye're getting on fine, and I shouldna winder if ye'll sune ha'e the impidence to ca' yersels honest men. But, billies, ye maun ha'e disgraced yer name terrible when ye've to cheenge it sae aften.'

Of one of the Forfar characters, Mr Inglis, in Oor Ain Folk, has this reminiscence. His name was 'Singer Jeemer,' a poor stroller who had the habit of rounding off his words with the syllable 'er,' and was a 'causeway favourite' in Forfar for many a year. Jeemer was seen one day with his arm in a sling, and on being questioned answered his inquirer, 'Airmer, maitter eneucher! I gaed awa' to Brechiner to singer at a concerter, fell down a stairer, broker airmer, near boucherder a' thegitherer.'

Another vagrant, Mr Alan Reid tells us, is credited with a good story, which illustrates a very pronounced local trait: the application of cognomens to all and sundry whose personality could bear them. A certain minister of Aberlenno had met this wanderer, and, thinking to have some amusement, drew him into conversation. By-and-by the vagrant remarked, 'I see ye're a minister. If it's no' ill-manners to speir, whaur's yer kirk?' 'Just you guess that,' quoth his reverence, little dreaming of what lay in store for him. 'Aweel,' the caird began, 'I'm sure ye're no' Pitolfoot o' Tannadice, nor are ye peekin' John Sma' o' Oathlaw. You're no' Cauld-Kail o' Careston, nor are ye the Harrow o' Fearn. You're no' the Rattlin' Cannon o' Kirrie, nor yet the Roarin' Lion o' Glamis. Ye're neither the Black Ram o' Cortachy, nor the Glaesgow Gun o' Forfar. Ye're no' the Godly Rodger o' Rescobie, nor Horse-couper Jock o' Inverarity; sae, gin ye be na drucken Mitchell o' Aberlenno, I canna guess wha ye are.'

Dr Charles Rogers, in his Familiar Illustrations of Scottish Character, gives the reply of King James to the English courtier in these words: 'Tuts, man; the provost of my little toon of Farfar keeps open hoose a' the year roun', and aye the mair that comes the welcomer.'

Another of Dr Rogers's Forfar anecdotes may be reproduced: 'The civic chief of that provincial town in the eighteenth century occupied a social position not more elevated than his change-house predecessor. A gentleman from a distant part of the country had visited Forfar to make some statistical inquiries regarding the burgh. On entering the place he asked a plain individual, bending under a load of timber, whether he knew if the provost was at home. "It's I that bear the burden," responded the person addressed. "I know you do," said the stranger, supposing the question had been misunderstood; "but I ask you whether the provost is at home?" "I'm the Provost o' Forfar," said the man, laying down his load to listen to the stranger.'

In another excellent local history, also recently published, Lauder and Lauderdale, by A. Thomson, F.S.A. (Galashiels: Craighead Brothers), I find the following: 'There is a stone in Lauder churchyard bearing date 1671, which is said to commemorate a mason who came by an accident to his death at the building of the church. The inscription is:

Here lyes interred ane honest man, Who did this churchyard first lie in; This monument shall make it known That he was the first laid in this ground. Of mason and of masonrie, He cutted stones right curiously, To heaven we hope that he is gone, Where Christ is the chief corner-stone.

Another inscription is as follows: "NT. MH. JR. IB. George Renwick's Burying-place, who hath been in Europ, Asia, Aferica."

In 1659, when Charles the Second returned to Scotland, James Guthrie the Covenanter was a pro-

minent figure in debate. He was a man of plain and straightforward address. Mr Pollock of Perth said to him one day, 'We have a Scotch proverb, "Jouk [duck] that the wave may go o'er ye." Will ye no' jouk a little, Mr Guthrie?' The stern and severe, but altogether sound, reply was, 'Mr Pollock, there is no jouking in the cause of Christ.' The King at one time visited him at Stirling to endeavour by personal interview to mellow his manners; and as Mrs Guthrie was solicitous to receive the distinguished visitor with show of decorous loyalty, and hastened to set a chair for his Majesty, the rigidly righteous divine prevented her, saying, 'My

heart, the king is a young man; he can get a chair for himself.'

In olden times, worshippers used to take change out of the plate that stood at the church-door for receipt of the collection or offertory. A servant of Anthony, Earl of Lauderdale, on one occasion came to his master in great glee, saying, 'I've cheated the Seceders the day, my lord; I've cheated the Seceders.' He had put a bad shilling into the plate, which stood at the door of the Secession Church, at the same time taking out elevenpence halfpenny. That was making coin current in a way in which I trust I have not done in this paper.

THE RED HEAVIES.

CHAPTER IV.



was the evening of the County Ball, and Baddenham was in its most volatile mood—that is to say, a considerable number of the mothers and daughters of Baddenham, and the cook-confectioner who had charge

of the supper. Baddenham's favoured mankind regarded the dance much more apathetically, and some even with apprehension. Among these last were Colonel Reed of the Red Heavies and Grandison Lee.

The Colonel struck a painful yet significant note at dinner an hour or two before the ball was open. It was both painful and significant, in spite of the forced levity in his jolly red face while he spoke. 'I hope none of you fellows will forget yourselves,' he said, in a pause which followed Lieutenant Bissell's cold mention of certain of their inevitable partners by-and-by. 'No plunging to get straight, you know. I've had enough of rash specs.'

Little Popper, who looked ill, hurriedly plunged straight at his champagne-glass. He quite believed all eyes were on him, and that he was being cursed freely under a dozen white shirt-fronts. It made him feel almost sick. As for hating himself, he had done that with so much energy for the last fifty hours—nights included—that he couldn't anyhow raise another opprobrious epithet to pelt himself with.

But, in fact, his brother-officers of the Red Heavies did not look at him at all—except Grandison Lee, that impulsive stick of a fellow, and he only for a moment. With an impatient cough at himself, he looked rapidly before him the next moment.

'No one's blaming you, Popper,' the Colonel continued.

'Set of sharks!' exclaimed Captain Gadbecker.
'When they can't get their rations out of the public they cut and carve at each other. So I've heard. It's devilish bad luck; but of course no one's blaming Popper. He's not a shark.'

A gentle laugh rippled here and there about the table.

'No, but I'm an ass!' cried little Popper. 'I did think my governor'——

'I wouldn't dwell on it!' interrupted the Colonel kindly. 'My fault for saying anything about it. I only did it because of this kick-up. There'll be a lot of girls there—eligible, I fancy, is the word—eligible girls.—Eh, Bissell?'

'I expect you know all about it, sir,' said Lieutenant Bissell.

'No, I don't, any more than Grandison Lee.'

'I,' said the Major hastily, with a quick movement of the eyebrows, 'haven't been to a ball for ten years.'

At these words a laugh arose which was not gentle; and Wibley, a subaltern only a few months senior to Popper himself, flung a dart. 'Then why's he going now?' he cried, waving his cigarette.

Young Wibley was one of the only three who were not sitting in sackcloth and ashes.

Captain Galway tapped Grandison Lee lightly on the back. 'He has you there, old man!' he observed.

'Well, do you know,' said the Major, making as good a show of frivolity as could be expected of him, 'I'd give something to get out of it. If I hadn't promised—— Oh, well, never mind.'

The Red Heavies were themselves again for about a minute: they acknowledged Grandison Lee's avowal with a tempest of laughter. Even little Popper joined in gustily, though he still looked as if he had barely survived a bad passage across the Channel.

The Major himself wore a threadbare smile. Only when the mirth drooped did he attempt to explain. 'You're all on a wrong tack!' he said, in the simple candour of his soul. 'At least, I imagine you are.'

'Who is it, then?' urged Captain Galway.

'It happens to be Mrs Popper. That is to say'——

There never was such ingenuousness embedded in such imposing bulk. He saw his mistake when the very glass on the table was ringing with the roar which followed. This time he laughed well in train with the rest.

The session ended with the Colonel's command: 'Gentlemen, you are requested to see that Major Lee is not led away by his feelings in the course of the evening.'

Perhaps it was all rather rough on little Popper, as some of them said and thought. But if so, Popper bore no malice.

He got hold of the Major in the yard as the latter was making for his rooms to dress, and begged to accompany him. 'I'm a quick-change man myself,' he said; 'and I do so want to have a chat with you. You can guess what about?'

The Major couldn't exactly do that. He proceeded to hope Popper had not been hurt by his unwitting mention of Mrs Popper.

'Not a bit. Why should I? It's this infernal Westralian Coal and Iron business. May I be quite open with you, Lee?'

Now, this was a poser for the Major, who believed that he had retrograded in character somewhat deplorably since his contretemps with Mary Riddell. He had wondered just now what the fellows would think if they knew that he, too, was mixed up in the rout of the Red Heavies, due to Popper's father's erroneous estimation of the Westralian market. He had yielded to temptation. He had listened to all Popper's glowing words, echoed from Throgmorton Street, and he had resolved that Lawrence should have that month or two of foreign coaching which his vivá voce in French and German almost demanded. But he had managed it all apart from the others. There was a Stock Exchange man in Baddenham, and there was an obliging Hebrew. The necessary cover of one hundred pounds was readily obtained from the latter, and then passed on to the stockbroker. And it had vanished like a feather in a hurricane. The Major decided that he could not tell Popper this sordid little tale. The poor fellow had quite enough to reproach himself about. The Red Heavies had plunged; and the Colonel's balance to the bad, all told, of more than a thousand pounds was but a small fraction of the regiment's entire loss.

'If you think I can do anything, Popper,' he said, rather wearily.

'There's nothing for you or any one to do. I'm thinking of shooting myself. That's all. But I thought I'd like to tell some one beforehand. I don't intend to do it till after the ball; but I'm such a wretched coward I feel I must let some fellow into the secret. There'll be an inquest, and'——

'Thank you, I'm sure,' said Grandison Lee. 'I should enjoy myself very much as chief witness at your inquest, Popper. But I beg your pardon. Pray continue.'

The Major's initial horror had been succeeded by an emotion which forced him to be ironical.

'Well,' said little Popper desperately, 'what is a fellow to do?'

'Do?'

Grandison Lee caught the subaltern by the arm. 'Good Heavens!' he whispered. 'Are you out of your senses? Your sister'——

'My sister's nothing to do with me in a matter this size, Lee. Women don't understand honour like men. The only comfort I've got is knowing you've not been hit; she'd never forgive me that. Not that I should care if she didn't, after I'm dead'

'Popper,' said the Major, holding him tight, 'you called yourself an ass just now. You are one. But you'd be an immeasurable one if you committed suicide for a paltry knock like this. You'd be the wretched coward you called yourself too. Really, I have no patience with you!'

'Then what about the other fellows, sir?'

'Allow me to say, confound the other fellows, on such an occasion!' The Major flushed that tawnyred of his which appeared only in his most passionate moments. 'That is,' he added, with next to no passion, 'it can't be helped, and you wouldn't fill their pockets by killing yourself. Upon my word, Popper, you appal me. Where's your esprit de corps, for one thing? An officer of the Red Heavies to put a bullet into his head because of a disappointment, like a brainless kitchen-maid! That would be mounting a bar-sinister on the colours.'

'I didn't think of that, Lee,' exclaimed Popper.

'No, of course you didn't. That's just how fellows go wrong. They fix their eyes on their own bit of an itch, and ask'—— He stopped and shrugged. 'I'm a fine fellow to talk,' he went on, in a changed and quite humble tone.

'You're the only fellow here whose opinion I care a hang for anyway,' said Popper. 'I suppose it's steering clear of messes yourself that makes you give such rattling good advice to other chaps.'

'Oh!' said Grandison Lee. 'Do you think so?'

'I'd bet—that is, I'll warrant—you've never lost your head and wanted to shoot yourself, Lee.'

This was too much. The Major chuckled derisively. They were at the threshold of his quarters.

'Come in for ten minutes and I'll tell you something to open your eyes,' he said. 'You'll not mind my washing the while?'

In those ten minutes Grandison Lee gave little Popper's statement the lie by losing his head like the poor brainless kitchen-maid he had already referred to. He meant it for an object-lesson, partly; indeed primarily. He told Popper all about his love at first sight for Mary Riddell, and his incredible behaviour a few days later.

'There!' he said as a finish, giving his jacket a shake, 'you won't talk such rubbish again, I hope; nor think that because all men don't air their troubles like shirts on a line they haven't got any. I must, of course, request you to keep this to yourself.'

Little Popper's excitement was intense. He seemed to have forgotten his own sanguinary programme altogether. He was all eyes while the

Major was speaking; but the dénouement disgusted him.

'Well, I'll be dashed!' he cried. 'The "mater" thought something was up with her. She hasn't been the same girl since. But I say, Major, you're not thick enough to say that you can't see through her?'

'See through her?'

'Yes, of course. By Jove! if I was spoony on a girl and she treated me no worse than Polly did you, I'd have a ring on her finger inside the week. She'd marry you like a shot—that is'——

The Major took little Popper by the shoulders and softly pushed him towards the door. 'You mustn't talk like that!' he said, speaking with difficulty. 'Go away and brush your beautiful hair, and—no more of that other nonsense either.'

'All right, old man,' said little Popper cheerfully.
'I know the Red Heavies die but do not marry, and all that; but there ought to be exceptions. Well, I'm off; and a thousand thanks.'

The Major shut the door and sat down; nor did he stir from his chair until his man rapped to tell him that Captain Galway and the cab were both ready for him.

Of his thoughts as he sat thus idle, looking at nothing—at least seeing nothing within the actual range of his eyes—it may suffice to say that they were extraordinarily confused, yet all rushing and curvetting and flying about one pretty gray-eyed face with the love-light in it. He had dreaded the ball before, and he dreaded it now still more. But it was no indecision about going or not going that kept him thus motionless. Of course he would go. But supposing Popper was right in what he had said about his sister? It was preposterous; yet many things that were preposterous turned out to be true. Only supposing!

'Tell Captain Galway I will be with him in two minutes,' he said.

A quarter of an hour afterwards he was charming Mrs Popper as he led her with unexpected ease through the opening quadrille. It was evident that she did not see he was wearing a mask. That knowledge invigorated him, and he almost hoped the ordeal would not be so very severe after all. They had reached the hall a little late, 'thanks to your dawdling,' said Captain Galway; but the Major had found Mrs Popper near the door, waiting, as it were, to pounce upon him.

'I knew you would not fail me, Major,' she said, taking his arm and at once filling a gap in a set. 'I am like my daughter Mary: I have faith enough to move mountains—in some men.'

'She is with you?' he asked stiffly, neglecting the compliment.

'To be sure. In the centre of the room, with Lord Middlebury. She didn't want to wear such a gaudy frock, but I told her I insisted on being able to see what she was doing.'

'In crimson?'

'Why, yes, certainly; I suppose it's a crimson,

like your own dress-jackets. She had it made in honour of Peter's regiment.'

Mrs Popper had something more to say about her daughter Mary ere the quadrille finished.

'I don't care what you'll think of me, Major Lee,' she said; 'but I took the liberty of filling in six or seven of my daughter's engagements—tentatively—you understand. I can't have her dancing with every one. But most of the Heavies are safe, and—if you would see her after this dance and ascertain which is yours! Am I forgiven?'

'You have honoured me, Mrs Popper,' said the Major.

That or not; she had at least relieved him of an initiative the thought of which had encumbered him.

'Take me to her, please,' said Mrs Popper at the interval; and, breathing deeply, the Major complied.

It wasn't easy to steer a lady of Mrs Popper's magnitude through such a crowd with comfort to all parties concerned. But at a certain stage in the progress she helped him greatly. It was when she espied young Stiles shoving his way also towards Mary Riddell.

'Major,' she said severely, 'I want Albert Stiles. You look after yourself.'

She played her part like a Roman parent, too, reckless of appearances.

Mary was smiling first upon one suitor and then upon another when Mrs Popper came upon the scene. The Major once again yielded to the fascination of that matchless smile. She was paler, and he fancied, thinner, than before; but her smile was immortal, and never to be forgotten.

Mrs Popper called to her, and her eyes met Grandison Lee's.

Then Mrs Popper secured young Stiles.

'Give me your arm,' she said, taking it. 'And now guide me to those nice broad blue seats under the flags, Mr Stiles.'

'Half a crack, Mrs Popper,' exclaimed young Stiles, frowning.

'No, Mr Stiles, not even a quarter of a crack, unless you wish me to write to your mother and tell her'——

Young Stiles could not escape. And until the next dance Mrs Popper held him fast. She met one or two acquaintances on the way to the broad blue seats at the side, and paused to comment on the brilliancy of the spectacle, and so forth. But Albert Stiles couldn't slip free of her. He tried, but couldn't do it. She let him go only when the floor was clearing for the waltz. And meanwhile Mary and the Major had come together. She merely said a quiet 'Good-evening,' and gave him her card; and when he looked at it she added, almost in a whisper, 'It was my mother's doing. Of course you shall please yourself.'

Even he could not help smiling when he saw that Colonel Reed was down for number six, and himself for number seven. 'It was bar accidents—that is, other engagements!' she whispered on. She laughed too, and again their eyes met. Her pallor was briefly hidden by a blush; but she spoke with that boyish note which had at the first done so much to infatuate him.

Then they separated; though not until she had smiled at him with an intimacy she didn't give to others, and said softly, 'I'm so sorry for you.'

She referred to the general ordeal of the ball; but for the next hour he puzzled himself off and on about the meaning of her words. He danced two other duty-dances, then left it all alone, waiting for number seven, and following the movements of that crimson gown which held life's best blessing for some one. Not that he felt dull. By no means. Men chaffed him on his laziness, and ladies challenged him about his culpable want of gallantry. Young Popper cuffed his back once with a 'Well, old chap, I am ashamed of you!' which seemed so incongruous with the Peter Popper of eight o'clock or thereabouts that Grandison Lee briefly forgot the youngster's sister in meditating about moods and men. Albert Stiles also dropped him a word. 'Old Mother Popper's a hag!' he said. 'She's spoilt my evening, Major, confound her! It's well to be some folks!' This said, he rushed to the supper-room.

Between the fifth dance and the sixth, Captain Galway had a brief gossip with him. 'Reminds me of Nero's fiddling when Rome frizzled, Lee!' he remarked.

- 'What?' said the Major.
- 'Oh, that wretched Westralian business, you know. It's tied me up for months and months. The Colonel's real nervous lest any of us should be angling for an heiress. He'll be glad to see you looking so safe—will the good old boy! But you're not moping, are you?'
 - 'Moping? Bless my soul, no, Galway.'
 - 'Nor dancing?'
- 'Well, I have got one coming on. I'm waiting for it.'

The Captain laughed sagaciously. 'I see! Trot her round, then off to supper, and away you go. Who is she, Lee?'

- 'Oh, well-Miss Riddell.'
- 'Miss Riddell! My word, that's good for you. Her dearly beloved mother informed me I needn't apply, as she was full up. I'm not the only one complaining either. Another beastly corner in the market, I suppose. And just when—between ourselves—I am seriously thinking of chucking the service and—you won't tell—wooing her to the uttermost. I've talked it over with Popper. Well, here we go again, more's the pity!'

The music declared a fresh dance, and Captain Galway also went his way.

At last Grandison Lee's turn came. He rose heavily, and made his way straight towards the crimson gown. Exertion had increased Mary Riddell's beauty, yet it was with a certain shyness,

as well as her old sweetness of expression, that she put her hand on his arm.

- 'I'm tired,' she said.
- 'Would you rather sit?' he asked quickly.
- 'Yes, if it is the same to you.'
- 'Of course.'

It was wonderful and incomprehensible. As he conducted the girl across the room to a bowered alcove, towards which she herself had glanced as if with longing, he felt blindly blissful again. Just as if he had not already gone through the mill and come out seasoned, woman-proof!

There were four others in that little bower, but they soon frolicked away.

Then, on the instant, Mary Riddell began to speak earnestly, much as she had spoken when first they met in the beech-grove. 'Peter has told me of the dreadful wickedness he was contemplating this evening, and of what you have been to him again; and I—I don't know what to say to thank you.' She rushed the words with, it seemed, a sudden gleam of tears in her eyes.

'Oh, my God!' gasped Grandison Lee. 'Peter ought to have known better than to say anything to any one about it. But—I can't think he would have done it, Miss Riddell. He couldn't.'

- 'I believe he would.'
- 'Well, it was a shame of him to—spoil your pleasure. But it's all right now. Don't worry about him. He'll do well enough. He's had a lesson.'

Mary Riddell's smile through her tears, now indubitable, was terribly sweet for the Major to see. 'One doesn't always remember one's lessons though,' she said. 'Peter is like me in having a bad memory. It's a good thing sometimes.'

- 'A great blessing, as you say, sometimes,' said Grandison Lee slowly. 'Do you know, I've thought now and again the words "Make us forget things" wouldn't be a bad addition to the Lord's Prayer. And yet I don't know!'
- 'I think,' said she, 'that one forgets only where it is best that one should forget.'
 - 'Ah!'

Then Grandison Lee understood that he was on the threshold of another crisis. The girl's words, the light in her eyes, her extraordinary indifference to that brutal indiscretion of his, and the fierce thumping of his own heart—what was to come of it all?

But, quick as a lightning flash, something intervened. A sound as of a hundred thunder-claps in one was followed—no, accompanied—by a crashing on all sides. The glass of a small window above fell about them in a splintery shower, and even while it fell the wall itself cracked like the report of a hundred rifles, bowed, and—

Grandison Lee was on his feet, with the battlelook in his eyes. 'This way!' he said. The girl's hands were in his.

But the ball-room was a pandemonium of shrieks, as one thud succeeded another.

'No. Here!'

There was no time for more. Right and left, before and behind, all was collapsing. But in the few seconds of time at his disposal, Grandison Lee gave Mary Riddell all the protection his body could give her, as bricks in clots and dozens, and by ones and twos, rained upon them. And when he dropped all but insensible, he still contrived that his body

should act as a shield to the girl, who had sunk in the piling litter at their feet.

The Mayor of Baddenham had quite recently drawn the Council's attention to the danger of the local dynamite factory having even limited storage-quarters in such proximity to a public building. This terrible explosion had proved the Mayor's wisdom, if nothing else.

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN.



HE title we associate with assassination as a fine art was not borne by one man only, but by a dynasty which, for over a century and a half, from its mountain stronghold in Northern Persia ruled the most

powerful and dreaded body the world ever saw. Its founder was Hassan ben Sabah, a man whose misdirected genius gave him a place which remains unique in history.

A Persian by birth, Hassan in early manhood entered the college which had been established at Cairo by a sect of dissenting Moslems known as the Fatimites. It is not necessary to examine their doctrine at any length; it will be enough to say that the salient point of their teaching was that all actions are morally alike and that there are no such things as Right and Wrong. Encouraged by their success in Egypt, the Fatimite caliph or high-priest of the sect in Egypt began to send out emissaries to make converts among the orthodox Moslems of the East; and among those chosen for this work was Hassan ben Sabah, who, naturally enough, turned his steps towards his own country. His exceptional force of character had been recognised at Cairo; and his subsequent career proves him a man of inflexible will, absolute confidence in himself, and almost superhuman power as a leader of men. Since he was a staunch believer in the Fatimite doctrine, it seems needless to add that his large ambitions were handicapped by no scruples; and when, on leaving Cairo, he threw aside the duty he had undertaken, and resolved to use his opportunities to found a sect of his own, he was acting in conformity with the teaching he had received.

An adventure that befell him early in his journey gave him the nucleus of his new sect. The vessel in which he took passage to Syria was overtaken by a storm so violent that the crew and passengers gave themselves up for lost. Hassan pounced upon the chance: he harangued the people till he convinced them that he enjoyed the special protection of the Almighty, who had appointed him His instrument in a great work. It was, therefore, impossible that he should be drowned, or that any one who accepted his teaching should perish in the storm; in short, he worked upon their superstitious ignorance so suc-

cessfully that when good fortune brought the vessel safely into port Hassan stepped ashore the acknowledged head of, a new sect consisting of the passengers and crew.

Assuming the dress of a strict Moslem, and posing as a saint, he made his way, preaching as he went, to Bagdad, and thence to Persia. Wherever he went he made converts, ostensibly on behalf of the Egyptian Fatimites, but really with his own ends in view. When he had secured a sufficient following he looked about for suitable headquarters where he might establish himself as chief of the new order; and his choice of Alamut gave indication that his aims were not wholly pacific. Alamut was a castle perched on a lofty rock in the mountains near Casvin, some ninety or a hundred miles from the shores of the Caspian, and in this castle, which had been built many years before by a Persian prince who recognised the great natural strength of the situation, Hassan took up his quarters with a large band of followers in the year 1090 or 1091. He was at this time about fifty-five years of age.

His object in establishing himself at Alamut was to secure the safety of himself and his immediate adherents in the campaign it was his purpose to carry on against all existing forms of government. He has been called the First Nihilist; but as his aim was to create general anarchy as a preliminary to making the Order he had founded the paramount power in Western Asia, the term is not wholly applicable. It is difficult to believe that any human being could deliberately think out and carefully organise a methodical system of secret murder as the mainspring of a political movement; but the organisation of Hassan's sect leaves no room for doubt on this point. Assassination was no new thing in the eleventh century; but it was reserved for the first Old Man of the Mountain to elevate it to the dignity of a political science.

The Order of Assassins was divided into seven grades or degrees: (1) The Sheikh of the Mountain; (2) the Grand-Priors, trusted lieutenants of the Sheikh; (3) the Dais, or Initiated, who shared with the chief and his lieutenants knowledge of the true tenets of the Order—that is, that every man was a law unto himself, and that Right and Wrong had no existence; (4) consisted of Refiks

or Companions; (5) the *Fedavis*, or Devoted Ones; (6) the *Lassiks*, or Novices; and (7) the common people.

The four lower grades were bound, like other Moslems, by the strict letter of the Koran, with the important qualification that the word of the head of the Order was their permanent law. The 'Devoted Ones' were the assassins; their ranks were recruited by youths who in early childhood had been stolen from, or sold by, their parents, and who were educated to believe implicitly in the omnipotence of the Old Man of the Mountain. They were taught that death in his service was the only sure path to Paradise, and that to return alive from an unsuccessful mission of murder was in the first degree disgraceful. There is some doubt concerning the truth of the oft-quoted story of the preparation of a fedavi for his errand. Arabic writers aver that the man was stupefied with hashish, the strong opiate prepared from hemp, and carried into a garden of wonderful beauty, to find himself when his senses returned surrounded by everything that could gratify and please the senses. When he slept again he was replaced in his own bed; and when he awoke and described his experiences he was told that such a garden and such houris were not of this world; that to fortify and encourage him for the task in store the sheikh must have obtained for him this foretaste of the joys of Paradise; and that should he perish in carrying out his instructions, the pleasures he had, by supernatural favour, been permitted to taste would be his for ever. It may be true that some such elaborate comedy was performed, but some authorities hold that the garden, &c. existed only in the dreamland of drugged sleep. There is no doubt that hashish played a part in the preparation of the fedavi, and that the Order of Assassins derived its name from a corrupt form of the word. Preparations of hemp have been used to stimulate the courage of Oriental fanatics from time immemorial.

Hassan well understood the nature of the men he had to deal with, and his life at Alamut was ordered on lines calculated to foster mystery and inspire awe. He lived in the most rigorous seclusion, and was seen only by a very few chosen subordinates; it is said that during the thirtyseven years of his reign he never once left the castle, and only on two occasions showed himself in public. His invisibility and reputation for sanctity (!) gave him an authority over his people which enabled him to exact the blindest obedience. When Malek Shah, the sultan of Asiatic Turkey, sent requiring Hassan's acknowledgment of fealty, the Old Man of the Mountain received the envoys on the castle terrace and listened patiently while they expatiated on their master's military strength and the bravery of his troops. When they had finished, Hassan bade one of his attendants kill himself: the man stabbed himself to the heart, falling dead at his feet. He signed to another to throw himself down the precipice; and as the man sprang from the parapet Hassan told the envoys to inform the sultan what they had seen, adding, 'I have seventy thousand more like those.'

When Malek Shah heard that his claim to supreme authority had been thus defied he resolved on war. Hassan had now in Northern Persia several strongholds held by trusted dais, and the growing power of his Order was becoming Following the advice of his vizier, a menace. Nizam ul Mulk, to whose skill in statecraft he owed his position as the leading prince in Western Asia, Malek ignored the minor fortresses and laid siege to Alamut; and the place was on the point of surrender when one of Hassan's dais sent as help a force which relieved the garrison and helped to disperse the besiegers. Malek thereupon renounced his intentions upon the headquarters of the Order, and attacked another stronghold.

Now Hassan had recourse to assassination. The sultan, he knew, was nothing without Nizam ul Mulk—the latter had been a fellow-student at Cairo, and bad blood seems to have existed between the two; however that may be, Nizam ul Mulk died suddenly: and soon afterwards the Sultan Malek also died, the victim, according to report, of poison administered by a fedari in some disguise.

These two murders brought about an end of the campaign, and its collapse went far to enhance the prestige of the Order. Who was safe from dagger or poisoned cup if king and minister, surrounded by guards and tried servants, fell? There was safety in joining the terrible free-masonry; risk perpetual and undiscoverable in holding aloof. In every town and village of Western Asia men joined the Order, and Hassan's murderers found friends wherever they might go.

The Crusaders unconsciously helped the Assas-The utmost strength of the Turks was required to cope with the armies sent by European Powers to drive them from the Holy Land, and Hassan took advantage of the diversion so created to seize a dozen or more castles in 1099 and 1100. Fighting in the open field was not his policy; assassination was less costly and gave more satisfactory results. He began to push the interests of the Order in Syria, employing the dagger to remove obstacles. The governor of Himos fell under his ban, and died. The terror spread. Hassan took possession of a village near Aleppo; the governor of Aleppo deemed it wise to ignore the murders reported to him; but the assassination of the son of the governor of Damascus brought things to a crisis; and the complacent governor of Aleppo dying, the people rose upon the Order and killed three hundred men, women, and children. Hassan bided his time, and a few years later took measures to

dispel any idea that he was resistible by murdering the new governor and one of his sons. The triumph of the Order in Syria was complete; they boldly demanded of the local governors possession of castles they coveted, and often got what they required. The governor who had firmness enough to refuse found it wise to destroy the stronghold demanded, lest it should fall into their hands.

Though without hesitation he murdered his own relatives when the exigencies of his dominion required, he could on occasion show clemency when a threat would serve his end. The Sultan Sanjar, a Persian prince, had sent his brother to besiege Alamut. While the siege was in progress Sanjar awoke one morning to find a dagger stuck in the floor by his bed. The message, 'Were we not well disposed towards Sanjar, it had been as easy to leave the dagger in his breast,' which came from Hassan a few days later, was superfluous. None in the palace knew who had conveyed the grim hint; but all knew well that a fedavi was among them in disguise. Sanjar did not hesitate; he sent orders to his brother to raise the siege of Alamut at once, and tried to purchase the good-will of the Old Man of the Mountain by requesting him to keep the territories of which he had taken possession, and by making over to him the revenues of certain other districts. Hassan accepted the olive branch; but ere the besiegers struck their camp the brother of Sanjar suddenly died. There were whispers of poison; but the circumstances rendered inquiry inexpedient, and Hassan did not speak: reserve is a force in itself.

In 1125 Hassan ben Sabah died, aged ninety years. He had held the office of his own creation for thirty-seven years, and in that period had built up a power whose might was to endure for the next hundred and thirty-five years—a power whose shadow remains to this day not only in legend but in the insignificant and harmless sect to be found at Masyaf in Syria.

Hassan had ordained that his ablest lieutenant should succeed him, and accordingly his mantle fell upon Kia-Busurg-Omid, who followed faithfully in his footsteps. Kasim-ul-Dowlet, a distinguished soldier, was his first conspicuous victim. Eight Assassins, disguised as dervishes, dogged the general till they found him in the Mosque at Mosul. Kasim killed three with his own hand before he fell, and four more were despatched by his attendants. One Assassin, a mere youth, escaped; and his mother showed her sense of the disgrace thus brought upon her family by the assumption of mourning. The relatives of those who had been killed, in accordance with custom, put on their richest clothing as a mark of joy.

The murder of Sultan Sanjar's vizier was accomplished by typical Assassin methods. A fedavi disguised as a groom obtained a place in

the vizier's stables. One morning, when ordered to bring his employer's horse, he tied his dagger by a few hairs under the animal's mane, and, pretending to pat its neck, snatched the hidden dagger while the vizier was in the act of mounting, and stabbed him dead.

The disaster which befell the Order in Syria, where the governor of Damascus had put a stop to certain coquettings with the Crusaders by the massacre of six thousand persons, may have roused Omid to assert his power more effectually nearer home; or it may be that a blow at the orthodox Moslems was considered advisable on grounds of general policy. Whatever the motive, Omid assassinated the caliph of Bagdad, the recognised head of the faith; and to make the murder more impressive caused the caliph's body to be mutilated. The deed struck such terror into the heart of the new caliph that he shut himself up in his palace. He would see no one, for he could trust no one, and refused admission to all. Another of Omid's murders was distinguished by a species of grim justice: he assassinated the Fatimite caliph of Egypt. This man was head of the sect which preached the 'No Right, no Wrong' doctrine, and which had given birth to the Order of Assassins in its education of Hassan ben Sabah. Omid died in 1137; and, as he had changed the founder's policy so far as to make the office hereditary, he was succeeded by his son Mohammed.

Mohammed reigned on the Mountain for twentysix years; and though he enlarged the Order's sphere of influence, especially in Syria, seems to have been sparing of the dagger. His son, Hassan II., who followed him, enjoyed the sweets of power for only four years. He lacked discretion to qualify the ambition which was his salient characteristic. Heretofore, as already said, the true tenets of the Order had been known only to the select few. Hassan II., thinking to weld its adherents more closely together and strengthen its power, announced that he had been commanded in a vision to reveal the secrets to all; and the new era was inaugurated with great publicity at Alamut. It was a false step: the Assassins had foes enough already; but this formal declaration by the Old Man of the Mountain himself, that his followers spurned the elementary laws of morality, thereby adopting the moral status and claiming the license of wild beasts, was too much. The whole world was shocked; and ere long it became evident that this rash proclamation would bring upon the Order a war which must end in its extermination. A brother-in-law of the Old Man rose to the occasion; he assassinated Hassan II.

Mohammed II., son of Hassan II., succeeded his father in 1167, and began by putting to death his father's murderer and all his family. This done, he laid aside the traditional weapons of

the Order, and directed affairs in a more civilised spirit. During the reign of Mohammed II. interest centres upon the deputy grand-prior in Syria, one Raschid ud Din. Raschid rose superior to deputyship; he claimed to be an incarnation of the Godhead, and obtained an influence comparable to that enjoyed by the founder himself. He lived in strict seclusion; no human eye ever saw him eat or sleep; he was visible to none save when he had a 'message' to deliver, and then he would take his stand at sunrise and preach. It is said that he was a man of marvellous eloquence; and from the fact that his address always lasted from dawn till sunset we must also believe that he was endowed with powers of endurance only equalled by the patience—or submission—of his followers. He had no scruples concerning the use of the dagger, and employed it with such effect that his was a veritable reign of terror. He sent three Assassins to take the life of the great Saladin. Saladin killed them all, and marched upon Masyaf, Raschid's stronghold. Raschid sent three more Assassins, who tried in turn to murder the Seljuk Sultan single-handed, and lost their lives in the attempt. believing Saladin the possessor of talismans that rendered him invulnerable, lost heart and made overtures of peace. Saladin agreed; but the dread in which all held the Order of Assassins found echo in his stipulation that no further attempts should be made upon his life. It was Raschid who procured the murder of Conrad, Marquis of Montserrat and Prince of Tyre, a crime which has been laid at the door of Richard Cœur de Lion. Two young Assassins went through the form of receiving Christian baptism to qualify themselves for places in Conrad's household; and after six months' service killed their employer in broad day. They died under torture, refusing to disclose the name of the man who had instigated the deed; but there is little reason to doubt they were emissaries of Raschid.

Hassan III., who succeeded his father, Mohammed II., at Alamut in 1182, cancelled his grandfather's proclamation-rather late in the day, as it would appear-and restored the old order of things. His reign, however, was free from bloodshed, so far as its history is known; but the profound secrecy with which murder was often accomplished always leaves room for doubt on this point. This member of the dynasty is supposed to have been poisoned by his own son, Ala ud Din, who was anxious to succeed him; and in Ala ud Din the Order had a chief who, if he refrained from murder, kept the machinery for its accomplishment at a high pitch of efficiency. He became involved in a quarrel with the emir of Nisabur, and sent envoys to receive that chief's submission; the emir proving less amenable than was anticipated, Ala ud Din's envoy thought it judicious to give him one of those convincing hints of his master's power.

He told the emir that among the bodyguard who at the moment surrounded his person he saw members of the Order; and if the emir promised them immunity he would point out the men. The emir gave his word; and at a sign five of the guard, all trusted men, stepped forward. Asked why they had not killed him, the spokesman replied, 'We have not had the order to do so.'

Ala ud Din in turn was poisoned at the instigation of his son, Rukh ud Din; and with the accession of Rukh ud Din in 1255 came the end of the Order of Assassins as a power. Its downfall was brought about by a singularly anomalous proceeding on Rukh ud Din's parta refusal to murder! In the year 1255 the reigning caliph of Bagdad in some way offended his vizier, Nasir ud Din, who left him to take service with the Old Man of the Mountain. His motive-or one motive-for doing this was to avenge himself on the caliph; and that personage, knowing it, resolved upon an endeavour to save his own life and crush the power of the Assassins at one stroke. At this time the Mongol armies were ravaging Central Asia, and the caliph besought the general, Halaqu Khan, to come and relieve the country from its bondage of terror. Halaqu Khan, quite willing to undertake a campaign that promised rich booty, consented, and marched towards Persia. In the meantime Nasir was continually urging Rukh ud Din, as a small personal favour, to murder the caliph; and his disinclination to oblige gave the vengeful vizier offence. Since he could not wreak his spite upon his old master, Nasir determined to revenge himself upon the new one who had refused to help him; and when the Mongols appeared he seized the first opportunity of betraying Rukh ud Din into the clutches of Halaqu Khan.

The capture of their chief demoralised the Order of Assassins. Fortress after fortress, to the number of over a hundred, fell into the hands of the Mongols, some after resistance, most without striking a blow. Alamut, whose rock-hewn cellars were stored with corn and provisions, might have held out long; but there was no heart in the defence, and the capital was among the first Assassin strongholds to fall. The power of the Order broken, Halaqu Khan might have stayed his hand; but the people, weary of the bondage of terror, cried out for completion of his task. Executioners ranged the country in all directions, ferreting out members of the Order and killing without regard to age or sex. So terribly thorough was the campaign that in the rest of Western Asia the Assassins were literally exterminated; although in Syria, whither the Mongols could not penetrate, the Order survived, to dwindle swiftly into harmless insignificance. Rukh ud Din was kept prisoner for about a year, and was then executed by his captors.



NEW-LIGHT OF RUSH CITY. MRAN AMERICAN SERMON.

By Poultney Bigelow, Author of Children of the Nations, &c.



HERE was a fellow called New-Light who knew it all. He lived in Rush City, where the houses were mostly twenty-five stories high; and between them were deep, dark gullies called streets, in which ran

thousands of swift electric cars. A great cloud of smoke hung over Rush City, for there were miles of factory chimneys, and these were spouting night and day, to the infinite pride and profit of New-Light and other shareholders.

New-Light had an office at the top of the highest building in Rush City. On his desk was a telephone through which he could talk with people a thousand miles away; his letters for the post were slipped into a tube at his elbow, and thence slipped down through the twenty-five stories to the letter-box on the street floor; he could not see God's beautiful blue heavens, but consoled himself by keeping his private constellation of artificial light always ablaze. When he felt weary, an electric button summoned a whisky-cocktail, which renewed his strength-for the moment. His lunch was summoned by telephone. He ate it with one hand; with the other he held fast a narrow strip of paper which was being perpetually disgorged by a little clicking machine called a 'ticker.' This little telegraphic demon told the price of mining and railway shares in every big city of the world. New-Light worshipped this demon-it was his

So soon as the demon grew tired of clicking out paper, New-Light stepped into an express elevator at his door, which shot him down to the earth with an electric swoop through twenty-five stories. Then he stepped into his electric motor and whizzed away to his club amid the jangling of electric traffic overhead, underground, and all about him. To his senses there was something soothing in the clattering of drays. He breathed comfortably in the atmosphere of prosperous pandemonium.

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progress of civilisation, and concluded that man had so perfected the earth that the Creator could safely leave the rest to New-Light & Co.

Rush City was far away in the interior, far beyond the Mississippi, and New-Light had not yet seen the ocean. His universe had been one that moved only at the click of an electric button or the push of a piston. The mighty world of stars said nothing to him, the periodicity of the moon, the mighty lift of the tides, the rising of the sun, the opening of flowers: all these things affected New-Light only in so far as the almanac registered his working days beneath the tall, sooty chimneys of Rush City. The laws of merciful nature which aid the mariner in his voyages—the blessed Gulf Stream and the priceless trade-winds -all these things were to New-Light as of no importance compared with trolleys, tickers, motors, and factory chimneys.

One day New-Light saw the sea for the first time. The tide was far out, and he walked a long distance and perched upon a rock which stood alone at the edge of the exposed sands. He sat and wondered if he could not organise a company to utilise the force of the waves in the manufacture of electric power. And, as he wondered, the tide rose and surrounded his rock. And when he saw at length that he was like to be drowned by the advancing waters, he irreverently cursed the Almighty for cruelty and stupidity in making a tide that was likely to drown so precious a creature as himself.

There were fifteen fishing-boats sailing merrily homeward on this particular tide. Their crews knew little of telephones, tickers, and motors, but they venerated the works of God and studied the laws of His making. These men sailed in boldly over the rocks, for they knew the tides, the currents, and the depth of water-their wives and sweethearts waved to them from the dunes.

The body of New-Light was washed ashore and After a few cocktails, New-Light mused on the | reverently cared for by the simple fishermen. But AUGUST 29, 1903. [All Rights Reserved.]

when they learned how he had been drowned, they could but say: 'Poor fool; so rich in money, so poor in knowledge.'

New-Light was buried in Rush City, and the papers said that 'he was the "finest product" of our progressive and pushing age.'

THE PEARL NECKLACE.

CHAPTER XV .- THE ASSASSIN.



HERE is a time for all things, and that was no time to be grieving over the loss of the hopes I had been vainly cherishing. As I stepped out into the cool night-air I was a soldier of the cause once more, and rejoice to

think that presently I had forgotten all else but the grim task before me. What would life be to me, whether I won the prize I craved or not, if through my folly and weakness the Lord Protector died by the hands of assassins, and the cause I loved died with him? I knew, none better, that though there were many who would right willingly have stepped into his place, there was not one who had the energy, the iron will, the wisdom, strength, and courage to hold fast against our numberless enemies the rights and liberties we had purchased so dearly upon the battlefield. It was not merely the life of one man that was at stake, but freedom of thought, liberty of conscience-all that so many brave and noble men had shed their blood, and squandered their fortunes, and thrown away their lives to gain. And if he indeed lay dead, it was I-or so it seemed to mewhose folly had betrayed him, who was as guilty of his death as though with my own hand I had struck the dagger through his heart. But whether he lived or died, there was one thing I was resolved that night to accomplish, and that was to settle my account with Colonel Montague. It enraged me to think that I had not driven my sword through his black heart when we had fought a few hours before, and I longed passionately to be once more face to face with him, where none could interfere, that God might judge between him and me.

We left the garden by the door in the wall through which I had entered, and so gained the shelter of the wood. Led by Frank, we ran along a narrow path, stumbling, slipping, jostling together in our haste. The moon had now climbed out of the mists, and was flooding with her clear light the open spaces; but the shadows still lay thick in the heart of the wood, and many a hard blow we got from low-lying branches, and ever and anon one would stumble over a straggling root, and go sprawling, with a muttered curse, upon the ground. At length we came to the outskirts of the wood, and I perceived that we were making for the crumbling, ivy-clad ruins of an old abbey which stood at no great distance from the Hall. The moment it came in sight, I had not the least doubt that somewhere among the ruins was the entrance to the secret passage. It was even so. As soon as we were sheltered from view behind the walls, we lit the torches and lanterns we had brought with us, and Frank hurried on through roofless, stone-strewn passages, till at last he stooped over what seemed but a worn and moss-covered slab in the solid stone flooring. Then, with a swift movement of the hand which I for one could not follow, he touched a hidden spring, and the stone sinking downward at one end disclosed a narrow aperture and a flight of steps. How clearly the scene comes back to me: the wavering lights; the pale, excited faces; the low murmur of voices; the gaunt, shadowy ruins; and the deep-blue sky above, where the stars were beginning to fade at the coming of the moon. Frank was about to step in first, but I put him on one side.

'Nay,' said I; 'none shall go before me this night. I have to settle my dispute with Colonel Montague, and this time no man breathing shall come between us.'

With a torch in one hand and my sword in the other, I stepped down the narrow stairs; and Corporal Flint, thrusting himself without ceremony to the front, followed immediately after.

In very truth it is like an evil dream, that wild rush along the narrow, slimy passage, dimly illumined by the red glare of the torches that burnt low in the foul air. Before me yawned the black tunnel; behind me sounded the trampling of feet, the clink of steel, and the laboured breathing of those who were running at my heels. These things come back to me now, but at the time I seemed deaf and blind to everything about me. I was half-frantic with the thought of Cromwell's danger, and possessed by a mad craving to have Colonel Montague at the point of my sword, and settle once for all whether he or I should continue to live upon the earth.

It seemed as though we should never get to the end of that black, noisome passage. We were running at full speed, and yet I was consumed with rage at our slow progress. But all things come to an end, and at last we reached the foot of the narrow stone steps that led to the entrance within the Hall. I was at the top before the others had reached them, fumbling in vain to discover the spring, and fuming and stamping with impatience. In my exasperation I was striving to beat in the door with the hilt of my sword, when Frank came panting up to me and caught me by the arm.

'Are you mad?' he cried. 'You will give the alarm. Stand aside, and let me find the spring.'

Then he stooped and felt and fingered till I was well-nigh beside myself with desperation.

'God help us!' he cried. 'They have suspected we might come upon them, and have broken the spring, so that the door cannot be opened.'

For a moment there was a dead silence, and I saw a row of upturned faces and glaring torches stretching down into the gloom below. And in that silence—to me 'twas like the sound of a death-knell—we heard the clear notes of a bugle.

'Hark!' I cried. 'Do you hear that? 'Tis Cromwell; 'tis the signal of his arrival. We must burst in the door.'

'It cannot be done,' groaned Frank. 'Tis solid oak, barred with iron. We cannot beat it in.'

At that I was as a man distracted. There we stood within a stone's-throw of the Protector, and yet were powerless to help him. Swift as lightning there flashed before me a picture of what might even then be taking place. I saw Nicholas Rowe and his fellow-traitors standing in the familiar uniform on the threshold of the open door. I saw Cromwell dismount and step unsuspiciously into the Hall, his Guards sitting on their horses in the moonlight outside. I saw the door swing to, a dark figure step hastily forward, a flash of steel, and—

Then surely God put a thought into my mind, for all at once I noticed that the topmost step on which I stood was somewhat loosened, the mortar having crumbled away with age. In a moment I had thrust aside those about me, and, stooping down, lifted it bodily up and with one mighty swing hurled it at the door. Both bolts and hinges were, I doubt not, half eaten-away with rust, and the woodwork somewhat decayed; for, when the heavy stone struck it full in the centre, the door fell crashing inwards. Stumbling after it, I found myself in a cellar which I had searched fruitlessly again and again to discover some trace of the secret passage.

And now I needed no guide, but darted full speed to the foot of the winding staircase, up which I ran like a deer. From the top of that a passage led to the hall, and, sword in hand, I rushed along it, Frank and Corporal Flint a few yards behind me. And there before me was the very picture I had seen: the open door, the smiling traitors, the Guards on their horses outside, and His Highness the Lord Protector stepping into the hall.

I tried to cry out that he was betrayed, to warn him to go back, but my throat and tongue seemed parched, and I could not. The door swung to with a loud clang. I saw him stop suddenly, glance swiftly round, and, quick as thought, grasp the hilt of his sword. And then a figure stepped out from an adjoining room with outstretched right hand, and the lamp-light shone on the gleaming barrel of a pistol and the pale, fierce face of Colonel Montague. There was a spurt of red flame, a gush of white smoke, and the loud crash of the report.

But, thanks be to God! Cromwell stood unhurt; for, as the assassin's finger was in the very act of drawing back the trigger, my sword had struck up the barrel of his pistol, and the bullet flew harmlessly into the ceiling. He turned on me with the

fury of a wild beast, flinging the pistol down, and clutching at his sword. But I held the point of mine within an inch of his breast.

'Stir hand or foot,' I exclaimed, 'and, as God lives, I will drive my sword through your heart.'

Even as I spoke, Frank and Corporal Flint and the rest had ranged themselves round Cromwell, and had flung open the door; and the Life Guards, sword in hand, were already streaming in. The Protector was saved.

'Let every man in this house be placed under arrest,' exclaimed Cromwell, turning to an officer of the Guards.—'You too, Captain Hawthorne, deliver up your sword instantly.—Disarm every one of them, I say. Here has been foul treachery, and we must have the business very strictly inquired into.'

It never entered my head to dispute such an order; but Frank, the brave, hot-tempered lad, thrust back the soldier who advanced to disarm him.

'Is this how you show your gratitude,' cried he, 'to those who have saved your life at the risk of their own? There stands the assassin, caught in the very act.' He pointed to Montague, who was eying him with a most malignant expression. 'Disarm him—shoot him—hang him—what you please; but do not treat men of honour like thieves and assassins.'

'Have a care, Master Frank Woodville,' said Montague through his clenched teeth. 'You have this night played the traitor yourself, and but for you'—

'Be silent, you vile ruffian,' cried Frank, who was beside himself with rage and excitement, and did not realise that it was as safe to bait a mad dog as the baffled conspirator whose carefully laid plot had been destroyed by his interference at the very moment when it seemed about to succeed. 'Do not have the insolence to address me again. Had I known what you were, I would rather have died than have made a friend and comrade of a hired cut-throat such as you.'

It was done before any one could lift a finger to prevent it. Montague had drawn his sword to surrender it to one of the Guards, and as the last words escaped Frank's lips I saw him lunge forward. There was a swift glitter of steel, a scream of agony, and Frank flung up his arms, staggered back, and then fell full length upon the floor.

For one moment we all stood paralysed, and in that moment Montague snatched a torch from the hand of one who stood near him, and darted off along the passage and down the winding stairs. Then the silence was suddenly broken by the loud trampling of feet and hoarse cries of rage and horror. As for me, I was close behind him, could see the expression on his face as he turned to look at me over his shoulder, and Frank's blood upon his sword. Grim and ruthless, I hung at his heels, certain that he could not escape me, and confident of what would be the end of the business when he and I at last stood face to face.

(To be continued.)

CRIMPING.



HE disgraceful calling once pursued by the notorious 'Black Maria' whose name is still notorious through its application to the present prison-vans for the conveyance of prisoners—is even in these present

more humane times pursued with undiminished rigour in most foreign ports, especially in the United States, where 'crimps' flourish openly, and to all appearance little troubled by the law.

The word 'crimp' is applied to two classes of people who make their living out of sailorsnamely, the keepers of lodging-houses, who style themselves 'boarding-masters,' with whom the seamen board and lodge during their stay in the port, and the agents or 'shipping-masters,' who find them employment again on board ship. In principle there is nothing very harmful in the trade of either, for it is evident that seamen must have places to live in when on shore—the various missions provide but little accommodation-and where masters of vessels can find them when wanted; and as regards the second 'profession,' a captain who has much business to transact in a short time, or who is anxious to depart, finds it convenient to employ a middleman to obtain seamen for him, and to see that they are on board at the right time, which is a very necessary precaution in most cases. If the crimp's business did not extend beyond such limits nothing could be said; but both classes of crimps are invariably tempted to increase the number of their clients by enticing seamen to desert; and the peculiar nature of the trade-in which on the one side there is an employer who must have men by a certain date, and on the other side a number of men entirely destitute until they can find new berthsprovides unlimited opportunities for fraud and extortion.

The greater the number of desertions the better is the crimps' business, and they use every effort to entice seamen away from their vessels. There are annually nearly thirteen thousand desertions from British vessels in United States ports alone, the majority of which are directly due to the crimps' solicitations, who thus artificially create a demand, the corresponding supply of which they entirely control with great benefit to themselves. work together, and may almost be said to deal at will with all matters connected with the seamen: they empty ships of their crews, charge the masters extortionate sums (styled by their victims 'bloodmoney') for the men they supply, and even regulate the wages they will receive and their conditions of service, in addition to practically stripping the poor seamen of every penny.

The crimp, then, obtains his money from two sources: the seaman for whom employment is found, and the ship to which he is supplied. By an Act of the United States Congress in 1898,

which is held applicable to British vessels, a sailor cannot be given an advance or allotment note for more than one month's wages. Formerly there was no such limit, and the shipping-masters used frequently to arrange for an allotment of three months' wages per man for the crews they supplied. These notes they at once seized, deducted their 'fees,' and handed the balance to their confederates, the 'boarding-masters,' who in their turn deducted most exorbitant sums for the board, &c., supplied to the seamen, who were lucky to get even a very small sum handed over to them in cash, for which they had then to perform three months' hard work. The Act referred to above, by limiting the amount of these advances, limited the crimps' gains from this source; but they promptly made their other 'clients' pay for it by increasing the amount of the 'blood-money.' This varies considerably at different ports in consequence of the available supplies of seamen, conditions of trade, &c. For instance, it has been as much as fifty dollars per head in New York, and as low as five dollars elsewhere. This is an impudent charge, especially when it is considered that the crimp who receives the sum is generally the man who has caused the vacancy which he is paid for filling.

As it is seen that the crimps live by filling vacancies on board ship, it is easy to infer that they will do their utmost to induce men to desert, and they generally have more or less success. A ship's master, who had experienced their exactions, thus described their proceedings: 'They board the vessels, ply the crews with drink, and by making all sorts of promises get the men to desert. Then they solicit the masters for the business of providing them with fresh sets of men when the vessels are ready for sea; and unless their demands are complied with the vessels are detained through lack of hands until the sums asked for are paid, when men are at once sent on board.'

A seaman has everything to lose by deserting: he forfeits the wages he has earned and any effects he may be unable to take with him, besides spoiling his record of service and losing the advantage of good discharges and testimonials. A 'smart' man or 'sea-lawyer' often gets himself imprisoned for some small offence, in which case the master is forced to leave his wages and effects behind for him, as it is not a technical desertion. When the wages due to him are large the crimps often advise a seaman to adopt such a course. When ashore he suffers heavy overcharges for board, &c., shipping-fees, and direct extortion, and also the more indirect injury of drunkenness and profligacy. Then he allows himself, after a few days, to be reshipped by a boarding-master to any destination, and on what terms the latter may decide. Yet, unfortunately, the seamen do not seem to realise the extent to which they suffer from these crimps.

CRIMPING.

The shipowner, too, is also a great loser. In addition to the blood-money paid for the substitutes, a tug has often to be hired to take them to the vessel, as they are usually drunk. often a 'watchman' or 'bully' is sent by the crimps to see that the seamen remain on board, ostensibly for the master's benefit, and as such to be paid for; but in reality for the welfare of his employers, as frequently the seaman, when recovered from his drugged state, is greatly incensed at the crimp's treatment of him, and is anxious to wreak his vengeance upon him. Again, higher wages have frequently to be paid to these substitutes, and if the ship has been at all detained there is often a heavy loss on its contracts. Consequently, many owners have been forced in sheer self-defence to practically recognise the crimp's business, and have signed 'contracts' for the supply of seamen required at a fixed price per head. Thus they escape the worst exactions, and provide a fixed income for their enemies! Hundreds of cases illustrating the robbery of seamen by the crimps could be cited; but they all tell practically the same tale, and the two following examples will suffice:

Two firemen were recently forced to sign on a vessel at wages of one shilling for the first ninety days, and four pounds a month afterwards, with an advance of fifty dollars each. These advances were taken by the crimps who supplied the men; and for his fifty dollars one man was given three days' board and lodging, two dollars in cash, some old underclothes and small effects, and was sent on board drunk, to prevent his knowing until too late how he had been treated. The other man was given four days' board and lodging, six dollars in cash, an old suit of oilskins, some tobacco and small effects, and afterwards professed himself satisfied at such 'fair treatment!'

Although the seamen receive such treatment over and over again, yet they make no effort to avoid the crimp's clutches when next in port. Absence makes the mind forgetful, and 'poor Jack' is a very simple fellow in reality. He recognises, when he is again shipped, what he has lost, but bears his burden stoically till time dulls the edge of his resentment, when he again falls a willing victim to a crimp's blandishments. It seems remarkable that both masters and seamen are so powerless against their oppressors; but seamen cannot 'combine;' and although individuals have sometimes struggled against them, the crimps generally take great care that they are never anxious to try again.

The peculiar nature of the sailor's calling is perhaps the main cause of desertion. Shut up in confined spaces for long periods, and fed on coarse

and monotonous food, the delights of the shoreas set forth by the crimps, who find a little free whisky a powerful aid in their arguments—for the moment override the faded memories of their former treatment ashore, and they seize the earliest opportunity to desert their vessels. Nowadays, unfortunately, British vessels have a large proportion of foreigners in their crews, and these are always easy prey. But whatever may be the causes, the fact remains that the crimps are growing wealthy through the aid of their parasitic calling. master-mariner is almost equally under their control. Were he to engage a man independently of them, he would probably find that the rest of his crew had been enticed away, and that no others were obtainable unless through the crimps, who would make him pay extortionate 'blood-money' for their supply as a punishment for his attempted independence.

In some cases, however, it must be regretfully added that shipmasters work with the crimps, who give them as a bonus a proportion of the 'bloodmoney' charged to the vessel's owners. Again, when the master is part-owner of the vessel, it is to his advantage, especially after a long voyage, for the crew to be enticed away, as their wages are forfeited, and the amount paid for substitutes often leaves a nice little balance behind; but, happily, such cases are few and far between, as there is no finer body of men in the world than the officers of the British mercantile marine.

The consular reports yearly give accounts of the crimps' doings. Those on the Pacific coast are particularly notorious. The Missions to Seamen Society recently learnt that one of their representatives at Portland, Oregon, had been nearly murdered for endeavouring to protect some seamen from the 'runners' of some boarding-houses and gambling-hells at that port.

The crimp seems to stop at nothing—even murder in the pursuit of his heinous calling. He is almost extinct in the United Kingdom, although now and then one is prosecuted by the Board of Trade. British seamen are in foreign ports bought and sold like cattle, and are often more barbarously treated, and yet, as we have stated, they make no active movements on their own behalf. Perhaps for no class of workers is 'grandmotherly legislation' more required than it is for seafarers; yet it would be useless without their active support, which cannot be relied upon. But enough has been said to show that there at present flourishes extensively a trade but little different in its methods from slave-dealing, and which even rivals the horrors of the pressgang of the Napoleonic times.



THE RED HEAVIES.

CHAPTER V.



BOUT two months after the tragedy of the Baddenham ball, Sub-Lieutenant Popper got out of the train at Baddenham for his weekly visit to his relations and Grandison Lee.

He wore quite an alert air, and no moustache. He had a diagonal scar from his right cheek to the middle of his upper lip instead of a moustache, just like a sabre-cut. Three or four more of the Heavies had scars about them of a similar kind. When they were moved from Baddenham to Aldershot they looked like men just home from active service. Grandison Lee was still in the Baddenham hospital.

Altogether, five people had died of that dynamite explosion. It was reckoned a merciful deliverance on the whole. The roof had been of light materials, though even common Llanberis slates fall hard from a height of thirty feet.

Of the wounded, Grandison Lee's case was the gravest at first. They took him to the hospital, with others, and expected him to die. He raved night and day for weeks, but he did not die.

'Poor old chap,' said Colonel Reed, after one of his regulation visits to the Major's bedside, 'who'd have thought he had such a secret as that? From his delirium, he must have been as gone in love and so on—as the callowest youngster that was ever nailed fast by a pretty simperer.'

The Red Heavies knew all about it by this time. They had no scruple in such a matter. Several well-controlled scowls were directed at little Popper.

'Well, I can't help it,' said this unfortunate agent of mischief. 'And I'll bet any chap a level fiver he pulls through yet.'

Captain Galway spoke as the mouthpiece of the company. 'You're not tempting as a financier, Popper,' he said.

But the Colonel took a broader view of the circumstance. 'It only proves,' he said, without even a twinkle in his steely eyes, 'that no man is safe where a woman is concerned.'

'Not even a Red Heavy,' observed Captain Galway, with the expression of a Scotch elder who has never backslided. And yet he had been refused by Mary Riddell during the past week. In five minutes he had proposed, been rejected, and said 'Good afternoon.'

'And, look here,' little Popper cried, with defiance and self-assertion of a new kind, which seemed to have come to him with the sticking-plaster in place of his moustache. 'I don't care what you all say, the Major will pull through. That specialist Johnny doesn't despair. I got hold of him in private yesterday, and, between ourselves, I bribed him with an extra guinea to tell me the honest truth. Oh yes, you may sneer, but I did! He said, "The

poor fellow may live, or he may not." That, from him, is reckoned first-rate. They say he's the most artful pessimist in London.'

'Anything else?' suggested Lieutenant Bissell.
'And did he take that extra guinea?'

'No. The old fool said, "Put it in your pocket again, my good lad." He didn't know me. But he said my feelings did me credit.'

This time the Red Heavies really laughed. It was a corporate laugh that ought to have been photographed: sticking plaster and unexpected shoots of pain gave it such a peculiar character.

However, by-and-by, they were ordered to Aldershot; and, with regret, Grandison Lee was left behind, still raving.

But before they went away little Popper had a most academically earnest interview with his halfsister Mary. Mrs Popper and her daughter were staying on at Baddenham, indefinitely.

You ought to know about it, Polly,' said Popper; 'especially as he got you out of it without even a scratch—only a messed frock, and that'll wash right. He does nothing but shout things about you. He'd rather die, he says, than really give you pain and so on; but he can't, can't, can't live like other fellows if you will get in his way. You've knocked all the old stuffing out of him, Polly.'

Mary had had her bad moments since the ball, and she was anything rather than free of them yet. They had left their mark on her, though not on her beauty, which was generally accounted much improved even by that young horizontal wrinkle above her gray eyes. She said nothing when Popper paused for her reply. She looked steadily out of the window.

'Well, what are you going to do?' he asked. He wished he dared stiffen his statement by telling her of the Major's confession on the night of the ball.

'Do?' she said drearily. 'What is there for any one to do until—he is better?'

'Couldn't you go and see him? You might just hold his hand or something. I've read of remarkable cures from little things of that kind.'

'In novels, Peter.'

'Well, and aren't they taken from life?'

'I'm afraid not.'

'Then you propose to do nothing?' he inquired, with an indignation he had no difficulty in assuming.

'I wish, Peter,' she said, 'that you would not take it for granted that you have inherited all the family stock of good impulses. I have seen Major Lee. Mother and I went together. And you did not happen to be in that—that horrible little room when the walls—— Oh, do leave the subject alone—until he is better.' She ended with a sob, and stood close to the window. She kept even her profile turned from him.

This somewhat mollified her brother. 'All right,' he said. 'I only meant that I hoped you had the usual amount of proper feeling, and so on. You needn't have been sarcastic. He'll be no good if he recovers: smashed head, shoulders, ribs, and'——

But she did not wait for the completion of the catalogue. She glided from the room, and Peter's 'Well, good-bye, old girl; we're off by the two-ten train!' met with no response from her.

Still, he went off to Aldershot, decently satisfied on the whole. His mother had snubbed him furiously when he used even still plainer language to her. But he didn't care for that either. He made his way through the Baddenham streets with uncommon lightness of foot. He had asked the stationmaster and been informed that the latest news from the hospital was most cheerful. Major Lee was conscious at last, and healing well everywhere.

'What a constitution, sir!' the stationmaster had exclaimed, almost reverently, as his eyes ranged over the subaltern, from his necktie to his boots.

'Yes,' Peter had said; 'we're not all like him. I'm devilish glad to hear it.'

He had two minutes' amusement before leaving. Who should he see approaching him, in a blaze of sunshine through the open skylight of the station roof, and in the very latest shock of a necktie (scarlet, with black moons), but Mr Albert Stiles?

'Well,' he said, after an interchange of formal nods, 'what's your game?'

'What's yours, if it comes to that?' said the other.
'Oh, mine's all right. I'm not in love—with myself, or any one else, I'm jolly glad to say.'

'That's news, anyway. You don't look sorry for yourself, whether or not.'

Little Popper turned gleefully upon a porter who now approached them with a superb bouquet of orchids, lilies, and white roses. 'Still at it,' he chuckled. 'I don't know how those Covent Garden chaps would make a living without you.'

Young Stiles savagely bade the porter bear the nosegay to a hansom. 'It's my last try, if you care to know,' he said. 'I've had about enough of it.'

'Not you,' laughed little Popper. 'I'd lay any one anything you'll be perfuming my sister's atmosphere just the same this time next year. I call it beastly hard lines she won't let you get any nearer her than that.'

'You'd lose that bet, sharp as we all know you are!' said Albert Stiles.

Then he hastily followed his flowers. He would have been much moved had he known their eventual destination.

This encounter sent little Popper straight to the hospital: the Regent House folks might await their turn. Here the stationmaster's report was confirmed. It began at the lodge. The hall-porter touched his hat and echoed the good news. The secretary came humming down the corridor and was hilarity itself in the matter. He said *The Lancet* had an article on the case, and the staff surgeons and physicians

were all stroking themselves openly, while in secret (he whispered it) rendering thanks and praise to Major Lee's remarkable constitution.

'I rather fancy though,' the secretary added, 'that some one is with him now. I heard his name mentioned a moment ago.'

'I'll soon out him, whoever he is!' said little Popper.

But a nurse now drifted towards him on the staircase and smiled. 'I don't think, sir, you can see the Major yet,' she said.

'Not another operation?' he asked. 'Can't they let well alone?'

'Oh no, sir, not an operation. Not exactly, at least.' She was as arch with him as even an exhilarated nurse well could be.

'Er—how do you mean?' he said, frowning impatiently. 'Who is it?'

'Oh, well, I think you might go up and knock at the door, at any rate,' she replied, much in the tone the young woman found efficacious in the children's ward. 'He really is surprisingly improved.'

Little Popper accordingly proceeded on his way.

But with the Major's door in sight, who should come through it, blooming like a June rose, with the traces of smiles and unspeakable happiness on her face, her eyes sparkling as if heaven had just washed them in magic dew as well as the most beautifying kind of tears—not too large a proportion of tears—who, but his sister Mary Riddell? Alone, too!

'Hullo!' he cried, for she didn't seem to see him. She started, and, with no diminution of her beauty, clasped his outstretched hand.

'Oh Peter!' she whispered. 'Yes, he will see you. He hoped you would come when I told him it was your day. He's so—— Oh, but you will hear it from his own lips. He—— But I can't talk now. We shall see you by-and-by.'

Peter broke into a picturesque grin. 'I say, Polly,' he began. But she did not wait for the rest; and it occurred to him in a flash that it was perhaps better so. Albert Stiles and his bouquet would get their knock-out with the more natural directness.

Then little Popper tapped at the Major's door, waved aside the nurse who had turned up in behalf of her duty, and entered the room.

Grandison Lee was lying in a ridiculously small bed, still in a mummy's multitude of wrappings, and with a smile on his lips which might have been a masculine twin of the smile little Popper had just seen in his sister. He was distinctly a pale major now; but otherwise he looked much like himself, temporarily transfigured.

'Well, old chap,' cried little Popper, 'this is just simply splendid!'

They looked at each other, and even this frivolous subaltern felt almost awed by the Major's face. But he soon understood thoroughly. Grandison Lee spoke to him coherently for the first time since the accident.

'Popper, I'm the happiest man on earth!' he said.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE ENERGY OF RADIUM.



HIS wonderful element, which gives off heat without any apparent loss of substance, continues to excite intense interest in scientific circles; and even that stolid person called 'the man in the street' is moved to curiosity

when he hears that the price of the new element is literally 'above rubies.' In a recent address by Sir William Crookes on 'Modern Views on Matter,' which he delivered before the Congress of Applied Chemistry at Berlin, he pointed out that if a minute quantity of a salt of radium were brought near a fluorescent screen, and the surface of that screen examined with a magnifier, scintillating spots would be seen playing over it like a turbulent, luminous sea. He suggested that a convenient method of showing the phenomenon would be to use a small brass tube, with a lens at one end and a screen with a speck of radium at the other extremity. He proposed to call this instrument the spinthariscope, from the Greek word indicating a flash or scintillation. Acting on the hint thus given, Messrs Griffin and Co., of Sardinia Street, London, have introduced a neat little instrument under the name suggested, which admirably shows in a darkened room the turbulent sea of fire. After viewing this strange and interesting sight, we could only compare it to the vision of stars radiating from a centre which one experiences at the moment of receiving a blow on the head.

ALLEGED CURE OF CANCER.

According to an account from Vienna, radium is no mere toy, but is capable of marvellous cures in cases of cancer. At a meeting of the Vienna Society of Medical Men, two cases were presented in which malignant growths had been destroyed by means of radium bromide, which is now a marketable commodity. One case was that of cancerous tumour of the arm, which it was impossible to wholly remove with the knife, but which succumbed to exposure to the radium light. In the other case, the mucous membrane of the mouth was affected with the dread disease, and an operation was contemplated. But radium rays were tried first, and the cancer, of the size of a hazel-nut, disappeared. 'In twenty other cases,' to quote the report which was published in the London Daily Chronicle, 'tumours in a fortnight grew perceptibly smaller, and in from four to six weeks completely disappeared.'

MONOLITHIC COLUMNS.

The Cathedral of St John, in New York, now in course of erection, is to have as adornments for its choir thirty granite columns, each of which will be fifty-four feet high by six feet in diameter, the estimated weight being one hundred and sixty tons.

It was decided that these columns were each to consist of one piece of stone, and a gigantic lathe was constructed in which to turn them into shape. Each block of granite in the rough weighed three hundred and ten tons, so that almost half of the mass had to be cut away before the huge pillar was ready for the builders. But, alas! 'man proposes,' &c., and the original plan had to be abandoned. It had taken nearly a year to turn the first column to the cylindrical form, then it suddenly snapped across, and both time and valuable material were wasted. The second column was no less unfortunate, except that it gave way at an earlier stage of its career. The accident is attributed to a greater torsional strain than a mass of stone of this length and thickness will sustain. It has now been decided to make the columns in two sections, when, it is hoped, no difficulties will be experienced.

WELDING SCRAP-STEEL.

The Scientific American is responsible for the statement that at the Jefferson Ironworks, Ohio, a new composition has recently been tried which is said to have a remarkable effect in welding scrapsteel. This scrap, in any convenient size or shape, is placed layer upon layer, with the composition between, after which heat and mechanical pressure are applied, the result being a homogeneous union of the several parts. A billet of steel thus made was put through the furnace and rolled into a sheet, after which the metal was cut up into smaller pieces, from which nails and washers were made. These were found to be of excellent quality. The cost of making the billet of steel, including the new composition and the labour, is from twenty-five to fifty cents per ton; and it is claimed for the new process that it is not only economical in practice, but that it puts a vast amount of scrap-steel to profitable employment.

A NEW LAMP.

The Notkin Light and Power Company, of Edinburgh, are bringing out commercially the lamp which excited so much interest when shown at a conversazione at the Royal Institution, in Edinburgh, a few months ago by Dr Hugh Marshall. This lamp, which is entirely self-contained and portable, can be used equally well with an ordinary incandescent mantle or with an argand burner. It gives a brilliant light, is quite free from smoke or smell, it contains no liquid, and tests show that it is incapable of explosion. It consists of a container which holds a block of porous material of special composition, which, when in use, is soaked with petrol. This gives off an inflammable gas, but only when the lamp is in actual use; and it is this gas mixed with air which feeds the incandescent mantle or the argand burner, as the case may be. The North-Eastern Railway Company have, after careful tests, lighted six of their country stations with the new lamps, these being of such a size that they will burn for many days without attention. The containers are removable, so that when necessary they can be taken away and charged afresh at a central depôt. Many golf and polo pavilions are also lighted by the new system, which is sure to meet with wide application in places where gas cannot readily be obtained, or where it costs more than three shillings per thousand feet. The new lamps will be issued in various artistic forms, as well as of plain design for common use. One quart of petrol will afford a light of about fifty candle-power for twelve hours.

THE MERCURY VAPOUR LAMP.

This is a lamp on a very different principle, the invention of Mr P. Cooper-Hewett. It presents an entirely new departure in the matter of electric lighting, and is at the same time cheaper in maintenance than any other system known. The lamp consists of an exhausted glass tube—the one which we saw in action was about four feet long-in which is a pool of metallic mercury. When a current of electricity is passed through this tube, the mercury vapour becomes intensely luminous and gives out a light which may be compared to that of the electric arc, except that it is soft and diffused instead of being painful to look at. We had an opportunity of examining the luminous tube through the spectroscope, and at once noted that although there were bright bands in the yellow and orange portions of the spectrum, and a brilliant one in the blue, there were no red lines. The absence of red gives the light afforded by this lamp a most peculiar hue. flesh-tints and reds appearing by it a greeny-blue. While it is not, therefore, what ladies would call 'a becoming light,' it is an excellent one to work by: less tiring to the eyes than ordinary light, and quite free from heat or any kind of vitiation of the atmosphere in which it is used. For railway-yards, libraries, mills, and factories where appreciation of colour-values is not essential, for large machineshops, and work-places generally, this lamp is most suitable, for it casts no hard shadows, and is therefore a near approach to daylight, except for its peculiar tint. The mercury lamp is being introduced by the Westinghouse Company, of Norfolk Street, London.

GAS versus STEAM.

Among the many excellent addresses read before the recent Engineering Conference was one of exceptional interest on internal combustion engines for driving dynamos. For the dynamo machine, with its wonderful faculty of transmitting power to a distant point, its application to trams and trains, and its many other employments, is now one of the most valued allies of commerce and human convenience; and the best method of setting it in motion is, therefore, a matter of urgent importance. In the paper referred to, Mr H. A. Humphrey stated that there are now fifty firms manufacturing large gas-

engines of two hundred horse-power and upwards; and the engines of this character completed or on order were no fewer than five hundred and seventy-five, with an aggregate capacity of three hundred and twenty-eight thousand and sixty-five horse-power. He also stated that the central station engineer had become fully alive to the fact that the gas-producer and gas-engine constituted the cheapest means of generating electric power where coal was the basis of the energy, and that a suitable gas-engine was quite as trustworthy as a steam-engine. He believed that such engines would ultimately entirely replace steam in large central electric stations.

KITE-VIEWS.

The kite, which used to be regarded as a mere toy, is now in constant use for making meteorological observations in the upper regions of the atmosphere. But the kite used for scientific purposes is a very different instrument from the flat linen arrangement which is often such a source of sorrow to over-expectant boyhood. The modern kite will sail at a distance from the earth of a mile or more, and requires a small engine to coil up its metal string and bring it back to terra-firma. A number of kites have been ordered by the Admiralty for use during the summer manœuvres, and it is the intention, we understand, to arm these kites with cameras, so that views may be taken from great heights. Photography for purposes of warfare is not a new idea. As long ago as the year 1877, the late Mr Woodbury patented an aerial camera which he constructed for the purpose. It was carried up in the air by a small balloon, and the necessary uncovering of the lens of the camera was operated by electricity through the medium of wires woven into the string which held the balloon captive. Kites as now made are capable of bearing considerable weights, and they are obviously more convenient in use than balloons.

FIRE EXHIBITION.

The Fire Exhibition at Earl's Court is by no means the least interesting of those wonderful annual displays which have become quite a feature to the London season. Beyond the Exhibition proper, there is a marvellous spectacle provided in the huge Empress Theatre, which seats some ten thousand persons, and has a stage quite four times as broad as that of the Opera House. On this is presented an historic scene illustrative of the various methods adopted for extinguishing fires during the past two thousand years, a company of firemen for each period entering with the appliances then available. At last the stage is cleared for the finale, which is really a perfect triumph of stage management. The scene is a street with built-up houses of the usual size, with shops, churches, and a music-hall. Various vehicles are driven about amid crowds of pedestrians, altercations with cabmen and others take place, the police are in evidence, and everything is as natural as possible. Suddenly there is a cry of fire, and, amid a crash of glass and other alarming sounds, a large house in the centre of the stage is seen to be alight. Flames roar from the windows, engines and fire-escapes hurry up, tons of water are poured upon the flames from the steamers, and apparently half-suffocated mortals are rescued by the intrepid firemen. Nothing more realistic has ever been seen on the stage, while at the same time the spectacle forms an object-lesson of no small value.

CONCENTRATED BEER

A brewery has been established at Acton, near London, for the manufacture of concentrated wort, which is of the consistency of treacle, and is packed in drums for shipment abroad. This compound, which is made by special machinery from malt and hops, is intended to be made into beer by the addition of water, and of yeast to promote fermentation; or, by a certain modification, a non-alcoholic drink can be produced, which is said to be most palatable, and the generality of beverages which make this boast certainly are not. The concentrated beer is not affected by climate, and can be kept for any length of time. It will be greatly valued for beer-making in our colonies and in many foreign countries, where a glass of beer is at present a difficult thing to obtain. The promoters of the new process state that the cost of brewing a barrel of thirty-six gallons of 'export ale and stout' in the best equipped brewery in South Africa is forty-two shillings and ninepence, the selling price being seventy-six shillings and eightpence. A better and infinitely purer product could be brewed, they say, from 'concentrate' in the same place at thirty-one shillings and sevenpence. But practical brewers will see that the excellence of the beer produced by this process must mainly depend upon the kind of yeast employed for the fermentation and on the method of fermentation adopted. The new process is the invention of Mr H. A. Hobson.

STERILISING MILK.

Milk has always been the type of that which is beneficial, harmless, and pure; but, as a matter of fact, it is more subject to contamination by diseasegerms than any other fluid known, and probably more deaths are due to the spread of zymotic diseases through this medium than to any other cause. The possibility, therefore, of sterilising milk, without at the same time robbing it of its palatable and nutritive qualities, is a far more important matter than most people would imagine. Most socalled preservatives, while they kill the diseasegerms, cause a serious alteration in the constitution of the milk; and what is required is a method of vanquishing the germs while the milk remains otherwise quite unaltered. This is said to have been brought about by the process recently patented by Professor Max Seiffert, a university lecturer at Leipzig. By the aid of special apparatus, the milk is made to pass as a thin layer of liquid beneath an electrical spark arrangement, which produces ultraviolet rays of light. Or to quote the English patent specification (No. 9242, 1903), rays such as are 'emitted from the sparks produced by high-tension alternating currents.' A drawing of one form of this apparatus is given in the specification, but it is too technical for description here without reproduction. We may add that the milk is not heated in its passage through the apparatus, neither does it come into contact with the air. The process is evidently successful as a laboratory experiment, and it remains to be seen whether it can be carried out on the very large scale which commercial application would demand.

A NEW MAGNETIC OBSERVATORY.

Many years ago, when the first electric railway was opened in South London, the gentlemen engaged in making magnetic records at Greenwich Observatory, which is about six miles away from the tube through which the trains run, reported that their delicate instruments were severely affected by the currents induced by this new source of electric energy. Kew Observatory has made similar complaints since an electric tramway has invaded its neighbourhood; and as progress and traffic cannot be stopped to meet the convenience of science, the observers have been compelled to find a quieter place for their work. The Duke of Buccleuch has granted an extension-site at Eskdalemuir, Dumfriesshire, and thither will be removed in due time the magnetic instruments. But the ordinary commercial work, as well as the regulation of ships' compasses, chronometers, and the examination of lenses, will continue to be carried on at Kew as usual.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ADVANCES.

The word 'Kodak,' a word without any derivation and with but a short history, has grafted itself upon the English language, and every one knows what it means. Attached in the first instance to a form of hand camera, Kodak is now the title of a limited company of vast resources whose object it is to place within reach of photographers the products which they mostly need. Among their latest introductions is a rollable film which will not curl up at any stage, and is orthochromatic or colour-sensitive -that is to say, it will represent a coloured object as an engraver would, and not with reds and yellows in black, and with blues in white, as was customary in former times when dealing with a photographic surface. The Kodak Company have also introduced a daylight developing-machine for rollable films, which is highly ingenious, the ribbon of film being treated, if desired, in daylight, no dark room being necessary. One more improvement is represented by the kodoid plate, which is a flat film to take the place of glass plates in the ordinary camera, and these too are orthochromatic. Such films will do the work of glass plates, while they take up one-fifth of the space, are about one-twelfth of the weight, and are unbreakable.

SHRIMP IN ASPIC; OR, THE BALCONY SCENE.

By Rosaline Masson, Author of Leslie Farquhar, &c.



ALWAYS imagine that my dislike of the French is hereditary, for my mother's great-aunt married a Frenchman. My wife tells me that I pride myself on all my qualities being hereditary. I heard her en-

deavouring to console poor Tommy with that theory the other day, when the little chap complained at never getting a brand new suit of his very own, but always having his brother Charlie's made down for him. Well, anyway, I own I dislike the French, and cannot speak a single word of their slippery language. This is mostly the fault of the duffer we had for a French master at my school. They don't lay enough stress on the teaching of languages at boys' schools. I was once nearly expelled, I remember, for tripping up that French master by a string stretched across a doorway. The man left the school shortly after; but not until the effects of my exploit had considerably strengthened my antipathy to his nation.

My wife does not share my feelings. She boasts of having taken a prize for French recitation at her school, and she always mentions that she wore a white muslin dress and a pink silk sash, and had a bouquet. I tell her that they lay far too much stress on the teaching of French at girls' schools, often to the entire exclusion of everything else; but Esther only laughs and says 'Oh, là là!' with a foreign shrug and a foreign accent, and it is shockingly bad form to pepper one's talk with French words and phrases in that fashion. When we were first married she used to tell me that she had ordered 'such a recherché little dinner.' It was all in vain that I told her to address me in English; she merely stated that there was no English equivalent for the word recherchs. I grew to hate the word, for I soon found out that it betokened that the dinner would be some horrible make-up, garnished and seasoned: salmi of something, or croutades of something, or réchauffé of something; ten to one not the something it said it was, and always à la something else. It might have been recherche; but give me a good solid British joint.

It was about shrimps in aspic that Esther and I had our first quarrel; and that sad incident happened just the day before the Frenchman came—in fact, it heralded his approach. I had been out all the morning, I remember, and had returned quite unexpectedly a little after one o'clock.

'I'm so glad you've come in to luncheon, Henry!' cried Esther, descending upon me in a silken swirl, 'because Mrs Smythe was to have come, and she has telegraphed she can't, and'——

'Thank Heaven!' I ejaculated.

'Yes, dear, certainly; and I've ordered such a recherche little'——

'Great Scot!' I answered, 'and I've come home hungry!'

'Shrimps in aspic,' she said, as I followed her into the dining-room; and she went up to the table and gazed lovingly down into a silver dish, in which quivered some translucent shapes surrounded by a thick wall of what I took to be grass.

It ended in my lunching off an indignantly summoned joint of cold beef, pickles, and bottled beer, and calling Esther a female Nebuchadnezzar, and thereby reducing her to tears. Then I felt satiated, and a brute; and so I went away and smoked and sulked. I had just fallen asleep, about three o'clock, when I was wakened by a little laugh at my side, and I opened my eyes on my wife.

'Well, boa-constrictor?' she said pleasantly. And then, before I had time to reply, she went on rapidly. 'I've had a letter from Mrs Smythe—it's a touch of influenza—and they want us to take in M. le Bras—it's catching, you see—he's a great savant—two or three of their servants have got it too—something scientific, in Paris—and I must see about new spare-room curtains, Henry—those muslin ones won't do in winter—and the man's waiting in the hall.'

'Good Heavens, Esther! Who is waiting? What is he waiting for? Is a savant waiting in our hall for the spare-room curtains? Has he influenza? And have two or three of Mrs Smythe's servants caught something scientific? Because'——

'Try to be sensible, Henry,' urged my wife; which was a little hard on me.

However, by dint of putting a few direct questions, I ascertained that Mrs Smythe, being stricken down with influenza, desired to hand on an expected guest to us. This guest was a M. le Bras, and he was to arrive next day to attend some scientific conference.

'A Frenchman!' I exclaimed.

'Yes,' answered my wife. 'But I'll do all the talking,' she added.

Somehow that made me angry.

'Let him go to an hotel, and be'—— I took up a newspaper and rustled it, to obviate the necessity of finishing my sentence.

'No, we could not allow him to do that, Henry!
—a sense of hospitality—consider. A foreigner in a difficulty'——

'Is simply another name for shrimp in aspic!' I retorted.

But, if one does not want to give in to feminine tyranny one should not be a brute at luncheon. It ended in my wife writing a polite note to Mrs Smythe saying that we should be delighted to receive M. le Bras, and would do all in our power to make up to him for his disappointment.

Oh, we made it up to him! We did indeed! I am sure of that!

He was quite a presentable fellow when he came, though his hair grew straight up off his head. I nodded till I found he could talk English—it is inhospitable to force a guest to betray ignorance; but then we worked it out very comfortably. I complimented him on his fluency, and he told me he had spent seven years in this country.

'Then, what made you go back to France?'

I could not help asking him in surprise.

'But France! It is my home!' he exclaimed.
'And, ah! your fogs!' he added quickly. 'But, pardon, monsieur, we also have our climatic disadvantages there is no doubt.'

'M. le Bras was recalled to France to take the great chair he now holds,' my wife broke in with asperity. 'You show much ignorance, Henry.'

What was I to know of French chairs? I offered him a good firm Sheraton one.

'I am desolated,' he assured us, as we all sat down, 'to have thus thrust myself upon you, to your great inconvenience doubtless.'

We don't use 'desolated' in that sense, and I

should have liked to have told him so.

But our guest proved unexpectedly agreeable, I must own. Indeed, by the time we went up to dress for dinner I was almost reconciled to him and his unlooked-for visit, and was preparing to say so; but my wife did not leave me time.

'Well, what do you think of him? Isn't he simply charming, Henry? So travelled! So well read! So courteous! A most interesting man, I should say! How fortunate that dear Mrs Smythe took influenza—at least, I mean—if she had to take it, how fortunate she took it just now! Charming, I call him! So genial! Henry, could you put this pin in at the back of my fichu? So considerate, and— Ow! ow! you clumsy boy!'

By that evening's post there came cards of invitation to Esther and me for some big scientific soiree in connection with the congress that had brought M. le Bras to our shores and to our doors.

'Of course you don't want to go?' I asked Esther severely, when we were alone. 'I am only invited because I am M. le Bras' host, and you are only bidden as "and Lady."'

But Esther declared she would like to go; and, as I could not permit her to be escorted by the French savant, I decided to accompany them.

Our guest was out all day, making speeches and listening to papers and seeing over laboratories, he said; but he returned to dinner, and after dinner we all three drove to the soiree, Esther in her palepink brocade, which I thought too smart for the sober and scholastic occasion.

M. le Bras evidently wished to put on her wrap for her, for he laid hold of it after he had put down her coffee-cup; but I took it out of his hands and wrapped it round her.

'Don't, Henry!' she exclaimed pettishly, 'you've caught a hook in my hair! Where are my gloves?'

And that little Frenchman had them, and her fan! These foreigners are so officious!

I meant to be slightly on my guard and slightly on my dignity all the evening; but the fact is I lost sight of Esther and M. le Bras, and never saw them again until it was time to go. Esther says it was my fault, and that I neglected my guest shamefully; but that it did not matter in the least, as he knew simply every one there. I wish him joy of his acquaintance if he did, for I never saw such a seedy-looking set of people in all my life. The big stuffed beasts in the glass cases were more to my taste—it was in some sort of museum that the soiree was held—and I went about looking at them till I strayed into a room full of instruments of torture, and that I own I really quite enjoyed.

'It hasn't been half a bad evening,' I told Esther, when she and M. le Bras came in to find me. 'Look at these thumb-screws, Esther'——

She looked at them. 'Horrible!' she shuddered.
The Frenchman rolled his eyes in mock sympathy.

'There's one of your guillotines over there in the corner,' I remarked carelessly, turning to him.

'We are ready to go, Henry!' said my wife sharply.

So she was. She had on her cloak I noticed. I determined to make the best of it. 'Well, let us hurry off, then,' I said. 'We dined so early that I think we shall all be glad of supper.'

'Madame has had some limonade,' M. le Bras hastened to assure me.

'Yes, M. le Bras has taken all care of me,' Esther observed.

Nevertheless, M. le Bras left me to jostle in and out through the crowd and lay hold of a cab.

We reached our door. Filled with the thought of supper and a pipe, I jumped out and ran up the steps, feeling with finger and thumb as I went in my waistcoat-pocket for my latch-key. Then I felt in each of my other pockets in turn. Loose money—my watch—a small leather case—pocket handkerchief—the card of admission to their scientific show, torn in half—but no keys. Far off, a muffled clock sounded a single stroke. The card of admission—the small leather case—watch—handkerchief—loose money—

'Make haste, Henry!' called my wife from the cab. The little Frenchman, hopping about on the pavement ready to help her out, came to see what delayed me.

'I must have forgotten my key,' I explained shortly.

A foreigner has no idea of sparing women.

'Mon Dieu!' he exclaimed, and ran down to the cab.

'Monsieur has forgotten his keys!' I heard him

Women always do the wrong thing in emergencies. My wife got out of the cab.

Handkerchief, watch, loose money, card-case—
'Forgotten your keys, Henry?' she asked.

- 'I said so,' I replied coldly.
- 'Are you sure?' she asked anxiously.
- 'Of course, my dear. Should I be likely to say so until I were sure?'
 - 'Well, dear, you are still feeling in your pockets.' I stopped feeling in my pockets, and rang the bell.
- 'That's no use,' she exclaimed despondently. told the maids not to sit up, and they sleep at the very top of the house and to the back.'

I rang again. We heard the bell sound far down below. The echoes died away.

Then the cabman climbed slowly down by his wheel, and stood on the bottom step, and became distinctly facetious. He averred aloud that he had often seen gentlemen in trouble over a latch-key, and he gave it as his opinion, based on former experience, that I was probably trying to insert the end of my cigar into the keyhole.

I paid the man and dismissed him, advising him to sign the pledge.

'But madame might have sat inside the cab until the door opens,' M. le Bras suggested. 'Madame

I glanced at Esther anxiously, and then at the fast-retreating cab.

'I am quite warm, dear,' she assured me, wrapping her ridiculous little lace-trimmed cloak round her.

'It begins to rain,' observed the Frenchman, raising his face.

It was true: I felt a cold drop on my hand. I seized the bell and rang it violently-once, twice, three, four times; it gave a sudden dislocated gurgle, and, as housemaids say, 'came away in my hand.'

'Stand well into the doorway, Esther,' I commanded her. 'And—here, yes, put on my overcoat!'

Esther gave a little tremulous laugh that was half a shiver, and obeyed. I was glad she obeyed like that, taking my coat for granted. I fastened the top button, and the sleeves hung down limply. There was no hook to catch in her hair.

'But must we then be obliged to scale the heights?' inquired the Frenchman.

The idea was a good one. I stepped back and scanned the front of the house. The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders, as if expostulating at my action; but my wife watched me without speaking.

At that moment the silence of the deserted street was broken by a sudden noise of a horse's hoofs on the wooden road, and a hansom dashed round the corner and pulled up with a jerk two doors off. A man jumped out. We heard the 'Thank ye, sir!' of the cabby, announcing overpayment, and then the click of a key in the door, and the door banged as the cabman turned his horse's head, and again the even beat of hoofs, dying away in the distance, and then silence.

It was all over in a moment; but my mind was made up.

'Wait here,' I said. 'I'll go there and ask him to let me in, and climb along by the balconies.'

'Mon Dieu!' cried M. le Bras.

'Harry! Oh, do be careful!' Esther called after me. I smiled. Now I would show the Frenchman!

I rang at the door where the man had gone in, and presently, as I had foreseen, he opened it himself. He gazed at me in polite surprise. I must have looked eccentric, without an overcoat. explained the situation in a few words. He seemed amused, but readily undertook to let me out into the balcony, and led me up the dark stair and through the drawing-room, where the fire was ashes in the grate.

'It's just as well I happen to know you by sight,' he laughed, as he opened the shutters and unfastened a French window that gave into the balcony. 'Have a whisky-and-soda before you go?' he asked hospitably. It seemed to me he again glanced whimsically at my coatless state.

'No, thanks!' I said shortly, rather resenting his remark about knowing me by sight. 'The others are waiting.'

At the mention of others he leant over the balustrade.

'Oh yes-two men-I see,' he remarked. I looked too. My wife was well in the doorway where I had placed her, with my long coat on. M. le Bras stood out a little, with his face upturned. He caught sight of us and waved his hand.

'I'd better watch till I see you arrive,' said the man beside me.

'Oh, don't wait,' I answered easily. 'It is plain sailing now.' I swung myself over the low intervening wall of the balcony as I spoke. 'Many thanks for your assistance—sorry I have disturbed you. Good-night.'

'Don't mention it. Good-night,' he answered, and stood for a moment. Then, as he saw me reach my own balcony, he must have turned, for when I looked back there was no one there.

I tried our drawing-room window, and muttered something emphatic, for it was locked and shuttered. I tried the others—there were two others—and found them shuttered and locked. I looked over the edge of the balcony.

'Hist! Is it well?' called the Frenchman in a stage whisper.

'No, confound it! They are all locked!' I answered in the same voice.

My wife emerged from the shadows.

'Oh, Henry! What shall we do?' she cried.
'Stand back! Keep that coat round you!' I told her. It was raining now, a soft, silent, insidious rain.

I tried each of the windows over again, rattling them wrathfully. It was no use: they were locked and they were shuttered. Then I prepared to return the same way I had come.

'I'm going back!' I breathed over the balustrade. 'Yes-make haste!' said Esther's voice huskily.

I climbed over into the next balcony, stole along, and clambered into the other. Here I was confronted by a sudden horror. My hair rose and my

blood ran cold. The windows had been, in the

interval of my short absence, closed—and locked—and shuttered. I shook and rattled them in vain. The house was sunk in slumberous darkness.

A muffled clock in the distance struck two. The rain gathered sudden energy and began to fall heavily.

Then I realised that our only hope now lay in those two shivering mortals below. The Frenchman must bestir himself—he must be told to go for the police. Stay!—he could not be allowed to leave my wife alone on the doorstep in her pink frock and opera cloak! I could be of no use to her, caged over her head. But perhaps if they rang the bell the man might hear them—he would be sitting up smoking.

'Hi!' I whispered over the edge of the balcony.
'Hi!' I said; and I leant over—farther over.
'Hi!' I called, quite loud. 'Hi!—Hi!' I shouted.

No answer. They were gone. The street was empty! I leant over until I nearly overbalanced myself. Then I scrambled along to our own balcony, and beat in a frenzy on the cold, impenetrable windows of my home.

I was soaked through, in my thin evening clothes, and I was shivering, and my teeth were chattering and my hands trembling; but it was more than half with sheer rage at my own impotency. Here was I caged, trapped like a panther, like a rabbit, like a poaching cat! And where had they gone? Where had the man taken her? Where was my wife? And why was she anywhere but on the doorstep? And why, oh, why was I not anywhere but on the balcony? Was ever a self-respecting Briton in such a position? And it was all the Frenchman's fault, -the man I had received as a guest and treated as a fellow-creature! Where had he taken her? Her last husky words, 'Make haste!' sounded in my ears. I dug my nails into the cracks of the windows, and tried to force them open. I kicked the glass till it splintered, and then I cut my hands pulling it out in great sheets-only to be met by heavily barred shutters.

Then I bethought me to try the windows of the next house—the house between mine and the one I had come out by—and I stepped over the dividing-rail of the balcony, into the arms of a big policeman who came quietly out of the window and pinioned me.

'Here, take care! Confound you—let me go! I want to get into the next house!' I said, as he dragged me through the window.

A bull's-eye lantern was now turned on me, and a voice said sternly: 'Anythink yer now says will be used in evidence against yer, so I warns yer to 'old yer tongue, my man.'

'But I want to get into the next house!'

'Take a note o' that, Tom.'

'What a hardened villain!' It was a shrill feminine voice this time, and there was the sharp noise of a match being struck, and then the sound of liberated gas, and then in a moment the room was full of light, and I looked round to find myself

in the centre of a ring of people. There were three policemen and five women. The one who was evidently she who had spoken, and who stood in advance of the rest, wore a menacing air, and was a tall, angular, elderly woman with two paper curls, like horns, above her ears. She was clad in a long magenta dressing-gown that was yet not long enough, for it displayed feet that seemed to have been hastily thrust, one into a carpet-slipper and the other into one of an ancient, much-cracked pair of pumps. The other four women in the room kept huddled in a group in the background, occasionally clinging to one another, and giving sharp little screams whenever I moved hand or foot or eye. They seemed to be servants.

'Why, he's in evening dress!' exclaimed one of them suddenly.

'So 'e is, Mary! But it looks to 'ave been bought second-'and.'

'Well, I 'ave 'eard as burglars is fairly well off,' said another doubtfully.

'Madam!' I said severely, addressing her of the magenta dressing-gown and ill-assorted foot-gear, 'this is a mistake. Bring your good judgment to bear on the situation. Do I, I ask you, look like a burglar?'

There was a decided titter from the chorus. It wounded my vanity.

'Tabitha,' said she of the magenta robe and paper horns, 'go and fetch an old newspaper and spread it for this abandoned wretch to stand on, that the rain dripping off him may not spoil the velvet pile of the drawing-room carpet!'

'And he's bleedin', mum!'

I glanced down at myself: it was true. Not only were my clothes soaked through with rain, but they were green with the mould and stained red with the rust of the balconies. My cuffs were hanging limply far over my hands, and my blood dropped from lacerated fingers; and I had appealed to them on the security of my personal appearance! I took out my handkerchief to stanch my blood.

'Why, 'e 'as a 'anky!' said a voice in surprised falsetto.

'Ah! Like enough he has several! Whose pockets has he been picking?'

'Come along!' said the policeman. 'Best make no resistance,' he added.

But I resisted. I knocked one policeman down, while I tried to explain to the other two. In the course of the explanation I had occasion to knock one of them down also; and, in falling, he upset a table, with a long tablecloth and a great many little knick-knacks and a large vase of flowers with water in it. In the confusion the first policeman got up, and he and the third threw themselves upon me; but I managed to involve them in the windings of the tablecloth, and rose myself. I really think I should have had the best of it. I was beginning rather to enjoy myself, when the woman in magenta caught me firmly with both arms round my knees, and brought me ignominiously to the ground.

I sat on the debris and the heaving carcass of one of the fallen policemen, and submitted to a form of handcuffs.

'I cannot fight with women!' I told her wither-

ingly.

'Isn't that beautiful!' said the same voice that had expressed surprise at my possession of a handkerchief. 'Ain't'e just like the 'ighwayman in printed stories?'

I felt a little soothed, and bestowed a kindly glance at her, upon which she giggled and hid behind another girl.

'Come, get up, young man!' said the policeman over me.

'Ay, get oop!' panted the policeman below me.

'And repent of your evil courses!' cried the magenta virago, sticking her paper horns nearly into my face, and stamping the foot encased in patent leather. 'Breaking into honest people's houses with intent to steal! We might all have been murdered in our beds for aught I know if I hadn't waked and heard you, and looked over and seen you, you horrible reptile, on the front balcony, and run myself and fetched the constable in at the back'——

'It was a pity you did not take time to match your shoes, madam,' I said. 'I like daintiness in women.'

Whether she threw herself on me, or whether the policeman on whom I was sitting gave me a jerked impetus into her arms in a spasmodic effort to rise, I shall never know. In another second we were all in a swaying mass, and several chairs joined the table and its knick-knacks on the floor. The chorus shrieked, and, like the fox-terriers in a dog-fight, worried our heels. Even in that moment I felt a vague consciousness that she who admired highwaymen was worrying the heels of the law.

'Henry!'

The soft vibrating voice acted like magic. We fell apart. My wife stood framed in the window, one hand gathering up the skirt of her pink brocade frock, the other on the open shutter. Her eyes travelled from me to the policeman, from the policeman to the debris on the more and finally rested on the magenta woman. Then they came back to me, nowise less expressive from their journey.

'Henry!' she said again, and took a step forward.
'Mon Dieu! quel horreur!' The Frenchman was at her side.

'There has been a little—misunderstanding,' I observed, and tried to pick up a chair; but I discovered my arms were tied together with a piece of cord. In a moment my wife's soft fingers were busy undoing it.

'Your hands are trembling, Esther,' I remarked.

'I do trust you have not taken a chill?' I looked severely at M. le Bras.

She did not even answer. She handed the cord to the nearest policeman, and asked him his number. Then she looked at the woman in paper curls, and the woman shrank back.

'Your master and mistress shall be told of this,' my wife informed her.

'Not if I can help it,' I murmured to myself, with my eyes fixed on a pocket-book in which one of the arms of the law was taking notes ostentatiously.

'The—little misunderstanding—had better be cleared up,' Esther then remarked. The maid-servants took her meaning literally, and went on their knees and began to pick up the debris, and set the chairs and tables on their legs again.

We left the house by the front door; but the expressions of mutual good-will that passed between me and the officers of the law had cost me a sum in bribes that I never allowed myself to tell my wife.

It was five in the morning when we sat down to supper. I was starving, and the Frenchman had caught a severe cold.

'But I have diverted myself—rarely so agreeably!' he hastened to assure me.

I silently handed him a big tumbler.

'But—you have never told me how you got into the house!' I cried, pausing in the act of lifting the kettle off the fire.

'We—we climbed over the wall of the balcony,' Esther said, blushing a little. 'M. le Bras fetched me a chair. We heard a noise, you see, and I got anxious when you never came'——

I waved my hand deprecatingly. 'What I mean is, how in the name of all that is wonderful did you manage to enter this house?'

'With the latch-key, dear.'

'Wh-what latch-key?'

'Your latch-key, Henry. I don't think you could have felt in all your pockets. You put your overcoat round me, you remember'——

'Droll!—n'est pas?' asked M. le Bras, as I poured boiling water into his outstretched tumbler. 'Ze key was there all ze time! But I have diverted myself! Nevair shall I forget'—

'Henry!' my wife interrupted hastily, 'what will you have? This is'——

'Shrimp in aspic?' I demanded, with clenched fists; and I laughed sardonically.

'Shreemp in aspeec?—très recherché!' cried the Frenchman.

Esther raised eyes of limpid sweetness and pained innocence to mine.

'Perhaps you prefer a prawn in pickle?' she inquired. 'I do,' she added softly.

Women have no sense of humour.

THE WOMEN OF HAWKER'S COVE.

A STORY OF THE STORM.

To Olive and Tennyson.

CHILDREN, listen to the story of the mighty hurricane That one night, with ceaseless fury, swept o'er Britain's wide domain.

It was told to me and others, as we talked of long-ago, By the skipper of a schooner in his smoke-room down below.

He was sometimes sad and silent, but could talk with freedom too:

And I've tried to turn his story into simple verse for you.

He had asked me to his smoke-room, with some old seafriends of his,

Where he told the tale with fervour; and, dear children, here it is:

'Light your pipes, my lads, and listen to a rough old

Of the night when eight weak women bravely faced the fearful gale;

When the waves were rolling mountains, such as few had seen before,

And the tempest howled in frenzy from the ocean to the shore; When the lightning's lurid flashes paralysed the land

with fear.

Darting, glancing, hither, thither in their snake-like, mad career;

Followed by the thunder's rattle, in the north and west and south,

Like the noise, far off, in battle, from a mighty cannon's mouth.

Trees were falling, swaying, crashing; roofs were scattered far and wide.

As the tempest in its passage devastated and destroyed; Ships were parted from their anchors; in the awful

hurricane Many a gallant sailor perished as he fought for life in vain.

I have looked on death and danger, in the ups and downs of life:

Once my heart was almost broken, when I lost my dear

young wife In a shipwreck, off Newfoundland, when the ice rolled mountains high,

And I heard, above the tumult, many a sailor's drowning cry.

I have often crossed the ocean, past New Guinea, round Japan, And have looked on deeds of daring done by many a

gallant man;

But no scene that I remember showed such depth of human love

As the subject of my story, in the gale at Hawker's Cove.

'Looking o'er the angry ocean through the darkness of the night,

Right brave women saw with horror, on the rocks, a waving light.

Gazing still in silent pity, lo! a rocket meets their eyes, And another and another, followed fast by human cries. They were daughters of the ocean, and they felt the ocean fear

As the lightning lit the shipwreck, telling them that death was near;

For the lifeboat's crew and lifeboat were away beyond their reach.

Saving life, amid the breakers, from a trawler on the beach.

But to these eight noble women human life was very dear;

And with swift resolve, undaunted, saw their Christian duty clear.

They are speeding to the boathouse, more than half-amile away,

Where they knew an extra lifeboat, trim and ready, always lay.

Did they pause to weigh the danger ere they hauled the lifeboat out?

No! their thoughts were round the shipwreck: that was all they thought about.

Soon they ran her down the slipway, mutely praying whilst they strove,

Till at length they launched her safely on the waves in Hawker's Cove!

Ready now they are, and eager, to row out against the

gale, On their daring task of rescue, and they neither quake nor quail.

'As they take their seats in silence, bravely bending to the oar,

Swift a fearless lad of fourteen, like a tar of twentyfour,

Jumps aboard and grasps the tiller, troubled by no timid fears He would be their champion coxawain, heedless of his

mother's tears.

Hark! above the howling tempest, sailors' shouts ring clear and high,

they see their dear ones ready, launched, prepared to do or die. But they straightway leave the lifeboat, for their duty

ended here, And are greeted by a joyous, heartfelt, honest English

cheer. Then the sailors, with emotion, kissed their brave. un-

daunted wives, Took their places, kept the coxswain, and went out to

risk their lives. But, thank God! the sturdy fellows swept triumphant

to the wreck,
And the gallant little coxswain steered two crews, 'mid

cheering, back.

Who is worthy of the laurel? Let us think the matter out:

He who wins a bloody battle in a cause he holds in doubt ? Who is worthy of the laurel? He who saves a human

life! Not the man who makes a widow out of last year's

wedded wife. When you hear of deeds of valour, deeds of mercy,

deeds of love,
Tell the tale how eight brave women faced the gale in

Hawker's Cove! J. R. Scott.

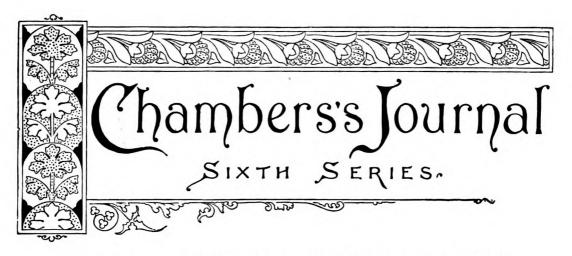
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COMEDY EAST AND TRAGEDY WEST.

By ANDREW MARSHALL.

CHAPTER I.



T was ten minutes to eight on a bright June morning in New York. A cool south wind blew across the bay, and the brown river sparkled in the sun. The *Etruria* lay at her wharf, with steam up and the 'Blue-peter'

flying. Her white decks, her saloons, and her stairways, crowded with departing passengers and friends who had come to see them off, were all bustle, chatter, laughter, and the movement of gay colours in kaleidoscopic entanglement.

There were no broken-hearted, reluctant, lingering, long farewells. Business men, to whom reiteration had made a journey to the other side of the world as unexciting as if it were 'their custom of an afternoon,' said their friendly adieux, lit their cigars, and strolled round the deck, a little bored by all the fuss. Business women, heads of millinery departments in Twenty-third Street 'stores,' flying to France for the fashions, were as unmoved by the accustomed parting as the business men, and quietly made their arrangements for their particular comfort. Experienced ladies personally conducting little bands of college girls on the European tour were exchanging with proud, anxious mothers last assurances for last instructions. 'Don't you worry, Mrs Brown; I'll take care of Mary.' 'Well, Miss Smith, we re-ly on yeou, and we'll have your cable from Queenstown, Saturday, I guess.' 'Drummers,' to whose cultured palates the Cunard Company's bill of fare does not offer sufficient delicacies, were looking after their private supplies of oysters, softshell crabs, and other articles of nourishment indispensable at a gentlemanly meal. Ladies with commissions to write a weekly letter to their local newspaper were already looking out for 'copy' and taking notes of the toilettes de mer of Mr Abbey's dramatic company. The blind and almost decrepit editor of a great American newspaper was being established by his valet in a luxurious deck-chair, while his secretary and the musician whom he

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takes with him to soothe his shattered nerves by playing to him every day seated themselves beside him. Two members of the British House of Lords were fraternising with a coloured prize-fighter, to the amazement and disgust of a tall Kentuckian, who was devoting himself freely to perdition if he had ever thought he was going to travel by a boat in which a 'blanked' nigger was allowed to take a saloon passage.

Meanwhile Walter Desmond Eardley, looking a little haggard and ill, but very carefully and fashionably dressed, was trying to keep the mud from his lacquered boots as he hurried over the rough, dirty streets between the elevated railroad and the Cunard dock.

A young lady, of whom he professed to be enamoured, was to sail by the Etruria, on a summer trip to Europe, with her father; and Mr Eardley, as in duty bound, was going down to say goodbye. She was Miss Jenny Carter, only daughter of millionaire Tom Carter of the Produce Exchange. Mr Eardley had sent on board for her the handsomest, or at least the second handsomest, basket of roses that Simson could supply. He thought she would not know the difference; but in this he made a mistake, omitting to reflect that the dear girl had other admirers, some of them as yet too young to be frugal and too poor to be shabby. However, the flowers were very pretty, and were tied up in the orthodox way with a broad blue satin ribbon, on which the date and Bon voyage were stamped in gold letters. His offering found its place among many other flowers, boxes of 'candies,' cushions, new literature, and other gifts, such as the goodnatured Americans love to lavish upon their departing friends. Miss Jenny's parcels occupied more than her fair share of the room in her cabin till half the passage to Liverpool was over, by which time she had eaten or given away the greater part of their contents. At table she was almost hidden from view by her abundant nosegays, till after the second [All Rights Reserved.] SEPT. 5, 1903.

day at sea, when the second steward, devoid of pity, throws all flowers overboard. It is said that Miss Carter was afterwards discovered to have saved a rose or two, and kept them in a decayed condition in her glove-box, where in the course of time they were found by one of her bridesmaids. These roses were not, however, from Mr Eardley's tribute. But this is to anticipate.

Mr Eardley walked down the dock, resisting in a surly way the solicitations of the venders of deckchairs and steamer-rugs. He hung back a moment and made a little detour to avoid young Pennington, who was seeing his 'saratoga' slung with other luggage on the hydraulic crane and whirled aloft to the fore hatchway. Then he climbed up the saloon gangway, reached the deck, and found himself in the restless throng of the passengers and their friends. To discover any one except by chance seemed rather hopeless; and, after passing twice round the deck, he went below. As he entered the saloon he met the young fellow he had tried to avoid. Mr Jack Pennington had now seen his trunk stowed away. They saluted each other with cold politeness, and passed on.

As Eardley went on deck again he saw the object of his search. He did not, however, at once rush to her side. On the contrary, he stopped short, and for the moment did his best to keep out of view.

A circle of friends surrounded Miss Carter and her father. Mr Carter was smiling with the satisfaction of a man off for a holiday, his hands in his pockets, a cigar between his firm lips, and his sharp eyes beaming in a friendly way on everybody.

His daughter, a dark-eyed girl not long from school, a 'bud' of the closing season, was beaming on everybody too. She was more than happy—she was a little excited. It was her first trip to Europe. That was exciting. Her season in New York had been a success. All the young men had been nice to her, and the girls also. And her special friend and ally, Jack Pennington, whom she confessed to herself in secret she liked better than any one else she had met, was going over in the same ship. But there was more. Jack was a mere boy, three-andtwenty—not so very much older (for a man) than herself; but her inexperienced heart had been fluttered by the unmistakable admiration of a man (Eardley was thirty-five), who must have known scores of girls, who was at his ease where Jack was awkward, and who was extremely handsome, while honest Jack's qualities might be said to surpass his charms. At her cousins' (the Hopkinses) 'send-off' party on Thursday night Mr Eardley had scarcely looked at any other girl, and had asked permission to come and see her away. So now she could not help a slight constraint, an expectant look, which she was too inexperienced to hide. She answered smilingly the remarks made to her, but was listening and watching all the while for Eardley's appearance. Jack had not appeared either. No doubt he was bidding farewell to some of his friends; but she would have liked him to be present to see the elder man come and wish her good-bye.

A bell rang loudly.

'Visitors ashore!' cried a smart young man in a dark-blue jacket and brass buttons. 'All visitors ashore!'

The call was repeated along the decks. The last hand-shakes and kisses were exchanged. The crowd began to move towards the gangway. In the pressure Miss Carter became separated from her friends.

'Miss Carter,' said a voice at her elbow.

She turned quickly, with a little blush.

'Oh, Mr Eardley, how do you do? Thank you so much for the lovely flowers. Papa is over here by the rail.'

She was annoyed with herself for that blush, and with him too. If he had come earlier, before she began to watch for him and to wonder whether he would come at all, it would not have happened. So she dismissed a spontaneous smile which had accompanied it, and continued, 'But I must not detain you.'

'Detain me, Miss Carter! Why, I only came to tell you good-bye. That's what I'm here for. I wish it was not! Won't you come over to the other side for a moment, out of the crowd?'

'Why, you'll be carried off, Mr Eardley,' she said, leading the way, however, to the other side of the deck. It was almost unoccupied, most of the passengers having crowded to the side next the wharf to see the last of their friends.

Mr Eardley had no intention of being carried down the bay. But there were still, he knew, a few moments to spare.

'Miss Carter,' he said, 'I begged your permission on Thursday to come and say good-bye; but'—he stopped a moment and then spoke very low—'l can scarcely bear to say it. I tell myself that two months will soon pass; and so they would if I were only to see you sometimes. But'—— Here he stopped again, this time because he did not know just what to say next. He heaved an ostentatious sigh, hoping she would think his feelings had overcome his power of speech. And so she did. He put out his hand a little, as if to take hers; but she kept looking at the deck and pretended not to see it.

Now, at the risk of Miss Carter being thought a heartless young person, it is necessary to say that, while she was not in love with Mr Eardley, it gave her quite agreeable sensations to hear these statements from his handsome mouth, and she had no objection to listen to some more. When she found, however, that he did not go on, she looked up and said, 'Oh, mustn't you go ashore, Mr Eardley? We shall be carrying you off to Europe against your will.'

'Against my will! Ah, how little you understand! But will you not give me a kind word before you go? Only say,' he whispered, 'that you will really come back in two months the—the same. Promise me!'

He could not think of anything else to say without going farther than he thought would be safe. He told himself he had been a fool not to prepare a useful sentence or two before coming down.

But the young lady was not hypercritical. She thought he was speaking quite beautifully, and she turned her eyes on the deck again that he might not see how pleased she was. She had heard other girls tell of having such things said to them, and was quite willing to know how it felt. It was her first experience of the kind, and was immensely interesting.

The rich American girl has her full share of youth's curiosity about life, and more than her share of opportunity for gratifying it. She knows that, and she means to taste everything, or at least everything that she thinks will be agreeable. She is brought up to expect all the nicest things in the world, and she likes to tell herself, and to let her friends know too, that she is getting them. Unconscious happiness is very well-in babies, and negroes if you like. She comes of, and lives with, a mercantile people, to whom the balancing of entries is an instinct and the publication of their gains a pleasure; whose achievements, social or commercial, scarcely seem real to them till they appear in the newspaper; and who think you might as well be dead if you don't advertise. She impresses the stranger as if she added up her enjoy-

ments at the end of the week to see that she is getting ahead. If she is too good-natured to wear a row of scalps at her belt, she does want to know how one feels when one is taking them. To her the aim of life is 'the joy of eventful living.'

Miss Carter accordingly did not lose her head; and when Mr Eardley, in a tone which he cleverly caused to tremble and thus manifest deep emotion, begged for her promise that she would really come back the same, she felt that she was getting along quite nicely. She was much pleased; and, looking aside for a moment to hide her gratification, she said, 'Well, you know good American girls sometimes get promoted.' She stopped and smiled, and it flashed into Mr Eardley's brain that he might find the pursuit of her hand and fortune a livelier undertaking than he had expected.

'All visitors ashore!' roared a stentorian voice. 'Gangway going off.'

He seized her hand.

'Good-bye!' he cried. 'I have your promise?'
She felt that blush rising again, and turned her head aside a little, shaking it very slowly.

At this moment Mr Pennington appeared. She drew her hand quickly away.

'Good-bye!' cried Eardley again, and was gone. She gave a quick side-glance at Mr Pennington. He was absorbed in watching the officer on the bridge.

THE MENACE OF ETHIOPIANISM.



HERE are comparatively few aspects of the South African situation with which the events of the last two years have not more or less familiarised Englishmen, and at the present time there is, perhaps, no part of

the world which occupies so large a share of the national thought.

But among the less obvious factors of that problem of government and social progress which will take, it may be, years to solve finally, is one so grave that, whether as Britons or as a people desirous of spreading true Christianity, we cannot much longer afford to pass it over with indifference. This factor, the pseudo-religious movement known by the name of Ethiopianism, deserves the closest attention of all thoughtful persons, both in respect of its political object and its ecclesiastical means.

To the bulk of the home public the term Ethiopianism probably conveys nothing; it may therefore be well to premise that between this comparatively new native creed and the ancient Ethiopian Church there is no connection whatever. The modern sect is an offshoot of the American Episcopalian Methodist body, of which community a large number of wealthy negroes are members, and it is from them that the whole scheme emanates, and by them that it is mainly, perhaps wholly,

financed. The gospel of Ethiopianism presents an emasculated Christ set in the centre of a very abbreviated Decalogue. It countenances polygamy and certain other highly undesirable native customs, including the disgusting beer-feasts; and, while requiring acquiescence in the narrowest literal interpretation of the first six commandments, regards the remainder as suggestions admirable indeed, but impracticable.

But the chief feature of Ethiopianism, that which distinguishes it from every other part of the Church catholic, concerns the ministry. Colour is the fundamental qualification for Holy Orders—every candidate must be black. Something more is, indeed, considered desirable, but right colour is the one essential, and Ethiopians love to point out that, whereas a black may be ordained to administer the sacraments and preach to whites in every other Christian Church, they are members of the one exclusive flock, of which no white man, however holy, is fit to be a shepherd.

And here it must be noted that this peculiar and unworthy tenet is not derived from the Episcopalian Methodist Church of America. When that body first sent over negro missionaries to Africa, it was as evangelists of a Christian sect which, following the tradition of the universal Church, admits to Holy Orders suitable men of any colour.

But, keeping in mind the political object of their apparently spiritual work, it was not long before the infant daughter Church abandoned its original name, along with its primitive traditions, and took to itself doctrinal independence and organisation under the name of Ethiopianism. For this reason the sect is entirely confined to Africa, as it could obviously have no raison d'être elsewhere. Nevertheless, the Episcopal Methodist body in America, regarding the Ethiopian Church of Africa as a favourite child, continues to supply it with the means of subsistence and extension. In the early days of the movement, and before the great upheaval at Loveday in Cape Colony, where Ethiopianism scored its first big success, the black preachers more than hinted that white missionaries desired to keep their converts in perpetual tutelage, so that they might retain the larger part of the contributions sent from Europe for native churches, and live in comfort and luxury thereon. In Zululand, Basutoland, Pondoland, and Cape. Colony this argument told heavily; but some of the better-informed chiefs distrusted the bearers of a message which their own knowledge proved to be false. Thus when Willie, the firebrand Basuto preacher, sought to return to his native country, Barotseland, to establish an Ethiopian Church alongside the Anglo-French Protestant mission which has been working there for some twenty-five years, Lewanika, the king, refused him admission, though many of his chiefs would have welcomed the new creed. Khama also would have none of it; but these two men, it must be remembered, are quite exceptional individuals, and, from constant association with the best class of whites, have learned to grasp the meaning of that Christian equality which includes black and white, but neither at the expense of the other.

With the great bulk of Africans it is far otherwise, and nothing could be conceived more pernicious, both as to the principle of selection which it involves, and also as to the effect on that extraordinary vanity which characterises nearly all the inferior races, than this contemptuous exclusion of whites from the sacred ministry. For, expressed roughly and without verbal dressing up, the rule amounts to this: that the governing race is, in the eyes of the Almighty, unfit to minister to the superior souls of black people, though good enough for those of his own colour. Considered from the spiritual side, this 'Church for Africans only' is a real hindrance to the spreading of a pure Christianity among the native races. More especially is this the case because Ethiopian mission stations are always planted alongside those of some other Church, as in the case of Loveday already mentioned, whose pastors have previously prepared the spiritual soil. It can be readily understood that to the half-instructed black 'almost persuaded,' Ethiopianism, which handles so lightly his earthly yearnings and sensuous desires, is an attractive 'Christianity.' But when to this laxity of moral demand is added the gratification of an exclusively black and superior ministry, it is small wonder that the new sect draws away prospective and even actual converts of the regular missions. This habit of settling down where other men have sown would in itself stamp Ethiopianism unfavourably, and its general influence is distinctly evil among those native communities where Christianity seemed to be taking root.

An event, in itself most excellent, has served to emphasise this point of late. It is now two or three years since Dwane, one of the original black leaders of this movement, headed a secession from Ethiopianism to the Anglican Church, based on doubt as to the validity of their orders. Some thousands of Ethiopians followed their chief, and were duly received into the Church. Naturally these converts included the flower of the whole flock, the leaven of men and women who acted on conviction and had no ulterior objects to serve. The selfish, the scheming, and the indifferent remained in the Ethiopian Church, to make of it a centre even less potent for good than before, and infinitely more fanatical and unscrupulous in the means it employs for the attainment of its political aims.

For it must always be remembered that although there are, no doubt, still many honest Ethiopians seeking in their religion the highest good of which they are capable, to the majority the spiritual side of this organisation is incomparably less important than the racial and political object the creed is intended to subserve. Probably the first impulse of the inquirer will be to suggest action on the part of the Government. But the American negrofounders of this amended gospel were clever enough to realise that only under the cloak of a spiritual mission could the propagation of this mischievous social doctrine hope to remain undisturbed. In this guise it is protected by the instinctive British toleration for anything in the nature of a creed. The civil authorities, while now beginning to descry the alien political ideal behind Ethiopianism, are still far from realising the danger involved in it, and entirely unwilling to take action which might even distantly appear to resemble interference with the religious sentiments of natives. Nevertheless, it is strange that more attention has not been devoted to the methods of this organisation, which, it must always be remembered, came originally from without.

Ethiopianism is the ideal of the American negro for his own people in their own land. Memories of slavery on the one hand, experience of white contumely on the other, form some excuse for the bitter hatred of his white fellow-citizens evinced by the Southern State negro, but no such causes have ever divided the races in Africa, nor would they have spontaneously arisen. Here, as elsewhere, the Briton has been successful, on the whole, in gaining the respect and confidence of the coloured people, among whom he rules as friend and protector more often than as autocrat.

But the American negro, with his democratic

institutions and higher education, superadded to his racial passion, has developed a political ambition akin to, and synchronous with, the enthusiasm for navy-building in Germany, for colonial expansion in France, for territory extension in Russia, and for Imperial Federation among ourselves; and this development finds expression in the pseudo-religious movement under consideration. For in the United States there is no opportunity for successful race advancement for the negro except as a part of the whole Republic. He cannot look for the attainment of his object there; and Africa, the cradle of his race, is naturally the next land to which he turns his eyes. 'Africa for the Africans' is the ideal, possibly with a half purpose of returning as masters to the spot whence their forefathers were forcibly removed as slaves. The choice of an ecclesiastical means was obviously prompted by the desire to escape British interference with the propaganda, for Ethiopianism is not only not Christianity, it is not a religion at all.

As to the methods employed for the regular supply of native candidates for the ministry, they are effective but dangerous. Each year an increasing number of young men and women are sent from Africa, at the expense of the American Methodist Episcopalian body, to study in the negro universities of the United States. There they obtain a superficial veneer of knowledge, while breathing the atmosphere of race hatred which pervades most of these so-called seats of learning.

After the attainment of a more or less worthless degree, these students return to their own country to preach, with all the enthusiasm of youth and the obstinate conviction of the half-taught mind, a gospel usually far more political than spiritual.

A possible remedy, or at least palliative, would seem to lie in the extension of the university facilities now afforded to natives in Cape Colony and Natal, so that, instead of going to America in search of what they now ignorantly call 'advanced' knowledge, the more intelligent blacks might acquire at their own doors an education sound in itself, and calculated to create in them an appreciation of the rights, privileges, and duties attaching to imperial citizenship. At any rate, if feasible,

this measure would seem to be a step towards the solution of the Ethiopian 'Church' problem. One difficulty in the way of extended university facilities for natives lies in the fact that the standard of admission to these seats of learning, though not particularly exalted, is usually beyond native attainment; whereas the negro universities of the States are not exacting as to the minimum of knowledge which will pass a candidate for entrance therein. To remedy this state of affairs an improvement in elementary education conditions—admittedly parlous at the present time—would probably prove necessary.

But it is not for laymen and outsiders to indicate treatment of the disease: that may safely be left in the hands of the specialists on the spot; the one essential point is, that the authorities should be induced to realise that when every allowance is made for 'missionary misrepresentation,' incomplete data, and human imperfection generally, there yet remains no doubt that the root of this Ethiopian schism, which is spreading so far and deep in African soil (from the Zambesi to the south coast its stations are already established), is not the preaching of a gospel-and every citizen of our free Empire has the right to preach the gospel he believes-but the propagation of an imported political creed, masquerading in the guise of a Christian mission. If this fact be once appreciated, with the obvious corollary that it constitutes in some sort a menace both to Church and State, because a menace to civilisation itself, then a cure will surely be devised by those best qualified to select the means therefor.

[Postscriptum.—It seems probable that the 'black missionaries' recently stated to have been expelled from Buluwayo for 'preaching that natives were better than whites' were Ethiopians, though it was not so stated in the newspaper paragraph. The Charter of the British South Africa Company contains no paragraph authorising the exile of any class of religious preachers, so it is at least likely that the offence was actually sedition under the guise of a mission.]

THE PEARL NECKLACE.

By James Workman.

CHAPTER XVI .-- MY LAST FIGHT.



HEN Montague reached the bottom of the winding stairs he made for the secret passage like a rat for its hole. But for the smoky glare of his torch, that streamed behind him as he ran, I should soon have lost all trace of

him in the pitchy darkness. Even as it was he gained on me, for the light was so faint that more than once I slipped and stumbled, and at length fell

headlong over the shattered door. I was almost within striking distance when I fell, but though I was on my feet in an instant, he was well ahead of me, and I could not lessen the distance as we raced along the passage, strive as I would. Still, I was close to the foot of the steps as he scrambled through the entrance. I saw him try to raise the stone above the opening, but seeing that I would be upon him ere he could do so, and no doubt

hearing the shouts and trampling feet of those behind us, he flung away his torch and disappeared. For a moment I saw but a narrow blue space sprinkled with stars, and then I was out once more in the cool, sweet night-air. The moon was now climbing high in a cloudless sky, and as I darted from among the ruins I saw Montague flying across the open space between the abbey and the wood.

He waved his hand and laughed mockingly when he saw me once more on his track; and so confident was he in his own speed that he ran along the path instead of running into the deepest recesses of the wood. I smiled grimly at the sound of his laughter. Lithe and graceful and wiry as he was, and though he might be my master at swordplay, I had no more doubt that in the end I should overtake him than I had that the stars were twinkling above us in the sky.

It becomes no man to boast, but the plain truth is that though I had known many men who could outrun me for some hundred yards or so, I had never met one who was my equal when there was no limit to the distance to be covered. Longwinded and swift of foot I had ever been, and with years and hardships had come muscles of iron and powers of endurance that had never failed me yet. He quickened his pace and gained some twenty or thirty yards upon me, and again I smiled to think that he was but doing the very thing I wished, exhausting his strength and wind at the outset-the very last thing he should have done. Now I was sure that he could not escape me, and I settled down to a long, easy stride that I knew I could maintain for the next hour if need be.

On we went over the black shadows of trees, across broad patches of moonlight, the rabbits scurrying right and left into the underwood, and bats flitting noiselessly overhead. But I had no eyes or ears for aught but the flying figure before me, and the rustling of dried leaves and the cracking of twigs beneath his feet. I cared for nothing in the whole wide world at that moment but to get within sword's-length of him, and pay him back the foul blow that had stretched Frank at my feet.

I will do Colonel Montague this justice. braver man, I truly believe, ever lived, and I doubt not that he would have turned and faced me had he not feared that a few minutes' delay would bring the rest of his pursuers upon him. For the time they had lost all trace of us, and were far behind; but this he could not know, and it would have been foolhardy to do otherwise than he did. His endurance was far greater than I had expected, and minute after minute went by and still I had not gained a foot. He appeared to be running as freshly and strongly as ever, and for the first time I felt some doubt as to whether it lay within my power to overtake him. Sorely was I tempted to increase my speed, but I had self-control enough to avoid doing so, and hung doggedly behind him, making no effort to shorten the distance between We passed within a stone's-throw of Poplar House, and presently we were running along the very path which I had followed on the day that Frank forced me into a duel. Ay, there was the very stile on which he and Montague had sat and barred my way. Once more a pang of regret shot through me that I had not flung aside my scruples and forced Montague to fight me, and so averted the tragic scene in the Hall. Well, regrets were useless now. It only remained to avenge the innocent blood shed that night, and to do justice on the wretch whose sword had spilt it.

He climbed the stile with the agility of a cat, but as he glanced back over his shoulder his face looked white, and it was clear he was no longer in the mood for mockery and laughter. I was still running well within my speed, breathing without effort, and having little or no feeling of fatigue. Once over the stile I quickened my pace, and slowly, surely, little by little, I gained upon him. He heard me coming, looked back, and with a desperate effort again drew away from me. But he stumbled and staggered as he ran, and soon lost ground again. Foot by foot I drew nearer, till I could hear his loud panting and the inarticulate cry of rage with which he glanced behind him once more and saw me close upon him. suddenly he stopped and wheeled round, and at last we stood face to face in the moonlight.

Had I rushed in upon him I could have ended the business with a single thrust, for his face was livid, his limbs trembled beneath him, and he was gasping for breath. But I could not do it, even to avenge the cruel death of the unsuspecting lad who so short a time before had loved and trusted him. I drew back some two or three paces, and keeping a vigilant eye upon his every movement, began to divest myself of my doublet and roll up the sleeves of my shirt. He watched me with a very curious expression.

'You mean to fight?' said he.

'Even so,' I answered quietly; 'but there is no hurry. We have the night before us. Recover your breath. I will wait until you are ready.'

Again he glanced at me curiously, and then, with a shrug of the shoulders, he sat down on the mossy stump of a tree, resting his head on his hand and fixing his eyes intently upon me. At the same moment I realised for the first time that we were in that very glade in the oak-wood where I had fought Frank but a few weeks before, though it seemed as if years had intervened, so many strange things had happened since then. Was it fate or chance that had brought us there? It was to my mind a very curious circumstance, and I glanced at Montague to see whether he too had recognised the place and shared my astonishment. But if he did he showed no sign of having done so. He was wellnigh himself again. The colour had come back to his face, and he breathed more easily. Presently he spoke.

'Will you be good enough to inform me, Captain Hawthorne,' said he coolly, 'why a minute ago you did not take advantage of my helplessness to run me through, as, to tell you the plain truth, I think you would have been justified in doing?'

'Doubtless you would have done so in my case,' I answered bluntly; 'but you forget, sir, that I am not, like yourself, an assassin.'

He winced and flushed.

'You may act like a gentleman, but, by my faith! you speak like a clown,' he said irritably, and relapsed into silence. But presently he spoke again.

'You are very scrupulous,' said he. 'Tis refreshing to find a grown man so scrupulous. I was scrupulous myself once.'

'Sure it was a long time ago,' said I.

'You speak truly,' he replied, 'and, as usual, with a brutal frankness which has all the charm of novelty for one who has hitherto had the good fortune to associate with gentlemen.'

'A privilege you would scarce have enjoyed had they known the character of their acquaintance,' said I.

He merely shrugged his shoulders in reply, and sat moodily digging up the grass with the point of his sword.

'You may think what you like,' he said suddenly, 'but you yourself cannot grieve more sincerely about poor Frank than I.'

This time 'twas I who shrugged my shoulders, without deigning to answer him.

'He should not have angered me so,' he continued; 'and at such a moment, too, when he had aided you to ruin all my plans, all I had toiled and struggled and plotted for, month after month—ay, year after year. And yet, God knows, I am sorry. The thrust had gone home ere I knew what I did.'

'We are wasting time,' said I coldly. 'If you have breath to speak you have breath to fight.'

'It is true,' said he, and rising slowly to his feet, he took off his doublet, yet with the air of a man who is thinking of other matters. Then he faced me, but without raising the point of his sword.

'Captain Hawthorne,' said he, 'I have enough blood upon my hands, and am in no mood for shedding more. Cannot this matter be arranged otherwise?'

'There is but one other way,' I replied, 'and that is to hand me your sword and return with me to the Hall.'

He laughed mirthlessly.

'That would indeed be to put my head in the lion's jaws,' said he. 'A short shrift and a long rope would I get from grim old Oliver after this night's work.'

He still stood hesitating, glancing at me dubiously, and half-opening his lips more than once before he could make up his mind to speak.

'After all, it might be to your advantage to let me go,' said he at last. 'If we fight, I have no doubt that I shall kill you; but I am willing to admit that you are no bungler, and the troopers might be upon me before I could dispose of you. Now mark me. Some quarter of a mile from here is a deserted farmhouse—I was making for it when you overtook me—at which I have slept more than once since you drove me from the Hall.'

'And how does that concern me now?' I asked impatiently.

'It concerns you much, for beneath the floor of the stable where my horse now stands, ready saddled and bridled, lies buried the French gold that Mistress Dorothy slipped so cleverly from underneath your very fingers. Come with me, and allow me to mount and ride away, and, save for a few pieces to get me out of the country, the gold is yours to do what you will with. No one knows of its presence there but I.'

'You offer me a bribe?' I asked.

'Even so,' said he. 'Do you refuse?'

I could scarce bring myself to answer him.

'I refuse,' said I. 'Let us waste no further time.'

He betrayed neither anger nor surprise.

'I expected you would,' said he coolly. 'Well, well! I see we must cross swords after all. And yet I am half-sorry. You should not have been so scrupulous, my sanctimonious friend, for now I have told you where the gold is I shall be obliged to kill you.'

'That may well be,' said I; 'but I think your own end has come too. For my part, I shall willingly sacrifice my life to rid the world of such a wretch as you. It is a deed for which I think God and all good men will thank me.'

'Then there is no more to be said,' he answered, stepping forward. 'And yet it is a pity, for, by my faith! in spite of your long face and Puritanical airs, I begin to think you a very pretty fellow.'

He was entirely himself again, with the old jaunty carriage of his body, the same mocking twinkle in his eyes, the same ready sneer upon his lips.

In another moment our swords met, and we were thrusting, feinting, parrying, breaking the stillness of the peaceful moonlit glade with the loud stamping and trampling of feet and the clashing of steel on steel. I had fought many a fight in the past, but never a fight like that. From the first we fought to kill, and again and again it was only by a hair's-breadth that either of us escaped death. For my part, I had thrown caution to the winds; and at the outset I think my antagonist was but little more wary. And as the minutes passed, and still not a drop of blood had been shed, we pressed each other closer and closer, with gleaming eyes and clenched teeth, and an ever-growing fury that I, hitherto cold and calm in battle, had never experienced before.

Truly he was such a swordsman as few can ever hope to have the privilege of engaging—crafty and strong and agile, and master of every trick of fence then known and practised throughout the world. I can see him yet as the moonlight fell upon his handsome, clear-cut face, his long, dark, curling love-locks, and lithe, graceful figure, as brave and gallant a sight as ever I saw in my life. Yet never since I wore a sword had I so craved to shed the blood of a fellow-creature. I will own now that it was not only as the instrument of justice upon Frank's murderer that I fought with such everincreasing passion. It was also the thought of my private wrongs, the ruin of my career, the loss of Dorothy's affection, that nerved my arm and steeled my heart, and filled me with such a tumult of rage and hatred. Moreover—so weak and vain a thing is man-I longed to prove, even at the cost of defacing God's own image, that I was the better swordsman—his master in the art in which he was wont to boast he had no equal.

For his part, he was fighting for his life, and had, I doubt not, no more pity than a wolf or tiger. But I perceive now that he was cooler and more cunning than I. Desperately as he fought, he did not put out his full strength, but watched and waited for a chance to end the struggle with a single thrust, while I pressed in on him as one who cares little for his own life if he may take that of his enemy.

That happened which might have been expected. His sword flashed under my guard, and I reeled back with a groan of pain, and a great crimson blotch upon my shirt. And then the end came swift as lightning. He lunged again, perhaps somewhat carelessly, thinking me disabled and at his mercy; but I contrived, I know not how, to parry the thrust, and drove my sword through his body. He stood for a moment clutching wildly at his breast, and then fell writhing upon the grass. Then presently he lay still, with the moonlight falling full upon his white, upturned face, and I, who had seen so many battlefields strewn with the dead and wounded, knew well what had happened.

I stood gazing at him, leaning heavily on my sword, with one hand pressing against my side, the blood oozing slowly through my fingers. The long-drawn struggle was at an end, and I had won all

that I had been striving for. I had regained possession of the Hall, discovered the treasonable papers, knew the hiding-place of the gold, and had overcome in single combat the life and soul of the conspiracy, who had so cunningly foiled and tricked me; and yet I had no sense of triumph, no gladness in that hour of victory. I doubted not that I too was about to die, and the sight of his dead face troubled me, and I would most gladly have given back the life I had taken.

I scarce know what followed, for my senses were fast leaving me, except that presently I heard the voices of Corporal Flint and some of the Life Guards, who had at length come up with us.

The corporal knelt beside the quiet figure on the grass, and put his hand upon its heart. Then he rose to his feet.

'It is all over,' said he; 'the man is dead. You have done a deed this night, captain, that all the world will talk of. I think none but you could have done it.'

'He was reputed the best swordsman in Europe,' said a young officer, gazing at me admiringly.

'I would have given a year's pay to see the encounter,' cried another. 'By my faith! I envy you, captain.'

But Corporal Flint, who, I believe, after his own sour fashion truly loved me, was gazing at me anxiously.

'Why, what is this?' said he. 'You are wounded. Your shirt is covered with blood.'

'Blood?' I repeated, and raising my sword, I gazed at the crimson steel, and then looked down at the dead face and shuddered. 'I have shed too much blood in my time, gentlemen. But I will fight no more. I will never fight again, and then perhaps God will forgive me.'

I had grown so weak that I should have fallen if Corporal Flint had not caught me by the arm.

'Take me home,' I said feebly, 'for I think I am going to die.'

Then I leaned my head upon the rugged old soldier's breast, and as he clasped his arms about me I fainted away.

CHANGES IN HOUSEKEEPING.

By ETHELINDA HADWEN.



N the present day the ways of our grandmothers are no longer possible. People may regret them and sentimentalise over them if they like—there is nothing to hinder them; but the fact remains that the house-

keeping of our grandmothers is a thing of the past, and the housekeeping of our mothers is also a thing of the past, though we are vainly trying to adhere to their methods in the face of increasing difficulties. This cannot continue, and we must work out a system of living of our own which, while sacrificing

nothing essential of home influences, may enable us to live without the worries inseparable from housekeeping at the present time. The object of this article is to state the case, and to suggest some alternative courses that may be followed.

First, to state the case. It may be taken as a fact that cannot be expected to change, that people with large families who can only keep one servant will not get one worth having, if they get one at all; and should they succeed in getting one, however incompetent, they will not be able to keep her. Further, even small families find it almost

impossible to get a single servant who is worth her salt, and they too find that they have to change continually, because the maids get tired of being single-handed. People who can afford to keep two servants can still get them with comparative ease, but the capability of the cook is usually open to question, and is not in proportion to the wages she asks. Large householders have no difficulty in obtaining servants, but they have to keep increasing numbers of them, because they will not do the amount of work which was formerly expected and obtained from them, while, on the other hand, wages are vastly higher, and the expense of feeding them much greater. This greatly increases the expense of housekeeping. It matters little to the wealthy man who has a good and increasing business, or to the people whose fathers were millionaires, but it matters very greatly to the professional classes and the people with incomes derived from investments or from salaries. In all the countries of the world domestic service is out of favour with the class of women who formerly spent their lives in it. In Paris people solve the difficulty by dining out, and make their dinner the one important meal of the day. They live in apartments which are cleaned by an itinerant housemaid and a man circur. The objections to this style of living for this country are, that a breakfast of coffee and rolls, and a lunch of omelette and salad, for instance, is scarcely substantial enough fare, and that the climate does not lend itself to compulsory going out every evening in spite of weather; and further, that in most suburban localities (and in nearly all our large towns the class of people who keep servants live in the suburbs) there are no restaurants. Further, families in France are smaller, and therefore the extra cost of dining at a restaurant is not so great as it would be in the case of a large family. In Germany the Hausfrau is supposed to stay at home and do the cooking, with the aid of a maid of all work, whom she constantly supervises; but the girl who is willing thus to be supervised is becoming a rara avis in Germany also, according to all accounts. In the Colonies nearly all the ladies have to do their own work, unless there is a subject race, or unless they fall back on imported Chinese and Japanese, where these are allowed to enter the colony.

In this country ladies will not desire to follow any of these plans, but from America it is possible to get some hints which we may turn to useful account. In that country there seem to be two ways of living in the cities: either you must have a house of your own, and have very expensive and generally rather inefficient service, which is usually Irish, or else you must live in a boarding-house or a hotel. (I do not speak of the tenement-house system, for I am not dealing with the working-classes.) Neither of these plans appears to be satisfactory to the Americans themselves. The Irish servants are a constant trouble and a very heavy expense, and the boarding-house system is

not ideal, especially for people who have children. In the country districts the ladies are in much the same position as they are in our own colonies—that is to say, they do their own work. American writers are much occupied with this great problem, how to manage the household, and people like Mrs Stetston and other writers on woman's position, aims, and objects seem all to agree, a priori, that it is useless to expect that every woman shall be an expert in every branch of housework. Their idea is that large blocks of rooms shall be built where families may have rooms, and that these rooms shall be kept in order, and the meals cooked and the children cared for, by the mothers best adapted for each special branch of work, or that the mothers may be set at liberty, free to work during the day at whatever occupation they are best adapted for, leaving their children and houses to be looked after by people who are experts at the work, and who will consequently do it much better. Thus one woman is a first-class housemaid, but she cannot cook wholesome dinners; then let her do the housemaid's duties in the establishment, and somebody else who is a good cook do the cooking. The committee divide the labour and let each woman do the part she is best adapted for. That is magnificent theory, but it is certainly not in the sphere of practical politics in this country. Still, there are points in it which might be useful.

The bulk of the work in a house is connected with the kitchen. The dirty work, the hot work, the disagreeable work, is all centred in the kitchen. The cooking is the most important part of the housework; it is the work which is usually the worst done when it is badly done; it is the work which takes the most time; it is the work which is most tiring and most exacting. More than all, it is the part of a servant's work where she can best waste and destroy, and it is the most disproportionately expensive part of the expense of a small household. The cook is the most difficult to get, and the most expensive of all the servants. It is in the kitchen that the great servant difficulty mainly lies. As things are at present there is practically only one way to avoid having the necessary cooking of food done in one's own house, and that is to leave the house and go and live in lodgings, boarding-house, or hotel. The average Englishman clings, quite rightly, to the idea of a house of his own; but it is abundantly evident that, if his means are moderate and he wishes to retain that house of his own, he must accept some modification of the existing plan-that of each house being run as an entirely separate and self-depending organisation—unless his female relatives be willing to do the work themselves.

Single people and people with small families would find a set of rooms in a large block where servants and cooking are provided by the management—or by co-operation among the tenants—under a competent housekeeper, the most comfortable and economical plan. The rooms being furnished by the tenant and enclosed as a separate house, the

tenant has entire privacy. He has therefore his own house where he can do as he likes. He has his own housemaid to wait on him, to whom he can give his orders; but as he shares her with his neighbour, he does not have to pay her entirely himself, and he gets the services of a trained cook and housekeeper as well for no more than he would have had to pay for the exclusive services of one servant, not so well trained, supposing he were fortunate enough to be able to secure one at all. The food would be much better, while cheaper, than can be obtained by a small family providing for itself independently. It is impossible to cater for a small family as well or as cheaply as for a large family. Small families should therefore combine forces in the way described. For large families another method may be adopted. They must adopt every labour-saving device; they must so arrange the house that a minimum of labour shall keep it clean and orderly, and they must send out both washing and cooking. It is so very much cheaper to provide food in large quantities that a caterer could provide all meals for a streetful of people at a rate not higher than the cost of each house providing for itself separately, and have a good profit for himself. The Distributing Kitchens Company is paying well, I hear, in London, and proving an immense success. By employing a Distributing Meals Company many households may be enabled to dispense with servants altogether; others will have one or more servants to be employed in housemaids' work, and where there are children a lady nurse may be engaged in addition. The modern middle-class houses are furnished to such an extent that they are more like museums than houses. They will require to be differently arranged. China and knick-knacks must be housed in dust-proof cabinets; tables must be restored to their proper use as places for laying down temporary objects, not as trays burdened with permanent collections. Bedrooms will be fitted with fixed basins supplied with hot and cold water, floors will be covered with linoleum where possible, and the latest patent pneumatic carpet-sweepers will do away with the clouds of dust that used to rise when carpets were thoroughly switched by the aid of the old-fashioned bass-broom. There need be no kitchen-range to black-lead, and the modern fireplaces have very few parts requiring cleaning; while, as electric light is more and more taken advantage of, it will become so much cheaper that it will shortly be available for house-heating as well as house lighting. The fact is that the servant problem, unlike the servants, has come to stay; and the sooner we make up our minds to face it, the sooner we shall discover how to solve it, and the sooner we shall be out of the transition stage, which is always an uncomfort-The servant of all work has almost able one. entirely disappeared. The house laundrymaid is extinct, and the cooks are becoming daily more impossible. We had better, therefore, try to evolve something, before we are entirely bereft of all assistance. We have had to put the washing out, and now we must put the cooking out. Housemaids are still to the fore, and can be got for private houses; and as the main objection to service appears to be the uncertain length of the working hours, we must give our servants fixed hours of work, and, it may be, arrange to have them coming in in the morning to their work and leaving at night, as they do in factories. Large establishments can always get servants without difficulty, because the maids have each their own part of the work to do and nothing else, and because they have more regular hours. Institutions are popular just on these accounts-ergo, we must in private houses give the same advantages. The old order changeth; let us give up lamenting the good old days, and find a way to make the present ones still better.

THE ONE PASSENGER ON THE DILIGENCE.



HE terrible old diligence, with its six ruined and raw little horses (one a mule, but as ruined and raw as the rest), crept across the Urola flats between Azpeitia and Loyola. The sun burned; yet there was still snow

on the Hernio Mountain near to the north-east, though summer was well advanced.

'A bad season, señor,' said the driver, in comment on that snow. He curled out his raking whip and tipped the red wound on the crupper of his left leader. The horse gave a little leap, cried shrilly, and was again as uniform in lethargy as the rest. 'And a bad government too, which is worse than a bad season!' the man continued. 'Santo Cristo! it might have been different if my grandfather—peace to his soul!—had been Carlist like myself.'

He threw the reins between us for a moment or two while he lit a cigarette, then took them up and addressed his team in profoundly opprobrious terms. But the six raw little wrecks paid no heed. They hung their heads at no lower an angle, nor quickened their pace by so much as an inch to the minute. Their bells jingled with a pathetic mockery of enjoyment; while here and there an unimportant string or a strap snapped or gave way to the stress of time and natural decay; and they cared as little as the tawny, broad-chested driver himself.

From the imposing mass of Loyola's church and monastery, a kilometre or so in front, boomed the note of a prayer-bell. It was quite another sound to that of the tawdry tinkle which went with us as inseparably as the flies.

The driver crossed himself.

'And ever since,' said the driver through a thin veil of blue smoke, 'neither my grandfather nor his son, nor I who have the honour to speak to your excellency—ever since, I am telling you—the best horse of the bunch has been Ignacio by name. You have seen the Santa Casa of the great Loyola, caballero, yonder?'

I had seen everything which was to be seen in that block of building. It had not interested me very much. I fancy Loyola himself would have been interested still less. A day or two ago a sermon had been preached, under that florid dome of gilding, marbles, and pompous shields of arms, about the wounds which Loyola had received at Pampeluna, with meditations to follow. I had seen about eighty women, in black from head to foot, crouched on little parti-coloured mats under that florid dome, meditating in tremendous silence about these same wounds. It was an instructive but not engrossing spectacle. Loyola, in his sanest epoch, would probably have bidden them go home and attend to the puchero. But, of course, it was plain the driver had something on his mind.

'Which,' I asked, irrelevantly enough, 'do you consider the best horse of your bunch to-day?'

Out cracked the whip and punished the Ignacio of the moment. It chanced to be the mule. I might have expected that. Spain is in many matters just a larger Ireland.

'Ignacio!' cried the driver. 'Show your quality.

Anda! gallop, all of you! Ah! would you, conio?'

It was rather sickening, and I was glad to do my little best to compose the startled team. All the six were evidently painfully flustered by this stinging demand from them of a pace on the level to which they were only accustomed when an ordinary horse would have settled into a methodical and enduring walk. Another of poor old Spain's confounding contradictions! But the driver also was punished. A somewhat important strap parted, and he had to alight and mend it with fingers and teeth. The flies made him curse in the midst of his cobbling. He rejoined me, however, with the freest of smiles, and accepted another cigarette.

'That comes,' he explained, 'of not being contented when one is well off. It is like my brother Francesco, who was as good as an hidalgo at home—you may see the escutcheon on our house in Azcoitia. He cleans the knives in a Madrid fonda for a living, and cannot save the money to get home again. The pobre was the handsome one of the family. He had ambition—caramba!—and refused a girl of Guipuzcoa with two thousand duros of fortune. It was my mother's arranging; and now she has three children by her husband, and Francesco would gladly work in her fields if he could leave Madrid. Comes of crying for the moon when there's a good warm sun in the sky!'

'You have, then, a family mansion in Azcoitia?'

'No, señor,' said the driver. 'It is now an

establecimiento; but the shield is still over the door, with the electric light mounted on the knight's helmet, so that I may see it even in the winter's darkness. If only my grandfather had been Carlist like myself our fortunes might have been made, and we still be living on our own land; and that's the difference between him and my poor brother Francesco, whose moustaches reach to his ears. He was contented with too little. He had the house, certainly; but the half of it was rented to others, and he drove the diligence to Elgoibar like I who have the honour to be talking to your excellency.'

He drew in his breath and made a sort of pretence of energy. His team jingled more rapidly as we turned the corner of the green valley, with its ruddy poppy-colouring, its boundary hills, distant mountains, the russet specks behind which stood for Azpeitia, and the vast, many-windowed block of building in which Jesuits are bred like tulips, and bedded out in all the world's continents.

Only when Azcoitia also had been passed, with a deafening clatter and the usual shouting of enchanted children, did I coax my companion back into his tracks. He had pointed out his ancestral house, with its square yard of heraldic bearings in immortal granite. From the smell, I judged that his knight's crest now did its utmost to dignify the business of a tannery. Then I caught a ball on the rebound from a church wall with the inscription thereon in large black letters, 'Pelota is not to be played here, under a penalty of two pesetas.' Quite ten boys were interested in that ball. The warning and the menace of fine were nothing to them. Again so thoroughly characteristic of the land! The boys got their ball; and, turning sharply from the nestled little town, with electric lamps to all its streets, we began a slow climb through chestnut and oak woods. This was delightful indeed. The cuckoo murmured persistently, as if he too thought so; and in the keel of the long, deep-winding valley, above which in half-an-hour we were some eight or nine hundred feet, a clear trout-stream chimed its note to the cuckoo's and our own eternal

The driver would have urged the unfortunate six pell-mell up this long ascent but for persuasions. This surprised his team. They cocked their heads round at us nervously now and then to see what it meant, and made willing little starts as if to prove that, on their own poor jaded words of honour. they would do their best without whip if only they could be sure of the cue. But their lord and master was then set in his little story and a cigar which I was glad to find in my pocket. It was nothing to him, nor to me either, if he disappointed Elgoibar of its mail by half-an-hour or so. If I read him aright, the pleasure of telling about his grandfather's obstinate and most unpatriotic regard for the Constitutionalists was worth more to him than the righteous indignation of an entire town of Spain. As for any personal risks in the matter,

they were not to be entertained. He owned three of the six weary ancients who drew the diligence, including the mule. Let the whole valley attempt to run the coach without his aid—and suffer the inevitable humiliation!

'Many a time have I told it, caballero,' the man began, with an evident relish, crossing his arms on his crossed knees, 'and every word of it is truth. And it happened to my grandfather as it might to me, putting the other one in your place; for there were just the two of them then, as now, when they began the climb from Elgoibar. It was a wet, cold evening of May, more than fifty years ago-1845, I judge, reading from the Almanach de Gotha; and my grandfather was reckoning on a lonely drive up the mountain when a cloaked man stepped forth from the shrine this side of Elgoibar, where the road curls, and signalled to him to stop. That did my grandfather willingly enough, for reals were scarce in those fighting times as now when we enjoy what they call peace. But he was a spirited, contentious man was my grandfather; and, seeing the tip of a sword stick out under the man's cloak, he asked him a question before helping him up. "What side may you belong to, señor?" he said. side of Spain, friend," replied the other when he understood my grandfather's meaning. "Yes, yes; but are you for Carlos, the Queen, the Constitution, or what?" persisted my grandfather. "For Spain, friend, as every true son of Spain should be, even though he be a free Basque man like yourself," said the other.

'More than this my grandfather could not get out of him; and, being of that humour, it vexed him. But he let him mount, for love of the reals. And, caramba! he wasn't sorry when the man gave him a gold piece of the time of old Ferdinand, and told him he wanted nothing out of it. And so they climbed from the Deva valley together, and the thunder cracked from the clouds on Itzarraitz, whose bald head you yourself were looking at when we left Azpeitia. It was a devilish dark night for May, my grandfather used to say; and as it grew darker, with lightning in between, the fidgets got hold of him. That other one did not want to talk, but just sat with folded arms and looked straight before him as you might be doing beside me if it were not for the flies.

'All he could learn from him was that he was for Loyola. That wasn't much; but it was enough to loosen my grandfather's own tongue; and from the Deva valley to the summit—forty minutes' moving, he used to say—he rattled off curses on the Carlists and on Don Carlos himself as the worst of them. It was the Don Carlos who was grandfather to the present Don Carlos, and, rest his soul! Spain never gave birth to a better man. Still, he was head of the party, you understand, and my grandfather was for the Constitution. He liked a long word, did the old man, and he reckoned constitution meant freedom, which it may do elsewhere, but not in Spain; and the more he talked the warmer he got,

so that at length, as he snatched the reins, he wound up with a great oath.

"By Paradise and Purgatory, and the neverdying fires themselves!" he cried, in that horrible darkness, with the lightning splitting it like skewers coming and going, "if I could get face to face with the fellow, I'd choke him till he was as black in the cheeks as the mountain over our heads!" But even to that the man by his side said nothing. He sighed as if he were tired of the old man's tongue; it wasn't anything worse than that. Then what must my grandfather do but turn on him as if he hadn't paid his fare, and demand of him what he was going to do at Loyola. "Pray, my friend," said the other. "Ay," said my grandfather-and it showed how his temper had dimmed his sense-" praying's a safe game. One does not get bullets in one's head kneeling on one's knees."

'And then, being at the top of the hill, he sat up and took the reins. It was so dark you couldn't see more than the shapes of the trees that hung over the road. But there was still the thunder and the lightning. He was handling his whip, to give the creatures a touch, when he fancied something sprang from the hedge and jumped on to his leader. He was driving two pairs and a leader, you understand. By the saints! that turned him cold; but there was more to come, and this time he had no doubt left in him. From each side another man stepped forth as calmly as if he were going into his own bedchamber, and leaped on to the near pair of horses. With the one on the leader, that made three.

"Drive on, friend!" said the man my grandfather had brought up from Elgoibar. "Drive on?" cried my grandfather. And then, in the new thunder and lightning, he raved and raged, and asked the Virgin to tell him what it meant, and who they were who took possession of his horses as if they were roadside cherries. And then he fell to confessing his sins, for he was never more devout, caballero, than after he had been doing or saying what he ought not; and, hombre! he's like the rest of us in that.

'The man by his side tried to soothe him, even took his reins from him in the midst of his prayers, not as if he wished to do it, but as if he thought to help my grandfather, you understand, and leave him more comfortably to his pious exclamations. And that stirred the old man afresh, and brought him straight back from heaven to earth. grappled with his fare, señor, and called him and the other three all the names he could think of. And then he lashed out at the heads of the men on his horses, and cursed and swore and shouted, and forgot all about his prayers for forgiveness, and thought only of the dollars with which he had bought the horses. And he wasn't going to be robbed of them by any man living while he could swing an arm. It was crack, crack, and "Anda! " and away the coach dashed over the ridge as if every horse had a spur a foot long in its

'His neighbour tapped him softly on the arm, and whispered to him not to be afraid, and above all to keep cool; and the lightning blazed in his face, as if it too had something to say and tried to tell it. But my grandfather was washed clean out of his senses, and there was only one thing he felt sure and determined about, and that was that he would not let go his own reins while he had a sob of life left in him. He lashed and lashed, and even when the ridge was turned he lashed on, so that the five went down the road—this very road, caballero, which you see is steep—went down it, I say, at a fearful pace. All in the dark too, I beg you to remember! with not much but the show of white and the lightning to guide him.

'And not once had the three men on his horses made so much as one sign to tell him that they were of flesh and blood like himself, with faces that disliked whipcord. They held the horses, though. That my grandfather soon found. Once he came near the edge. Then the man on the offside mount made a sort of anxious hiss as he strained inwards, and his comrade saw what the danger was. Between them they managed it, and even my grandfather felt grateful under his sweat when the wheel of the coach jerked back from the slope on to the level after one long pause in mid-air.

'After this my grandfather did a strange thing. He sat back and let the reins hang limp at his wrists. He said he felt as if he had nothing more to do with his own coach that night. The thunder and the lightning and those mysterious men on his horses had taken charge of him, and what was to happen would happen though he parched his throat dry in objection. And, being in some things a practical man, as well as blind to the true welfare of the Basque nation, he just muttered a thing or two, and felt for the sausage and bread and the pigskin of wine which his wife, my grandmother Anna, had started him with in the afternoon. Better still, he bore it in patience when that other one said to him quietly, "That is well, my friend. There are times for resignation as well as action. I wish you a good appetite."

'To this what could my grandfather say except "Do me the favour, señor!" as he offered him the sausage and pigskin? He was quenched, like a poor little spark from a handful of chopped straw. His courage was still in him, for he was still a Basque, though a misguided one for his faith in those infernal Constitutionalists; but it had no proper channel by which to come out of him. And so he mumbled his sausage, and, as he said, wondered amid the thunder and the lightning that lit up the trees and the blackness in the ravine, there to your excellency's left, who the fellow could be next him. He had refused the wine and sausage, but with more courtesy than my grandfather was used to from travellers on his coach. Ay, much more, I warrant.

'And all this time the coach moved on. It went soberly now, for there was an end to the whip-

cracking. And it clung to the hedge side of the road. And off and on my grandfather felt at that gold piece between his mouthfuls, and wished himself in bed, and his team safely stabled with sound knees and no witchcraft in any part of them.

'So it continued until Azcoitia was near and the danger was past. Then suddenly that other one spoke in a tone of command. "Take your reins, friend," he said, "and drive through the town without stopping."

'My grandfather had nothing to say to the contrary. He felt stronger for his supper; but he wasn't sure that he was on common earth yet. No; even when he passed Casa Mizzabel, in which he and his grandfather's grandfather had all been born -and I too, your excellency, if you will excuse my mentioning it—even then he wasn't quite himself. He listened to that other one addressing the postillions as if he were listening to the words of a dream. They were words in a language he could not understand, too-which might well be, for he had no French, and none too much Castilian either. And then, with a click for the slow one of the team, and an "Anda, Maria!" for the mare, he clattered through the town just as usual. The sereno stared from under the Holy Virgin's picture at the corner by the church where your excellency caught that ball, and stared and stared. But he too did nothing. His axe-head shone in the night, but he did not move it to stop the coach and ask what the outriders meant and why my grandfather did not give him his "Buenas!" as at other times.

'And then Azcoitia was behind them, and the little ones were trotting smoothly into the Loyola valley, and there was no danger of being spilled into anything worse than a barley-field a metre lower than the road itself. Caramba, señor! my grandfather's head was thick, or he would have guessed things by this time. You see plainly what it all meant—you who are a stranger and here fifty years after it happened. But not he! He had spent himself cursing, and his punishment followed. No; nor when that other spoke to him like a father and a penitent in one was he any the wiser for a long time. The other one gave him more gold, and begged his pardon for the shock he had also felt obliged to give him. And he mentioned Spain too, and told my grandfather he hoped that in time he would see that the Don Carlos he had cursed and cursed was not such an enemy to the country as he believed.

'So it was till Loyola and its lights were near. And then that other one had had enough talking and sat still. And my grandfather just fumbled his gold pieces and looked forward to the pleasure of frightening my grandmother Anna by an exaggeration even of the experiences he had gone through that night. That was not what he said, caballero; but we who know his character know what it would aim at. And there was no more storm now, but a clearing sky, with stars and the

chirrup of happy frogs in the wet lands of the valley.

'By the turn to the monastery the men on the horses pulled up and dismounted. That other one also prepared to dismount; but he turned first to my grandfather and offered him his hand. "Pray for me, friend, as I for Spain!" he said. "And good-night, and many thanks."

'The old man used to say that the smile which came with the words was worth all the gold pieces which he had received—and they were seven. From him that was much; but if only he had had his proper share of senses he would have said more than that, and said it in time, too. Like the sereno of Azcoitia, he just stared when he saw the postillions bend their knees to that other one and then kiss his hand, while he gave them also a 'Muchas gracias' and touches of praise on the shoulder. And my grandfather stared on, watching the four of them move towards the monastery, until he remembered my grandmother Anna and the tale he had to tell her. But first he got down and felt all the five horses from shoulder to heel, and looked in their mouths. He could see nothing wrong, and then he drove back to Azcoitia as hard as he could go.

'That is my tale, senor, and it has been the regret of all the Mizzabels ever since that my grandfather did not know that he was sitting by the side of the first Don Carlos for an hour and a half on that May night fifty years ago. Yes; it was Don Carlos himself. If the old man had used properly the tongue he had inherited he might have done great things that night. He could have told the good Carlos how much Spain needed him, and the Basques most of all; for he understood what those thieves the Constitutionalists were after, and would have left the Guernica oak-tree standing, and all it meant for us. One does not know but even my grandfather might have saved Spain that night.'

We were at the top of the hill by this time, with a vast landscape of purple snow-capped mountains over the wooded ravine behind us. My driver gathered up his reins. But first he looked at me closely, and saw that I was puzzled. Perhaps I ought to have been better informed than I was about the intricate maze of Spain's vicissitudes in the nineteenth century; perhaps not. Anyhow, I expected a finer climax to the story than I had yet caught.

'Ah, señor,' said the man, with a smile that showed he had, with practice, become an expert romancer, 'I ought to tell you one thing more. It was that night, praying in Santo Ignacio's chapel, that Don Carlos decided to renounce his claim to the throne of Spain. He was making the pilgrimage on purpose. Those other three had followed him against his will, to protect him. It was a great night for Spain, señor, that on which my grandfather had Don Carlos for a passenger; and a great night for him also. And as I said, we have always had an Ignacio in the team since. My grandfather was not a wise man; but he bought the best mule in Guipuzcoa with three of Don Carlos's gold pieces, and gave him the name of Ignacio as thanks.'

A FORGOTTEN HERO.

BY A NAVAL OFFICER.



ETH JEREMY! Has any one in this year of grace 1903 ever heard the name of Seth Jeremy? Can any one suppose that a man bearing the name of Seth Jeremy could ever have been anything but the creation of a novelist

of the present day? And yet a man bearing that name not only existed, but did at least one deed which entitles him to a foremost place in the glorious roll of English heroes.

Come back with me to the year 1707. Good Queen Anne was on the throne, plunged from the very moment of her occupation of that unrestful seat in a war with France and Spain which was to last almost to the year of her death. France was a great naval power, though the tropical growth of her navy under Louis XIV. and Colbert was already showing signs of exhaustion. Spain was no longer to be feared at sea; though the streams of wealth which reached her periodically from her colonies oversea might well, with the might and energy of France to back her, revive her flagging powers and make her again formidable. Holland, already exhausted by her long struggles with France and

deprived of her commerce, which had passed into our hands, became perforce our ally, though with little hope of benefit to herself. The battle of Vigo had been fought and won, and the wealth of Spain had been diverted to British use; the great fortress of Gibraltar had fallen, and the pride of Spain had been humbled in the dust. The great French fleet had been met off Malaga, and so punished that, in spite of its fatuous claim of victory, it never dared to face us again; and the Balearic Isles had fallen into our hands.

This, then, was the state of affairs between the opposing nations when, in August 1707, the Nightingale frigate, commanded by Captain Seth Jeremy, sailed from the Texel for the Thames in charge of a convoy of thirty-six sail of merchantmen. The Nightingale, though called a frigate, was but a small vessel of some three hundred tons and twenty-four guns, these latter most probably only nine-pounders. At the same time that Captain Jeremy was shepherding his flock across the sea there had started from Dunkirk an expedition of a very different character. This was a small squadron of French galleys under the command of the Chevalier Langeron, and under

the advice and guidance of one Thomas Smith, who had lately been in command of an English man-of-war. Smith, who had been tried by court-martial and dismissed the Royal Navy for 'malpractices,' had offered his services to the enemies of his country, with a venomous desire to wreak vengeance on those whom he had already unfaithfully served. The object of the expedition was to surprise and burn the town of Harwich, an exploit which the traitor had himself proposed, and which he had urged on the French monarch so vehemently that he at last gave permission for the attempt.

Thus, then, at the same time, unknown to each other, these two fleets were gradually converging towards the same point. The French galleys—starting on a lovely morning, with a fair wind which made the use of oars unnecessary—arrived at the mouth of the Thames about 5 P.M. on the 25th of August; but it was no part of Captain Smith's plan to make an attack in broad daylight against enemies fully alert and armed. It was a silent and stealthy onset at night that he intended, and so he put the galleys about and hove-to until night should fall and give him the opportunity of vengeance for which he thirsted.

As the galleys lay thus idly rocking in the summer evening on the dimpling sea, awaiting the time for their fell purpose, a hail from the masthead announced the presence of a fleet of thirty-six sail under charge of a frigate; and at once the news bred dissension in the French squadron. The Chevalier and his officers saw in the merchant convoy a far more desirable object than the burning of a poor little town, and one that would put much prize-money in their pockets, while the sack of Harwich would bring no tangible benefit. Thomas Smith, thinking only of revenge, urged that the order of the king mentioned only Harwich, and that an attack on the convoy would be rank disobedience; but the council overruled his objections, and, urged by self-interest, determined to seize the richer prey. Their plans were soon made: four galleys were to intercept the convoy, cut the ships off from the Thames, and take them one by one; the other two were to tackle the Nightingale. The huge oars were at once manned; and, urged swiftly along, the four galleys swooped down upon their helpless prey, while the Chevalier, followed at a considerable distance by the sixth galley, rushed on to attack the frigate. She was but small, and in such a light breeze and smooth sea even one galley would be enough to take her; she would then fall an easy prey to two even if she did not at once recognise the hopelessness of the struggle and haul down her flag at the first shot. So the Chevalier Langeron, with his consort fully three miles astern, sped gaily into battle without a thought of disaster.

Captain Seth Jeremy had his own ideas on the matter. He saw at once that the fight must be made so desperate as to require all the enemy's strength, while it must be so protracted as to give the convoy time to gain the shelter of the Thames.

Yet even he, determined man as he was, had but little hope of actual victory. So, as the French galley swept fiercely towards the little frigate, she, on her part, advanced steadily though more slowly against her long, lean, vicious-looking foe. The Frenchmen were at first amazed at her temerity; then they changed their minds, and considered that she was but coming to surrender without a blow. The two vessels neared each other: the five great guns mounted in the bow of the galley belched both fire and smoke; her soldiers poured in volley after volley of musketry; yet to all this the little frigate made no response, but came on slow and silent, apparently to her doom. Then, all of a sudden, she seemed to recognise her imminent danger, panic seized upon her, and she put her helm up and ran before the wind. With cries of exultation, the French pressed after her; the man at the helm was ordered to strike her under the quarter, the most defenceless part of a frigate, and sink her with the ram. She would go to the bottom without the loss of a single Frenchman, and every ship of the convoy would certainly be taken.

Stimulated by oaths and lashes, the human machinery tore the waves with their ponderous oars, the galley flew over the hissing water with a wide wake of foam behind her, the vicious-looking snout was within a few feet of the frigate's quarter, the three hundred slaves gave voice to that terrific blood-curdling yell with which they were trained to accompany the shock, when a quick movement of the helm unexpectedly altered the frigate's position; and, instead of ramming her, the galley, to the consternation of her crew, shot up alongside. In an instant the tables were turned. At the distance of but a few feet, the frigate's guns, with muzzles depressed to their lowest, hurled storms of grape among the crowded and absolutely unprotected masses of the enemy, who were as much exposed as if upon a raft; eager hands fixed grappling-irons to her lest she should escape from that terrible embrace, while musketry blazed from the frigate's forecastle and showers of hand-grenades hurtled from her tops. Then, while the panic-stricken French lay prostrate with terror on the deck, a boarding-party leaped down among them and completed the work of destruction begun by the grapeshot. The Chevalier Langeron, alone rising superior to the panic which mastered his men, rushed to the halyards and hoisted a signal of distress to summon all the other galleys to his aid. His consort was soon on the spot; the other four, abandoning their rich prey, hurried from afar to the assistance of their commodore, and in half-an-hour they also were alongside the little frigate.

Then began a battle fierce and grim. The Night-ingale's men could now no longer board the foe; they had more than they could do to keep them off their own deck; so at length they let them come. With shouts of rage and triumph, the French clambered over the side and dropped upon her deck. It was empty! But suddenly from her forecastle

(literally a fore-castle in those days) and from her grated hatchways so fierce a storm of bullets burst upon them that they turned and fled. Again a fresh boarding-party occupied the deserted deck, only to be swept away in a similar manner. Yet a third attempt to possess the frigate was summarily disposed of by her gallant defenders. At last, by the Chevalier's orders, a party armed with axes and covered somewhat by an incessant fire from the galleys, succeeded in breaking through the deck and silencing the fire of those below. Still, those in the forecastle, consisting mainly of the officers, poured a deadly hail on their assailants, who with great difficulty and at tremendous loss of life were obliged to batter down this defence also with the axe. At length the forecastle was carried by assault, and its surviving defenders overpowered; and the weary and decimated French were already congratulating themselves upon their victory when shot after shot rang out from the cabin on the poop, and at each report a Frenchman fell.

Not yet was the Nightingale carried, for Captain Seth Jeremy had shut himself up in his cabin, from the stern-windows of which he could see his convoy hurrying under all sail into safety; and until he was assured that every ship was safe his ship would not be given up. His officers, taking perhaps their cue from him, described him as a wild, reckless madman, incapable of listening to reason; adding that his cabin communicated directly with the magazine, and that rather than surrender he would blow the ship up and involve friends and foes alike in one hideous catastrophe. Appalled at the prospect, the Frenchman tried conciliation. Captain Seth Jeremy replied with bullets. They then determined that he must be taken alive or dead; but the only approach was along a narrow passage admitting but one man at a time. Twelve grenadiers were ordered to advance and break open the door. They were headed by a sergeant; but hardly had he reached the door when he fell dead, shot through the head, and the rest fled back to the deck. The French again had recourse to conciliation, to entreaty even. Captain Seth Jeremy, with a quick glance through his stern-windows, saw the tail-end of his convoy disappearing up the river, and appeared inclined to treat; but he must make sure that his object was attained. So he asserted that it was beneath his dignity to surrender his sword to any but the commodore of the whole squadron, having a shrewd suspicion that that officer was not then on the deck of the Nightingale. His suspicion was correct. A truce was agreed upon while his message was conveyed to the Chevalier. But the Chevalier also had his notions of dignity, and his reply was that a French commander never left his post or his ship. For a moment it seemed as if the negotiations would once more be broken off; but by this time the commander of the Nightingale had seen the last of his convoy disappear into safety, and, declaring himself satisfied, announced that he surrendered. Then the cabin door opened, and Captain Seth

Jeremy came forward to meet his captors. What was their astonishment at finding that this desperate madman, this raging savage, this terrible whelp of the British lion, was a little, undersized scarecrow of a man, with a pale, thin face, and a humpback! But his splendid courage touched even his enemies. The Chevalier refused to accept his sword, refused to regard him as a prisoner, begged to be allowed to call him friend, and treated him with the most profound courtesy.

This magnanimity, however, nearly brought about a catastrophe such as the Chevalier had not anticipated when he returned the captain's sword. Conducted ceremoniously into the cabin of the Chevalier's galley, Captain Seth Jeremy found himself face to face with the traitor Thomas Smith; and, instantly drawing the sword which had just been restored to him, he sprang forward to plunge it to the hilt in his body. Fortunately the Chevalier was so close behind that he was able to interpose and rescue his unworthy associate. A more befitting fate awaited Captain Thomas Smith. On his return to France he was put in command of this very Nightingale which had cost him such loss and trouble; but ere the year was out he was captured by Captain Haddock of H.M.S. Ludlow Castle, taken to England, tried as a traitor, and hanged. All that I can learn of Captain Seth Jeremy is that on the 25th of March 1710 he was 'made Post,' having been, as I imagine, a Lieutenant-Commander on board the gallant little

Gentlemen!—I speak as a naval officer—let us drink to the memory of Captain Seth Jeremy!

MY DREAM-WIFE.

You only come to me when dreams
Throng lightly through the Ivory Gate;
Yet well I know our severed streams
Will meet and mingle—soon or late.

We wander in a doubtful light
Through rocky, pathless mazes wide:
Your hand in mine, because my sight
Is weak, and you must be my guide.

In orchards, where the brown birds sing, Beneath an apple-blossomed tree, We sit, nor say we anything: What need of words for you and me?

When round me, in the twilight land, Grim, deadly, unknown perils creep, I feel your touch upon my hand, And haunting terror sinks to sleep.

Are you so fair? Ah! who can say?

I think some would not count you fair.

To me you come as flowers in May,

With their glad promise of the year.

For well I know that when is past

The fitful slumber-time of life,

Dreams to the night winds I shall cast,

And, waking, find in you my wife.

E. P. LARKES.



TYNINGHAME: TWO CENTURIES OF A SCOTCH ESTATE.



NINGHAME HOUSE is situated about midway between Dunbar and North Berwick, in East Lothian. Here, in the year 1628, Thomas Hamilton, who to his other titles had not long previously added that

of Earl of Haddington, took up his residence, having purchased the estate from the Marquis of Annandale the previous winter, and since then the Haddington family has made its chief country residence at Tyninghame. The place possesses a very ancient history. The bishops of St Andrews are known to have lived there in the thirteenth century; and for more than a century previous to its acquisition by Lord Haddington the Lauders of the Bass had made it their residence for at least part of each year. In 1617 Lady Bass either rebuilt part of the house or made an addition to the old one, as we learn in a somewhat peculiar way: the 'masionis quha wer bigging the Ladyis hous' having gone a-golfing one Sabbath-day, instead of to the kirk, were thereafter warned 'to compeir before the session,' where, after confession of their fault, they were 'rebukit by the minister, and dismissed.'

Though Ray the naturalist, on his visit to Scotland in 1661, described its country-houses as 'pitiful cots,' that description would be very misleading if applied to Tyninghame. In addition to two halls, a chamber of 'dease,' two kitchens, and other necessary apartments, it contained sixteen bedrooms, in which were twenty-five 'beds' of different kinds, and nine drawbeds. Some of the bedrooms were richly furnished, and most of them possessed 'chymneys' or fireplaces. Of other furnishings, the house possessed thirty-two pieces of tapestry, twelve pieces of rich 'hingings,' besides seventy ells of 'striped hingings,' and a 'sute of sewit hingings.' There were also various chairs covered with velvet and 'dames,' and twenty red-leather chairs and 'stooles.' Tablecovers, called 'buird-cloathes,' of various materials, a valuable collection of gilt and silver plate,

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though no pictures, would serve to furnish this old-time home sufficiently handsomely. Of the condition of the estate at this period there exist no data by which to form an opinion; but it is unlikely its amenities would largely surpass those of an ordinary farmhouse of the present day. It had its garden, and that is all we can be certain about.

The earliest indication of estate improvement occurs almost exactly in the middle of the seventeenth century, when the fourth earl planted two rows of trees round the house and garden, but so close to both that fifty years later they had to be removed. Evelyn's Silva, published in 1664, exerted an immediate and stimulating effect on Scottish as well as English landowners; consequently it is by no means strange that we should find the fifth earl, like several other Scottish proprietors, planting, draining, and enclosing 'to good purpose.' But the labours of this earl had an ending no less unfortunate than those of his father. His wife being the eldest daughter and heiress of the notorious Duke of Rothes, she became, on the death of that nobleman in 1681, Countess of Rothes; and the Haddington family immediately went to reside at Leslie, in Fife, the earl dying there four years later. Meanwhile Tyninghame was leased to a tenant who, in the nineteen years of his occupancy, uprooted all the hedges, ploughed level the mounds or banks on which they were planted, and allowed the drains to fill up; and when Thomas the sixth earl went to reside there in December 1700 he found the place in 'ruins.' This nobleman was a second son (his elder brother having succeeded to the Rothes dignities and estates); and his elevation when still a boy to the dignity of Earl of Haddington was followed shortly afterwards by the restoration of some of the dignities of which his father had been deprived on his refusal to take the Test.

Table-materials, his cousin Hellen Hope, and on his own confeser plate, sion, in a short time nearly dissipated his already [All Rights Reserved.] SEPT. 12, 1903. small fortune on horses, dogs, and sports. His wife, however, soon led him to take an interest in rural pursuits, and they entered—or rather she did, and he followed—on a course of estate improvement that, viewed through the respectably distant vista of two centuries, appears as marvellous to us as it did to their contemporaries. Previous attempts at improvement, as just noted, had terminated in failure, and the country was still virtually a bare waste, almost treeless, innocent of hedges, with infamous roads, and exposed to every gale that swept over it from sea or land. The parties were both young, and everybody prophesied failure as the certain culmination of their unprecedented undertakings, some going so far as to hint that the earl had 'lost his understanding.' Above all, at the beginning of their experiments the earl was somewhat dubious of success, but his countess not a whit.

The several improvements then effected are recorded in a letter the earl wrote his grandson in 1733, the year Lord Binning, father of the latter, died in Naples. This letter was published in book-form in 1761, and extends to seventyseven pages. It is entitled On the Maner of Baising Forest Trees, &c. Already A Short Treatise on Forest Trees, a pamphlet of forty-eight pages, written by the earl for the 'use of his friends,' had appeared in 1756, and later was twice reprinted. It appears to be largely an abstract of the firstnamed, but lacks all the details, personal and local, which make that so intensely interesting. The countess, it may be mentioned, had already commenced planting trees before her husband caught her enthusiasm, and the earliest work he undertook was by no means extensive; but the trees still alive attest its thoroughness. A popular kind of pleasure-ground in connection with gardens at that time was called a 'wilderness.' In it trees, shrubs, and common flowers were arranged together; and there were straight walks generally carpeted with grassy turf, their sides being lined with closely trimmed hedges mostly of deciduous trees, a favourite of the earl's having been composed of the pease-cod-tree (laburnum) and quickbeam (mountain-ash). The Tyninghame 'wilderness' was laid out with fourteen straight walks radiating from a common centre in close proximity to the bowling-green. It was, however, thought to be too contracted, and was enlarged a few years later by Lord Binning, when, perhaps, the bowling-green was made.

Meanwhile another scheme had been projected: no less an undertaking than the formation of a large wood. Towards the realisation of this scheme the earl and countess proceeded with landable precaution; and, instead of encroaching on ground near the house, rights by purchase were acquired over the Muir of Tyninghame, and a small farm adjoining it, about three hundred and sixty acres of land being secured on which to experiment. The countess had already

begun operations when Lord Haddington thought some definite plan ought to be adopted, and they determined to arrange the ground in avenues radiating in all directions from one common centre. At this stage lord and lady disagreed as to the most favourable spot to locate this centre, and they finally determined to submit the matter to the arbitration of some friends expected on a visit. As we all know, interference in conjugal disputes is, at the best, a thankless matter, and it was perhaps with some such thought in his mind that Sir James Bruce, one of the parties, boldly chose a position differing from the parts fixed on by both the earl and his lady. It was ultimately decided to retain all three circles, thus pleasing all. 'Bruce's Circle' is still the name of the northmost, and certainly of the three it is not the best placed. That chosen by the countess is the southmost; while nearer the middle of the wood is that of the earl, which appeals to us at the present day as the correct position. An avenue extending east and west two miles runs through its centre, and as Garleton Walk forms a marked feature of the estate.

The methods of the earl, strange as it may appear, have always been a mystery to the people of the locality. The writer has been assured, for instance, that the avenues are exact reproductions of the streets of Paris; on another occasion the streets of London were reproduced. More startling still is the legend that the earl, on the eve of his departure on a journey, gave his son, Lord Binning, permission to plant the ground as he chose; with the result that the earl found trees had been chosen, and Binning Wood, as it was thereafter called, an accomplished fact! It is, however, only fair to say that a modicum of truth may be discovered in each of these errors-for example, the method of planting was the same as that first introduced by Le Notre in the production of the Bois de Boulogne; and Lord Binning, though only a boy of ten, arranged and planted some 'walks and figures.' A lime-lined walk led from the wood to the house, about three-quarters of a mile distant, on the north side of which a broad avenue with diagonal branches still remains to perpetuate a style of the period, 1707.

Shortly afterwards Lady Haddington planted from sixty to seventy acres of pure sand close to the seashore with trees. These also proved a success, and many more acres of the same unlikely rooting-medium have since been utilised for timber production.

Next to Binning Wood, the undertaking that has attracted the greatest amount of attention was the formation of a series of magnificent holly-hedges, extending as a whole to five miles in length. Plans appended to the 1761 treatise already referred to attest the more than ordinary care expended on this project. Perhaps no hedges equal to these have ever existed; and by 1775, when Boutcher wrote on forestry, they

had already attained dimensions which led that very sober writer into language of extravagant praise. In height the hedges ranged from fourteen to twenty feet, and at each annual clipping, which was a very expensive operation, their thickness was sensibly increased. When, as it occasionally happened, a keeper had to examine the banks on which the hollies were planted, in pursuit of rabbits, once an entrance had been effected, the only means of exit was through the aperture at the farther end, whither the searcher wended his weary way on hands and knees and in twilight gloom. Unfortunately about forty years ago the hollies were attacked by a fungoid growth in the main stems, which has proved terribly destructive to these truly wonderful creations.

It is only possible here to glance at the steps the earl took to shelter the fields he had enclosed, by means of 'strips' of trees, some of which are now noble avenues of great magnificence. In agriculture he introduced the cultivation of artificial grasses; and, though his cousin John Ormiston is credited with the introduction of red clover, it is certain it was cultivated at Tyninghame at an earlier date. He also 'modernised' the house, which once had narrowly escaped destruction by fire through the carelessness of a maidservant. An old picture shows the house to have been purely Scotch, many gabled, with pointed towers, and a balcony with steps leading to the garden, close to which was the ground devoted to vegetables, and just beyond that the 'wilderness.'

When this nobleman died in 1735, the estate he inherited was not only transformed, but he had given an impulse to estate improvement all over Scotland, and was therefore not only the 'Father of Scottish Planting,' as he has been truly called, but in many other ways was a national benefactor, boldly experimenting, and always successfully, not only with trees, but also in other matters pertaining to rural economy. He made long journeys specially to secure information, and read all the literature published on the subjects that engaged his attention. His own books, unlike so many dissertations of the period on forestry and agriculture, are original, that of 1761 being certain to increase in value with the march of time.

It would appear that this earl, although a national benefactor, failed to free his estates from the burdens they carried on his accession. At least the appearance of an advertisement in the Caledonian Mercury, in the numbers published from 22nd April to 10th May 1736 inclusive, points to such a conclusion. It is not necessary to give the advertisement in extenso; but with the exception of books, the household effects as a whole were offered for sale. The concluding sentence states that 'Printed Inventories, with the Entries annexed, are to be had of James Home, Writer to the Signet, and

at the Place of Sale.' The writer has had the pleasure of inspecting one of these 'Printed Inventories,' and a very few of the entries will show the value in 1736 of goods sold by public roup: 'A Coach, with six compleat Harness, £20;' 'A Chaise with the Harness, £2, 10s.;' 'Portrait of Sir Thos. More, by Holbein, 1s.' Portraits by Vandyke were, however, considered ten times more valuable, and the lowest bid accepted was ten shillings. Sir Godfrey Kneller occupied the same high level as Vandyke; but Jameson and Aikman sank as low as five shillings, the latter being the amount generally asked for the pictures, which, with not a few other articles of value, were bought in. The pictures still adorn the walls of the mansion-house. One item, for '3 English Pleughs and a Turneep Pleugh without wheels, £1, 9s., proves that the deceased nobleman had cultivated turnips long previous to their general introduction as a field-crop.

He was succeeded by his grandson, a boy of thirteen, whose grandparents on the maternal side are even better known than he is. They were the patriot George Baillie of Jerviswood and Lady Grisel Hume, whose heroism as a child is known to every Scottish boy and girl. His father, Lord Binning, entertained the liveliest affection for his wife's parents; and he entrusted his children to their sole care after his death. One of the tutors engaged for them was the poet Thomson; and so conscientious were the guardians in performing the duties undertaken that the family resided at Oxford all the time the boys were there; and again, after their return from travelling on the Continent, Lady Grisel Baillie, then a widow, made a home for them in London.

During this period there is a slight hiatus in the history of the estate; but in 1750 we find the young lord married and settled at Tyninghame, and not long afterwards putting into execution a scheme that seems to have been proposed by the Earl of Mar thirty years previously. It included the removal of the beautiful Norman church which stood within a stone's-throw of the mansion, and also the village, to another site, levelling and sowing with grass the corn-fields in its near vicinity, and the excavation of a canal, at that time a popular adjunct to a countryhouse, on the opposite side of the river Tyne, which flows past at a short distance. What the earl did effect was the removal of the village to its present site, and the dismantling of the church, on the parish becoming united to Whitekirk in 1761. Two fine arches of the church only were left, the space between them being the last resting-place of most of the Haddington family of the past. The fields, moreover, were transformed into grass-parks; but beyond that Lord Mar's proposals were not carried out. The old glebe formed part of the site of a new walled garden, the chief feature of which was a crosswall heated by means of flues and several fires,

for the production of peaches and figs. A fine old mulberry-tree, which still produces vigorous shoots and immense crops of fruit annually, was perhaps planted at this date. Of other fruit-trees the only one remaining is a somewhat decrepit apple-tree of the Ribston Pippin variety planted in 1759. A grape-vine called Tyninghame Muscat, still fruitful, dates from about the same period. Hothouses were also erected in the garden by this earl, and a pane of glass, preserved when one of these old structures was rebuilt about twenty years ago, shows the following memorandum scratched on it by a diamond: 'Sow'd cucumbers for the hott-house, Sept. 8, 1789.'

Tree-planting seems to have proceeded almost uninterruptedly, for shortly following the accession of the eighth earl to the property in 1794 it was estimated that eight hundred acres were covered by woods, and sales of timber were annually effected to the value of five hundred pounds. This earl, by means of a deep cutting, drained a marshy piece of ground near Binning Wood, having, it is said, employed as excavators the volunteers gathered at Belhaven to await Napoleon Bonaparte's appearance.

Early last century we find steam in use as a means of heating the garden hothouses, and in the house he appears to have effected some alterations, particularly in the library. Raeburn painted a head of Dr Carlyle of Inveresk specially for this room in 1796.

Thomas, the only son, succeeded as ninth earl in 1828, and at once began a thorough renovation of the house, employing Burn of Edinburgh as architect. The old walls were retained as far as possible, a new balcony with its broad flight of steps leading to the garden being a very fine piece of work. The library is a handsome apartment; but books overflow into other rooms. The dining-room is remarkable for its family portraits. some being of great value. Of these, mention may be made of the second earl by Vandyke; the eighth earl, by Sir Joshua Reynolds; and his countess, by Romney. A notable addition to the art treasures is a striking likeness in bronze of the present earl, by Stevenson, presented by the Scottish Freemasons when Lord Haddington was forced by advancing years to resign his official connection with that body three years ago. In the corridors and elsewhere are also displayed portraits of many historical personages. The alterations occupied about four years, and at the same time the flowergardens were rearranged and extended, two stone beds being noteworthy examples of this kind of garden architecture.

The earl, as a recreation, furnished the hitherto treeless parks with large specimens that were transplanted by a method perfected by Sir H. Steuart of Allanton. We find the earl in December of the same year 'undermining trees' preparatory to their removal two years afterwards, and he continued this system during many years.

Round the base of many of these trees large stones, originally laid over the roots to steady the tops, are still to be seen, and are a source of wonderment to strangers.

Garleton Walk has been mentioned already, and one of the most happily conceived improvements of this time was planting rhododendrons along its two sides. These became huge bushes, and the present earl having introduced many of the finest varieties, the beauty of this lengthened avenue has been considerably enhanced. In the long June evenings, when almost every twig contributes its bunch of blossom, it truly defies description for brilliancy of effect.

The woods have been repeatedly devastated by gales, in that of 1881 over nine thousand trees, some of which had attained extraordinary dimensions, having been uprooted. Perhaps the largest, though not the handsomest, trees at present on the estate are sycamores, the girth of one of which about four feet from the ground is twenty-two feet. Dr Walker and Mr Sang, of Kirkcaldy, published lists of the largest trees in Scotland about a century ago, few of which approach these. A silver fir in Binning Wood is mentioned as a notable example, its girth being only ten feet four inches.

Space does not permit of much being said of the present aspect of the featureless country-side of two centuries ago. Binning Wood is naturally more forest-like than formerly, and in late spring, when the lace-like, half-expanded, tender green foliage of the beeches, called by White of Selborne 'the loveliest of all forest trees,' shimmers in the sunny light, and 'blackbird and throstle, with their melodious voices, bid welcome to the cheery spring,' one is content to rest satisfied nothing more delightful exists in nature. The 'wilderness,' too, changed as it is, can boast of its living mantle of flowers, chief of which are tens of thousands of coloured primroses, some nestling close under the shelter of friendly shrubs, others flowing in broad masses adown sloping banks or jostling each other round the base of some mighty tree.

The walled garden also has experienced its changes, some the effect of time, which has toned the red-brick walls with gray and goldentinted lichens, while stray snapdragons and red valerians have found rooting-places here and there in open chinks. Other changes are due to the art that doth mend nature. Such are its grassy walks, one of which is planted on both sides with roses and arched with woodbine. A curious knotted garden fills one corner, and little orchards, carpeted with turf through which daffodils peer in spring, occupy other portions. Broad borders backed by close-clipped hedges of yew overflow with old-fashioned flowers: stately hollyhocks, brave daffodils, iris of all hues, spicy marigolds, red amaranthus, sweet-william, and roses reigning in the pride of June are only a

few. But the great feature of the garden is the lengthened vista of arched apple-trees, said to have no rival in the country. Statues, fountains, vases, and gateways are accessories that deepen the old-world impression which seems to linger in every alley.

It is impossible to do more than mention the uncommon shrubs that thrive alone in kindly spots. Such are the tall bamboos, the spiny Gleditschia

horrida, and clerodendron with sweetest bloom and fetid leaves. Many of the rarer coniferæ, too, have been planted; but the close proximity of the sea has perhaps prevented these from succeeding so well as they do in positions more inland. On the other hand, the masses of sea-buckthorn, in winter smothered with orange-coloured berries, are a feature that is rarely seen elsewhere in such perfection as here.

THE PEARL NECKLACE.

CHAPTER XVII.-THE LORD PROTECTOR.



ORPORAL FLINT, who had some rude skill in such matters, bound up my wound, and I was carried, still unconscious, to my own house, which was much nearer than the Hall. Coming to myself for a

moment, I had a glimpse of the wrinkled, tremulous face and the loving, tear-filled eyes of my poor mother, and the white, scared face of Patience. They believed me, as indeed did the others, to be at the very point of death. Then I fainted again, and was scarce conscious till the morning was far advanced, and I found myself lying in my own familiar room, very weak, but with a clear brain, and remembering distinctly all that had taken place. Some hours before, during a brief interval of consciousness, I had told the corporal where the gold was to be found, and had desired him to take some men with him and carry it instantly to the Protector. He had obeyed me, though somewhat reluctantly; and when I came fully to myself I was alone.

It was but a dismal awakening for me. When I thought of the past, and what awaited me in the future, I groaned aloud in the bitterness of my spirit, almost wishing that Colonel Montague's sword had put an end to all my troubles. Frank, I did not doubt, was dead, and it was through me that he had fallen out with Montague, and so come by his untimely death. Never again could I look his sister or father in the face. It mattered nothing that I had avenged his death. That could not restore him to life. I knew well that Mistress Dorothy and I should never meet again.

Then, sooner or later, if I recovered, I must stand face to face with Cromwell, and my heart sank within me as I pictured to myself his grim countenance and bitter reproaches. I have said that if necessity appeared to call for it none could be more ruthless than he, and I knew not what punishment he might deem fitting for those who had striven to embroil the country in civil war, even though they had taken no part in the conspiracy against his person. For the first time I doubted his love of justice. Why had he ordered the arrest of those who had preserved his life at the risk of their own? Sure they had atoned by coming to his rescue for

any part they had taken in a plot to restore the king. Yet if he believed that by making an example of them he could stamp out the smouldering embers of rebellion, and so avert untold misery and bloodshed in the future, I trembled to think what he might consider it his duty to do.

And what would become of Mistress Dorothy? Would she escape or suffer with the rest? He had declared that those who had taken part in the conspiracy, man or woman, should receive the punishment due to their offence. I thought of her, poor child! with infinite pity. Her brother was dead, her father a prisoner in the Tower, and she perhaps alone and friendless in the hands of enemies. Well, come of it what would, my lips were sealed. Trusting in his magnanimity, I had intended to make a full confession to the Protector; but, finding him disposed to be so pitiless, I resolved, at all costs, to remain silent. If she were convicted of having taken any part in the conspiracy, it should be through no words of mine.

In any case, whether I spoke or held my peace, I had no doubt that my career was at an end. As it was I who had struck up Montague's pistol, and so saved the life of the Protector, I might be dealt with leniently; but I could hope for no promotion in the future. Out of mere personal gratitude, Cromwell was the last man to advance one who had proved unfaithful to the cause. He might even decide to dismiss me from the army. That thought, however, troubled me but little, for I had already determined, if I could secure his consent, to resign my commission.

I scarce knew how it came to pass, but that last grim struggle in the oak-glade and the dead face of my enemy had sickened me of bloodshed. I was resolved that I would fight no more. I would go back to the books I had loved ere I buckled on the sword for conscience' sake, and it might be that in a quiet, studious life in the country I might regain the peace of mind I had lost, forget the foolish hopes I had cherished, and grow old with such fortitude as might come to me from the study of great men's thoughts and the consolations of religion. But I knew well by the pain that gnawed at my heart, though I tried to flatter myself with

such prospects, that the wound in my body was like to be healed long before the wound that had been given me by the eyes that for one brief, happy hour had looked upon me kindly, but would never do so again. So I lay sick and sad at heart, without, God forgive me! one impulse of gratitude that my life had been spared to me, that I had not been sent to appear before the Judge of all the earth with rage and hatred in my heart and blood upon my hands. While I brooded thus there came a trampling of hoofs in the courtyard, and presently a step I knew well mounted slowly up the stairs, and alone and unannounced His Highness the Lord Protector entered the room. He wore a very stern and forbidding expression as, with a curt greeting, he seated himself opposite to me. I would have struggled to raise myself, but he motioned to me to lie still.

'I would have waited until you had somewhat recovered from the effects of your wound,' he said presently, 'but that business of importance calls me elsewhere, and I must proceed upon my way within the hour. Have you aught to communicate to me before I go?'

My eyes fell, and I half-turned away my head that he might not see my face.

'Little, I fear, with which your Highness is not already acquainted,' I answered.

For a few moments he remained silent.

'I owe you my life,' he said at length, 'and but for you the assassin would have escaped, and carried off the gold which Corporal Flint brought to the Hall this morning. These things are to your credit, and shall not be overlooked; and yet I may tell you, Captain Hawthorne, that I have heard strange stories with regard to the part you have played in this business. I have heard that this Montague might have been seized the very night you took possession of the Hall if some one from within had not warned him of your presence. Do you know who it was that warned him? You will not answer, eh? Well, I have heard more than this. I have heard of the midnight alarm, of the gold strewn upon the stairs; but I have not heard, for none could tell me, who it was that carried the gold, and what became of him. Can you tell me, Captain Hawthorne?'

Still I remained speechless. To tell him the truth might be to condemn Mistress Dorothy to prison or exile, and that I could not and would not do; and to him, of all men, I would not tell a lie even had my slow wits been capable of framing a plausible one.

'Can you also tell me,' he continued, 'why you absented yourself from the Hall, though you knew I was coming, and knew, moreover, that some of those under your command were in league with the conspirators, and that an attempt might be made to seize it? Well, have you nought to say?'

'Nay, your Highness,' said I sadly.

Again there was a moment's silence, during

which I could hear the birds chirping and fluttering, and even the rustling of the leaves in the garden.

'Did you find any papers relating to the conspiracy?' he asked suddenly.

'Yes, sir.'

'Where are they?'

The papers were in my doublet, which lay on a chair near the bed; but how could I give them up when Dorothy's name was still to be seen in the list of the conspirators? Duty bade me speak; but the thought of her I loved closed my lips, and I was ready to face imprisonment, exile, or even death itself before I would betray her.

'If you will not speak,' he continued harshly, 'I have no choice but to believe what seemed well-nigh incredible when reported to me, that though you repented at the eleventh hour, you were in very truth leagued with the Malignants, or, at least, that you did all that lay in your power to shield them from the punishment due to their offence.'

'Your Highness,' said I, well-nigh beside myself with pain and grief, 'there are indeed matters with regard to which I must needs, though infinitely against my will, remain silent; but I beseech you to believe that no earthly consideration would have induced me to join in any plot against your person. Of that I am wholly guiltless.'

'And you have nothing more to say? Take heed what you are about, Captain Hawthorne. I am in no mood to be trifled with.'

'God help me, I can say no more,' said I, and turned my face to the wall.

He rose from his seat, and for a little while paced to and fro about the room. For my part, I pictured myself in prison, my estates confiscated, my poor mother and Patience thrown, it might be, upon the grudging charity of distant relatives, and asked myself again and again whether I was justified in remaining silent, and yet could not choose but do so.

Presently he sat down again, and I turned to look at him. To my astonishment I perceived that his countenance was no longer grim and threatening, but that he was regarding me with the old friendly smile.

'John,' said he, 'I have known you since your boyhood, and known you for one devoted to the cause, walking uprightly in the sight of all men, and, though of a studious nature, drawing the sword and risking your life for conscience' sake; and truly I may say that I have loved you as mine own son. Without more proof than is now in my possession I will not believe you capable of treachery to one who, whatever his shortcomings, hath ever been your friend, or to that cause which, in truth, I think you hold dearer than life. Nay, let me conclude. As I trust you, so trust me, John Hawthorne. Have I ever dealt unjustly by you?'

'Never, your Highness.'

'Ever been cruel and merciless where reason and conscience bade me be otherwise?'

'Nav, sir.'

'Then tell me the whole truth, John; conceal nothing. And as I believe you would do naught unworthy of a gentleman and a man of honour and integrity, believe that I will use such authority as God hath placed in my hands with all gentleness and forbearance, tempering justice with mercy, and making much allowance for the weaknesses of the flesh. Come, you will best serve the interests of those you desire to protect by concealing nothing from me.'

It hath been my privilege to know many of those placed in authority over us, including kings and princes and great nobles; but never have I met one who was so clearly a born ruler of men as Oliver Cromwell. At a word from him men faced death as readily as though they went to a feast; and when the grim countenance softened and the harsh voice spoke in the kindly tones of a friend, what man who had ever loved and trusted him could refuse him aught? Not I, for one. My faith in his justice and magnanimity came back to me as strong as ever, and, in spite of my previous resolutions, I was moved to speak out all that was in my mind.

So I told him everything: told him of my duel with Frank, of the gold on the stairs, of the mutiny, of the death of Jacob Watkins, and—even though it cost me some blushes and confusion—of my affection for Mistress Dorothy and all the sufferings I had undergone in my efforts to struggle against it. To this he appeared to listen with a very severe countenance, though once when I glanced up quickly I was well-nigh certain that his eyes were twinkling merrily. But they grew cold and cruel enough when a moment later I took the papers from my doublet and laid them before him.

'Proceed,' said he sternly when he had glanced through them, and I went on in fear and trembling.

It was not until I came to tell of how Mistress Dorothy's brave words had induced her brother and his friends to aid me in regaining possession of the Hall that the frown passed from his face, and was succeeded by a more kindly expression. Finally, I told him of my parting with Dorothy, and could scarce stifle a groan as I did so.

'The rest is known to your Highness,' said I, 'and I thank God we arrived in time to prevent that which would have made me the most miserable wretch on earth and plunged all England into mourning. For myself I offer no excuse; but I beseech your Highness to deal mercifully with those who have given such clear proof that when they joined the conspiracy they had no notion of the object of it.'

There was a short pause, during which Cromwell sat drunming on the papers with his fingers.

'You may spare your breath, John,' said he at last in so mild a voice that I well-nigh started; 'they are already released.'

'Thank God,' said I fervently.

'Some of these particulars I heard from their own lips,' he continued, 'and as they proved by coming to my rescue that they had no hand or part in the plot to assassinate me, I released them within the hour. I marvel that you should have supposed that I would do otherwise. I would ever strive to make such brave and honourable foes my friends, if it lay within my power to do so. As for Mistress Dorothy, she is now with her brother at the Hall, and a messenger hath been sent to bring Sir John post-haste from London.'

'Poor Frank,' said I, 'tis a sad ending for so noble and gallant a youth.'

'Nay, I trust the end is still far distant,' said he.

I half-rose on my elbow with a cry of astonishment.

'Why, is he not dead?' I asked.

'Nay, grievously wounded, but not beyond hope of recovery.'

I sank back with a sigh of relief.

'This is more, far more than I had hoped for,' I said. 'You have taken a heavy load off my heart, sir. May God reward you for your elemency and for the kindness you have ever shown to one who has done little to merit it.'

His eyes twinkled again, and he shook his head at me.

'Ah, John, John,' said he, 'truly I thought I had not a more devoted follower than yourself in all the world, yet a glance from the bright eyes of a maid, and what becomes of your loyalty and attachment? And now it is reported to me that you desire to lay aside your sword and fight no more for the good cause for which so many noble and worthy gentlemen have sacrificed life and fortune. Is this so?'

'Yea, your Highness,' said I; 'but not, believe me, because I am any less devoted to yourself and the cause. In truth, sir, I am weary of bloodshed, and, if I might do so with a clear conscience, would desire henceforth to live quietly in my own house, and at peace with my fellow-men.'

He leaned his head on his hand and remained silent for a little while.

'I do not blame you,' he said presently. 'Nay, were I in your place I would do even as you do. I too, God knows, am weary, and would fain have rest. I sought not this place—I declare before God, angels, and men, I did not; but, being called to it, I will do my duty in the sight of God until such time as He sees fit to release me. You shall have your wish, John.'

'I thank you most heartily, sir,' said I; 'yet I beg you to believe that if the time should come when you or the cause should be imperilled and stand in need of such aid as I can render, I will again most willingly buckle on my sword and

strike a blow for him I have ever regarded as the greatest and noblest of men.'

At that he smiled, though a little sadly.

'Ah, John,' said he, 'you speak already like a courtier, and not like the blunt soldier I loved hitherto; and yet in my hour of need I know you will not fail me. Well, I must depart; and I may tell you, for your comfort, that none will incur punishment for the part they have played in this conspiracy save the accomplices of the man Montague and the ringleaders of the mutiny.'

'I have no words in which to thank you, sir,' I replied.

He rose to his feet as if about to go, but still lingered. 'This Mistress Dorothy is a brave and comely maid,' he said presently. 'You have much affection for her, and would make her your wife, John?'

'Ay, sir,' I answered; 'but I pray you speak no l

more of it. All is over between us, and it may well be that it is better so.'

He stood looking at me with a very quaint expression.

'Ah, well!' said he, 'you are no longer a boy; but there are many things you have yet to learn in this world, John. Have you heard the story of King Bruce and the spider?'

'Ay, sir,' said I wonderingly; 'but indeed I see not what'----

'Tut-tut!' said he, 'you are but slow-witted, my good friend. In your place I would follow the example of the King of Scots and try again. Farewell, and God be with you!'

So saying, he pressed my hand kindly and went forth, and I scarce ever saw that great, weary, noblehearted man again. But, instead of the gloom and sadness which had oppressed me at his coming, he left behind him naught but peace and gladness.

FAMOUS DISUSED ROADS.



HERE is something peculiarly suggestive and pathetic about a disused highway. When, at some lone spot where we have made up our minds to the far-awayness of human life, and have given ourselves up entirely

to the contemplation and consideration of nature, we light upon the remains of an ancient road, there is almost weirdness in the unexpected reminder of the transient nature of human grandeur; and, unendowed as we may be with sentiment, we cannot help picturing the past thus suggested, and calling up some visions of that active world of which old roads such as these are among the last shadows.

For instance, we were lately in that region of solitary, wind-swept hills which form the Northumbrian border-line between England and Scotland. There was not a token of human life within sight or hearing. We were absolutely alone in a still world of grass, heather, and sky; and yet, up to the spot where we stood, and away from us like a strip of dark-green ribbon towards the hills, ran Watling Street—the same Watling Street which passes through the heart of the City of London on its way from Dover to Chester, and into Scotland by Manchester, the Tyne river, and north-west Northumberland.

Sixteen hundred years ago this faint track, in many places only discernible by the practised eye, was a magnificent, paved, imperial highway, alive with the constant traffic of officials and messengers and tramping legions and tributary natives on their business or pleasure between the great fortresses by which the road was dotted, a strong and jealously guarded chain linking the Eternal City with her remotest northern possession. To this day, although in places it is insignificant, in others it has dis-

appeared, and in others again it is disappearing, it runs under many of our most important roads, and in many places where it has become solitary and disused it is still a remarkable and striking feature in the landscape. Probably at no great depth the original paving would be revealed in such a place as Redesdale; indeed, during our tramp along it we found, especially in boggy places and where burns crossed its course, patches of stonework clearly of human origin.

Although long years have elapsed since in this particular part of the country it was used, the natives still know it as Watling Street. For many years after the withdrawal of the Romans it no doubt remained unused; but during the long period of Border warfare it was of the greatest convenience to the raiders and reivers of both sides; and after the Union and the consequent gradual establishment of peace it became once more bustling and animated with the passage of huge droves of cattle from Scotland into England. Then came railways, and the old road, which had been much injured by the cattle traffic, sank into the sleep from which it has never been awakened. A busy road it must have been from first to last if only because it was, until the construction of the turnpike road from Newcastle to Jedburgh, actually the only means of communication between the two countries for many miles around. Between the hill-fortress of Bremenium, now High Rochester, and the important station of Ad Fines, now called the Makendon Camps, the traffic must have been constant. In later days it was used day and night, chiefly at night by mosstroopers and smugglers; and, lastly, the cattle traffic was immense. Hence it demands no very great exercise of the imagination to picture the stirring and romantic scenes of which this old road was the

There are also many other roads in England which, once famous, are more justly called 'disused' than Watling Street. Go where we will, we come across mutely eloquent relics of a condition of life which has passed away for ever. Just as there is not a county which cannot show one or more stretches of Roman Road, so do we find everywhere the lines of old highways which have fallen into disuse because their raison d'être has ceased. Prominent among these were the Pilgrim Roads, of which that between Southampton and Canterbury is the best preserved and the least altered, although traces of the old ways to Walsingham, Glastonbury, and Beverley are still notable. There are still marked on all decent maps Moat Ways, followed by our ancestors when they attended the Hundred Môt or Moot, and usually leading to a tree or a stone; Salt Ways, Rush Ways, Pack-Horse Roads, Bullock Ways, Sand Ways, and Tin Ways, all of which took their names from the chief traffic along them. In Kent we have Keg Ways, which speak of the old smuggling industry, which occupied the entire country-side around Romney Marsh; and Hog Ways, which were used for the traffic in swine from the great forest of the Weald. Finally, in all remote districts, such as the Lake Country, Dartmoor, and Exmoor, the names still exist of Corpse Ways or Lyke Ways, along which bodies were brought for burial, often a distance of many miles.

Let us now go farther afield.

Thirty years ago there was probably not a busier or more important road in the world than the Tocaido, or Road of the Eastern Sea, which runs from Tokyo to Kyoto in Japan. When the writer first saw it in 1871 it was but a shadow of its former self, and yet might rank amongst the busiest of roads. When we revisited it some four years ago, the silence and solitude of it was even more striking than the silence and solitude of Northumbrian Watling Street, inasmuch as we had personally known it so very different. In 1871 the traffic of the Tocaido was purely of business and pleasure; but there are many 'old Japan hands' who can remember when the chief feature of the Tocaido life was the constant passage along it of the great feudal lords with their armies of retainers. Such men, for instance, as Satsuma or Mito or Tosa would travel with a retinue of a couple of thousand men each, so that it can easily be imagined what the passage along a none too broad road of a dozen such companies in a day meant. Even in 1871, when only a few shadows of feudalism lingered in the shapes of half-a-dozen proud, sullen old gentlemen who shut themselves up in their castles and refused to move with the times, the Tocaido might be considered as the main artery of Japanese life. Here the foreign observer could see every type of the nation as he could not see it elsewhere. From early morn to late at night, especially during the summer season, the Tocaido from end to end was one long, closely packed, slowly moving, riding, driving, tramping mass of many-coloured humanity.

Then it was that every alternate building was a house of entertainment, that the temple-bells boomed incessantly, that merry was the tinkle of coppers tumbling into the offering-boxes, that a very babel of sound rose from the dust-enveloped ranks of travellers and resters and pilgrims and itinerant traders on the road, from the floors of the tea-houses, and the cool, dark recesses of the wine-shops. More than this, along the Tocaido passed half the inland commerce of the island, so that a group of young bloods rollicking along with song and jest would be succeeded by a string of pack-horses laden with wine, oil, charcoal, rice, or tobacco, and following a party of good citizens out for a day's pleasure would be a grave, quiet quartette of merchants discussing the fall in exchange or the latest news from the mulberry-plains.

As the railway crushed the last life out of Watling Street, so did the railway ruin the Tocaido. On the occasion of our last visit we purposely visited a village on the road most distinctly associated in our mind with the bustle and animation of thirty years ago. To say that the effect was to sadden us beyond expression hardly describes it. There was absolutely nothing to remind us of what was. We could not recognise a single feature in the village itself; the railway embankment shut out the view of field, hill, wood, valley, and beyond all the glorious cone of Fuji Yama, which was one of the attractions of a certain tea-house; half the houses were shut up; the other half seemed uninhabited; there was not a human being in sight, and, until the Nagasaki express came tearing along the embankment, not a sound but the croaking of frogs to break the silence. It was as absolutely dead a road as the Street of Tombs in Pompeii, and we were not sorry to take advantage of the very instrument which had killed it, and get back to Yokohama.

Both Northumbrian Watling Street and Japan's Tocaido are sad memories of departed life; but the old Appian Way between Rome and Albano is a sermon in stones on the transient character of human grandeur. Quitting Rome by the Porta San Sebastiano, we follow the usual tourist drive as far as the tomb of Cecilia Metella. Beyond this, until about half a century ago, the ancient road had been lost sight of and allowed to be overgrown with grass. It was cleared and the roadside tombs examined, identified, and in some cases restored: but it is rapidly drifting back into its old neglected condition, it is beyond the conventional tourist limits, the solitude and silence are complete, and altogether it is perhaps more inspiring of reflection and soliloquy than if the heaps of stone, brick, tufa, and rubble on either side were nicely rebuilt and numbered, and the paving of great slate-coloured slabs were cleared of grass. After a nine-mile tramp along the absolutely shadeless road, we are glad to sit on the broken shaft of a column and give a loose rein to our fancy. What a procession of historical shadows pass along this old road, so thickly grown with grass that in one place a wild

looking native is cutting a crop, but still clearly defined by an almost unbroken border of stones set edge upwards. Horace on his famous journey to Brundusium, emperors and generals returning with their spoil of booty and captives from distant campaigns, the belted chivalry of the Middle Ages, fair-haired Goths on their way to sack and pillage, Christians on their way to martyrdom, statesmen, soldiers, politicians, priests, the best, the worst, the greatest, the most learned of all climes and of all conditions, all the Popes, all the crowned heads of Europe, most of the giants in art and science, and last, but not least notable, the brethren who came out of Rome to meet Paul and his companions. To-day, the only visitors to this land of the dead are the shepherd, the grass-cutter, and the very occasional foreign traveller.

Apart from the sentimental associations with this spot, there is history all around us. Close to the stone which marks, or is placed to mark, the ninth mile from the walls of Rome, is the reputed site of the Three Taverns. Not far away are the mounds which traditionally mark the tombs of the two Horatii and the three Curatii who fell in the famous fight so familiar to us as schoolboys. Here too, it is said, was buried Alexander Severus, a peculiarly interesting individual to the Englishman, who, connecting him rightly or wrongly with the building of the Great Wall, cannot help wondering if he was familiar with the old Northumbrian road we first described. Not until the tenth milestone from Rome is reached is our day-dream, covering so many centuries and peopled with so many famous figures, dispelled by modern influences. Here the old road is crossed by a railway bridge, and soon after, as if in deference to the reigning order of things, it begins to assume a more prosaic appearance, and presently joins the New Appian Way-a pretty old construction, but a mere thing of vesterday compared with the object of our attention-and so brings us to Albano.

Road-making and empire have always gone handin-hand, although it cannot be said that our national efforts in the work of conquering by the spade have ever been at all comparable to the work of the

Romans, the Spaniards of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, or the modern French. Possibly one very pregnant reason for the slow progress of our West Indian islands since the abolition of the slave-trade and the decay of the cane-sugar industry may be found in the almost complete absence of inland roads in these most fertile and beautiful islands. Jamaica has now good roads; but until within the last half-century it almost entirely depended upon roads made by the Spaniards during their tenancy. Some of these roads, constructed in the straight, assertive Roman fashion, have, since the transfer of the capital from Spanish Town to Kingston, fallen into disuse, and are already, thanks to the extraordinary exuberance of destructive vegetation, becoming obliterated. On one of these there used to be milestones upon which the distances were figured from Spanish Town under its original name, Santiago de la Vega. In Dominica we have come across, high up in the mountains, stretches of well-paved and barrelled roads constructed during the French occupation, but allowed to fall into decay during ours, the result being that upon the outcry that the island was not given a chance to get rid of its magnificent products for the want of means of communication between the coast and the inland districts, Government is being put to heavy expense to make new roads and repair the old ones.

Europe, of course, shows the most striking specimens of famous disused roads. Practically the Mont Cenis and St Gothard tunnels have dealt the deathblow to those splendid transalpine roads which so strongly impressed the traveller of half a century ago. We have ourselves tramped along the Corniche Road on the Mediterranean coast between Fréjus and Genoa, and, except in the neighbourhood of the great pleasure-resorts, have had it so entirely to ourselves as to be able at intervals to drop down to the beach for a swim and to sit drying in the sun without a solitary soul to shock by our behaviour. The automobile and the bicycle have wakened up this and other dead roads from their long sleep; but, were it not for them, they might fairly be classed amongst famous disused roads.

COMEDY EAST AND TRAGEDY WEST.

CHAPTER IL



thrty-five, his nerves were shaken and his digestion unsatisfactory. The Journal of Commerce had called the latest of his business transactions more profitable than credit-

able; but it had not reckoned against the profit certain sleepless nights and trembling days. Mr Eardley had not the necessary grit for a raider of the market. He had decided that his next important venture should be in a line in which he had reason to feel some confidence in his powers. A very slight thinning of the hair on his crown and a quite trifling expansion of his waist had not yet materially impaired his satisfaction in his personal fascinations. So he had resolved to marry the rich Miss Carter.

As the *Etruria* backed out into the North River and turned her head down the Bay, he went to his office in Pearl Street. There he found his partner and his letters. The first letter he opened bore the post-mark of Blue Forks, Colorado.

- 'I'm off this afternoon, Jim,' he said as he laid it down.
 - 'To Colorado, old man?'
 - 'Yes.'
- 'What kind of people are these cousins of yours out there?'
- 'I don't know. Never saw them. Never wished to see them. But the doctor says I must get out of this altogether for a couple of months if my nerves are ever to be worth a cent again. The thing's over, Jim; but this break-up is an item in the bill I didn't include, and it's got to be footed. I want rest, and perhaps the least bit of nursing. I remembered the folks west, and wrote; and here's their answer. They'll be happy to have me for as long as I like. I'll get my sleep again out there.'
- 'No doubt. But you might have slept on the *Etruria*, and improved the shining hour when you happened to be awake.'

The partners had no secrets.

- 'No, Jim,' said Eardley. 'You forget that her father goes with her, and he's rather shy of me just at present.'
 - 'That's unlucky.'
- 'Of course it's not a thing he's likely to think of telling her; unless'——
 - 'Unless he sees you around too much.'
- 'That's so. I can meet her at lots of places after they come back. Things don't take long to get forgotten in New York, and—well, it's like this'——
- 'I know. If once you secure the girl, eh? And I guess you can be left alone to attend to that part of the business.' He looked Eardley over from head to foot with smiling approval. 'Old man Carter will have to come round like a good American poppa.'
 - 'Well, that's the idea.'

Meanwhile the fair breeze blew, the white foam flew, and the *Etruria* sped on her way eastward; and by the time she had ceased to dash aside the broken packing-cases and empty bottles which the brown stream of the majestic Hudson carries far out to sea, and was meeting the scraps of orange-yellow seaweed that float on the dark-blue rollers of the Gulf Stream, Eardley was flying towards the passes of the Alleghanies in a Pennsylvania Line Pullman-car.

After a comfortable dinner he strolled into the 'smoker.' He sat down, lit a cigar, rang for the attendant, told him to bring the library catalogue, and selected a novel. His cigar finished, he went to bed in a reserved section, drew the curtains, and turned on the light of the electric lamp behind his head to read a little before falling asleep. The car flew over the well-ballasted track like a bird in the air. He had never been 'west' before. He had never been to Europe either. He thought of the tossing ship and of what he had heard, and, like a good American, believed, of the antiquated dis-

comforts of European travel. And though he had, as he knew, several days' railroad journey to make before reaching his destination, he congratulated himself on having remained in his own country—'God's country' the patriotic writer of the novel he was reading (a domestic product) called it, with characteristic complacency.

After a while he had to change to a railroad on which the Pullman-cars were older, and the passengers were no longer accommodated with bath, library, 'tonsorial parlour,' and electric readinglamps; and before the end of his journey he had been bumped and jerked for many hours along an ill-laid line on a worse-made road, in unalleviated heat and dust. Eardley knew very well that, even in 'God's country,' the 'wild and woolly west' is rude. The conditions of his own early life had been far from luxurious; but he had lived for some years among a set in New York with whom luxury was indispensable to 'good form,' and now he had an invalid's sensitiveness to discomfort in addition to an underbred man's impatience. His satisfaction with his holiday-plan had evaporated before he drew near his destination. Nor did the prospect tend to recall it when he arrived on a hot afternoon at the unplatformed station of a western village, and climbed stiffly down from the car to the cindered roadway.

There were the muddy wagons, with their rough little horses and harness that is never cleaned; the unwashed cowboys on ungroomed ponies; the wastepaper, battered preserve-tins, and empty barrels; the telegraph wires overhead with the bills of quack medicines on their weather-gray posts; the ugly buildings with their glaring signs; and there were the lounging men in blue shirt-sleeves and broken elastic-sided boots, whites and negroes alike slovenly, shabby, and disreputable.

As Eardley stared around him a tall, bronzed and bearded young man, dressed in a suit of readymade homespun, who was scanning the arriving passengers from an unwashed buggy, caught sight of him, and, after looking him over attentively, came out from the crowd and drove up with his team.

'You Mr Eardley?' he inquired, with a friendly smile. 'Yes? Then get right in. Give me your checks. I'll get your baggage, and then we'll start. We've got to call for Miss Winans at the store.'

Eardley's relatives were the widowed Mrs Winans and her only daughter.

The store was not far from the station, and there they were joined by a slender young lady in a fresh muslin gown. Eardley became vividly conscious of his dusty boots and his pulpy shirt-collar.

His driver introduced him, saying as he jumped down, 'Mary, I believe this is your cousin from New York.—Don't get down, Mr Eardley; Miss Winans will sit behind us.—And now, Mary, perhaps you had better introduce me to your cousin.'

'Mr Edward Ross, Mr Eardley,' said Mary.

'Mr Eardley,' said Ross, holding out his hand, 'I am happy to meet you.'

Eardley shook hands.

Ross helped the girl to her seat, stowed a number of parcels into the wagon, and resumed his place.

The streets of Blue Forks are wide and straight; but, like those of the northern half of the city of Washington, they belong to the future rather than the present. Meantime they are staked off accurately, provided with two-plank side-walks, and furnished at each crossing with an unpainted pinemast that carries an electric lamp whose milky globe is enclosed in wire. The roadway is a strip of unmacadamised prairie, which the traffic has turned into bottomless dust when dry, bottomless mud when wet; and the rains have diversified it with 'wash-outs' here and there, in the bottom of which lie big stones and patches of mud that remain sticky a week longer than the surface. In the centre of the town there are one or two stone and brick buildings as plain as packing-cases, and some of these have a bit of concrete pavement in front. But presently brick is succeeded by wood, the houses grow sparser, the vacant lots frequent, fences become more and more trivial, the side-walk breaks off at the last 'frame' shanty, and the village merges into the prairie.

The Winans homestead was not far outside the village, and the drive was too short, dusty, and rough for conversation. With cat-like activity, Ross's team whirled the light carriage into and out of holes, over boulders and round corners. American steel axles and hickory wheels are made to stand this kind of work; but Eardley was unpractised in the art of keeping his seat under such conditions. It was all he could do to avoid flying off into space. A light conversation with the young lady behind him seemed called for; but it was out of the question.

There are persons who seem to become disintegrated in the presence of the opposite sex. Eardley was one of those men on whom introduction to a pretty girl acts like a pinch of salt dropped on a snail. They melt, they languish and squirm, their solid flesh dissolves itself into a dew, and they become bodily a froth of speech and gesture.

Eardley held on to the rail, feeling that his involuntary movements must seem ridiculous. He was not the kind of man who can join in mirth at his own expense, and so be promptly received into the brotherhood of good fellows. He held on and suffered.

To Miss Winans, however, he did not appear at all ridiculous. She had no great sense of humour, and she even suspected, with a little indignation, that Ned Ross was giving the 'tenderfoot' more jolts than he need have done. If so, Ned did not act with the wisdom of the serpent. While woman in all ages has admired the strong, by the blessing of God she has also pitied the suffering. Mary

knew that this cousin from the unknown magical east had come to the barbarian land in search of rest and health, and she was prepared to be very good to him, not doubting that he should prove worthy. She cherished hopes of learning from him, of getting glimpses into eastern culture. There would be little chance of that if he were to dislike them all from the first, thinking the men rude and the girls vulgar. She had made a little effort (with circumspection, for she did not wish Ned to notice it) to be specially smart in her dress. She wished that not only herself but everything and everybody in Blue Forks should make an agreeable impression on the New York cousin. It was for this reason she had asked the minister to supper. Ned Ross, though every bit as intelligent, had an abominable habit of sitting silent when he had nothing to say. She was a little disappointed with Ned, although she stood somewhat in awe of him, and accordingly she rewarded Eardley with one of her best smiles when they stopped and he jumped down and offered his hand to assist her to alight. Ned sat still in his seat, holding his horses, while Mary's mother welcomed the visitor, and the coloured boy shuffled into the house with the baggage.

CHAPTER III.



RACTICES introduced by an artificial and self-conscious civilisation have obscured to the casual eye many characteristics which man still possesses in common with

the lower animals. One is the fact that the male of every species is naturally the more ornamental, while the female is the more useful; and that he is prompted by instinct and aided by nature to adorn himself for her captivation. Striking examples are common among bipeds both with and without feathers. In the fowl and in the savage the thing is conspicuous; but even among the advanced nations of mankind, where the male civilian, or working bee of the human hive, has degenerated to dingy broadcloth, and the fair sex and the military alone array themselves with the glory of Solomon, the attentive eye can see it, and, on occasion, it is obvious to the meanest comprehension.

When Mr Eardley appeared at supper he had made his toilet and cleansed himself from the stains of travel; and his coat, his linen, his hair, his hands, and his jewellery were of an elegance new to Blue Forks.

Besides his hostess and her daughter, and Ross—who, as Eardley afterwards learned, boarded in the house and assisted Mrs Winans in the management of her farm, which adjoined his own—there was present another young man who was introduced to him as Mr Walsh. He was a bright-eyed little fellow, who held his head as if he were always trying to make himself taller, and gave Eardley's hand a grip that made him wince. The two women

vied with each other in hospitable attention to the stranger. Mary brought the dishes to the table, and her mother pressed him to eat.

'Cousin Walter,' she said, 'I want to say again that I'm real glad to see you. This is your first visit west?'

'I suppose Chicago isn't west any more?' said he.

'No, indeed! You've got to cross the Mississippi now, I reckon, before you can say you've been west.'

'Then this is my first visit. I generally go to Europe of course, and my friends the Carters—I dare say you've heard of Tom Carter the Produce King, as we call him in New York?—they pressed me to go with them on the *Etruria*; but I had decided to come here, and I never care to change my plans.'

'That has been fortunate for us. Here are Mary and I who have never been east, never across the Mississippi from this side. We hear about you eastern folks from Mr Walsh.'

Eardley started and glanced at Walsh.

'He's a New Englander himself,' she continued, 'and I believe Connecticut ain't very far from New York.'

'Now, Mrs Winans,' said Walsh, 'you know very well I'm a citizen of this State, and a true westerner,
—by adoption.'

'And we're proud to have you, sir.'

'Mr Walsh came west, like you,' she added, turning to Eardley, 'in search of health.'

'And never managed to get back again,' said Walsh, with a smile.

'Ah!' said Eardley, 'is that so? Well, I can understand it.' He made a little bow to Mrs Winans, but glanced at Mary. The faintest wave of colour rose in Mary's face and subsided again. Ross's breath came audibly through his nostrils, and Walsh looked down at the table.

Mrs Winans stared at Eardley through her spectacles.

'Mr Walsh is our pastor,' she said.

Again Eardley looked at Walsh, and this time in evident surprise.

The younger man, whose clothes, though dark in colour, were of no clerical cut, laughed and said, 'I won't ask you to say your catechism, Mr Eardley—at least not without giving you notice, so that you may get posted.'

'Very good,' said Eardley. 'I guess if you'll let me know in time I'll get Miss Mary to give me a few pointers and be ready for you.' Walsh made no answer to this, though he was a man by nature inclined to talk.

Ross sat silent also. It was his habit to hold his tongue, but not because he became abstracted when other people were talking. On the contrary, he was such a good listener that as a rule nobody noticed he spoke but little. Thus he was an immense favourite; for those who liked to talk were not interrupted, and they always believed that he agreed with them. They had a feeling that they were saying just what Ned would have said if he had only had their gift of eloquence.

After the meal Mrs Winans rose.

'Now, Cousin Walter,' she said, 'Mary and I will say good-night. A'n't you tired? Don't you want a long sleep after your journey? You go right to bed as soon as you want to. We must send you back to New York strong and well, you know.'

'What if I shouldn't wish to go?' This was addressed frankly to Mary. Eardley had risen and turned his back without ceremony on her mother.

Mrs Winans was displeased.

'In that case,' she said, 'you'd best learn our ways, and we keep early hours here. Ned will get you anything you want. Good-night.'

'A cigar, Mr Eardley?' politely suggested the young minister.

But it appeared that Eardley did not care to sit up after the women had gone.

Left alone together, the two young men smoked their pipes in silence, and for some time did not even look at each other. After a while the parson shrugged his shoulders.

"Bounder" is a good American word, I guess?' he said interrogatively.

Ross nodded without removing his pipe from his mouth.

When Mary went to bed she lay awake a long time and thought of Eardley's blue eyes and their frequent glances at herself. She thought of his beautiful hair, of his moustache, his hands, even of his patent-leather shoes. She could remember everything he had said—the very words. She did not wish to go to sleep, her thoughts were too interesting. But it takes a good deal to interfere for long with the sleep of a healthy and busy girl. When she became sleepy she told herself she would see him again in the morning. Then she shut her eyes and turned her face to the pillow with a happy little sigh.



REARING CHICKENS WITH AN INCUBATOR.



E hear a great deal about poultryfarming nowadays, and the question is often asked, 'Does it pay?' —poultry-farming, that is, where ground has to be leased for the purpose, and every scrap of food

bought and paid for in hard cash. I do not intend to try to answer that vexed question. So much depends on climate and situation, the value and extent of the ground taken up, the facilities for disposing of the produce at good prices, and other similar considerations. I merely wish to give some information, based on practical experience, which may help others who think they might with advantage reorganise their modes of procedure, and perhaps make their poultry pay better.

Most people are the better of a hobby; and let any lady living in the country, with a little leisure on her hands and unlimited ground at her disposal, or a girl just home from school and looking about for 'something to do,' begin to bestow a little attention on the hitherto unheeded barn-door fowl, and she will be astonished to find how interesting as well as profitable the pastime will become.

It is no wonder that we hear the oft-repeated remark that hens don't pay if we leave them to be looked after in the hap-hazard way they generally are: hatched at any time from May till July, according to the time the 'cluckers' choose to sit, carelessly fed by a servant, and kept until they are four or five years old. With a little care and attention they can be made a profitable branch of domestic economy, even if nothing further be attempted than to have a plentiful supply of eggs and of fowls for the table.

'I would like to get more eggs; but I hate hens,' I hear some fair reader exclaim. I can entirely sympathise with her. I, too, hated hens until driven by sheer necessity to invest in an incubator; for, living in an exposed situation seven hundred feet above sea-level, I found that my hens resolutely refused to 'cluck' at all until it was far too late to rear chickens intended for laying purposes. An incubator was purchased, also a foster-mother, and soon my hatred of hens began to vanish.

There is no doubt that hatching chickens in this way saves both time and trouble. The chickens can be brought out as early in the season as desired, in January and February if good shelter can be obtained; and early chickens fetch very high prices in April and May. Then a large number of eggs can be set together, thus saving the trouble of attending to eight or nine sitting hens; and when hatched the chickens can be carefully fed with small quantities of good food, without the risk of the mother-hen eating the most of it, as generally happens.

There are many good incubators now in the

market. Hearson's perhaps stands first; but it is also first in price. I have worked with Tamlin's 'Nonpareil,' and have found it most successful. It is not advisable to buy a very cheap machine, or a second-hand one, unless the purchaser knows that it is in thorough working order, as a fault in the working might ruin a whole drawerful of eggs. If economy must be studied, it is better to confine it to other things, such as runs, coops, &c.

When the incubator has been bought and placed on the floor or on a steady table in a cool, quiet place—such as an unused room or empty attic, where there is not likely to be any great variation of temperature—it should be worked for a day or two empty, to see that the temperature is keeping at the desired point, and that the art of regulating it is clearly understood, before the eggs are placed inside.

The eggs should be quite fresh. Even if gathered for any special purpose, they ought never to be more than a week old. Eggs sent from a distance should always be allowed to lie for twenty-four hours after arrival before they are put into the machine; and, as they require to be turned night and morning, it is a good plan to mark each egg with a cross on one side and a circle on the other, as it can thus be seen at a glance if all the eggs have been turned.

The lamp should be filled with oil every morning, and the wick trimmed both night and morning. Some people only trim it once a day; but this is a great mistake. Last summer I nearly lost a setting of sixty eggs through my own carelessness in this respect. After attending to the wick night and morning for three weeks, I had been out on the last evening before the chicks were due, and returning home at a somewhat late hour, and seeing that the lamp was burning clearly, I went to bed without trimming it. What was my horror when I was rudely awakened in the small hours of the following morning-a Sunday-by the housemaid bursting into my room with the appalling announcement that 'the house is fu' o' smoke, an' I'm feared there's something wrang wi' the incubator.' rushed out without waiting to don many garments, and found that the lobbies were indeed suspiciously full of smoke. When I threw open the door of the room-fortunately not furnished-where the incubator was, I found it black with smoke and festooned with soot. The untrimmed lamp had begun to smoke, and soon the tiny chimney became blocked, and this was the result. Opening the window, I drew out the incubator-drawer, to find that the thermometer registered over one hundred and ten degrees-a fatal point. Here let me add a word of warning to all who possess incubators: never give up a case as hopeless at the first glance.

Temperatures have gone up and temperatures have gone down, drawers have been left open and eggs have been chilled, and yet they have hatched out all right in the end.

I cleaned my flues, relit my lamp, and went off to church in a chastened mood, certain that the sixty chickens I had been counting in my mind the night before, regardless of the proverb, were either roasted or suffocated in their shells. Needless to say, my delight was great when I found on my return an egg chipped, the forerunner of many more.

At the end of a week the eggs should be tested and all the unfertile ones removed, to be laid aside and boiled for the chickens when they appear. Eggtesters can be bought from any poultry-appliance agent; but perfectly good ones can be made at home by taking a large piece of cardboard and cutting an oval hole in the centre of it, a little smaller than an egg. By darkening the room and holding this cardboard up in front of a lamp, with the egg placed against the hole, the contents can be clearly seen. If it is fertile the germ will be seen floating about, like a spider with long arms; if unfertile the egg will be quite clear, and ought to be removed at once. The vacant places should then be filled up with fresh eggs; but care must be taken to place a thick piece of cardboard for twenty-four hours between these eggs and the others already in the incubator, otherwise the latter would be apt to be chilled. It should always be kept in mind that the drawer should be drawn out as carefully and steadily as possible, as sudden jars may kill the chickens in the shell or cause deformity, while all sudden loud noises, such as the violent banging of the door of the room, should be avoided. I find that brown eggs, those laid by Rocks or Orpingtons or Wyandottes (Golden Wyandottes in particular), seem to have thicker shells or thicker membranes inside their shells than other eggs, and hatch out better if they are sprinkled with tepid water once a day for a few days before hatching.

Chickens intended for the market cannot be hatched too early, while those intended for laying purposes ought to be hatched in March or the early part of April. If they are hatched earlier than this they are apt to lay a few eggs in September, then moult like adult birds; while if they are hatched later they may not begin to lay until the following spring. Of course the great object to be aimed at is to rear young birds which will lay in winter when eggs are scarce.

A good business can be done by hatching purebred chickens and selling them when a day or two old to be given to clucking hens. Some ladies dispose of large numbers of chicks in this way.

If the incubator has worked well the chickens will begin to chip their shells about the twentieth day. When one puts the ear to the machine and hears numerous little tappings going on inside, like fairy hammers, there is a great temptation to open

the drawer very often, just to see how matters are progressing. This is a mistake, however, for at this point a draught of cold air will kill a weakly chicken struggling to get out of its shell. The drawer should be opened every six hours, not oftener, and then all chipped eggs should be turned with the chipped side uppermost, and all chickens which are fully hatched taken out and placed in the drying-box, and the shells removed. It is not advisable to help any chicken out of its shell unless the shell has been chipped for twelve hours and its little occupant seems to be making no further progress.

When the chickens are perfectly dry the next thing to be done is to place them in the fostermother, which should previously have been heated to ninety-five degrees. I may here explain, for the benefit of those unacquainted with poultry terms, that a foster-mother is a box or closed-in coop with a lamp inside, not a special kind of hen, as some friends of mine imagined. I always keep my fostermother in the house for the first two days, in the scullery, as tiny chicks need constant attention. There are two compartments in it, so that they can be fed inside, making no mess on the floor, and my cook is good-natured.

The little creatures require no food for the first twenty-four hours; after that comes the time to use the unfertile eggs which were removed from the incubator at the end of the first week. They must be boiled very hard, chopped up very finely, and mixed with bread-crumbs. This is the best food that can be given to chickens for the first two days. It should be given every two hours. If sprinkled down before them they soon learn to pick it up greedily; but never throw down more than they want, as it soon sours and becomes unfit to eat.

After two days I have the foster-mother carried outside and placed on a sheltered stretch of grass, and the door opened so that the chicks can run outside. I ought to mention that they require no water for the first three days; after that a plentiful supply should be given, and, if possible, a little skim-milk.

It is a great protection against cats, crows, &c. to have a variety of little wire-netted runs, under which the chickens can be out on the grass and yet be free from harm. These can easily be made at home, and cost next to nothing. I made the first ones I used out of strong cardboard dress-boxes, cutting out the bottom so as to leave only the I covered them with wire netting, framework. and cut little openings in the ends. By placing three or four of these together a splendid run can be obtained; and in very cold or wet weather pieces of glass from old picture-frames or broken windows can be laid on the netting, thus keeping the chicks warm and dry. For the first fortnight the staple food may be oatmeal mixed to a crumbly consistency with cold water-warm water makes it sticky-varied by bread-crumbs, boiled rice, soaked chicken-meal, and scraps from the table

cut up very finely. Grass, dandelions, and lettuce ought also to be given, cut across into small pieces with scissors, care being taken not to give any long, stringy pieces.

Grit should always be added to the soft food. This is most important, as it aids digestion and also prevents liver-disease. A piece of sandstone crushed down makes excellent grit for the tiny chickens, and afterwards crushed shells or flint grit, which may be bought very cheap, can be used. A pinch of salt should always be given, but only a pinch. As a child I killed a whole brood of chickens by serving them up a highly spiced meal. I had been told that they ought always to have salt in their food; but I did not temper zeal with discretion, and many bitter tears did not bring those birdies back to life again.

As soon as the chickens are big enough to swallow it, a little grain should be thrown down—not too much at first. 'Tail wheat' is admirable for this purpose; the grains are much smaller than ordinary wheat, and a little goes a long way, and it can be bought from any grain-importer. I must warn my readers against buying 'broken grain,' so often advertised at low prices; it is neither good nor economical, generally consisting of little more than husks, and may be most injurious to poultry.

After three or four weeks, chickens may be fed with a mixture of maize, gray meal, and sharps, mixed to a crumbling consistency with boiling water, alternated with grain. At this age a teaspoonful of bone-meal (Spratt's) mixed with their soft food is a great help in rearing strong, well-grown birds.

About this age the fowls begin to grow their feathers, and often chicks which have been quite healthy up till now begin to droop and die off. It helps to prevent this if a little sulphur and soot—say half-a-teaspoonful of each—is added to their soft food twice a week; but this ought not to be given on cold or rainy days. It is not generally known that feathers consist largely of sulphur and carbon, and if these ingredients be supplied to the birds they feather much easier. This applies also to moulting hens.

Fresh water should be supplied twice a day, and never allowed to stand in the sun. There is no more productive cause of 'gapes' than stagnant water

At the end of five weeks the lamp in the fostermother can be dispensed with during the day, and when the chickens are six or seven weeks old, according to the state of the weather, they can be put in an ordinary house, with plenty of straw to nestle amongst.

Gapes and croup are the ailments most to be guarded against, and the great preventive is thorough cleanliness. If the chickens are crowded on a small piece of ground, sprinkle it over with dry lime and water it after they have gone to roost, or choose a wet night, so that the lime may be slaked and washed into the soil. Keep the

foster-mother scrupulously clean. I brush mine out every other day with an ordinary heather scrubber, and renew the litter; and once a week I dredge it out thoroughly with sulphur, chickens and all.

For litter, dry earth mixed with soft moss, chaff, peat, or sawdust is much preferable to hay or straw, as it can be raked over. Dry earth and ashes, too, make a most sanitary bed; but the chicks are apt to look black and woebegone after sleeping in it. Anything is better, however, than vermin and dirt, which soon bring disease and death.

A word as to the different breeds. For egg-production it is generally agreed that the lightly feathered, non-sitting varieties are best: Minorcas, Leghorns, Andalusians, Anconas, and Campines. This is perfectly true; but it must always be kept in mind that these birds do not lay well in winter and are very susceptible to cold, especially Minorcas. I ought perhaps to except Anconas, which thrive and lay well in exposed positions and on cold clayey soil, and which are splendid foragers. On the other hand, the heavily feathered breeds -Orpingtons, Wyandottes, and Rocks-which lay well in winter and are good birds for the table, are keen brooders, and one does not wish to have the nests filled with clucking hens all summer when there is no need for them. For all-round purposes I think it is best to keep a stock of each kind—say Minorcas and Leghorns-for summer laying, and Orpingtons and Wyandottes for winter eggs and for table purposes. If these birds are pure-bred, a good supply of crosses can always be obtained, and it is well to remember that first crosses are always the strongest birds and the best layers. No bird should be kept longer than three years. If the stock can be kept up, it is better to kill or sell all old birds just before they moult in their second year, thus obtaining two good laying seasons from them; after this age their laying powers grow less every year, and they certainly do not improve for table purposes.

IN MEMORIAM:

NURSE MAUD,

Who died from blood-poisoning, contracted while nursing a patient in the Kent and Canterbury Hospital, 3rd May 1903.

One of the Great White Army *
Which fights with disease and death,
Wounded, but fighting bravely,
Nigh to her latest breath.

One of His bravest soldiers,

Though she wore but a nurse's gown,
Fighting under the blood-red Cross,

Winning a martyr's crown.

Only a hospital nurse!
Only a frail, sweet girl;
But she wore the white robe, and she bore the palm,
As she passed through the Gate of Pearl!

* The Two Armies (Oliver Wendell Holmes).



THE SONG OF HYACINTH.

By JOHN OXENHAM,

Author of Barbe of Grand Bayou, Bondman Free, John of Gerisau, Under the Iron F'ail, &c.

IN TWO PARTS .- PART I.



ATHERINE caught her breath. For a measureless moment, which had in it the elements of eternity, it seemed to her that her heart stopped beating and fluttered in her throat.

Then her breath came again in a sigh whose only expression was the quick rise and the long, slow fall of her bosom.

Her husband, bending over her with the official letter crumpled in his hand, saw it, and the twist of pain which wrung his heart for her was like the thrust of a bayonet. He bent lower and kissed her tenderly. His face was very grave, lips tight-set under the thick moustache, jaws squared to the facing of odds. The gentler face below bore the same signs, on a softer scale but with no less determination. The tightening of the sweet lips threw into prominence the traces of her northern descent, and disturbed the delicate sweep from eye to chin, which was one of Captain Charles's memories of the early days when he used to sit and worship her at a distance. He caught the pathetic foreboding in her dark eyes; and, soldier though he was, and fearless for himself, his own eyes were misty for a moment as he kissed her again, and said:

'It is hard on us, dearest; but the past will always be ours, and we will hope for the best. Promise me, Kate, to hope for the best;' and his manner implied how much the past had held for them. Of the hope he urged upon her he himself showed little sign.

'If only'—she began. Then she shook off her useless longings, and said more valiantly, 'Yes, dear, we will live upon the past until—until we are together again.' And the thought in both their hearts was that in this world that might never be.

They had been married close on eight months.

He had that moment received orders to proceed to the front with his regiment.

And she—she was looking forward, with such | after thin No. 303.—Vol. VI. [All Rights Reserved.]

spirit as she could muster, to a campaign of her own of quite a different character—its object the giving, not the taking, of life—she herself the sole campaigner, and likely now, she said to herself, to be the certain victim. She had looked for the comfort and heartening of his nearness when the time came; and now—he must go and she must face it all alone.

If she had looked forward with anxiety before, now her fears were doubled; for her mind would be full of forebodings on his account, and if anything happened to him, truly her only desire would be to join him as quickly as might be. Nay, she had, in her thoughts, already discounted the worst. Already she was saying to herself that when they parted now they parted for ever, until they all three met where partings have no place. She knew that it was as hard for him to leave her to face it alone as it was for her; that the dangers of the field would be to him as nothing compared with the anguish of anxiety he would suffer all the time on her account.

But in becoming a soldier's wife she had accepted all the possibilities. Her own fears for herself must not add to the burden of his fears for her. He would carry weight enough as it was. A leader of men must wear no doleful face. She would do her best to bear herself bravely during the days that remained to them. She would have days enough when he was gone to grieve for his going and to gaze into the hollow face of the future. Happy the warrior who carries his family inside his helmet! So, for the few days that were left to them—full, busy days for him; and, for her, treasures priceless as waning drops to shipwrecked sailors—she wore a brave mask and bore herself cheerfully.

He, amid all the bustle of his preparations—for the call had been an unexpected one consequent on a distant disaster—found time to bring her in thing after thing that caught his eye as he sped to and Reserved.]

SEPT. 19, 1903.

fro, and which he thought would cheer and amuse her in his absence.

She wanted no single one of them. Of what slightest avail was any earthly thing to afford her one infinitesimal morsel of comfort for the loss of him? But she would have bitten her tongue through sooner than whisper it to the wall. It pleased him to think he was giving her pleasure, and so she allowed herself to be pleased.

Of all the things he brought her we are concerned with only one.

She was passionately fond of flowers. Winter was coming. Of all the winter blooms her favourite was the hyacinth, growing on the window-ledge while all the outside world was bound in ice and snow or smothered in fog and mud. He would fit her out with the finest hyacinths he could find, and they should whisper of him when he was gone.

As he sped one day through the purlieus that lie betwixt Piccadilly and the Strand, with hyacinths lurking in a cranny of his brain, his eye lighted suddenly on a row of glasses, which looked to him like something new in hyacinth-glasses, in the window of a shabby little curio-shop. He stopped his cab and went in.

'Those,' he said, pointing to them. 'What are they for, and how much?'

'Ah!' said the old man in charge, 'they're unky, they are—quite unky!'

'I beg your pardon?'

'Quite unky! Not another set like 'em in the world's far's I know.'

'I see. What are they for?'

'Growing things in, I reckon. They come from Holland, where they're great on that kind of thing, I'm told.'

'How much?'

'There's eight of 'em. I want five bob apiece. As I say, they're unky. Take the set, and we'll call it thirty shillings.'

'All sound?' and Captain Charles flicked one lightly here and there with his finger.

They rang true and sound—full, sweet, long-drawn tuneful notes which still hummed on the air of the dark little shop while the two men went on talking.

'All sound,' said the old man. 'Take 'em?'

'Yes, I'll take them if you can pack them so that they won't break.'

'Right!' and the old man hauled out a flat wooden box, and packed the glasses with much precaution and an ample supply of fine wood shavings.

Katherine had expressed the pleasure she had done her best to feel on receiving many of the things he had brought her. But when he carefully unpacked those old glasses and set them up in a row before her there was no slightest reservation in the genuineness of her enjoyment.

'Oh, how beautiful!' she cried. 'And how very odd! Where on earth did you get them, Charlie?'

'Picked them up in a curio-shop. Odd, aren't they? I thought you'd like them.'

'I have never seen anything like them. They are delicious.'

'The old chap said they were unky, quite unky. I thought they'd please you. Listen!' and he rang them one after another with a flick of the finger.

Katherine sat listening to the sweet, quavering notes. Then she swiftly changed the positions of the glasses, and said, 'Now again, please!'

He tapped them one by one all down the row, and said, 'Well, I'm blowed!' and stood staring at them. For the glasses sang the notes of a perfect octave, and the sweet tones rang out soft and round, and seemed to rise and fall in slowly lengthening, slowly dwindling vibrations, till at last they died away; and the silence they left seemed the sweeter for their having filled it.

Captain Charles, drawing a pencil from his pocket, proceeded to pick out on the row of glasses, with a stumble here and there, the one tune he knew on the piano, 'Home, Sweet Home,' and before he got through he regretted that he had begun; for his own eyes were misty at thought of it all, and he did not dare to look at Katherine, and the last notes got somewhat mixed in consequence.

'I am so glad you got them,' she said at last, when the mellow tremors of the maltreated tune had died away. 'They are quite the dearest things you could have got me. How very odd they are!'

And truly they were odd. Down below they spread out in beautiful flowing curves widening at the base into globes of size, all fluted with tiny volutions, which swept round and round and upwards towards the neck, where they were no more than the trailings of a hair. Above the neck the delicate flutings grew again, widened and deepened, and swept round and round the waving curves of the cup till they swirled out of sight and were lost in the convolutions of the down-turned rim. No two of the cups were alike in shape, and all the glasses were distinct in colour. They looked so like great southern sea-shells, with their whorlings and flutings, that Captain Charles placed one to his ear and heard therein the sound of the tireless sea.

As they stood in their octave the one that sang the highest note was white—clear white, not opaque—and flecked with silvery motes like unexpected snow-flakes falling through the thin white sunshine of a young spring day. The next was clear, bright yellow—not the faded yellow of age, but a vivid, vital blaze like the early morning sunbeams; the next was sweet pale-green, like the first tender flushing of the woods in the spring; the next was blue, like the cloudless sky of summer; the next was blue, like the Mediterranean Sea; the next was orange, like the amber glow of sunset; the next was royal ruby-red; and the eighth and last was glowing purple.

'They are wonderful,' said Katherine. 'They grow upon you the more you look at them. Will you get me bulbs for them, dear?'

'I've got them,' he said—'the very best they had. I hope they'll do well, and you'll think of me every time you look at them.'

'I'll think of you in any case,' she said, with an April smile which held the hint of tears.

He had been gone six weeks, and her spirits had descended as steadily as the thermometer from the moment of their parting.

She had had a cheery letter from him at Madeira -God knows how he managed to write it, for his spirits were as low as hers —in which he strenuously insisted on her keeping her heart up, both for her own sake and Somebody Else's. Then the papers notified the ship's arrival at Capetown, and now she was looking forward to his first letter after landing. After that she knew that letters might be few and far between. He would write whenever opportunity offered—that she was sure of. But the mischances of war might prevent what he wrote from ever reaching her, and her fears would fill all the gaps in their correspondence with the most dreadful possibilities. She would strive against it; but she knew it would be so. She was only human, and in circumstances such as these poor humanity has a bias towards the shadowy side of the road.

With his last kiss on her working lips, which would not keep straight for all her efforts, and the thrill of his passionate embrace still about her, and that long, deep, longing look in his eyes, which was more of a prayer for her than any words that ever were uttered, she had said to herself, 'It is goodbye for ever. I shall never see him again, until—until'——

When, in spite of herself, she could not but think of all he was going to, it seemed to her impossible that it could be otherwise. How could a man possibly come through it all alive? Some did-some few; but how very many did not! Half her acquaintances were in mourning. She had seen Jessie Carmichael drive past within an hour of Charlie's parting from her. They were married the same day; and Jack Carmichael lay under the veldt, and Jessie lay back in her carriage, deadly white under her little black bonnet, with great black circles under her eyes, and her eyes themselves such wells of hopeless grief that even casual passersby when they saw them said to themselves, 'Poor young thing! The war again!' And Katherine said to herself, 'Any day, any day, and I shall be like that. Poor Jessie! Poor Jack! My poor, poor Charlie! And my poor little baby that is not born! Oh, the war! the war! God have mercy on us all!' and then she would lie down on her couch and cry her heart out for the bitterness of it all.

The baby hyacinths in their brave, gay cradles were weaned at last from their seclusion in the dark, and gladdened her eyes with their vigorous rootings. The lower globes were filled with the meshed entanglement of twining white coils and tendrils, and the bulbs themselves showed prospective stirrings of life up above. In the two days they had been out of limbo she had learnt their facial characteristics by heart, and had got on friendly terms with them.

Charlie's letter was long of coming. Hour after hour and day after day she lay on her couch listening wistfully for the postman. She heard his official knock far up the quiet square. She heard him rap-rapping himself nearer. He stopped at her door—with everything but the one thing she wanted. Then on he tramped in blissful ignorance of the hungry heart which his passage left a little more empty and hungry still.

Many letters she had, for they had many friends and crowds of acquaintances. Of relatives, as it happened, they were, on both sides, singularly free.

Her father had died years ago, fighting turbulent tribesmen and combing out the farthest fringes of the Empire. His father had died comfortably in his bed, leaving to his eldest son, with whom he was not on good terms, the title and estates which the law demanded, and making such provision for his favourite Charles as an almost unlimited capacity for squandering upon himself had permitted. The boys' mother had died when they were children; and when Katherine's mother faded quietly away in the spring, leaving her all alone in the world also, Charles married her out of hand, and the two had never lacked companionship since.

So happy had they been together that they had allowed the outside world to flow past them unheeded; and now less than ever did Katherine incline towards it. It was a world of masks and faces at best; and when the heart is sick it craves something very much more and very much less.

Fortunately for Katherine she had at hand the next best thing to a mother: her own old nurse, Mrs Pinnefer, who had carried her as a baby, who tyrannised her still, and still regarded the man of war as something of an interloper. The one great desire of Pinnefer's old age was to nurse Katherine's children as she had nursed Katherine herself, and she fluttered about her and mothered her as an aged hen might mother a baby swan.

That long-delayed letter began to get upon Katherine's nerves. Her imagination limned the darkest reasons for the delay: He had had an accident on board ship. The ship had gone down. He was dead. She would never see him again.

She was lying on her couch before the fire thinking doleful thoughts such as these very late one night, for there was a post still to come, when a faint sound fell on her ear, the faintest of sounds, no more than a tiny scratch on the rim of the silence and the darkness; and yet hardly a scratch, for there was in it a faint, sweet resonance, the merest impression of a musical tone. It was like the fine, thin piping of a very small insect, but on a very much higher note than she had ever heard insect pipe before. Besides, there were no insects at this time of year. She thought at first that it must be the infiltering of some far-distant music. And then it seemed to her that it was certainly inside the room.

She sat up and listened. It died away at times,

and then began again, faint, fine, long-drawn, rising and falling, just one high sweet note, thin and clear and hardly to be heard, and yet she missed it when it sank below her hearing.

It was certainly in the room. She decided that it was one of the strings of her zither in its wooden box singing sympathetically to some unseen, unheard vibration too fine for her senses to detect.

She listened intently. But she was in that state of high-strung nerves in which even so small a thing as this may not be passed over unexplained.

The infinitesimal piping died away and left the darkness void. It came again, and to her straining ear seemed to swell louder than before.

She got up and moved slowly to and fro. To the piano. She laid her ear against it. It was mute. To her zither. She opened the case and bent over it. The sound was outside it.

To and fro she went, slowly following the enticement of the tiny piping. To and fro, till she stood at last before her row of hyacinths, their great globes swelling with the intermeshed coils of roots and tendrils, the bulbs above swelling in their cradles with all the hopes of sweetness and brightness and beauty that was in them.

The sound she had followed came from the white glass, the glass with the silvery motes like flakes of snow on a clear spring day, and she stood before it entranced. The life within the bulb had burst its trammels; and there, among the disconcerted ridges of its purple-bronze armour, a tiny green shoot lay nestling, and peeped shyly up at her—a tiny green shoot of confident hope. There was a surprised and conscious look about it, and yet withal a quiet persistence of hopeful intention which ministered to her aching heart.

As she stood gazing down at it, the faint, sweet

song of the newly stirring life, communicated in some mysterious way to the resonant cup in which it lay, and by it transmitted to the ear, broke out again, faint and fine and ineffably sweet. She bent and softly kissed the nestling hope, and said aloud, 'Dear little teacher! I too will hope.' And just then the postman's knock rang through the house, and in a moment Charlie's missing letter was in her hand, and everything else was forgotten.

How many times she read that letter! Till she knew it off by heart almost and some parts of it quite. In between times the ugly thought would come, now and again, that four weeks and more had elapsed since the letter was written, and in four weeks much may happen at the front. Four weeks! Ah, God!—four hours!—four minutes!—four seconds!—and any second of them all-sufficient to end that dear life. He might be lying dead even now as she read his words of hope and cheer for the hundredth time, and his spirit might be watching her as she read.

Yet surely, if anything had befallen him, they would have told her! She, indeed, searched the papers herself each day for evil tidings; but the torment of her fear was so great that her eyes failed her at times, the letters became no more than unmeaning blurs, and the lines were serried ranks of men swarming to their doom. His name might well have been there and she not have seen it. Perhaps he was dead, and they had not dared to tell her.

It was very terrible: the thousands of miles and weeks of time that lay between them, the crowding dangers that beset his every step, and that other inevitable, mysterious, and appalling trial that awaited her. The thought of it all was too much for her at times, and all she could do was to lie and weep and pray.

RECIPES THAT ARE GOLD-MINES.



HERE is money, big money sometimes, in secret recipes. That for the making of a particular kind of pill was disposed of recently at public auction in London for the good round sum of five thousand

pounds. Nor does this by any means establish a record. The original recipe for the making of absinthe, first sold by its inventor, a French chemist named Ordinaire, for a few hundred francs, changed hands shortly afterwards for ten thousand pounds, a rich distiller paying that sum for it; and he made a profit of over two hundred thousand pounds on his investment. The Oxford Press Syndicate values the formula for making the thin, tough paper used in printing their Bibles at a quarter of a million sterling, it having cost them over twenty-five years of hard work and twenty thousand pounds in cash to discover and perfect the process. Even more valuable, probably, is the secret

of the manufacture of the paper upon which the notes of the Bank of England are printed, which belongs, as is pretty generally known, to the Portals of Laverstoke, who have accumulated a fortune from it inside of a couple of generations. The brilliant crimson cloth of which the cardinals' robes at the Vatican are made has been supplied for generations past by the same family of cloth-merchants at Burtscheid, near Aix-la-Chapelle, the secret process by which the dye is distilled having been handed down from father to son. The family, curiously enough, is of Huguenot descent, and its members are to this day staunch Protestants.

It was the daughter of Catharine de' Medici, afterwards Queen of Navarre, who, according to tradition, invented the lace which is called, after her, 'Reine Margot.' To her favourite serving-maid, Marie Courtalade, she bequeathed the sealed pattern, and with it also—although of course all-unwittingly—a death-warrant; for poor Marie was murdered

for the sake of her paper treasure by a Neapolitan adventurer—some say she was married to him—who realised a fortune from his blood-gotten knowledge. Barbara Ullmann elaborated the pattern of the now world-famous pillow-lace while spending sleepless nights sitting up waiting for a drunken husband. She lived to see her eldest son sell the product of her ingenuity for twelve thousand five hundred pounds.

Twice the last-mentioned sum, it is averred, has been offered in vain for the secret of the ingredients and method of manufacture of a widely advertised medicinal syrup. A Wiltshire firm of bacon-curers paid no less than ten thousand pounds for the Brandenburg method of curing hams; while a certain special chutney, or rather the method of mixing it, originally bought for a few rupees from a poor Hindu trader, changed hands a few months back for seven thousand five hundred pounds. famous Worcester sauce is made according to a recipe hundreds of years old, which was bought 'for a song' from the butler of a county family by the then head of the firm of Lea & Perrins, of Worcester. To-day the little faded scrap of yellow paper, with its almost indecipherable hieroglyphics, is valued by its owners at many thousands of pounds sterling.

About a hundred and fifty years ago there resided in the town of Doncaster a certain barber named Martin. To him there came one day to be shaved a soldier, who mentioned in the course of conversation that he was obliged to return to his regiment at York on foot, as he had not the wherewithal to pay his coach-fare. Mr Martin, having himself known poverty in his younger days, lent the man sufficient money for his purpose, and a little while later received it back according to promise; but there was something else in the envelope: a crumpled paper on which was written a recipe for a certain preparation, which, explained the sender in a covering letter, he had long used with very good results upon the boots of the men of his corps. The barber at once made a small quantity according to directions, found it excellent, entered into partnership with a friend of his named Day, a harness-maker of Tavistock Street, London; and was rewarded for his enterprise by seeing before he died the firm of Day & Martin, blacking manufacturers, blossom forth into one of the biggest businesses of its kind in the world.

The recipe for Banbury cakes dates from the time of the Civil War, when the now familiar dainties were invented by an old dame, and disposed of with level impartiality to Royalist and Roundhead alike. Tradition has it that she bequeathed the secret as a dowry to her daughter, whose husband amassed a fortune by their sale while still a young man. Since then their manufacture has enriched quite a score of people, and they are now made in enormous quantities and exported to the ends of the earth. In a single year, it is recorded, one Banbury baker alone disposed of no fewer than one hundred and thirty-nine thousand five hundred twopenny ones.

When, a few months ago, the monks of La Grande Chartreuse were expelled from France, the senior abbot carried with him a tiny casket of tempered steel which never left his possession for a single instant. Other treasures-pictures, tapestries, jewels even-might go by ordinary goods-train, but not this! For therein reposed the recipe for the world-famous twin-liqueurs—the chartreuses green and yellow—that was to fetch shortly afterwards in the open market no less than three hundred and thirty thousand pounds. For centuries the precious script had lain secure in the monastery's strong-room. Originally it consisted of a single fragment of parchment six inches by nine. But as time went by other ingredients were discovered—there are said to be no fewer than one hundred and thirty-seven of them now-and supplementary directions and instructions were continually being added until the one bit of skin has grown to a volume of over one hundred pages. It is, without doubt, the most valuable book in the world; for its lucky possessor, supposing he were a private individual, would be more secure from want than if he owned the mines of De Beers or the fee-simple of 'the crushings of all the Rand.' And the queer part of the business is that the mendicant friar who first invented chartreuse thought but little of his new liqueur.

So, too, did the originators of many other recipes that have since proved veritable gold-mines to their heirs and successors. It is said, for example, that Giovanni Farina, the inventor of eau de Cologne, once offered to sell outright the formula of its preparation for the equivalent, in English money, of about seven hundred and fifty pounds. Since then it is estimated that the value of the famous scent sold has amounted to some fifty million pounds; and the estimate is probably under the mark.

Herein is a hint for readers of this article. Fortunes undoubtedly await exhumation from the culinary archives and still-room books of our grandmothers. Has your family a special cake or pudding. a spiced sauce, a chutney made according to an ancestral recipe, or a perfume compounded of aromatic herbs the like of which is not to be found elsewhere? If so, manufactured and placed upon the market, there is likely to be money in it. The Sprules, who supply lavender-water by special appointment to King Edward VII., as they did aforetime to Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, owe the foundation of their fortunes to just such a recipe. So, too, do the Nanis, of Zara in Dalmatia, one of whose ancestors used to distil from the marasco (or wild cherry) a drink which he named maraschino. He bequeathed the secret to his son, and he in turn to his son, who disposed of it to a syndicate for a very large sum in ready cash and several thousand acres of land.

But the value of all recipes, whether of ancient or modern times, sinks into insignificance beside that of a formula which has just been evolved by a French chemist for the manufacture of genuine rubies, or of rubies which at all events are quite indistinguishable from genuine ones. For this no less a sum than one hundred and twelve million five hundred thousand francs, equivalent to four and a half millions of pounds sterling, is said to have been refused. The formula covers three large sheets of parchment. It is written out in elaborate cipher, the key to which exists in the inventor's brain, and nowhere else. And each of the three sheets is deposited separately: one in the strong-room of a

Parisian bank; another in a steel vault underneath a London Safe Deposit Company's premises; and the third in some place of security the locality of which varies from month to month, and is always kept a profound secret. Moreover, each of these three sheets is useless without the other two, even assuming—which is extremely improbable—that the cipher in which the meaning of the writing is shrouded could be decoded.

THE PEARL NECKLACE.

CHAPTER XVIII.-CONCLUSION.



MONTH later I mounted my horse for the first time since I had been wounded, and rode over to the Hall. Sir John had called more than once to inquire after my health, and I knew that I should at least be re-

ceived as a friend. Frank, though still weak and confined to his chamber, was making steady progress, and was like to be about again in the course of a few weeks.

I had attired myself in a new suit of clothes which I had ordered to be sent from London, and I noticed that my poor mother sighed as she gazed at them, and followed me with kind, sad eyes as I rode away. I could not understand it, or why Patience had become more friendly than ever, and could scarce do enough to please me. In truth, my mind was occupied with other matters, and I took but little notice of what was passing around me. My heart beat quickly as I rode along, and there were times when I was half-afraid to go on, and others when I could scarce keep from riding forward at full gallop in order to put an end to the suspense that had been torturing me for so many weary days. Yet, in spite of my preoccupation, I felt that it was good to be alive, the sun was shining so brightly, the birds chirping merrily, the grass so green, the sky so blue. Ah! if it were not for grief and sickness, we should never know the blessedness of joy and health.

Presently the gray, ivy-covered Hall came in sight, and all that had taken place in it a month before came back to me as clearly as though it had happened but yesterday. Once more I saw Mistress Dorothy standing amid the scattered pearls, and beheld the gold glimmering upon the stairs, and the gleam of Montague's rapier, and Frank falling, with what seemed his death-cry, upon the floor; and now all was calm and peaceful. White-winged pigeons were wheeling round and round the gray towers, and I could hear the merry voices and gay laughter of the men and maids who were working in the fields among the hay.

I was walking my horse slowly up the avenue, my eyes cast down, brooding over the past, and thinking sadly that my visit was like to bring me more grief than joy, when, chancing to raise my

head, I saw Mistress Dorothy coming towards me. When I first perceived her she was hurrying forward with outstretched hands, flushed cheeks, and eager, sparkling eyes. My heart gave a great leap of joy, and I was out of the saddle and hastening to meet her ere I knew what I was about. And then I was utterly abashed and knew not what to say or do, for she suddenly stopped and drew herself up, and her eyes grew cold, and she acknowledged my profound bow with frigid politeness.

'I am glad to see that you are recovered, Captain Hawthorne,' said she. 'I trust that you are now quite restored to health.'

As for me, I knew not which way to look, realising the utter folly of my hopes as she stood before me in the sweet freshness of her youth and beauty. Never had I felt so old, so plain and uncouth and slow-witted.

'I am well, I thank you, Mistress Dorothy,' I answered huskily. 'I trust your brother continues to make good progress.'

'He hopes to take the air within a week,' said she, and then there was a long silence, during which I could find not one word to say, and she kept her eyes on the ground. Presently I saw her glance at me sideways, and her lips twitch, and a dimple steal into her cheek.

'Are you aware, sir,' said she, 'that your horse is returning home without you?'

I looked up, and saw my charger walking down the avenue, cropping at the bushes as he passed.

'It matters not,' I said stupidly.

Indeed, it seemed to me at that moment that nothing in the whole world mattered, so sad at heart did I feel. Then she glanced full at me, and her eyes grew a little anxious.

'I think you are scarce so well as you imagine,' said she. 'You are very pale. Had you not better sit down? There is a bench close at hand.'

She led me down a narrow path which branched out of the avenue, and presently we came to a bench, on which I meekly seated myself while she stood before me. For a few moments I remained silent, wondering what I ought to say, and devoutly wishing that I had remained at home.

'I think I am indeed scarce so strong as I thought,' said I at length, 'and therefore I wilk

not venture to call upon your brother as I had intended. If you will be so good as to send a servant after my horse I think I will return home forthwith. A friend in Cornwall hath asked me to pay him a visit, and it may be that before I go we shall not meet again. Therefore I will ask you, Mistress Dorothy, to be pleased to take back something of yours which came, you know how, into my possession. I am grieved that I should have kept it so long. I trust my illness will excuse me.'

Thereupon I drew from my pouch the little pearl necklace she had thrown so scornfully at my feet, and so sad and weak was I that my hand trembled and a mist gathered before my eyes. As I gave it her I turned away my head, fearing once more to hear some bitter speech, and having no strength to bear it. But no answer came. leaves moved gently in the breeze, the birds chirped and whistled; but those were the only sounds that broke the silence. At last I looked up and found her gazing at me very wistfully, and with tears on her pale cheeks.

Then at length I perceived that a man, if God see fit, may remain a fool though there be gray hairs in his beard and he puffed up with no small conceit of his own wisdom. In another moment I had her hands in mine, and she hid her face upon my breast, and my tongue was loosed, and I spoke as I never did before and never shall again, marvelling at my own eloquence, and wondering if I were indeed sober, staid John Hawthorne, who till that hour had never spoken to a comely young maid without stammering and blushing. By my faith! 'twas on the other side that most of the blushing was done before all was over, for I did not use my lips for the making of pretty speeches alone, let me tell you. And when a long time afterwards we walked arm-in-arm towards the Hall I held my head very high in the air, feeling as gallant a young spark as ever trod the brave green grass with his sweetheart by his side. I had yet to see Sir John; but the prospect did not appal me. With that little hand upon my arm, with that shy, sweet, blushing, smiling face looking up into mine, I would have faced fifty Sir Johns, so full of strength and courage did I feel.

As we moved through the garden to the Hall a thing happened which I cannot to this day recall without infinite merriment. There were hedges running here and there, and behind that along which we were passing we heard the sound of voices. Whereupon Dorothy, with a roguish smile, put her finger on her lips, and we stopped, and-I confess it with shame-listened to what followed.

'Mistress Barbara,' said a voice I knew well, 'I am not as it were a giddy-pated youth, but a man of years and discretion, no longer young, and yet not old, well provided with this world's goods, and with a mind stored with much ripe thought and experience. Think well before you refuse an offer the like of which it is scarce probable you will ever receive again.'

Dorothy, who hath ever loved to make merry at my expense, has since told me that I stood there with my eyes and mouth wide open, the very picture of amazement. Indeed, I could scarce believe my ears, for it was none other than the voice of Corporal Flint.

'Indeed, sir,' came Barbara's reply, 'it is but the sense of my own unworthiness that keeps me silent. I fear greatly that I should scarce prove a fitting helpmate for so grave and wise a man as you.'

'Let not that trouble you, child,' replied the corporal. 'I trust in time, by exhortation and a word in season, to supply that wisdom and discretion which must in some degree be lacking in one of such tender years, who hath hitherto given herself up wholly to the vanities of this world. In the meantime, this humility is a sign of grace. Fret not yourself because of your folly and ignorance, child, for, with one like me at your side, you will, I doubt not, grow in wisdom and soberness every day of your life.'

'Yet it is an honour of which I cannot but deem myself unworthy, replied Barbara meekly.
'Yet you consent?' asked the corporal, and

verily his voice trembled with eagerness.

'If it please you, sir,' answered Barbara.

And then there was a sound I should scarce have recognised but for what had happened in my own case so short a time before; and, pushing hastily through a gap in the hedge, we perceived the corporal saluting his mistress with one long ungainly arm clasped about her trim waist. He looked up and saw us, and I beheld a sight that I think no man ever saw before, or hath ever seen since, for the corporal blushed-ay, truly blushed like a schoolmaid—while Barbara, with a little shriek of dismay, covered her face with her hands and ran full-speed to the house.

'Ah, corporal, corporal!' said I, 'let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall. I have known those who were puffed up with vanity, over-confident in their ability to resist temptation, become backsliders in the end.' And so I was going on, quoting his own words against him, while he stood writhing before us, knowing not which way to look or which foot to stand on, when Dorothy put her little hand on my mouth, and laughingly bade me be silent.

'Nay, nay, John,' said she, 'you shall bait him no more, and indeed have no cause to do so, being a backslider yourself.'

Then she stepped up to the corporal, holding out her hand with that winning smile which I think no man could resist.

'I congratulate you, corporal,' said she. 'I have known Barbara for years, and though she may have a sharp tongue, and appear at times somewhat light-minded, she has a heart of gold, and is a most brave and virtuous maid.'

'And if she were the best maid in all England,' said I, holding out my hand in turn, 'she might well be proud to become the wife of so brave a soldier and so upright and wise and honourable a man as Corporal Flint.'

As he shook hands with us, the corporal blushed again, but it was with pride and pleasure; and, strange as it may seem, the match proved a happy one, neither having any cause to regret it.

Well, well, my story is almost done. Sir John pulled a wry face when I explained the nature of my business with him.

'I would you were not a Roundhead, lad,' said he; and then he caught a glimpse of Dorothy's face, and the frown on his own melted away. 'But, Roundhead or Cavalier, you are a good, honest lad, and there is not a man breathing with whom I would sooner trust her. There, there! say no more. Away with you. Consider the matter settled.'

Soon we were wedded; and, if the early portion of my life was rough and stormy, truly I have enjoyed much peace and happiness in my later years, thanks to that dear companion who is still at my side, and hath ever been my stay and comfort and consolation, more especially as the years go by and the infirmities of age begin to creep upon me.

Frank, as soon as he had fully recovered from his

wound, was a frequent visitor, and it came to pass that one day I learned why Patience had been so cold to me after the duel in the oak-wood; but it was not until Frank and she were wedded that she confessed the whole truth to me.

Many things have happened since the days I have been writing of. The Lord Protector is dead, and more than one king hath sat upon the throne; and though, for my part, I think England hath had no king equal to him who never wore a crown, I have come to believe that God rules all things for the best. Yet when I sit by the fire on winter evenings, and think of the times that are gone, of the battles and sieges through which I passed at his side, and of all that he did to give us liberty and freedom of conscience, I cannot but mourn that he was cut off ere-to human eyes-his work was accomplished. But in the hearts of those who knew and loved him he will never die; and I think the time will surely come—the voices of envy and hatred being silent when all Englishmen will be proud of him who made England great in the eyes of the whole world. THE END.

DARK STARS.

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CATTERED through space are innumerable stars that give forth very little light or heat. Either they never, at any period of their history, were bright and glowing like the myriad stars that make the midnight

sky so beautiful, or in the course of countless ages the heat they once possessed has radiated away from them into the depth of space, and now they are, as their name describes them, 'dark' stars. No eye has ever seen them, or probably ever will see them; yet we know that they are there as surely as if they shone with the brightness of the sun, as certainly as if the imprint of their rays appeared on many a photographic plate. Indeed, so manifest, though unseen, are these remarkable bodies that a definite section of the new astronomy deals with them: with their number, size, and relation to other stars, and with the many problems that a study of their nature and evident life-history gives rise to.

What some of the more important of these problems are will be indicated as we proceed. The first question to be considered is, How are we made aware of the existence of such bodies, and how, if we have never seen them, do we gather information about them?

We know that no heavenly body is ever at rest. No sooner does one star come within range of the attraction of another than orbital motion is begotten; and thus some stars circle round one another in pairs, frequently forming binary systems of majestic beauty and stateliness. One binary

system may also draw into its sphere of influence other systems, or even groups of systems, the whole forming an aggregation or cluster of stars of the greatest complexity, all the members of which wheel in and out in an orderly maze, the full threading out of which may take unnumbered ages to accomplish. Indeed, there are not wanting astronomers at the present day who regard the whole visible universe as partaking of one vast rotary motion round a common centre; as, indeed, a whirlpool of stars, a maelstrom in which the drops are worlds.

Our immediate concern is with the fact that two stars-to take the simplest combination-will, if near enough, move in a certain well-defined orbit under the compulsion of their mutual attraction. They will, indeed, circle round one another as a binary system. Their orbital motion, of course, will be altogether independent of the brightness of the two stars. If, however, one of the stars forming such a dual companionship be dark, and if the two stars circle round one another in such a manner that at each revolution the dark star comes between the bright star and the earth, then we shall have at regular intervals that not uncommon phenomenon in the sky, the eclipse of a star. The dark body will, once every revolution, obscure the light of its luminous companion; and in this case the amount and character of the eclipse will, to a large extent, be dependent on the relative brightness of the two stars. Now, although the light-changes of every such binary system will have an individual character of their own, because no two systems in the heavens are alike in size and brightness, there will be a general family likeness connecting all stars of this type of variation, a likeness depending simply upon the mechanical conditions of all eclipses.

First, there will be a relatively long stationary period, during which the star will shine out in undimmed brightness. This may be called the constant phase. Then eclipse will set in. At first the diminution in light will be slow; but as eclipse proceeds and the dark companion moves right athwart the rays of the brighter star, the rate of decrease will be more and more rapid till the minimum phase is reached. After this has been passed the light of the star will begin to increase, at first rapidly, then more and more slowly, till the constant phase is again reached, when the star will once more shine out with all its wonted brightness. The eclipse will be over for a season.

Such is the general type of light-changes due to the eclipsing of the light of a bright star by a dark neighbour; and had astronomers never witnessed an eclipse of a star such as we have described, they would still wait in patient and confident expectation that one day some fortunate observer would discover a variable star of this peculiar character. But, instead of this, the phenomenon is by no means an uncommon one. There are, indeed, at the present time no fewer than twenty-five stars whose light fluctuates in such a manner as to indicate unmistakably that their variation is due to eclipse, and this number is steadily increasing as the search for stars of this type of variation is carried out in a more rigorous and systematic manner.

First in order of time as regards discovery, and first in order of importance, if we consider the fullness of our knowledge regarding it, is the star that gives its name to all other stars of this eclipse type of variation. More than two hundred years ago the light of Algol, the second brightest star in the constellation of Perseus, was found to vary in brightness in a perplexing manner. For a hundred years and more its apparent anomalous light-changes remained a mystery. In 1783, after a year of patient observation, the English astronomer Goodricke solved the riddle. He found that the anomalies and perplexities would all be reconciled if we considered the variation of Algol to be due to the revolution of a dark star round a bright one. The importance of this discovery was at once evident to the scientific men of Goodricke's day; and so, from this time until now, generation after generation of astronomers have made this star a peculiar subject of study. As the years came and went other stars similar in character were discovered; but Algol has always remained the typical Algol variable star. We have already indicated what the main features of this type are: first, a constant phase, then a period of decreasing brightness, and then the ascent up to the normal magnitude.

In the case of Algol the constant phase lasts two days and fourteen hours, the decreasing phase is accomplished in three and a half hours, and it takes

the star three and a half hours more to reach its usual brightness. Thus a full cycle of light-changes is completed in two days and twenty-one hours. We conclude, therefore, that the two stars which make up Algol circle round one another in this time, and that the stars are near enough to one another to permit of an eclipse lasting seven hours out of the sixty-nine.

We come now to what may reasonably be considered as belonging to the romantic portion of astronomical discovery. Every science has its romance, and none is so rich in the charm of wonderful story as the first of all the sciences.

There are three ways in which we may become aware of the binary character of any star. We may look through a large telescope and actually see the two stars which form one system. The star may be so far away, or one of the companions so faint, that no telescope will divide it, yet its regularly changing light may indicate that it is not single; or the spectroscope may, by revealing the changing velocity of the star from hour to hour, prove that it is circling in an orbit of a certain size and form.

In 1889, a hundred years after Goodricke announced that the changes in the light of Algol could be explained by assuming that the star was double, Professor Vogel found that the new Potsdam spectroscope gave unmistakable evidence that Algol was composed of two stars circling round one another in two days and twenty-one hours. The measurements obtained by the spectroscope were not only in complete accord with the conclusions come to by those who had photometrically studied the light-changes of Algol, but the results obtained from two such diverse modes of research were so supplementary to one another that to-day we know more about this remarkable star than we do about any other star or system of stars in the sky; and our knowledge can be represented in exact figures: in miles and tons and foot-pounds.

It is, indeed, passing strange that the human mind is able to apprehend a system so vast as Algol—a system that lies at least two hundred million million miles remote from us—and cast its huge bulk into scales, place a measuring-line along its diameter, test its density, judge its mass, sift out its component elements. Yet all this has been done.

The spectroscope and the photometer tell us that Algol consists of two stars, one bright and the other dark. The bright star is a little over a million miles in diameter; the dark star a little less. A space of two million miles divides the two stars, so that they are in truth twin-fellows; indeed, when we consider the vastness of their bulk they are practically in touch with one another. Although each of the stars that goes to make up Algol is as large as the sun, their combined weight is only half the sun's weight. Algol must, therefore, be composed of material far less dense than that which is found in the sun; indeed, the density of Algol is only one-eighth that of water—a remarkable result, and still more so when we know that this 'thin-

ness' of structure is common to every star of the Algol class.

We come at this point face to face with two important problems: How is it that, of two stars so near one another as the component stars of Algol, one should be bright and the other quite dark? and How is it that not only Algol but all close double stars should have such a small density? The importance of these two questions lies in their intimate connection with the still more important problem of the birth and evolution of a stellar system.

Let us consider a great sphere of vapour revolving on its axis, the centre or nucleus of this mass being eccentric. Such spiral masses of gaseous substance are frequently seen in astronomical photographs. In the course of ages, ages, and yet more ages, this globular eccentric mass would tend to subdivide, the brighter and denser portion gathering round the nucleus and forming a central sun, and the less luminous and more tenuous matter aggregating towards the outer rim. Thus at the very birth of such a system there would be two orbs of unequal brightness. Not only so; but the matter forming the darker orb, being gathered in from a wider area, would in all probability be the larger but not the heavier of the two. This, I take it, is the explanation of the curious circumstance that in the case of four Algol stars the dark companion is many times larger than the central and brighter orb.

In one of these four systems—a southern—the dark eclipsing body is ten times larger than the bright star, which accordingly is totally obscured for a considerable period by its bulky satellite. At first sight it seems an impossibility that such a system could exist; yet, if we accept the initial condition of things that we have in imagination portrayed, such a disparity in size and brightness as we know does exist in at least four stars is not only possible but reasonable.

We are witnessing here the infancy of worlds, the first beginnings of stellar systems. Stars of the Algol type are in the very morning of their days. As ages pass on the two stars, now so near, will, by an inflexible law of celestial mechanics, drift farther and farther apart, their orbits widening out in an eternal spiral. As this evolution proceeds, the matter forming the dark body will in all probability contract, and in process of time will become solid enough to bear upon its then planetary surface the pressure and passion of life. And then? Well, such systems may grow old and cold, and the shadow of death envelop them, central sun and distant planet alike chill and desolate; but we think not. There is, we are sure, lying in the lap of Nature some restoring process by which old, worn-out worlds, like old, worn-out lamps, may be made new again.

Another way in which dark stars may reveal themselves is by eclipse of a different character. Frequently astronomers are puzzled by the anomalies found in catalogues of star magnitudes. For example, an observer whose skill and accuracy are

beyond question records that a certain star is of the sixth magnitude. Subsequent to his observation other observers equally skilful, equally accurate, find it to be of the fifth degree of brightness; and although the most careful watch is kept on the star, not a trace of variation is to be detected. The explanation of such discordant observationsand they are too numerous to be set aside as errors of judgment-is a simple enough one if we consider space to be tenanted by as large, if not larger, a number of dark stars as there is of bright ones. In such a case every now and again a dark star will come in front of some bright one, and for a brief interval of time-say for a few days-will obscure its light. There will be no regular return of eclipse; indeed, eclipse may never occur again, as the obscuring star will forge on in its rectilineal way through space. The difficulty of this theory lies in this: that it assumes the existence of a greater number of dark stars than astronomers are willing to concede. But, after all, there is no reason to hold that the bulk of stars are bright; the greater bulk may be dark. We have got so accustomed, however, to the belief that the universe is made up solely of bright stars—or, to put it the other way, that the bright stars we see make up the universe—that any other thought produces a mental repulsion. Yet there is just as good evidence for holding that there are as many stars in the sky that we do not see, and cannot see, because they are not luminous, as there is for holding that the only bodies that exist in the sky are those that we can see.

There is no more interesting story in scientific annals than that which surrounds the discovery of Neptune: how by the aberrations of Uranus from a certain fixed path two famous astronomers predicted the existence, position, and dimensions of the disturbing planet. If one were to put another tale of equal significance alongside this, it would be that which relates to the discovery of the companion of Sirius. In both cases, long before the disturbing cause was seen, its character and position were defined with marvellous accuracy.

These tests of the trustworthiness of astronomical prediction are instanced as good reasons for our accepting other and similar conclusions. Both the telescope and the spectroscope have revealed to us changes in the motion of stars which can only be due to the presence of some disturbing body. Diligent search has not discovered one out of every hundred of these disturbing bodies; but we know they are there, in the very place assigned to them by astronomical calculation, as surely as if we saw them. We see, we measure, we test effects, and we know that they are infallible witnesses of that which produces them. We observe certain movements, and we know that only certain causes can give rise to them. Thus, when the telescope and the spectroscope record movements of a definite character, we know what produces them. In this manner it has been ascertained that many of the stars, and also some of the more complex stellar systems, have near to them

a controlling dark body round which they circle. In one or two cases recent research, aided by instrumental equipment of the highest degree of excellence, has revealed some of these bodies—that is, of course, those that have not lost all their light and heat; but the great bulk of dark stars have as yet eluded detection.

We have not fully answered—because we cannot—the pertinent question, Are these bodies dark by reason of age, or have they never been bright? In

the case of the dark companion of Algol stars, it is evident that they have never had any light of their own; but we cannot speak with the same certainty of the rest.

In a boundless universe a wealth of worlds must of necessity be found: bright suns, glowing, effulgent, radiating; orbs whose first glory has departed, whose light is dim, their heat chilled, their lustre dulled; and dark worlds with never a ray to brighten the gloom that has enshrouded them.

COMEDY EAST AND TRAGEDY WEST.

CHAPTER IV.



T was natural that during the next week or two Mary should have the principal charge of Eardley's entertainment. Ross was busy, Mrs Winans had her household affairs, and the minister had his flock to

care for and his sermons to compose.

In composing his sermons Walsh was in the habit of addressing them mentally to himself, for he thought himself no better than other people, and judged that the spiritual needs of his congregation were probably very much the same as his own. His discourses had thus the merit of dealing with a subject which he knew, and were generally practical and to the point. He exhorted himself next Sunday to the charity which thinketh no evil; and Ned Ross, when he heard the sermon, understood. But the good minister, though he schooled himself to charity, was a shrewd American as well as a humble Christian, and believed that the pastor should guard the flock from wolves. He therefore did not think it inconsistent with his Sunday's sermon to write on Monday to his brother in New York, 'Do you happen to know anything of a Walter Eardley in business connected with the Produce Exchange? I should like to know what character he bears. He is here just now visiting the Winans family, who are members of my church.'

A few weeks passed before he received a reply.

Meanwhile Mary tried to amuse her New York cousin, so that the time of his sojourn should not hang heavily on his hands, and to profit herself by the society of a man so superior. On Wednesday she took him to Mrs Hamil's 'sociable,' where they met the minister, who was present ex officio, and where Eardley stood by the hostess's side while the leading members of Blue Forks First Presbyterian Church were presented to him in turn, and each welcomed him to the community with formal cordiality. She took him with her on Friday to call on her dearest friend Rhoda MacDermott, and on Saturday to call on her dear friend Belle Queckberger. On Sunday he heard Mr Walsh preach the sermon already mentioned. On the following Tuesday Mary took him to the monthly picnic of the Blue Forks Outing Club. By the end of that week they were on terms of such cousinly intimacy that she invited him to go with her in a buggy (hired from Green's livery stables) to the Culebra Falls, where they had tea at the Falls Hotel, driving home afterwards by moonlight.

The blase New Yorker cared for none of these things. It cost him a severe effort not to be unsociable at the 'sociable;' but Mary was so charming that he made that effort, and made it successfully, to please her. When he was taken to call on Miss MacDermott and Miss Queckberger, these young ladies did not interest him; but by that time he cared enough for Mary's good opinion to do all he knew to gain that of her friends. He thought they would be sure to talk him over in feminine confidence afterwards, and he wished for their favourable judgment. A picnic, and the picnic of a club of people about whom he knew nothing and cared less than nothing, was to Eardley the concurrence of every type of discomfort, even when his health was good. Now his health was bad. But before the day of that picnic came round he would have gone to a Methodist clam-bake, and carried a pail and a spade, to be by Mary's side. As for a hot and dusty drive to see a fourth-rate waterfall and drink tea at a western hotel, Mr Eardley would, for his own pleasure, as soon have thought of treating himself to a twenty-five cent excursion to Coney Island on Labour Day. But now he was so genuinely in love that he would have cheerfully descended a coal-pit with Mary for his companion. When her sleeve touched his arm in the buggy he felt a difficulty with his breath and such a flutter that he dropped the whip, and as they drove on again when he had picked it up he even had a fleeting vision of the relinquishment of those sordid ambitions which depended on his marriage with the rich Miss Carter.

In his private reflections at night, while taking credit to himself for this generous fancy, he of course dismissed it as extravagant. He knew by experience the evanescent nature of his emotions. He had enjoyed himself before, and had found it convenient to 'love and to ride away.' It was a far cry from Blue Forks to New York.

Yet, if it be true that some sort of affinity must

exist in order to mutual attraction, that, as the proverb says, 'Like draws to like,' then there must have been a generous vein somewhere even in the construction of this selfish dog, although it was invisible to all eyes but those of love. A good woman could scarcely love a wholly bad man. A goddess does not kiss carrion. But love, with divine insight, discovers—perhaps is just the discovery of—qualities, or at any rate possibilities, in its object which indifference, and even justice itself, will never see. Love sees them, and love gives them a hope of development, if they ever have it.

In the sunshine of Mary's eyes such better qualities as Eardley possessed peeped into view for a little, because a man must indeed be in a bad case when he is past trying to justify the good opinion of a girl who believes in him. In her society he at first felt an honest impulse prick him now and then, and sometimes it even seemed as if perhaps, after all, the world might be well lost for love. But each impression grew fainter. It fell out as with the baby monkey in Alton Locke's dream, which at first was almost like a human baby, till the brute in it gradually overcame the man, and the faint spark of a soul flickered and went out.

As for Mary, to her Eardley had become, by the end of the third week of his visit, so dear and intimate a friend that she took him with her to the meeting of the Society of Christian Endeavour, and let him sit on a back seat while she piously and modestly took her little share in the 'exercises.'

As they strolled home together that evening she was silent and shy. After they had walked some distance she pointed out a house to him. It stood away by itself on the higher ground at the edge of the woods. A light twinkled in a window, and there was a streak of moonlight on the shingle roof.

- 'That is Mr Walsh's house,' she said.
- 'Does he live there alone?' he asked.
- 'Oh no, he has a housekeeper; but he is going to be married soon. I am longing to know his wife. She lives in Connecticut. They have been engaged ever since he was at college, and they are to be married in the Fall.'

Eardley's interest in Mary had been stimulated by speculation as to whether there did not exist tender relations between her and one of the two young men who were so intimate in the house. One of them was disposed of then. He inquired about the other.

'And Mr Ross; is he also going to be married?' He tried to ask it in an off-hand way.

She shook her head. 'I don't think Ned cares about girls at all.'

Eardley came a little closer to her. They had reached the bridge over the river. It was no picturesque, ivy-clad old arch, but an ugly, modern, useful iron-girder affair, with tramway lines and a painted hand-rail. But the muddy water glittered quite beautifully in the moonlight, and its gurgling mixed harmoniously with the croaking of the frogs and the crackling hum of crickets and katydids in the elms and maples. A light twinkled here and there in a distant cottage, and a blazing planet hung low over the horizon.

By a common impulse they stopped to look down on the scene. The exaltation of Mary's spirits at the meeting had not yet subsided, and perhaps was in some degree communicated to Eardley. The moonlight, the murmuring water, the solitude à deux were too much for him. He drew her to his side.

'And you, Mary,' he said, 'have you never had a lover—before?' The last word was a whisper, and slipped out almost against his will. But he could not resist the temptation. He put his arm round her, and as he bent down his face close to hers she breathed, 'No, Walter.'

A footstep approached, and they turned from the bridge. They walked home as lovers. She ran quickly to her room. He entered the parlour. She did not come down for some time; but when she did he wondered at her loveliness. Mary was a pretty girl, but to-night she looked transfigured. She moved about setting the supper, but she seemed to float rather than walk. She never raised her eyes; but a faint flush came and went in her cheeks, which seemed transparent in their delicate colour. Her mother looked at her attentively and then at Eardley, but said nothing. After supper Ross and Eardley went out on the veranda; Mary helped her mother to clear the table as usual, and then appeared no more for the night.

THE GLASS-TRADE IN BOHEMIA.

By JAMES BAKER, F.R.G.S.



HE glass-trade in England is in a bad way' was the kind of comment we met with lately whilst travelling in the Potteries and the glassproducing districts in England. Upon inquiring the reason for this

decay of a once flourishing trade, the usual replies were 'foreign competition' and 'strikes.' I was about to revisit the country which is one of the

greatest competitors in the glass-trade, so the opportunity seemed a fitting one to study as far as possible their method of training workmen and their ways of working, and to find out, if possible, the reason why they can pour their goods into our English shops and into the shops of our colonies and of our American cousins, whilst the glass-manufacturers of England cry out that trade is bad and profits nil.

That Bohemia does a vast trade with England can be proved by every householder: 'Made in Austria' is clearly indicated upon his glass-globes and chimneys and upon his cups and saucers. England and her colonies are full of Bohemia's manufactures. How, it may be asked, is it that a country which the untravelled Englishman deems only half-civilised invades our homes with its tasteful and varied—nay, ofttimes luxuriously beautiful—designs in table and ornamental glass?

Of the quantity of glass sent out of Austria during the last two or three years there are at present no statistics; but glass goods amounting to nearly twenty-three millions of gulden were manufactured in 1897 for exportation; and England was by far the largest buyer. The trade has slightly decreased during the last two years, owing, the Austrian manufacturers say, to the Cuban and Boer wars; but they are expecting a great increase of orders now, and are prepared on all hands for their execution.

It is pleasant and interesting to visit the great factories where some hundreds of hands are employed on every kind of work, or to start out in the early morning up the mountain-valleys and visit the glass-workers, who carry home upon their shoulders bundles of long rods of glass supplied by their employers, which they there make into articles of commerce for the English market.

The articles manufactured in Bohemia lately for export include table-glass, glass dishes and vases, looking-glasses, window-glass, glass for lamps and candelabra, gold and coloured and *émail* glass, glass buttons and pearls and ornaments, glass for electric fittings, siphons, the globes in railway carriages, &c.; and these goods go to England, British India, Egypt and the East, Australia, America, and Africa. Depôts for samples are established abroad, and all the travellers can speak the language of the country in which they are employed; but a great deal of the trade is also done through German and English agents.

It was in one of the towns almost unknown to the English tourist that we went to visit one of the factories of a firm possessing several works and producing glass to the value of a million gulden a year. It is an old historic town, with its ancient castle still dominating the place and telling of Bohemia's history back in the time when her glass was produced in the glass-blower's hut in the lonely forest, and when she was engaged in her fierce struggles for freedom. The glass-blower of to-day is an alert, well-educated, intelligent workman; and as we passed through the works watching all the processes of manufacture, from mixing the raw materials to packing the finished articles, the thoughts of a visit to a factory in Staffordshire where similar work was done made, us understand to a certain extent why foreign labour was superseding the English.

The whole of the work, including the making of the wood moulds for modelling the forms, is done in these works; and we passed on from room to room, where men were grinding down the rough edges of railway carriage-lamps, or with freehand work cutting in the decorations on plainly ornamented drinking-glasses, or preparing the colours for the delicate tints.

One important branch of the work here is the manufacture of siphons; and these were to be seen in every stage, in every colour, and in many a form. We saw goods with Russian, English, American, and Dutch names upon them; several new forms and colours of siphon-bottles, and others with a patented improvement, were being produced. The testing of these siphons is done by women. One siphon snapped at a pressure of five atmospheres; but most bore the pressure of forty. Several went up to forty-seven, and all must bear a pressure of thirty. The one that snapped at five was found to have a small stone in the glass.

Young girls were employed in putting indiarubber rings in mineral-water bottles; and women and girls were doing the packing, with marvellous deftness and speed.

The pay here is nearly all by piecework. The women and girls earn up to a gulden a day, and the men up to even four guldens a day; but at the ovens or furnaces the men work in threes: a masterworkman, a helper, and a learner or apprentice, the apprentice (*Lehrling*) not being always a young lad. These three take one hundred to one hundred and twenty gulden a month; so that the wage of four gulden a day is only for the very highest workman. A gulden may be taken as one shilling and seven-pence.

At the ovens or furnaces, heated up to four thousand degrees Réaumur, the scene was very The men are here divided by race, interesting. the Czechs working at one oven, the Germans at another. All types of glass were being blown, including wine-glasses and water-jugs, both plain and coloured; at one furnace the colour being added at the blowing, at another the glass was being blown with the colour added to the raw material. The men work on until the furnace is cleared—namely, from eighteen hours upwards—and then rest perhaps for two days; and they must need it, for to us it was a sufficient task to step up to the furnace, take up some glass to blow it, and stand there for only a few minutes.

Throughout the works the order and cleanliness, in spite of the dirty work, was excellent; and the same smartness was found in the cottage-homes in other parts of Bohemia where the system of homelabour is adopted.

In the south of Bohemia the wages are lower than in the north, and two gulden a day is good pay. In many districts the people have small holdings of land. The women, and also the children after school hours, look after the geese, cows, goats, fowls, or ducks; but the eggs and the butter are sold, and the family live largely upon potatoes and bread, having meat only on Sundays and fête-days. Their house-rents vary from half a gulden to a

gulden per week for a room, and many persons live in one room. The hours of labour are generally ten a day—that is, sixty per week, as there is no half-holiday on Saturdays.

In the cottages in the north of Bohemia, where so much work is done, the existence is much healthier than in the towns. The air is pure mountain air, and all up the valley are dotted the clean white cottages, with the pink bedding, put out of the window to air beneath the fruit-trees that are planted everywhere. Here an employer or factor often has a whole family working for him for a pound to twenty-five shillings a week. Money is advanced for the necessary machines and stamps, and sometimes these workers own their own machines and tools up to the value of a hundred pounds. In the poorest homes the rooms serve as workshops as well as living and sleeping rooms; but they are kept clean and tidy. The beds are covered with a lace coverlet, and there is no sense of squalor or neglect. Over the door there is generally a religious salutation, and often pet philosophic quotations are put up in the two to four rooms of the cottage.

Some of the latest developments—what are called novelties in the trade—are the crystal chameleon-glass with inlaid colours, chamois-glass, imitation-marble glass, Pompeian vases, silver iris-glass with a yellow underground, antique Roman iris-glass; and in form there is a continual striving for novelty, either taking the design from the antique or creating novelty by combination or invention.

But how is this artistic taste and faculty for development of design arrived at by a body of work-people who earn wages far below those of the same class of work-people in England? A glance at the schools especially established for the glass and pottery industries will quickly show how all innate talent is fostered and developed. On leaving the Volkschule (primary school) the lad of fourteen is

just beginning his education as a craftsman, and at the Fortbildungs-schule (continuation school) or the Werkmeister- or Gewerbekunst-schule (workmen's or trade-art-school) he goes on until he has an intelligent artistic and historic knowledge of his trade; and if he has any genius, he has learnt how to develop and make use of it. In most districts the lads must attend these schools in the evenings and two afternoons a week, and the masters must see that they do so. Unless the lads pass through their classes their apprenticeship is lengthened. If the masters neglect their duty, the right to have apprentices can be taken from them.

In all the Volkschulen drawing is taught, giving the step to artistic feeling; and in the trade-schools this is applied to the trade to be followed. In the glass-trade, models from Egypt, Rome, Greece, and the East are studied; and examples of antique glass are ground down and their composition analysed, and then test-studies are made and combinations of raw material tested. In the trade-museums are examples of glass from Phonician days to the manufactures of England and America. The designs of all lands for engraving or ornamentation are studied, and then the pupil is set to create designs.

These are the methods adopted in Bohemia to maintain the continual flow of novelties, some commonplace, some grotesque, but many thoroughly artistic in design, form, and colour. What are we doing in England to develop the glass-trade? A new form or a richer colour often commands the market; and modernised methods and machinery might assist in competing against the lower wage of the Continental artisan. The Bohemians complain that the French and Belgian glass-workers have recently outstepped them in creating novelties. May the time soon come when all three countries shall make the same complaint of the English artist in glass.

RISE AND FALL OF 'THE GREAT FRENCHMAN.' SUEZ AND PANAMÁ.

By TANKERVILLE CHAMBERLAINE-BEY.



HEN so much is being written and said about the Panamá Canal, it may be interesting and instructive to compare the Suez Canal with that great undertaking, as the com-

parison brings before us once more the zenith and wane of the man whom France surnamed 'Le Grand Français.'

I was present at the construction of the Suez Canal from start to finish, and assisted at its inauguration in 1869. There were no real physical difficulties in the building of this canal. The arm-chair engineers and critics pretended that it was an impossible task on account of the silting sands of the isthmus and the clouds of

dust and fine gravel conveyed by the great khamsin (similar to the sirocco) winds from the desert in March and April, and deposited during their passage in the bed of the canal—that these phenomena would tend to obstruct its navigation; but the wise men of the East and West prophesied falsely.

The surveys were commenced in 1860, and the best engineering skill in France was called into requisition to discuss the selection of the most practicable line of waterway and the necessary means and measures for its construction.

The work offered no insuperable difficulties, as does the Panamá Canal. There were no marked differences in the levels of the Mediterranean and

Red Seas, nor startling variations in the rise and fall of their tides. A firm of well-known and able contractors, MM. Borel Lavalley & Co., were chosen, and at the final stage MM. Couvreux Hersent & Co. were called in to give their aid and the benefit of their experience in the removal of a patch of rocks between Kintara and Port Said. There were no mountains to remove, as was the case at Culebra, Emperador, and Obispo on the Isthmus of Panamá; there was no river to dam or deviate; there were no torrential rains to guard against, no revolutions to fear, nor disease to scare and cripple the labouring element. The climate was normal and healthy. rain very seldom fell, and all the year round could be called a dry season. It is well to remark here that this continuous aridity has ceased since the piercing of the canal through the isthmus. The absorption of water by the thirsty tracks through which the canal passes, and the evaporation of the water in the hot season, which lasts eight months, form moisture and rain-clouds which occasionally condense and fall. Ismailia, Kintara, and Suez were healthy desert-villages, where the atmosphere was so clear and rarefied that mirages were frequently seen. Labour was plentiful and cheap, and in the first period of the construction it cost nothing, as forced labour was furnished by the Viceroy Said Pasha, until Nubar Pasha, during Ismail Pasha's khediviate, pleaded its abolition, and succeeded in obtaining it. As many as ten thousand 'fellahs' were employed. This was termed la corvée in the clause of the contract, which clause was cancelled. There were lakes to cross, such as the Bitter Lakes and Lake Mareotis, which facilitated instead of impeding the construction. These sheets of water were made navigable on the line of canal, and dredged to the same depth as the bed.

With regard to the Panamá Canal, sickness is rife, and labour is expensive and has to be imported. The Colombians will not settle down to pick and shovel. They have an aversion to labourers' work, and consider themselves above such menial tasks. They glory in politics and revolutions, and are not fit for toil of that description; nevertheless they are experts at handling their machetes or cutlasses, in clearing bush and jungle, and felling shrubs and small trees. Chinamen were formerly employed; but they were found to be expensive, and their habits and customs preclude them from hard and rough labour. The number that died during the construction of the railway across the isthmus is incredible; the saying is that every railway sleeper covers the body of a Chinaman. They are subject to disease, and especially fevers, through living in concentrated camps and using scanty and cheap food. The West Indian negro is the only labourer suitable. He understands earthwork and is proof against yellow-fever. There were as many as fifteen thousand West Indians from Jamaica, Barbadoes, Trinidad, and other British islands in 1884, and no cases of yellow-fever existed amongst them. A negro is seldom attacked by malignant fevers; his diseases are more of a pulmonary and abdominal nature, and contracted generally from imprudence, either by exposure or excess in food or drink.

Then you have to face climatic variations in the shape of heavy rains during six months of the year. and abnormal heat and dryness during the remaining period. There was scarcely any rain during the construction of the Suez Canal, but water was plentiful owing to a fresh-water canal built between Cairo and Suez by the French engineer Larousse. The fevers on the Isthmus of Suez were of the ordinary intermittent and periodical nature, and cases of dysentery occurred among the European element. The great complaint with the 'fellahs' was stone and gravel. There were no seismic disturbances, and the region is entirely free from volcanic action. The ports of Port Said and Suez offered no salient engineering difficulties, whilst in Panamá and Colon the depth of water at both the termini is shallow, and in many places the bottom is composed of coral-reefs and hard conglomerates. All these stony substances have to be blasted and dredged. The canal at the Panamá terminus will have to be extended to the islands of Naos and Flamenco, a distance of three or four miles from the Rio Grande, the proposed mouth of the canal. Breakwaters of considerable size and strength will have to be thrown up to compete with the rise and fall of the Pacific tides, which vary from eighteen to twenty-two feet. On the Atlantic terminus ground must be reclaimed from the sea-termed terres-pleins-so as to allow buildings, quays, wharfs, and other accommodation to be built.

Our readers will, I think, understand the comparative work of these two canals: Panama offering most serious difficulties in various ways, whilst Suez was a simple matter of time and money.

M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, the founder and promoter of the Suez Canal, was, of course, exultant at his success. The inauguration took place with lavish expenditure. His Highness Ismail Pasha distributed his invitations and favours indiscriminately. Emperors, empresses, kings, princes, nobility, gentry, and the world at large were invited to assist at the inauguration. An invite had only to set foot on the isthmus to become a persona grata. He was granted free passages to and fro on the isthmus. His hotel bills were paid, and all ordinary expenses were met without question. He had only to produce his card of invitation, and all was accorded. The festivities and entertainments were on a regal scale. Dahabeedhs (Nile boats) were transformed into dwellings, and made fast along the banks of the canal to accommodate guests. An anecdote which I think will not be out of place here will amuse our readers. A specially sumptuous dahabeeah was reserved and put at the disposal of a foreign Sovereign. His Majesty was attending the ball given at Ismailia Palace, purposely built for this occasion, and on his return to his dahabeeah in the early hours of the morning he found that a

guest of minor importance had wrapped himself up in his fur coat and taken possession of his imperial berth. It was not long before the intruder was ousted out of his confortable dormitory and escorted overboard with a volley of unparliamentary language. M. de Lesseps was the pivot on which turned all these feasts and hospitalities. He was congratulated effusively by all present, and was considered the spoilt child of the world. The ball was opened by a royal quadrille, in which M. de Lesseps had for his partner the Empress Eugenie, who was then in the zenith of her beauty and glory. Decorations and orders were heaped upon him. His return to France was heralded with compliments, receptions, speeches, England invested him with a and banquets. G.C.S.I.; France conferred on him a Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour and made him a Member of the Institute; and stars and ribbons were lavishly bestowed upon him by other countries. He was looked upon as the man of the day, and every mouth hailed him as 'Le Grand Français.' He was also styled 'the Great Engineer,' which he never was. He never professed to be an engineer. He was a diplomatist, having filled several posts in the French diplomatic service, and was a popular figure everywhere. He was a brilliant orator, whose language was persuasive and sanguine, and he possessed courteous and winning manners. He was the idol of the beau-sexe, and always had a good word for everybody. He listened attentively to the rich and poor, and conversed with all classes with perfect ease and freedom. His star was in the ascendant, and all classes in France looked upon him as a great and incomparable genius. His prestige was magnetic, and gained him the absolute confidence of the French nation. It was at this period that he conceived the plan of a canal across the Central American isthmus.

A congress was held in Paris in 1878, at which assisted all the great men of different nationalities, convened to discuss and select a route across one of the isthmuses of the Spanish republics. The places brought before the commission for selection were Tehuantepec, Darien, Atrato, Nicaragua, and Panamá. The majority of the commission gave the preference to another route than Panamá, which is not mentioned here to avoid partiality. M. de Lesseps clung obstinately to his idea of Panamá, observing that it was the shortest. That was really the only feature in its favour.

In 1880 an Interoceanic Canal Company was formed to construct this waterway. Lesseps' popularity was so universal that his appeal for funds was immediately and generously responded to by the French nation, especially by the thrifty and labouring classes. The pioneers left in 1881. The work commenced in that year, and continued until 1887, when the crash took place. Money was spent profusely on the isthmus during those six years, and no real, substantial, and useful work adequate to the expenditure could be shown. The work accom-

plished was not equal to half of the construction. None of the great engineering difficulties were mastered; in reality there was not sufficient visible work to account for the enormous expenditure of nearly eighty million pounds sterling. Then came the revolt of the shareholders, the incriminations of persons in high positions, the clamour of the press, the incredulity of the public as to the reports on the progress of the works. France was up in arms against the promoters, and demanded that a legal inquiry should be instituted. This was done. One or two directors were imprisoned, and others disappeared. The only gentlemen who got scot-free were some engineers and contractors who, in the harvest of money, reaped their profits and retired into private life.

The curtain fell on an ever-memorable and tragic scene. M. de Lesseps, crushed by this great catastrophe, retired to his villa at Vaten. The result of this misfortune preyed on his mind. He had hallucinations in which he fancied everybody was deceiving him—which was partly true. His state of mind and health becoming worse, he spent his days in silent sorrow; and France, at that moment sympathising with their great citizen, left him undisturbed to end his days in peace; but some hardhearted speculators clamoured for his prosecution. They had forgotten Suez, and only remembered Panamá! On the 7th of December 1894 his cruel and harassing troubles were ended with his sad death.

The great success of the Suez Canal, with its eulogies, dignities, and honours, was forgotten in presence of the failure of the Panamá. His lucky star disappeared beneath the horizon, behind a dense black cloud of irreparable losses. The savings of the thrifty and the poor were squandered on the unfinished work of a gigantic folly. His name was forgotten by the selfish and ungrateful; but his memory nevertheless remained as dear to his admirers and friends on his downfall as it was in the heyday of his glory. The name of Ferdinand de Lesseps was formerly a talisman, but is now only mentioned with sentiments of pity or reproach, few remembering the profits they derived from the success of the Suez enterprise. France, whom he fondly loved, forgot the benefactor who gifted her with the glory of the Suez Canal, by allowing this great Frenchman's obsequies to assume the private ceremonial of an ordinary individual, instead of the doleful pomp of a national function.

A SONG.

WITHIN her garden Love first spake;
And still with Love we keep
A tryst 'mong roses wide awake
And roses half-asleep.

And, oh! I think the passing flowers

Bequeath her all their grace,

While each new bud with sweetness dowers

Her spirit and her face.

J. J. BELL.



IN SCUTARI.

By REGINALD WYON, Author of The Land of the Black Mountain, &c.



o), says the captain of the Danitza, contradicting me, 'the situation is not usual. The discontent of the Miriditi is greater than I have known it to be for the last five years.'

We are finishing our breakfast in the early morning shade before the little Greek's hotel. He shall be nameless, for he is a man of oily tongue and preposterous bills, a Greek of the Greeks. The Austrian professor is toying with an egg, and an empty soda-water bottle proclaims that the previous night's impromptu sing-song in the Greek's courtyard in the sultry climate of the Albanian plain has not agreed with him. We had forgathered here the day before at dusk, and the stars had paled ere we sought our respective couches.

Yesterday the burly captain had brought the professor and a German on board his little steamer. During the evening Austrian consulate officials joined us, then the little Turk who is responsible to the vali for the antecedents of every stranger who sets foot in Scutari. Later came the Italian schoolmaster, with Djakovo the civilised Albanian, and a Turkish captain of artillery. It was just such a polyglot assembly as can be met with only in the Orient, and my head was buzzing still at the memory of that babel of tongues, each man relapsing into his mother-tongue as the hours had worn on.

'Will it be safe to visit the bazaar?' hazarded the professor through his handkerchief. A battalion of ragged Turkish infantry was just swinging by to the tune of a wild Oriental march, and the road was dusty.

'If the captain takes us, we shall be in very good hands,' I answer with memories of other visits, under his efficient guidance, to the evil-smelling, many-coloured market of the Albanian capital.

'Let us go,' says the captain.—'Later, the heat will be unbearable for you, professor,' he adds, with a wink at me.

Across the Turkish cemetery the clock from Paget's house chimes the hour of five, and the professor starts, looking hastily at his watch. Then he shakes it sadly.

'Must have dropped it,' he murmurs.

'Turkish time, four hours of difference,' remarks the captain laconically, and whistles for a cab.

An antiquated vehicle, swaying alarmingly over the atrocious road, dashes up, the wild-looking driver yelling as he whips the attenuated and sorebacked horses, and pulls them up on their haunches a yard away from us.

'It would be an interesting study, professor, to trace the origin of the cab,' I say. 'An essay on the subject might prove'—

'Will it hold together till we reach the bazaar?' interrupted the professor, somewhat rudely, for he has hurt himself against a mysterious corner skilfully concealed under a ragged covering.

Another yell and we are off, butting each other and finding more corners alternately. The pleasure of carriage-driving in Scutari is not that of London or Vienna, and is attended with much physical and mental suffering. In twenty minutes the horses come to a standstill abruptly, after ploughing through a foot of sand with all eight legs planted at an angle before them. The professor uses an unacademical word as he pushes me back to my seat, and when the captain has found his hat we emerge on the glaring road.

Thousands of Albanians—men, women, and girls—cover a desolate waste of ground. It is the wood-market, and mules, donkeys, and small horses stand patiently under their enormous loads swishing off the myriads of flies with a clockwork regularity. All around us jostle great men in every costume of the odd score of the Albanian mountain clans, unarmed but with the inevitable bandolier of cartridges round their waists; handsome, well-grown men they are, head and shoulders taller than the everlasting patrols of disreputable Turkish soldiers who, with rifles at every angle

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of the slope, follow unhappily a wretched-looking corporal.

We enter the bazaar, a maze of badly cobbled alleys, between rude wooden booths displaying a confusing medley of wares, gaudy sashes, old carbines and rifles, Oriental embroidery, Albanian clothing, powerful-smelling meats, and cheap imitation jewellery. The projecting roofs meet overhead in the narrow alleys, just disclosing a strip of blue sky, through which the sun cuts harshly, as with a knife, into the steaming atmosphere below. Negroes, Asiatics, all the unclean elements of the Turkish Empire, are crowded into these narrow ways: gorgeous Scutarine merchants in jackets gaily embroidered in gold, silk shirts, red skullcaps with enormous blue tassels, voluminous black breeches of marvellous cut, and white stockings; their women-folk in scarlet cloaks and hoods; and, everywhere predominating in stature and numbers, the white-clad, lean hillmen, their revolver-belts empty for a few hours of their lives. The law insists on all arms being left at the guard-houses which surround the city; and could we peep inside one of those solitary block-houses we should see the walls hung with firearms of every description and make of the last thirty years.

Threading their way slowly but surely down every alley tramps a patrol. The Turks are obviously nervous, and the police on point-duty have one and all their revolver-cases unbuttoned. It was only recently that Turkish soldiers burnt a church of the most powerful clan of Northern Albania, that of the Miriditi. Officially the Turks are blockading them, but in reality it is the clansmen who have closed the roads to the sea, causing weeping and gnashing of teeth amongst the merchants and traders of Scutari. Retaliation is expected, and many are the voices raised this day clamouring that the bazaar should be closed, for the Miriditi have sworn to come and take their lawful revenge.

In a little square we enter a café, tired, hot, and bewildered. A solitary tree occupies the centre, and under its shade lie men and women snatching a little rest from the turmoil around them. At one end of the square an alley leads over the open plain beyond, for we are on the outskirts of the bazaar, which ends abruptly as if it were a walled-in town.

Six men in the Albanian serge swagger past. The black-bordering and embroidery of their clothes is more elaborate than that of the simpler costume of the hillmen.

'Watch these men,' says the captain. 'They are men of the Miriditi.'

'What effrontery!' ejaculates the professor, who has been drinking in the story of their doings during the past few hours. 'Do the Turks allow it?'

The captain shrugs his shoulders expressively as the clansmen, with an indescribable air of bravado, disappear in the crowded alley, eyed askance by the chattering Turks. A patrol follows them at a discreet distance.

We sip our delicious coffee and gaze our fill at the ever-changing scene, when the captain murmurs an oath under his breath. His body has become rigid, and instinctively we follow the direction of his eyes.

In the middle of the square stands a man of enormous stature, clad in the garb of the Miriditi. One hand is carelessly placed in his open shirt; the other rests on his empty sash, thumb in bandoleer: a magnificent man, and a chief of his clan. As he thus stands a patrol slouches past, the corporal eying him keenly. With a nonchalance worthy of the highest civilisation, the chief withdraws his hand from his bosom and rolls a cigarette, spitting on the track of the departing soldiers.

'That is Adhem Beg, one of the most important leaders of the Miriditi,' I explain to the professor.

The captain interrupts. 'Watch him. He means mischief.'

Scarce are the words uttered when the Albanian has drawn a silver-mounted revolver from his shirt. Crash! A Turk basking idly in the sun gasps and slides in a heap to the ground; and ere one of the petrified loungers can move, that revolver speaks sharply once more. With a scream, another Turk throws up his hands and rolls sideways in the filthladen gutter, snatching at the burning cobbles as he rolls. All is confusion in a second now; men rush hither and thither, some up the alleys, others darting into the bazaar doorways, colliding with each other, shouting and cursing. The peaceful scene of a minute before, typical of Oriental laziness, is transformed into a yelling inferno. Unmoved only is the Albanian; and see! his pistol is raised once more as he deliberately selects another victim. Crash! and a third Moslem bites the dust. But now down an alley comes another babel of shouts. A patrol is literally cleaving its way with rifle-butt and bayonet through the panic-stricken fugitives. The Albanian sees them coming, smiles, and darts for the open country. It is not flight—he is too dignified for that; but, like a deer, he courses, running in zigzags towards a low wall a hundred yards away. It is obvious that if he reaches that he is safe; but twenty yards fail him to his goal as the soldiers come into the square and quickly drop on their knees. Five rifles ring out with a deafening crash almost simultaneously.

With hearts beating to suffocation we watch the fugitive. He swerves, but runs on. His hand is on the wall. He bends to vault it while the magazines click crisply as the second cartridge is shot home. Again the rifles speak, and the Albanian slowly, very slowly, slips down on this side of the wall. It looks as if the strength of his knees gave way at the moment of his spring. A puff of blue smoke comes from the now prostrate man, a chip of wood hits the captain in the face, and then all

Five minutes later we learn that Adhem Beg was shot in five places, and with his last dying breath he fired his farewell shot.

The bazaar is in an uproar as we with difficulty force our way homeward to the cab-stand. Bugles

are pealing from the barracks as the troops hastily muster; but it is finished. Adhem Beg has avenged the affront to his clan, and died as a hero.

An hour later merchants and buyers discuss the incident over cups of coffee and cigarettes.

COMEDY EAST AND TRAGEDY WEST.

CHAPTER V.



T is not always the first step that costs. In love affairs, for example, the first step is often delightfully easy, and it is only after he has got a certain distance on the road that the responsibilities of the journey are

forced upon the traveller. If one could kiss a young lady and whisper a word in her ear on the way home from prayer-meeting, and then meet her next morning as if nothing had occurred, this would be an easier world. But having taken one little step, so easy, so inevitable when all the forces of nature within and without are kindly impelling him, a man, or at least a gentleman, must continue on the road, and even press the pace. Well for him if his first impulse holds and gathers force, so that he may gallantly meet the difficulties of the way. But if it dies down he must make shift to pump it up. He has to go on all the same, unless he is prepared to acknowledge to his companion and the world that he is a villain and no honest traveller.

Eardley had neither courage to tell the truth nor self-denial to run away; and so he stayed on at Blue Forks and made love to Mary as opportunity offered, with the full intention of playing the rascal when the time should come for his departure. He only wanted to pass his holiday and have a good time. It was a delightful amusement to make experiments with this exquisitely responsive toy. There is an old story of a frog that came out of the pond to remonstrate with some boys. 'When you throw stones,' said the frog, 'it may be sport to you, but it is death to us.' Eardley liked to throw in the stones and watch the ripples. He liked to say such things to Mary as should bring a certain look into her eyes or call the colour into her happy face. He liked to feel the warm pressure of her fingers on his, and her shy kiss. He professed all the love she could desire, and exacted a hundred repetitions of her tender confession in answer. It was sport

For a while she was too happy to observe that he made no allusion to the future. New and tumultuous emotions filled her inexperienced heart. 'I love, and he loves me again,' was the refrain to which all her pulses beat; and as it sang through her frame she heard nothing else. And at first this was enough.

But, as it has been remarked, woman is in the long-run practical. Man is driven violently hither and thither by vanity and sentiment, but woman in

all ages and countries has, when she could, kept an anchor fixed firmly on the main chance. Whether we go three thousand miles into the west, or three thousand years back into the past, it is the same. The Queen of Sheba was more practical than Solomon; and her contemporary, the Princess of Phseacia, and one of the nicest girls ever known, was no whit behind her: when she saw Ulysses in his clean clothes, though she thought him the handsomest man she had ever seen, her thoughts did not run to flirting on the beach, but directly to 'sweet marriage,' to be brought about through a proper introduction to her parents. It is recorded that Nausicaa's maiden-dreams about matrimony immediately reminded her of the family washing.

Mary, being a woman, was practical by right of birth. Her steps did not intentionally diverge towards blind alleys; her love was in the main highway of her life, and her first transports had scarcely time to calm a little before her aspirations were modestly turning towards housekeeping.

But she was not exacting, and Eardley was cautious. He could not deny himself the indulgence of a love-affair to relieve the tedium of his visit; but he had no idea of passing his life with Mary in a Brooklyn flat, still less of settling down in the West for her sake. What he did he did yielding to the impulse of the moment, knowing it would have to be undone, so far as it ever could be undone, with loss and sorrow. To be sure he was at first infatuated about the girl; but even at first there was a method in his madness. His love was hot, but not with the heat which kindles the fire on the domestic hearth. He was full of protestations to Mary that his love for her would endure through all eternity; but he said nothing about taking the usual means to secure her companionship for their common share of time.

In cases like this a man, however desirous of making himself comfortable by keeping a clean slate, is in fact compelled to tell a lie or two. But he may manage, if the lady is sufficiently trustful, to make his lies for the most part rather inferential than direct, and thus secure a lighter judgment at the bar of a properly educated conscience, and even at the bars of county courts, where matter-of-fact juries look for direct evidence. Accordingly Mr Eardley, while he was profuse in words, and even oaths, of love, entirely omitted all mention of marriage; and Mary at first never noticed the omission, and then regarded it as purely accidental

and temporary. She did so, of course, at her proper risk and peril; but she was a weak girl, and it was the first time she had ever been in love.

After Eardley's words on the bridge Mary had felt an impulse to tell her mother. But what was she to tell? If Eardley had been a generous youth, proposing to her in orthodox fashion, joining trembling with his hopes, and determined that his sweetheart's family should see in him an honest man-unworthy indeed, yet as worthy as any other man might be, to have their treasure entrusted to him-then he would have so spoken that she should have been able to go to her mother with happy blushes and caresses and whisper to her, 'Mamma, Walter has asked me to be engaged to him,' and then to pour into sympathetic ears Walter's tale of himself and his income, and his plans and prospects, and to talk it all over twenty times with uncloying interest and wonder ever new.

But Walter had said never a word of being engaged or of marrying, nor had he vouchsafed to give one particle of information about himself. Mary's mother knew as much as she did. Kisses, whispered words of love, and sweet demands for a confession in return are good so far as they go, and no doubt are fitting and almost indispensable in their proper place; but documents of a less volatile character should be furnished for transmission to parents and guardians, and the honest lover makes haste to supply them according to the measure of his powers.

Mary was not troubled about this at first. All was too blissful; there had been no time for anything but love. Next day they would begin to talk of plans. It was almost too happy to think of. But somehow next day, and next week, and next, and the next again went past. Nearly all their waking hours were spent together in an intimacy that grew 'with favours secret, sweet and precious,' and yet no definite word was said as to the future.

If they had been nearer each other in age and experience Mary would probably have brought her lover to an explanation; but she was a novice in the game, while he had 'been there before,' and was skilful to put aside inconvenient topics. He was sixteen years her senior, and it was easy for him to become the dominant partner. She grew anxious to please and fearful to offend him. To be his was all she asked. Not having questioned him at first, she did not dare to begin. She fancied he grew cold to her whenever in his presence she so much as thought about plans. She trusted him absolutely. She told herself that he was true and that she was happy, and all was well. She denied to herself that there was anything strange in his delaying to speak of their marriage. He knew best, and would speak in good time. But she was unhappy, though she loved none the less. It had been her habit to sing to herself as she went about her house-work. Now she tried to sing, lest her mother should notice the difference; but she could not sing herself into happiness. The kitten purrs when it is pleased, but it must be pleased first. It is not possible to bring sunshine by pushing up the mercury in the barometer.

Who can say how long Mary might have lived in feverish joy in her fool's paradise and Eardley continued to indulge himself in irresponsible kisses? Not longer than the approaching date of his departure for New York; for, though Mary did not know it, her fine lover was resolved to discharge his moral obligations with an express locomotive, as Marryat's sailors paid their port debts with the main-topsail. Old Time with his scythe was on his way to drive her from her Eden as effectually as an angel with a flaming sword.

Meantime the operation of natural forces was to be reckoned with, and particularly the working of that great and universal law which acts in all the inhabited world, and which philosophers have named the Law of the Solidarity of the Human Race. It manifested itself in Blue Forks exactly as it does in Boston and in Bohemia, by the anxiety of parents, the interest of neighbours, the gossip of the town, and the comments of a public-spirited local press; all of which are no more than healthy symptoms of the said Solidarity of the Race, by virtue of whose inexorable laws no member can experience joy or sorrow without all the others feeling a thrill in unison inversely proportioned to the square of their distance. This shows that those persons who find fault with the Court Circular or the village tattle are flying in the face of Nature, and would substitute paralytic numbness for vigorous social life.

Blue Forks, and especially the members and adherents of the First Presbyterian Church, had the proper nervous organism of feelers moving about in all directions, each one sensitive to the most delicate touch and prompt to transmit its sensation to the central ganglion. Contact with any new object stimulated a nerve's normal activity. It was, therefore, inevitable that every walk or ride the distinguished stranger took with Mary Winans, the hour in the morning at which the lovers turned the corner of the path from Independence Avenue up towards the woods, and the hour at which they emerged into public view on their way home again in the afternoon, together with the sallies of Mrs Winans from her porch to watch for the absentees at the approach of supper-time, should be accurately recorded and commented on, and heads wagged over the total. If Eardley and Mary strolled along the street, there was always a sharp matron issuing from the corner store, on whose trained memory every particular engraved itself; or a village maiden on her way to the circulating library with the latest volume of the Golden West Library of Select Fiction, who, under her demurely cast-down eyelashes, noted with scientific accuracy their attitude, looks, gestures, in fact everything about the pair, interpreting and understanding them infallibly, by the aid of female instinct and that minute knowledge of the heart which is acquired by the study of novels borrowed at two cents per night.

When Houdin, the Maskelyne and Cook of our grandfathers, was a boy, his father, it is said, trained his faculty of observation by making him describe the contents of the shop-windows after a single glance as he passed along the street, till he learned to fix in his memory in an instant an accurate picture of whatever he looked at. The skill which Houdin acquired by lifelong practice is the natural-born inheritance of every woman, and she develops it into a fine art before she is put into long frocks. The demurest girl is, in the things that interest her, a detective by intuition, and, while she is talking of the weather or the sermon, will, with one idle look at another woman, take in and store up in her brain without an effort not only the meaning expressed in her face, her eyes, and each of her movements, but the colour, shape, age, history, and present condition of every article she wears, from the toe of her shoe to the topmost feather in her hat. Every woman is one of the nerve-fibres of the Social Body.

Mrs Winans knew perfectly well that her daughter and Mr Eardley were talked about wherever two or three met together, and that things were said of them which she would not have liked to hear. She did not hear what was said; but she knew it by intuition, which is another word for previous experience. She knew that other people would be saying what she herself would have been saying if Mary had been some other woman's daughter. It would have been all right if she could have gone about among her friends and announced her daughter's engagement, giving the information about her prospective son-in-law which is looked for in such cases, and boasting as a proud mother of the dear girl's good fortune. But she could say nothing, for she knew less than any one, not having the advantage of comparing notes with a dozen other observers, and being without information from head-She disliked and distrusted Eardleywhich was bad, for a mother is generally willing to take a son-in-law to her heart if she can. And she disliked and distrusted him the more that no communication had been made to her, while she saw that her daughter was suffering.

For by this time Mary was suffering. She saw that her mother was vexed at receiving no confidence from her child; but she was ashamed to tell her mother of her love without telling her that she had been definitely asked in marriage. A coldness grew up between her and her dear friends Miss MacDermott and Miss Queckberger; for each of these young ladies felt hurt that she had received no news from Mary herself of what everybody was talking about. They had not yet, indeed, compared notes on the subject, for each feared to approach it lest she should thus betray that she had been denied a confidence with which the other had perhaps been favoured.

As far as interference by her relatives is concerned,

the American girl is allowed very much to manage her own love-affairs; and, with the help of the general public sentiment in a country where 'every woman is a lady and every lady a queen,' and every man every woman's eager servant and protector, she succeeds on the whole pretty well. In the larger social centres she has reduced the process to a science. But they are further advanced at Newport and Saratoga than at Blue Forks. Mary, too, was an exceptionally timid and loving girl. She hoped from day to day that Walter would make it possible for her to announce their engagement; and as day after day passed and she only received caresses and heard protestations of love and praises of her beauty, she grew nervously anxious. He was placing her in a false position. She could not help thinking sometimes, loyal as she was, that he intentionally avoided all mention of the future. She could not bring herself to speak to him of marriage; but she sometimes made little plans which she hoped might lead him to say something of it. One day she said, 'Oh Walter, I dare not think of the thirtieth, when you are going!'

'We won't speak of it, Mary. Time enough when it comes. Tell me, you are happy now, are you not, dear?'

'Yes, Walter, perfectly happy if you were not going away.'

'Well, you know, I'm not going to the mines or to fight Indians.'

'No, Walter.'

'I'm only going back to wicked old Gotham for a spell, and I'll have the thought of my own best girl to keep me all right.'

'And you will write me often?'

'Write you, Mary! It will be my only pleasure!'
'And, Walter,' she whispered, 'what will you

'And, Walter,' she whispered, 'what will you say?'

'What shall I say! Why, that you're the dearest and best and loveliest girl in the whole world.'

A month ago this would have been enough. Now it was not what she wanted. She could not help a sigh.

'And you will tell me, Walter,' she faltered, 'you will tell me when'-

'Tell you what, Mary?' His voice had a very little hardness in its tone. She felt it and almost trembled.

'Oh Walter, you will tell me when you will come back?'

'Of course, dear. It won't be long. You know that, Mary. No longer than I can help. I wish I didn't have to go. Confound business! But a man must live, you know, dear.'

'Yes, Walter,' she said.

'And now, don't let us fret about it. We can't be unhappy while we're together, anyway. Can we? And my little girl will have plenty of patience, will she not?'

'Yes, Walter.'

(To be continued.)

CROCODILE-HUNTING IN JAMAICA.



OOK 'pon him, sah! Shoot quick, sah!'

My negro boatman pointed excitedly through an opening in the mangrove-bushes; and there, upon the slimy bank of the creek, I saw

a big crocodile basking in the sun, inert as a log of wood, and looking very much like one. But for the wicked twinkle in its black, beady eyes, one could hardly have told that it was alive. Resting my Winchester on the gunwale of the boat, I took careful aim, and sent a heavy bullet crashing through the creature's skull. After a few struggles it slipped off the edge of the bank in its deathagony, and sank in the muddy waters of the creek.

'Confound it! Lost the skin again,' I muttered savagely. 'We'll never fish that fellow up.'

So it proved. After several vain attempts, my boatman had to give up the task, and we returned home disgusted, without any trophy of our hunting.

This is a fair example of a crocodile-hunt in Jamaica. There are a good many crocodiles in the swamps and creeks adjoining Kingston Harbour and in some of the Jamaican rivers; but they are exceedingly wary, and the hunter has to stalk them carefully to get near enough for a successful shot. A small, black-headed plover may usually be found perched upon the thick ridge running along the crocodile's back. This bird plays to the crocodile very much the same part as the pilot-fish to the shark: leading it to its prey, and warning it of the approach of danger by fluttering into the air and uttering a shrill cry. Then the crocodile dives to the bottom, and you may sit in your boat and nurse your rifle for half-an-hour or more without a chance of a shot. The Jamaican crocodile is shier of man than most of its kind. One may spend the whole day rowing up creeks and catching malaria in mosquito-haunted swamps without coming within

There are many ways of shooting crocodiles; but all of them demand the best qualities of the sportsman: patience, vigilance, and instant readiness to seize the occasion when it offers. Some men believe in stalking through the mangrove-bushes that line the lagoons, others in waiting up a tree with their rifles ready to shoot at the first snout that comes above the water, and others again believe in paddling silently through the creeks in a dugout-canoe until they come upon the quarry. The crocodile is immensely fond of little puppy-dogs, and if you throw a dead one in the stream to serve as a bait you may be pretty sure of getting a shot. I have known persons calling themselves sportsmen tie up a live puppy to a tree in order that its yelps may bring a crocodile to the spot; but such cruelty is detestable. The puppy knows the danger full well, and suffers agonies of terror. The crocodile's craving for puppies is remarkable. Negro fishermen who live on the creeks have told me that very often crocodiles will come prowling around their huts at night after their dogs. Fish and land-crabs are also favourite articles of diet; now and then a horse or cow is attacked while drinking in a shallow river; and cases are on record of negresses and their piccaninnies being carried off while washing clothes in a stream. Fortunately, such cases are very rare in Jamaica, the black people having a wholesome dread of crocodiles.

In an old translation of Pliny the crocodile is described as 'a venemous creature, foure-footed, as dangerous on water as land. This beast alone, of all others that keepe the land, hath no use of a tongue; he only moveth the upper jaw or mandible, wherewith he biteth hard; and otherwise terrible he is by reason of the course and ranke of his teeth, which close one within the other, as if two combes grew together. Ordinarily he is about eighteene cubits in length. His feet be armed with claws for offence, and his skin so hard that it will abide any injury and not be pierced.' This description may not be correct in all its details, but it is certainly true that 'he biteth hard.' Many writers have drawn attention to the popular delusion that crocodiles weep, and 'crocodile's tears' have passed into proverbial philosophy. Shakespeare says:

The mournful crocodile With sorrow snares relenting passengers;

while that truthful Christian knight Sir John Mandeville tells us: 'In many places of Inde are many crocodiles—that is, a manner of a long serpent. These serpents do slay men and eat them weeping.' Good old Sir John does not say whether the men or the crocodiles weep; but no doubt he means the latter.

In Pliny's day the crocodile's skin may have been able to 'abide any injury and not be pierced;' but a modern rifle-bullet will drill a hole through the toughest hide. The mistaken idea is common that only the eye and the throat are mortal parts. As a matter of fact, the crocodile is not very hard to kill, once one gets at it; the trouble is to get within range. It does not possess, as a rule, anything like the marvellous vitality of the shark, which will struggle furiously for an hour after it has been covered with apparently mortal wounds. I have known some cases, however, in which crocodiles have struggled for life most gamely. There was a patriarchal brute, reputed to be about thirty feet long and a hundred years old, which used to spread terror along the banks of one of the Jamaican rivers, carrying off cattle, scaring washerwomen, and even taking a stroll now and then down the main street of a river-side village and driving everybody helter-skelter indoors. A party of Englishmen at last tracked it to its lair, and slew it after a Homeric fight. When it was dragged to land its

hide was found to be covered with barnacles, just like the bottom of a ship, so venerable was it. One of its slayers told me that it did not give up the ghost until it had been pierced by over twenty bullets.

Another famous old Jamaican crocodile was caught in a peculiar manner. A planter whose favourite dog had been gobbled up by this crocodile swore that he would have vengeance. After diligent search, the crocodile was found in a shallow part of the river; but it dived into the mud at the bottom before the hunters could get near enough to shoot. The planter sent hurriedly for all his negro labourers, and set them to work to construct two barriers of bamboo-poles across the stream, enclosing the crocodile in a prison from which it could find no means of escape. Then a goat was brought and tied near the edge of the water. The goat bleated loudly, and the crocodile presently crept from its hiding-place and advanced towards the poor animal; but before it could reach its prey it was lassoed and dragged towards the bank by scores of willing hands. Too surprised to offer resistance, the beast was at first almost dragged on to the bank; but it caught on the edge with its fore-paws and struggled desperately. All the negroes on the plantation could not drag it up; they could only prevent it from flopping back into the water again. Eventually the planter sent for a yoke of eight oxen, and they were hitched on to the rope and got it out. While it was flopping about furiously on the ground a negro cleverly lassoed its tail; and, having it secured at both ends, they dragged it to a tree, round which they fastened the tail-rope, and then fastened the head-rope round another tree. When this was done the crocodile's back was broken by blows with axes and machetes. It may be asked why they did not shoot it; but the only gun possessed by the party was a small shot-gun, which was quite ineffective against the crocodile's hide.

In another case in which I was concerned the crocodile had the better of the encounter. We were a party of ten, searching the creeks in a small yacht under sail. Finding nothing, we tied the yacht to a tree and landed to do some stalking through the mangroves. Two of us took one path; the remaining eight went in a different direction. My friend and I sought vainly for an hour or two, and then

returned towards the boat. About a hundred yards from the bank we came across eight rifles lying about in all directions, but not a sign of the men. Filled with alarm, we hurried to the bank. The yacht was out in mid-stream, with our friends, pale as ghosts, safe aboard. They were eagerly scanning the creek, and standing on guard with oars and boat-hooks. Later they explained in reply to our impatient inquiries, that, feeling tired with the hot sun, they took a siesta under a tree, leaving one man on guard; but he also fell asleep. One fellow, waking up, observed a huge crocodile making for them evidently with murderous intentions, and he roused the rest with a wild yell, and rushed for the boat. They had no time to snatch their rifles or stand upon the order of their going. So the crocodile was balked of its prey, and all the records for the hundred yards must have been broken on that occasion.

I have never hunted crocodiles at night; but I am told that the best sport is obtained at that time. An English naval officer, formerly stationed at Port Royal, Jamaica, says that it is the most exciting, because the strangest, method of shooting them. He tells how he used to be paddled round the lagoons at night by a negro crew in a dugout-canoe, with a bright bull's-eye lantern tied by a band round his forehead. By slowly moving his head from side to side, he could make the light search all the surface of the water. 'Suddenly,' he says, 'a bright spark is seen about twenty yards away. This is the eye of the crocodile, and so the light must be kept steadily on it, and the canoe cautiously paddled towards the spark. Up comes the rifle to the shoulder, and when as close as it is judged safe without scaring the quarry, the trigger is pulled, and the report is often followed by the welcome sound to the sportsman of the great beast clashing its jaws and wallowing round in the mud and water in its death-throes. Wait till it is quiet, then approach cautiously. Make sure that it is dead, for a single blow of that great tail can break a man's leg, and a bite from that hideous jaw, with its grinning fangs, might be more serious still. As soon as it is dead a rope can be slung round it, its body dragged ashore to where it can be cut up next morning, and its head and skin taken home as a trophy of a night's adventure in the tropics.'

THE SONG OF HYACINTH.

PART II.



Y nature and by upbringing Katherine was of a prayerful habit. All her life she had prayed; but she had never prayed as she prayed now. She had always had faith in the goodness of God, as her mother had implanted

and nourished it in her. She found it anew for herself in the dark gropings of these broken-hearted

days, when she would bury her head in cushion or pillow, and lie by the hour, outwardly silent, but crying with all the vehemence of her troubled soul, 'God have mercy on us! God have mercy on us! And oh, guard him from all harm!'

The human cross is of shapes and sizes as various as the bodies to be nailed thereon; but surely none exceeds in torture this long-drawn agony of waiting,

this dreadful anticipation of that which we fear may come to pass.

She had faith in the goodness of God. But this new faith to which she groped in the dark had open eyes. Whereas she had been blind, now she saw—dimly, perhaps, even yet. But see she did that the path before her might be rough and steep, and strewn with thorns and briars; that it might be God's inscrutable will that she should walk therein alone, without murmur or complaint; that the joyful reunion for which her sick soul craved might be not of this world, but of the next. And though her spirit came at times to the point of quiet acceptance and meek resignation, the faltering flesh no less at times drew back sharply, and all her cry was for deliverance from this cross that was too heavy for her.

'Oh God!' she cried, 'it is not heaven I want, but Charlie and my baby.'

The days dragged on and brought no news. He had told her not to be disappointed if no letters reached her. But she lay expecting them even while she told herself they would not come, and in spite of her faith and her prayers her spirits drooped daily. For the shadow of the valley towards which her pulses were racing lay heavy on her, and at times almost overwhelmed her.

She was lying so on her couch one night, with an unopened book to her hand, thinking, thinking, thinking—and praying at times, when her thoughts got too much for her and swung away and left her clinging to reason by a prayerful thread. Outside, the world was fog-bound, and the room was as still as though it had been packed in cotton-wool and buried deep below ground.

Suddenly she caught once more that fine, sweet thread of sound which had tantalised her so that other night. This time it was a pure delight. She lay listening intently and scarcely dared to breathe. For it was not a single note she heard now, but several; and she knew that in others of the bulbs the struggling life had broken its trammels and was striving hopefully upwards to the light. The sweet tones rose and fell in tiny chords and harmonies, now swelling, now sinking, now one clear pipe alone in a tiny recitative, then others joining in to swell the tiny chorus; but, thin and fine as were the notes, they were, to her tuned ear, round and full and strenuous, strong with the gladness of growing life, full of the confident hope of complete fulfilment.

She lay for a long time listening, till the meanings of those wordless songs worked into her soul, and she knew that they were good; and she said to herself, 'If these can be grateful, shall not I?' If these can have hope and confidence, shall not I?' And that night she slept as she had not slept for many weary nights.

The next day her sick heart was rejoiced with a letter from the front, written by scraps as the exigencies of war permitted, by light of flickering camp-fire, on his knee as he sat in the saddle for a momentary halt; but, no matter how and when, telling in every word of his thought for her, his longing for her, his love for her, and full of brave and cheerful words for her help and comfort. So far he was untouched-'Thank God! thank God!'though many of his friends had fallen. The work was rough and heavy, and left him little time for thinking, except of that which was under his hand from moment to moment. But every outside thought he had was for her alone, and he told her -- and she could see the strong face redden under the tan as he wrote the words, for he was of a repressive nature and spoke with difficulty of such matters—he told her how, day and night, whenever he thought of her, he prayed God's mercy for them both as he had never prayed before. And he assured her that, so far as his duty to his men permitted, he took, and would take, every care of himself for her sake. He felt within him, he told her, a strong belief that he would come through all right-'God grant it! God grant it!' He begged her not to worry either about herself or him; but to keep her heart high, and trust in God, who held them all in the hollow of His hand.

How she treasured his roughly written words, written with his heart's blood! How she rejoiced in the evidences of his love for her, in the deepening and widening of all that was best in him, in that uplifting of his higher nature even though it came through constant companionship with death!

Each night now the stirrings of life in the hyacinth-glasses sang to her. Every one of the eight had burst its bonds and joined the chorus; and hour after hour she lay listening to them, and never in her life had she heard music half so sweet.

The green shoots grew in height and developed into leaves which enfolded the beautiful soul within. Some clasped it tight to ward off every breath of danger; and some, grown stalwart in the service, stood round like guardian angels, with their backs to the world and their faces to their charge, anxious at once for their duty and their reward; and some, grown older still, levelled their points at the world and bade it keep at a distance. And as the sweet souls of the plants grew larger and larger, and swelled to bursting with that which was within them, the sound of their singing grew louder and louder to her accustomed ear, though no one else seemed able to catch it.

Time after time would Pinnefer come tiptoeing in to look after her welfare, and would stand surprised to find her lying with wide-open eyes and a look of fixed attention when she had supposed her asleep; and still more surprised was Pinnefer to find herself coerced into silence and waved out of the room with a peremptory little hand that would brook no remonstrance.

So Katherine drew nearer and nearer to the Valley of Shadows—the valley into which she must descend alone, hoping by God's mercy to come through into the sunlight beyond. For a cloud hangs ever in that valley, and none this side may pierce it. Most who go down into the cloud to battle for lives

win safely through; some come forth chastened and crowned into the full glory of perfected motherhood; some escape barely with their lives; and some pass through the darkness into that higher rest which, though it cut short greatest earthly happiness, is still a more joyful estate. But at best the Valley of Shadows is a mystery and a thing to look forward to with dread and foreboding. Motherhood is surely one of the keys to the gate of Heaven. Possibly in the Greater Charity, even a soiled key may not be counted unavailing to unlock that gate at times.

Katherine's sitting-room, where the hyacinths lived and sang, was next to her bedroom. She had many long and sleepless nights, thinking, fearing, praying. She took to leaving the door between the rooms open, and in the long, soft silences of the night the jubilant singing of the flowers brought comfort and hope to her soul; for their song was ever a glad one—of hope and faith and trust, and the joys of perfect accomplishment in the fulfilling.

Nearer and nearer she drew down towards the valley, and her old nurse grew ever more anxious on her account, lest any untoward happening might tend to her undoing—for now a very little thing, a very small mischance, and life might be spoiled in the making—and all her devotions were doubled.

One morning Katherine's paper was not in its usual place alongside her cup.

'Why, what has become of my paper?' she asked, and caught a tremulous look on Pinnefer's gray face which was not usually there. 'Get it for me, please,' said Katherine gently; and to herself she said, 'He is dead!'

'Dearie!' said the old nurse as she reluctantly brought her the paper, 'he is'——

'I know,' said Katherine calmly. 'He is dead!'

'No, no, not dead!' cried Pinnefer, amazed at her composure. 'Wounded, dearie, only wounded, and it doesn't even say severely. Maybe it will bring him home. I do hope it's just bad enough to bring him home.'

'Now leave me, Pinny dear, and let me read it for myself;' and she sent the old woman away, and read the account of his wounding as if it had been a chapter in the Bible.

She was surprised herself at her own calmness; but truly she had been daily expecting news of his death. Since the day he started she had said to herself that she would never see him again; and now the blow when it came was so much lighter than she had feared that it left her steady and almost unmoved. Nay, her first feeling was one of grateful exultation. He was no longer exposed to the deadly risks of the field. In hospital, surely, the chances were in his favour. It was no longer thousands of treacherous bullets seeking his life, and any one of them sufficient to end it; but careful doctors and patient Sisters striving diligently to ward off death. Oh, surely the chances were in his favour now! Then she thought of the many deaths in hospital, and she began to doubt, after all, if he would not have been safer in the field.

The tossing to and fro of her troubled mind was rapidly working her into a fever, when her doctor came in to see her, at the instigation of the anxious Pinnefer.

He pooh-poohed the idea of greater risks in hospital than in the field, gave it as his opinion that the war was almost over, that Captain Charles had seen the worst, and that he would be home in no time. At which Katherine clasped her hands ecstatically. Still more to the point, seeing the state she was in, he offered to cable at once for fuller news, and left her eager and hopeful.

But the hours passed and no answer came, and that night was surely the longest she had ever passed. Her thoughts swung back to their lowest depths of fearful foreboding. He was dead. He must be dead, or he would surely have replied; and now all she had to do was to follow him as quickly as possible. Her feet were slipping quickly towards the valley. It would not be hard, she thought, to lie down in the shadows, and, striving and hoping no more, just float quietly into rest.

Twice during the evening the doctor called sub rosa to learn if any reply had come to his cable. He did not go up to see her lest his face should betray his anxiety; for he said to himself, and Mrs Pinnefer saw it in him, though he did not say it in words to her: 'If good news comes she will get through all right. If bad news comes it will kill her. And in this case no news is bad news.'

Pinnefer wanted to sit up with her, but she would not have it. She had the bulb of an electric bell on the chair by her bedside, and could summon her in a moment.

'Leave me, Pinny dear; I am better alone. I will call you if I want anything. And leave the sitting-room door wide open—as wide as it will go.'

She lay back on her pillows and watched the dancing flames and shadows till all the house was still; and in the stark stillness, when all her fears hovered round her and grew till they almost took shape and became tangible, she heard again the sweet, soft singing of the flowers. Louder than before, louder than ever before, it rose and fell, swelling in volume after each long cadence, higher and higher, and fuller and fuller, like the song of a lark trilling upwards to the sun, a very pæan of jubilant exultation. It soothed her as nothing else in the world could have done—save perhaps one thing, or two things.

The hyacinths stood high now, each shapely pillar a very queen of beauty, upright and perfect, exquisite in form and colour, exquisite in the delicate perfume distilled throughout the room from their myriad wide-mouthed bells. So subtile was the flavour that it penetrated even to Katherine's bedroom, and bore in to her on the darkness so perfect a vision of the stately beauties that she felt as though it needed but the stretching of a hand to gather them.

It pleased her fancy to imagine the exquisite music and the exquisite scent distilling together

from the wide-mouthed bells, even though the music had been there long before the first bell was born. And as the music rose and fell, and waxed ever more sweetly jubilant, and travelled to her on scented waves of sound, she lay back in the dark and said to herself, 'They are glad and fearless; and I, who know of God, am full of fears. The touch of a careless hand and they were gone; but they have sung since the day they were born.'

And the careless hand had never fallen on them. They had lived to sing—she thought they would live to sing their song out. What was it Charlie wrote about a hand—the hollow of a hand? Trust in God, who held them in the hollow of His hand. A strong hand surely—and a loving; and, cradled in the hand of Love, she fell asleep.

She woke with a start in the gray of the dawn with the echoes of a hasty knock on the street-door in her ears. And presently Pinnefer came in, on heavy tiptoes, in a wonderful dressing-gown, and after a searching glance at her face, handed her a half-stuck yellow envelope, with a hand that shook in spite of herself.

And Katherine tore it open with a steady hand and read:

'Wounded, but doing well. Home soon as can travel.'

'Thank God!' she said, and then went white to the lips and fell back on her pillows. And Pinnefer ran to the door, where the doctor was waiting as if he had never been out of the house; and he nodded cheerfully as much as to say: 'All's well, Pinnefer! All's well! God's in His Heaven, after all, Pinnefer!' as though he knew perfectly well all that was in that telegram—which, indeed, he did.

And Katherine slipped gently down into the Valley of Shadows.

Six weeks later Colonel Charles sat by Katherine's couch looking worshipfully down on his little daughter, and the baby stared back at him with eyes like velvet pansies, and apparently found it very difficult to account for him.

He was lean and brown of face, and thin and worn of body; and one of his arms was permanently out of action, the sleeve looped up to his button, never to be used again. And Katherine herself was thinner, he thought, than he ever remembered her. But the sweet, thin face, fined and chiselled to a still rarer delicacy by its passage through the valley, shone with a radiance the like of which he had never seen before.

As he looked on mother and child there was that within him which made his own lean face soften—to breaking-point almost. The grim lines which the close companionship of death had wrought there smoothed themselves out before this wonder of creation, and a glory akin to here shone dimly through.

'What shall we call her?' he asked as his daughter clutched amicably at the brown finger he tendered her.

'Her name is Hyacinth,' said Katherine softly.

THE END.

FOOTPRINTS OF 'THE FIFTEEN.'

By the Hon. S. R. ERSKINE.



HE movements of the Earl of Mar on the eve of the rising of 1715 have never been accurately set forth or detailed with that degree of minuteness which they deserve, considering the importance of the undertaking

in which he was subsequently engaged. Our historians dismiss this topic in the briefest fashion, or (where they attempt to be particular) they fall into error. Indeed, contrasted with the well-trodden field of 'the Forty-five,' the rising of 1715 is almost unknown, so far as historian and public are concerned. The events of Prince Charles's adventurous campaign have, in the popular imagination, entirely eclipsed those which characterised the progress of his father, when that Prince went personally in quest of a throne. Even the novelists have sadly neglected 'the Fifteen,' which, perhaps, is scarcely to be wondered at, seeing that, with comparatively few exceptions, story and romance writers are accustomed to look for their themes upon familiar ground rather than in quarters where exploration might draw down upon themselves the dangerous charge of novelty or originality. From time to time, indeed, we hear of persons who are about to turn their attention to this unfrequented field. But, in spite of busy rumour, the rich historical harvest which awaits whoever turns his attention to the affairs of 1715 remains ungathered. Meantime material goes on accumulating as documents are published and evidence is disclosed, so that what has been the case in so many historical regions, which have been so much gleaned of late that almost nothing now remains to be gathered from them, applies with particular force with regard to 'the Fifteen'-namely, that the existing accounts of that undertaking are now largely out of date, and require to be supplemented by others written entirely in, and with, the light of recent historical research. In the following remarks relating to the Earl of Mar's passage from England and arrival in Scotland in 1715, it is not intended to do more than to correct some errors that have crept into the published accounts referring to the Jacobite leader's movements at that time. It is intended merely to give chapter and verse for his journeyings from the time that he left England till the raising of the Royal Standard on the braes of Mar in September 1715. Hitherto his movements in the interval betwixt those two periods have been wrapped in considerable obscurity.

The Earl of Mar left London for the north on 2nd August 1715, having attended on the previous day a levee of the new-come Prince of Hanover. He left his house in Whitehall disguised, and under the name of Maule took passage in a small coasting-vessel of only a few tons burden. 'My Lord Mar had his passage from South to North Britain in John Spence of Leith his boat, having only in company with him General Hamilton and his own menial servants. The boat was sailed by two seamen.* His deseign was to have landed at or near by St Andrews; but he was forced into the south-east part of Fife, where he went on shore near to the Elie. † In the hurry he landed with, one of his principall servants dropped over a plank which was laid from the boat on a rock, and was drowned in the sea.' ‡

Mar stayed a few days in Fife, beating up the quarters of the Jacobite gentry of 'the kingdom,' and concerting measures with them for the success of the rising which was to follow. He visited the house of Malcolm of Grange (whose indiscreet conduct is said to have been responsible for the failure of 1708, and of whose parts Mar entertained a very low opinion), induced him and others to take part in his measures, and thence passed eastwards to Crail and other small Fifeshire seaports, where the Jacobite interest was strong. From Fife, Mar, attended by a few persons only, travelled 'on foot overland to his father-in-law, my Lord Kinnoul, his house, being supplied of horses by him' § for his journey to the north. On 17th August he crossed the Tay with forty horse, at a ford (now no longer a ford owing to recent dredging operations) about two miles below Perth, and not far from the residence of one 'Craigie' Paterson, a zealous and discreet Jacobite of his day. After crossing the Tay, Mar and his retinue proceeded by the old road on the north side of the river, through Scone, then dismantled and unoccupied, towards Coupar-Angus, where some of his companions left him, he himself taking his way 'towards the country of Mar; and the first night thereafter came to Thomas Rattray of Craighall, | near to Blair of Gowrie, his house; and having communicated to him his design of taking up arms and serving for the Pretender, and concerting measures with him for the accomplishment, thence he passed from Craighall towards Strathardle, where the informer had occasion to see him by the way, being accompanied with eighteen horsemen; and some of his vassals in Mar, having intelligence of his approach, some waited on him to Spalding of Ashentulle his house; and, knowing him to be firm for the interest he was to set up for, he [Mar] talked very freely and in publishment of his designs; and knowing he [Spalding] could raise some two or three hundred men, promised him [Spalding] a colonel's commission in the Pretender's service; and withal told him that whether the Pretender landed or not, General Hamilton and he were to lead an army south for the dissolution of the Union, and to have the grievances of the nation redressed. For he [Mar] was at pain all the way as he passed to spread a false report of the Parliament being designed to lay unsupportable taxes upon the nation, on lands, corn, cattle, meal, malt, not only so, but even on cocks and hens; and that this was no mean reason for him to take up arms, since otherwise, in a very short time, the nation would sink under such burdens. This took so heavily with the common people, and animated them to take up arms. He [Mar] passed two days with that gentleman in great jollity, and as [when] they were merry together, told him that at every house he had touched by the way he had borrowed something, and he must needs borrow something of him also; and being demanded what that might be, he [Mar] told him that it was his [Spalding's] fiddler, which that gentleman readily granted. From thence he went to Spittal of Glen Shee, where he lodged at a publick house, and from thence to Mar; and having no house of his own in that country under repair, \ he lodged in Farquerson of Invercald, a vassal of his own, his house; and having assured him of invasion to be made of the three kingdoms at once, and that he [Mar] was to head the Pretender's force till the Duke of Berwick's arrival, who was to command them in chief; so likewise agreed upon the day he was to land. Howbeit his [the king's] landing being once again reported, and they [the Jacobites] as frequently disappointed, my Lord Mar pretended the French king's death had occasioned the delay, and agreed upon another time for his [the king's] landing; but likewise failing in that, and yet instantly pressing the gentleman to take up arms and put his men in order, he [Invercauld] told him that might he see the authority of the Pretender himself or any who bore his commission he was ready to go all lengths to do him service; and might [could] the Earl of Mar show him the Pretender's commission he was satisfied. My Lord Mar answered was not his word sufficient? The gentleman answered he was not to hazard his life and fortune on any man's word; and that night, when he had got my Lord Mar and his company in bed, he went off,** leaving order for his servant to convey

^{*} It is said that both Lord Mar and General Hamilton assisted in the navigation of the vessel.

[†] The exact spot where he landed is a moot point; but it was possibly at Earlsferry, nearly opposite the house of Malcolm of Grange.

[‡] Spies' evidence, Record Office, London.

[§] Additional evidence, Record Office, London.

^{||} Craighall, however, did not take up arms in 1715.

Mar Castle, the existing building, erected (1628) on the site of an older one, had been gutted by fire during the troubles in Scotland in 1689, and was not then habitable. Kildrummie and Corgarff, Mar's other two castles in Aberdeenshire, had shared much the same fate.

^{**} Invercauld, who was by no means a warm Jacobite, as subsequent events proved, took refuge in Aberdeen, where he remained till a peremptory message from Mar threaten-

out some stands of arms of which he had good store in his house, as the generality of gentlemen in that country have, having been a providing themselves ever since Queen Anne's death. Howbeit, when my Lord Mar found Invercauld gone, and likewise missed the stand of arms, he called his [Invercauld's] principall servant, and threatened him for taking away those stands of arms without his knowledge; and coming to know that one other of the meanest of his [Farquharson's] servants had been assistant to him in so doing, he caused tye him neck and heel, and let him so lye for ten or twelve hours.'*

From the same source, the Hanoverian Government was informed that 'their [the Jacobites'] design was immediately upon the setting up of the Standard to march south to the shire of Perth, where they were to encamp on the moor of Blairgowrie; and that they were to have a general rendezvous there, and from thence they were to send off detachments to Perth, Dundee, and Montrose, to go proclaim the Pretender.'† This intelligence the spy states that he received from 'one of their own party;' but it was not the arrangement which was actually followed, the way to the south vià Dunkeld, &c., where Athole had shut himself up in his castle expecting attack, being that which was eventually followed.

Mar left Invercauld on Monday, 28th August, and crossing the hills betwixt Dee and Don sides, came down upon the latter a few miles above Skellater. 'There was in company with his lordship,' says another spy,; 'the Marquis of Tullibardine, the Earl Marshall, Lieutenant-Generall Hamilton, the Laird of Glendaruell, S who all lodged that night in

the house of John brother to the Laird of Skellater, and were guarded by about forty men. The next day, being Tuesday, the Laird of Glengarry came to them, and they went all down the country three miles [eight would be nearer the mark] to the Castle of Glenbucket, being met on their way by two hundred men in arms [doubtless under the leadership of Gordon of Glenbucket], who conducted them thither, where the Earl of Southesque and the Tutor of Aboyne came to them; and having stayed two hours with them, went off. There came, also, the Marquis of Huntly, with one Generall Gordon, ** who staid with the Earl of Mar at the said castle all night, being guarded with the said two hundred men. Upon Wednesday about 10 o'clock they went without any guard to the Castle of Aboyne, where they met the Earl of Southesque, and stayed there all night, being also guarded there with about two hundred men. The next day, being Thursday, the Marquis of Huntly, the Earls Marshall and Southesque went off. The rest stayed there all that day and night, still guarded, and on Friday all those who went from Invercald returned, accompanied with Glengarry, Invercald himself, and the Laird of Abergeldie, and arrived at Invercald that night. They had no guard with them that day; but so soon as they arrived there were guards placed on them, which still continue. They found at Invercald, Colonel Hay †† and one Mr Bruce.' ‡‡

On the 6th September following, the Earl of Mar, in presence of an army of about one thousand, raised the Standard of James VIII. at the Castle-town of Mar, when the rising passed from its initial stages, and so entered upon its brief and inglorious career.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

MEMORIAL TO THE FIRST OBSERVER OF THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.



HE meeting of the British Association at Southport, which it revisited after a lapse of twenty years, is to be taken advantage of by the residents in order to collect subscriptions for a memorial in honour of Jeremiah

Horrocks, who was curate for some time in the village of Hoole. His name will always be remembered as that of the first astronomer to note

ing him with the destruction of his house unless he at once returned, drew him forth from his place of concealment. Invercauld took part in the rising; but, pleading constraint by his superior, was released by the Hanoverian Government after a short imprisonment. He was alive in 1745, but refused to 'come out' on that occasion; and there being no one to oblige him—the earldom of Mar being attainted and the estates forfeited—he was suffered to have his own way.

* Spies' evidence, Record Office.
† Ibid. ‡ Record Office.

§ Colin Campbell of Glendaruel.

the transit of Venus, which he did with very primitive apparatus, turning his room for the nonce into a kind of camera-obscura, and receiving the image of the sun upon a screen. The incident forms the subject of a picture which, if we remember rightly, hangs in the Walker Art Gallery at Liverpool, where he was born. His life was cut short at the age of twenty-two; but his work has always been regarded as most valuable, and his name will be remembered by astronomers. It may be mentioned that the transit of Venus over the sun's disc was referred to by Kepler, but he never observed it. In 1633

|| 'Black Jock' Forbes, Bailie of Kildrummie, the same to whom the Earl addressed his famous letter. The family of Inverearnan were official servants of the Earl.

¶ Huntly and Sinclair
They both played the tinkler

at Sheriffmuir, the former on the back of the celebrated 'Florence.'

** Gordon of Auchintoul. He subsequently commanded that body of Highlanders which Mar despatched to the west to create a diversion there.

Horrocks predicted that the transit would take place six years later, and on 24th November 1639 he and his friend Crabtree witnessed the phenomenon, as already described. To observe a transit of Venus was the prime object of Captain Cook's first voyage to Tahiti in June 1769.

SMOKE CONSUMPTION.

Cases are not infrequent in our police courts of manufacturing firms being fined for discharging clouds of smoke into the atmosphere to the discomfort and annoyance of the public. There are now many appliances by which furnaces can be made to consume their smoke; but these prosecutions show that some of them at least are by no means perfect. In the Belgian factories a new method has been introduced which seems to promise good results. The smoke from the furnace is driven by fans into a porous chamber, and over this flows a stream of petroleum or other inflammable liquid, and the smoke-particles mingle with it and are totally consumed. The heat generated in the operation is of course utilised, so that the process represents an economy rather than an additional expense.

CHIPPED GLASS.

Sheets of glass which are covered with a shelllike raised pattern are now in common use for screens, partitions, electric-light lanterns, and other purposes. The material is known technically as chipped glass, for the pattern is actually chipped out of the surface by a process which is at once strange and interesting. In the first place, the sheet of glass to be treated is placed under a sandblast in order to give it a grain. This ground surface is next treated with a solution of good glue, and the glass is placed in a drying-room on a rack, and remains there some hours. Next the sheets of glass are removed to the chipping-room, where they are placed on edge, back to back, with the coated surfaces outward. This apartment is heated by steam-coils; and when the heat is turned on the glue reaches its utmost degree of desiccation, and curls off the glass in pieces from the size of a sixpence to that of a florin; but it adheres so closely to the glass that in its effort to get free it tears a piece off the surface, the result being a beautiful pattern. The glue must be of the best quality; and after separation from the chips of glass it can be melted up and used again and again.

SOUND EXPERIMENTS.

The Rev. J. M. Bacon—surely the most enthusiastic scientific balloonist ever known, who seems to spend half his life up in the air—has been making some interesting observations regarding sound-phenomena. He corroborates the statements of Tyndall and others to the effect that there is a kind of selective power of the atmosphere, sometimes the sound of a gun being more intense than that of a train, and vice versa. He noted when a thousand feet above the earth that the clashing together of

trucks during shunting operations, which is so distressing to the ears of people on the earth, is but feebly heard overhead. On the other hand, the sound of a puffing locomotive starting with its load is a tremendous noise aloft. He also noticed that the humming of a thrashing-machine, which would hardly be noticed at the surface of the earth, grows into a sound of extraordinary penetration when heard in cloudland. Referring to the musical hooters used on river-craft, and their peculiar power and penetration, he expresses a wish, which many will echo, that these instruments were made to replace the screeching whistles at present in use. He remarks incidentally upon the circumstance that a sound coming from the earth, with the surface as a big sound-board to reinforce it, is naturally much better heard by a balloonist than a noise from the balloon is heard by those below it.

BORAX IN FOOD.

It will be remembered that some time ago the chief chemist to the United States Department of Agriculture undertook a series of experiments with a number of volunteers who consented to be fed with food containing borax as a preservative, in order that it might be ascertained how far that substance affected the general health of those who consumed it. He now states that it will take some months to determine the exact effect of these experiments on the human body; but two facts at least have been conclusively settled: first, that the use of such preservatives as borax and boracic acid diminishes the natural weight, and the persons partaking of food so contaminated do not, on relinquishing it, at once regain their former weight; secondly, that the use of borax tends to reduce the amount of nitrogen in the human body, and that its volume will not retain the heat existing before the experiments. How far such changes are likely to affect the general health remains to be determined.

FIREPROOF WOOD.

Various processes for rendering wood fireproof have been introduced from time to time, and have received notice in these columns. Experience shows that such inventions are not so readily taken up as they should be by builders, architects, &c. There have occurred within quite recent times disastrous fires: one at Colney Hatch Asylum, where buildings of a temporary nature were destroyed, with a loss of about fifty lives; one in the Liverpool railway tunnel, in which lives were sacrificed; and now we hear of the terrible holocaust on the Paris tubular railway. It may be safely asserted that the terrible loss of life in all these cases might have been mitigated if fireproof wood had been employed in the constructions involved. County Councils and other public bodies have passed regulations as to buildings under their supervision, with a view to make them as far as possible fireproof; but the question arises whether Government should not institute an inquiry into methods of fireproofing

wood. If wood can, by a practicable process, be rendered uninflammable, it should be thus protected before being used in any kind of building construction. It would be interesting to ascertain the percentage of the houses now in course of erection in which fireproof joists, flooring, &c. will be used.

TREE-FELLING BY ELECTRICITY.

It is well known that if an electric current of a certain intensity is made to pass through a conductor of high resistance it will cause that conductor to become highly heated, and upon this principle depend all the electric-heating arrangements which are now brought forward. As an example we may point to the carbon filament in an ordinary glowlamp, which becomes incandescent owing to the resistance which it offers to the current. Some time ago it became necessary to cut through the timbers of an old bridge in course of removal, and the plan was adopted of doing the work with a wire rendered red-hot by the electric-current. The system is now employed in France, says Electricity, for the purpose of felling trees, the hot wire being used as a saw. We are told that by this system a tree can be felled in one-fourth the time usually occupied by the operation; but, of course, this must entirely depend upon the facilities for obtaining the necessary current.

BACTERIA FOR FARMERS.

For the past hundred years agricultural chemists have been asking the question whether it were possible to utilise the free nitrogen of the atmosphere as the food of plants, and they all seem to have come to the conclusion that the nitrogen of the air is not assimilated by plants. But it was discovered that certain leguminous crops (peas, beans, &c.) had an excess of nitrogen over that which could be accounted for as coming from the rain-water and from the manures supplied to the land. Experiments subsequently proved that this assimilation of nitrogen depends upon the presence of certain bacteria which cause swellings on the roots of the plants, and that each particular leguminous plant can be identified with a certain micro-organism which thus beneficially affects its growth. Photographs have been published showing how plants which have been inoculated with suitable bacteria have benefited by the operation. The agricultural department of the United States has for a long time been in the habit of distributing rare seeds gratuitously to farmers; now it is announced that it is prepared in like manner to place at the disposal of agriculturists bacteria for enriching the soil.

RADIUM AND CANCER.

The opinion of an eminent scientific authority like Dr Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, must always be entitled to respectful attention, whatever may be the subject under consideration. Our readers already know that radium has, with encouraging results, been applied

to the cure of external forms of cancer, but that satisfactory results have failed in the case of deep-seated tumours. The same effects have been recorded with regard to the use of the Röntgen raya. Commenting upon these reports, Dr Graham Bell, in a letter to Dr Sowers of Washington, which has been published, observes that 'the Crookes tube, from which the Röntgen rays are emitted, is, of course, too bulky to be admitted into the middle of the mass of cancer; but there is no reason why a tiny fragment of radium sealed up in a fine glass tube should not be inserted into the very heart of the cancer, thus acting directly upon the diseased material. Would it not be worth while making the experiment along this line?'

ELECTRIC BATH-CHAIRS.

Automobile chairs propelled by electricity will be used at the World's Fair at St Louis next year, and a picture of the contrivance taken from a photograph was published in a recent issue of the Scientific American. Its inventor is Mr Semple S. Scott, who has for some years been working at the problem of producing a self-propelling chair for the use of invalids and others. The chair carries batteries by which the current is supplied; but it is obvious that such vehicles will be of no use except in situations where charging-stations for the exchange of charged batteries for exhausted ones are installed. A noteworthy feature of the new chair, the speed of which is limited to three miles an hour-a comfortable walking-pace-is a sensitive horizontal bar which extends in front six inches above the ground. We use the word sensitive because directly this guard comes into contact with any obstruction it is pressed backward, and the wheels of the chair are immediately locked. The chair will carry two passengers, one to act as driver; but at the St Louis Exhibition the chairs will be provided with a detachable seat at the back for a driver, who will also act as guide to the exhibition.

SEA-BREEZES WITHOUT THE SEA.

The Paris correspondent of one of the London newspapers tells of a member of the Academy of Sciences of that city who is enjoying sea-breezes at home by manufacturing a liquid which he diffuses through the air of his apartment. The recipe for the compound is given as follows: In ten volumes of oxygenated water containing a hundredth part of ether charged with ozone he dissolves a small quantity of sea-salt. By means of a vaporiser, this liquid is distributed in the air at the rate of one hundred and twenty grammes per hour. It is said that by this means the apartment becomes saturated with the scent of the sea, and that a draught of air produces the sensation of a sea-breeze. Our faith is somewhat shaken when we read that this ingenious scientist while inhaling this mixture seats himself in his arm-chair, with his eyes closed, and 'listens to the lapping of the waves while breathing their odour,' for he holds to his ear a shell in which he

can hear the murmur of the sea. As to the compound described, we should think that much the same result would be brought about by vaporising some sea-water. The plan is not likely to commend itself to many who are seeking change of air.

IMITATION BILK.

Wood-pulp, which is now used to such a wonderful extent for paper-making, is, according to report, being employed at a factory in North Germany for making artificial silk. The plant is turning out about fifty pounds of skein-silk per day, but the output is soon to be increased to two thousand pounds. The material is said to be soft in texture, and of a cream-white colour, each thread being made up of eighteen single strands, which by themselves are so fine as to be almost invisible to the unaided eye. When woven, this wood-silk is said to have all the appearance of genuine silk, although it is not so strong as the real product of the silkworm. Little is known as to the details of manufacture; but it is believed that the pulp undergoes a certain chemical treatment, and is then forced by hydraulic pressure through very fine orifices or tubes. Equally reticent are its promoters with regard to price and resistance to wear and tear.

WANTED, A RESPIRATOR.

The council of the Society of Arts, London, are offering, under the terms of the Benjamin Shaw Trust, a prize of twenty pounds or a gold medal for the best dust-arresting respirator designed for those engaged in dangerous trades. The council calls attention to the circumstance that as far back as 1822 the Society awarded a medal for a magnetic guard to protect the workers during the process of dry-grinding-such, for instance, as that involved in the pointing of needles. But the contrivance, although it appeared to meet the conditions desired. never came into common use, the opposition to its employment coming from those for whose benefit it was devised. The work-people thought that if their occupation were made less risky to health wages would decline, and therefore they would have nothing to do with the magnetic guard. The council of the Society believe that such shortsighted considerations would have less weight now, and they invite inventors to send in specimens of suitable apparatus before the last day of the year. The appliance must be light in weight, simple in construction, not unsightly, it must offer no impediment to respiration, and the filtering material must be capable of easy renewal.

FILE-CUTTING BY HAND.

The action by the Society of Arts synchronises, curiously enough, with a report which has just been issued as a parliamentary paper on certain draft regulations made for the government of factories where file-cutting by hand is carried on. Mr Chester Jones, who is responsible for this report, held an inquiry last autumn both at Sheffield and

Birmingham, and made himself acquainted with the actual conditions under which this dangerous business is conducted. There are more than seven hundred shops in which the proposed regulations would apply, about five hundred of these being in Sheffield and its neighbourhood. We learn from the report that the trade is carried on under most insanitary conditions. The principal danger to the worker arises from the handling of the leaden bed on which the files are manipulated and the leaddust from that bed when the files are cut, and also from the files when they are brushed. The worker is peculiarly liable to 'plumbism,' or lead-poisoning, and to nervous and other diseases; while general insanitary surroundings induce phthisis in a system already enfeebled by the mischief wrought by the lead. Appended to the report are extracts from the Registrar-General's returns, which show conclusively that the risks run by file-cutters are of no ordinary kind.

COST OF TOURING AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The walking craze may possibly be an evanescent one, but there will always be a select few who, in their secret soul, and as often as possible in actual fact, will prefer gentle walking to all other forms of exercise. The cycle and the motor-car cover the ground more swiftly, not to speak of the railway, and as time is money to many people, and life is short, the swifter method of locomotion is preferred. As an illustration of what may be done in the way of carrying out a steadfast purpose, we mention the example of three gentlemen who walked from London to Edinburgh about thirty years ago, and that of two cyclists who rode round the north of Scotland this year, with the relative cost of these walking and cycling tours; also the expense of a three weeks' trip in Holland. The cyclists did five hundred and thirty-three and a half miles in eleven cycling days, and also did some loafing, with the ascent of Ben Nevis thrown in. The walkers accomplished about four hundred miles in sixteen days, at a cost of five pounds each. The cyclists each did the whole thirteen days for three pounds eight shillings and ninepence, or an average of five shillings and threepence a day; that of the walkers was six shillings and threepence a day. In neither case could it well be possible to cover this distance of time and mileage at a less figure unless by sleeping out of doors. The route taken by Mr George Cowan, S.S.C., of Edinburgh, and his two companions in walking from London to Edinburgh was by Edmonton, Ware, Cambridge, Huntingdon, Stamford, Grantham, Newark, Doncaster, Northallerton, Durham, Newcastle, Otterburn, Jedburgh, Melrose, and Stow. The route of the cyclists was from Edinburgh, by Dundee, Arbroath, to Aberdeen, Elgin, Inverness, Fort-William, Ballachulish, Lochgilphead, Dunoon, Helensburgh, and Stirling, back to Edinburgh. On different days eighty-four, seventy, and seventy-five miles had been covered on the wheel; an average of forty-eight miles a day was

done in the eleven days. The walkers' average was twenty-six miles a day, so to cover the same distance as the cyclists would have taken them twenty days at least. But both parties thoroughly enjoyed their respective outings, and came back refreshed and in good spirits, which was the chief thing, and eminently satisfactory. Here is a comparison with the past. When Thomas Sopwith the engineer travelled in 1830, just before the advent of the railway, the inside fare of the 'Wellington' coach from Newcastle to London was four pounds ten shillings; breakfast at Ruthyford, two shillings; dinner at different stages, seven shillings; tea at Doncaster and breakfast at Stamford, two shillings and threepence and two shillings and sixpence; fees to guards and drivers, seventeen shillings-total, six pounds and ninepence for travelling two hundred and seventy-three miles in thirty-three hours. Two later journeys cost six pounds nineteen shillings and seven pounds twelve shillings respectively. The mean of these journeys was six pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence, or at the rate of sixpence per mile, and the mean time, including stoppages, about eight miles an hour. This may be compared with a return fare of two pounds ten shillings, from Edinburgh to London, a distance of four hundred miles, accomplished in about eight and a half hours. A party of four ladies, two of them over seventy years of age, came back from a three weeks' tour in Holland in excellent health and spirits, having done all they started to do in an economical and exceedingly well-planned way. The places visited were Rotterdam, Dordrecht, Gouda, Delft, the Hague, Scheveningen, Amsterdam, Alkmaar, Hoorn, Ymuiden, Haarlem, Maarken, Broeck, Utrecht, and Zeist. Here is the total expense for one person for three weeks in Holland, including return fare from Leith to Rotterdam: Fares by steamer, rail, and car, three pounds fifteen shillings and threepence; tips, seven shillings and fivepence; board and lodging, two pounds fourteen shillings and sixpence halfpenny-total, six pounds seventeen shillings and twopence halfpenny. The item for board and lodging could hardly be done at this rate in the United Kingdom. Many a 'week-ender' runs up as large a bill for three days as each lady of this party did in three weeks.

MODERN WHALING.

A third contributor (see Journal for February and April), who has had considerable whaling experience in the Southern Hemisphere, writes to us that it is not generally known to the average reader that the 'right' whale is now reported to be somewhat plentiful in New Zealand waters; while in the Pacific the 'sperm,' the 'humpback,' and the swift 'finback' have increased enormously. This is, of course, due to the decadence of the American whaling industry. 'Twenty years ago,' he says, 'I have seen forty ships lying at anchor in Honolulu harbour (Hawaiian Islands); to-day only very occasionally does one meet an American

sailing-whaler south of these islands. Even from Hobart Town in Tasmania, once the centre of the Australasian whaling industry, only a single ship now sails. As to "finbacks:" during their migration northward along the eastern coast of Australia, these great creatures can literally be counted by hundreds, day after day, for many weeks. Their breeding-grounds are the Bampton Shoals, near New Caledonia. A loose "finback" is never attacked by boats. He is too dangerous; for he would take out nearly a thousand fathoms of line, and yet not abate his speed. On rare occasions "finbacks" have been killed by bombs. I saw one killed from the deck by a bomb fired into it at a distance of twenty yards. Their layer of blubber is thin, and their plates of baleen (owing to its shortness) would not be worth more than two hundred and fifty or three hundred pounds per ton. At Twofold Bay, New South Wales, there is a shore whaling-station which maintains itself principally by "finbacking." As the "pods" or parties of "finbacks" cross the bay. on their way northward they are assailed by droves of "killers" (minor toothed-whales), and these extraordinary creatures actually seize the monstrous "finbacks," worry them as a fox-terrier will a rat, and thus enable the boats to come up and despatch them with a bomb. No whaleman will ever hurt a "killer;" he is the whaleman's friend.'

THE MICHAELMAS MOON.

The moss-troopers and raiders of the Border began their nightly depredations at the time of the Michaelmas moon.

When the corn in the Lowlands is sickled and set,

When the mists of the autumn creep chilly and wet, When beeches are golden and rowans are red, And plaids of the purple on Cheviot spread, Comes the lilt of a tune, saying: 'Saddles! and soon We'll be over the March with the Michaelmas moon!

'There is gear upon Eden, there's gold upon Tyne, And the stirks of Rede Water are liftable kine; So we'll buckle the bridle on sorrel and gray, Set foot to the stirrup, and up and away, To the ripple and croon of old Teviot's tune, And the ring of hot hoofs, in a Michaelmas moon!'

Good luck to you, raiders, and rich spoil of war!
There's a road through the Carter oft ridden before;
And every fat steer on the haughs of the Rede
Shall be dower for a daughter you've left on the Tweed!
So, saddle! and soon! with your bold hearts a-tune
To the red crossing blades in a Michaelmas moon!
WILL H. OGILYIE.

*, * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANU-SCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.

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JEZEBEL AND THE GENERAL

By MARY STUART BOYD, Author of Our Stolen Summer, Clipped Wings, &c.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS .- CHAPTER I.



GOOD soldier rarely possesses that cheaper quality which is known as the business faculty. Major-General Macnaught, in his busy career, had gained much honour and but little gold. Throughout his active years

the memory of the boyhood passed with his brother in the gray castle among the Highland hills haunted his thoughts like some golden dream. A life it had been of glorious freedom, with only the infrequent tasks imposed by an over-indulgent tutor to make their truancy the sweeter.

For many generations Glen-na-Grual, although not entailed, had passed in unbroken line from father to son; and the boys would sooner have expected the skies to fall than that other than a Macnaught should rule at the castle.

Unfortunately for them, their father—the Red Hamish, as he was affectionately termed by the cottars—added to the lavish hospitality common to his forefathers a partiality for games of chance peculiar to himself; thus it came that in the latter days of the Red Hamish birds of queer feather began to roost in the turret chambers, and unseen but all too actual mortgages to accumulate upon the estate. Thereafter came a day when the two lads were summoned in hot haste—Colin (the elder) from Oxford, Hamish from the Highland regiment he had just joined—to meet by the deathbed of their father.

However manifold his failings, the Red Hamish had ever been adored by his boys; and though their faith was shaken to its foundations by the knowledge that through his prodigality their birthright had been squandered, neither uttered a disloyal word.

As they stood in the moonlight looking across the shimmering loch towards the sombre burying-place whither that day they had borne the body of a father who had robbed them of all heritage save youth and health, Colin solemnly registered a vow to go forth into the world and to wrest therefrom a

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fortune wherewith to buy back the home of his ancestors. Hamish, eager to share his labours, spoke of throwing up the career as a soldier that was opening before him, and joining in the race for wealth; but Colin met that proposal with a resolute refusal.

'There has always been a fighter among the Macnaughts. You are to be the fighter, Hamish. It was our father's wish, and we must try to keep up the traditions of the family. In a few days we must leave Glen-na-Grual to strangers; but, please God, we'll both live to walk the heather again knowing that the place is ours.'

A few weeks later Glen-na-Grual passed into the hands of a moneyed Southron who fancied adding the name of a Highland estate to the list of his abodes in the Court Guide. Colin was on his way to Hong-kong to join the shipping-house of a brother of his late mother; and Hamish was back in barracks trying to solve the problem set before every impecunious young officer of living on his pay.

Years passed on. Colin, hard at work in the East, remained unwed. Hamish, on getting his rank as major, married a pretty girl of good family but no fortune, who died leaving him with the younger Colin, a boy of five; and him the father reared after an original man-fashion that made matrons of orthodox views predict disastrous failure, but which had the unexpected result of developing him into a fine, manly young fellow.

At regular intervals laconic epistles crossed the ocean from Hong-kong. They told briefly of continued success; and, though he rarely mentioned their old home, Hamish knew that his brother's resolution to regain it had never faltered. Many were his interested inquiries regarding his nephew and namesake, Colin, whom he particularly desired should not follow his father's profession.

Nearly twoscore years had slipped by since the brothers had left the old home. The General, now on retired pay, was feeling his enforced idleness Reserved. OCT. 3, 1903.

irksome; and Colin, who had finished his Oxford course, was discussing the advisability of reading for the Bar, when a letter from the exile at Hongkong sent a ripple of pleasant anticipation over the tranquillity of their lives. In his epistle Mr Macnaught said that, having heard through an agent at Inverness of Glen-na-Grual being in the market, he had become the purchaser, and that by the time his letter reached London he would be on his way home to take possession.

Nothing is harder than, in the absence of ocular evidence, to realise the passage of years. Standing on the wharf that bleak January day, impatiently waiting while the liner ponderously sidled her huge bulk against the landing-stage, General Macnaught found himself all-unwittingly scanning the youthful male faces among the passengers for some trace of that brother from whom since they were both lads continents had divided him. He was still looking with a growing sense of disappointment when a voice that even long separation had not rendered unfamiliar exclaimed, 'Hamish! Hamish! you haven't changed a bit.' And, turning, the General discovered a traveller, enwrapped in half-a-dozen topcoats and muffled to the chin, shaking Colin vigorously by the hand.

'Tut, man!' cried the General, choking down a lump that had risen unaccountably in his throat, 'this is L. That's only my boy!'

The most distasteful moment in a man's life is the one wherein he realises that he ranks as old—that his still youthful soul looks out on the world from the mask of an old body, a gradually decaying husk that at no very distant date will assuredly cease to be a fitting receptacle for the spirit that now inhabits it. The brothers, who had retained vivid recollections of each other in early manhood, felt a depressing sense of blight fall upon them with the visible token of the passage of years. The knowledge that in outward appearance at least they were complete strangers marked a tragic moment in both their lives.

The returned exile could not identify the handsome boyish soldier he remembered in the form of the portly General whose big moustache showed white against his sun-tanned skin; and in the jaundiced traveller who already had begun to complain of the fog-ridden atmosphere of his native country the General failed to discover a trace of his heroic brother.

Mr Macnaught had no desire to tarry in a London that had few associations for him. His one craving was to journey northwards. It was bitter January weather; but in vain did the General urge him to wait a few days to accustom himself to the change of climate before setting forth. A journey of six hundred miles ranks as a mere excursion with one who has just traversed many thousands.

'I must reach home before I can really feel that I am resting. I have come from China to end my days at Glen-na-Grual, and I grudge every moment till I get there.'

After dinner on the night of his arrival, when Colin had retired, leaving his elders to have a confidential chat over their cigars, Mr Macnaught spoke in warm terms of his satisfaction in his nephew.

'We are old men now, Hamish; but I'd like to think that when we are gone Colin's children will run about the braes as we used to do. If I could see him married to the right person and settled in the old house I'd feel my life-work had not been in vain.'

'Tut, man, tut!' the General interposed hastily, 'it's too soon to talk of Colin's bairns. You yourself may marry yet.'

'I might have thought of that once,' Mr Macnaught confessed sadly; 'but the ambition to win back the old place interfered until it was too late. She married somebody else, and died unhappy. I was able to do a little to lighten her last days; but I have always regretted—always regretted'——

He spoke the last words dreamily, as though, being much alone, he had fallen into the habit of talking to himself. 'But Colin—has he any thought of a wife?' he added more cheerfully.

'I've sometimes had a fancy he might do worse than choose Jean Crighton. She's his second-cousin on the mother's side, you know.'

With the suggestion a shadow had fallen upon Mr Macnaught's face. 'Is anything settled yet? Are they engaged?' he asked anxiously.

'No, no. Just a fancy of my own. I don't know whether the idea has ever occurred to the boy.'

With the General's denial the shadow passed; but Mr Macnaught looked oddly worn and exhausted.

'There's something I want to talk to you about: a plan I've been making; but I'm tired to-night. We'll have plenty of time to consult about it at Glen-na-Grual,' he said. 'Good-night.'

Certain eccentricities of manner seemed to have developed during Mr Macnaught's exile. He had always been reserved of speech and tenacious of purpose; so, when next morning he announced his intention of travelling alone to Scotland, the General knew his brother well enough to refrain from offering any opposition.

'You and Colin will join me next week. By that time I'll have got the old place to look like itself again, and will be able to welcome you as I would like.'

At the departure of the afternoon express for the north, the Chinese servant Mr Macnaught had brought from Hong-kong was in attendance, and Colin could have sworn he overheard him say something about 'Missee Lulu,' pointing as he spoke to an adjacent carriage. Mr Macnaught had waved the man away impatiently; but the compartment indicated was the one he ultimately entered, and in the dusk of its interior Colin caught a glimpse of a female figure.

'Next week, then, Friday, I'll expect you both. And Colin, my boy, I've a surprise in store for you—a big one!' The train was already in motion when the concluding words were uttered; and for a day Colin puzzled over their import both with his father and in secret. His uncle had smiled affectionately as he spoke, so the surprise must be a pleasant one, he concluded. In any case, Friday was not far distant.

But the nature of his promised surprise Mr Macnaught was fated never to reveal.

The General and Colin, chancing to call at the

United Service Club on Tuesday morning on their return from a week-end visit to the Crightons at Clamber Court, found a batch of telegrams from Scotland awaiting them.

Those dated Friday and Saturday were couched in the same terms: Mr Macnaught was dangerously ill; would they come at once! The last message stated that he had died on Sunday night. All were signed with a woman's name: Laura Gorman.

JAMES ABBOT M'NEILL WHISTLER. A MEMORY AND A CRITICISM.

By HARRY QUILTER.



N future years everything relating to the late James Abbot M'Neill Whistler will become of interest: the accretions of legend will be many, the verifiable facts few. The artist was singularly reticent as to the facts of

his life, though voluble enough as to his opinions, his prejudices, and his deserts; and of the various accounts of him which have appeared since his death, no two quite agree even in main details. But that which renders it difficult to believe he is dead at all-his rich, varied, militant personalityis universally admitted. His loss is not chiefly the loss of an artist, but of a man: one with good red fighting-blood in him, equally ready, as Rossetti put it, for 'a tube of white lead or a smack on the head;' and Rossetti was an intimate personal friend, and hit him off with both rhyme and reason as 'a bristler.' His controversies were many, and each was accompanied by a war-dance: victory and the taking of scalps were celebrated alike in defeat and conquest. 'I fought, he fell, by the Wurra-Gurra River,' or words to that effect, was the artist's chorus after every encounter. And all the little journalists echoed the refrain; for, at his weakest, Whistler was 'splendid copy,' not less because he was equally unscrupulous and acute in controversy, and almost fiendishly ingenious in insult. He made friends readily, used them unsparingly, and abused them heartily when they had served his turn or incurred his displeasure; and especially rough was he to those who bought his pictures. From Leyland to Eden few of these escaped castigation; and castigation from Whistler was no light affair: he laid on with a will and like a workman.

But of all those who were dowered with his 'hate of hate and scorn of scorn,' the present writer was the most richly favoured. For more years than he can remember, the painter at shorter or longer intervals crusaded against him, sometimes in his own person in full war-paint, so to speak, with due pomp and ceremony; sometimes in side-blows during other controversies; in letters, articles, pamphlets, books, and speeches did the 'master' seek my 'scalp' to adorn his 'wigwam.' For some

years—I was very young—I confess this pertinacious animosity worried me exceedingly (no one likes to have a hornet ceaselessly and viciously buzzing about his head), and no doubt injured me to some extent; but I early discovered that the one thing which enraged Whistler beyond all else was to take no notice of his attacks, and thenceforward I allowed him to say what he pleased uncontradicted; and as I could not write of his work without suspicion of being influenced by partisanship, I ceased to mention it at all.

For about twenty years this silence has been preserved, and it seems to me the time has come when it may be fitly broken. Partly because it is only fair to myself that those interested in the matter should know the facts of the case, the reason why the painter attacked and went on attacking a public writer who was neither unfriendly nor inconsiderate of his art; and partly also because I can now set down my full opinion of Mr Whistler's art without fear of misconstruction—that opinion being, I may say at once, a high one, and one which has not changed in any essential particular during the last twenty years.

From the first the row was not between Mr Whistler and myself only. Two other men were mixed up with it: Edmund Yates and Oscar Wilde. The origin of the latter's animus was quite evident, for I had from the very beginning riddled the æsthetic movement with ridicule and sarcasm, tried my very best to knock it on the head. I thought and said, as I think and say now, that the craze was unmanly, pernicious, and absurd; that it was inconsistent with a real feeling for art; that in life it tended towards everything that was insincere, futile, and despicable. My articles were well known, and, I may say at this length of time, were widely read and quoted; the only attempt at answering them was once in the Cornhill, by Grant Allen, and that only dealt with a side-issue. Oscar Wilde was, of course, the high-priest of the æsthetic, and, very unfortunately, the most intimate friend of Whistler. Both were friends of Mr Edmund Yates, the editor of the World. Why this gentleman, whom I had never spoken to, should have disliked me I never

understood. Perhaps it was only from friendship with the poet and the painter above-named; but in any case he not only admitted their attacks, which always took the form of personalities, but identified himself with them whenever occasion served. As I shall not mention Mr Yates again, I may add here that in 1888, when I first edited the Universal Review, he apologised to me privately and very completely for his share in these attacks, and offered to write for my Review. He also inserted a quasi apology in the World for the amount of persiflage which had appeared in his columns concerning Mr Harry Quilter.

The following letters will give some idea of the kind of persiftage which used to appear in the World. The date of the first is 17th November 1880; that of the second, 17th October 1883. The subject of each is sufficiently apparent from the letters themselves. The second is a good specimen of Whistler's style.

What the World says:

'There is no blunder of which the Times has not lately shown itself to be capable; but surely it can hardly be true that the successor to Tom Taylor in the art department of that journal is to be Mr Harry Guilter? [sic]. This young gentleman, I believe, was brought up among a collection of water-colours, and lives in the house which was formerly Mr Whistler's; but if he possesses any other qualification for his task he has yet to show it. True, Mr Guilter has written a Life of Giotto, and contributed some articles on art-subjects to the magazines. But his book was shown to be full of blunders; and his articles have unfortunately been distinguished by nothing so much as their egotism and violence. It seems to be Mr Guilter's ambition to be known as the scourge of the "intense;" and he writes like one suffering under a nightmare, after going through a course of Mr Du Maurier's caricatures. Now, there is plenty to laugh at in the æsthetic revival of the day; but to scream, as Mr Guilter does, alike at what is best and what is worst in the movement, is to become both ridiculous and offensive yourself. I see, by the way, that only in last week's Athenæum attention is called to an error of fact, for which this spirited young gentleman had declined to apologise when called upon.'

'To the Editor of the "World."

- 'O Atlas! what of the "Society for the Preservation of Beautiful Buildings"?
- 'Where is Ruskin? and what do Morris and Sir William Drake?
- 'For behold! beside the Thames the work of desecration continues, and the "White House" swarms with the mason of contract.
- 'The architectural galbe that was the joy of the few and the bedazement of "the Board" crumbles beneath the pick (as did the north side of St Mark's), and History is wiped from the face of Chelsea.

'Shall no one interfere? Shall the interloper, even after his death, prevail?

'Shall 'Arry, whom I have hewn down, still live among us by outrage of this kind, and impose his memory upon our pavement by the public perpetration of his posthumous Philistinism?

'Shall the birthplace of Art become the tomb of its parasite in Tite Street?

'See to it, Atlas! lest, when Time, the healer of all the wounds I have inflicted, shall for me have exacted those honours the prophet may not expect while alive, and the inevitable blue disc embedded in the walls shall proclaim that "Here once dwelt" the gentle master of all that is flippant and fine in Art, some anxious student, reading, fall out with Providence in his vain effort to reconcile such joyous reputation with the dank and hopeless appearance of this "model lodging," bequeathed to the people by the arrogance of "'Arry."

'J. M'NEILL WHISTLER.

'TITE STREET, Oct. 14.'

So much for the persistage. What had I done to inspire it? Well, the cause was of more complicated origin than in the case of Oscar Wilde, and was not due—though this the public has never known—to anything I wrote about Whistler's painting. As a matter of fact, the only public critic who took his work in the celebrated Grosvenor Exhibition of 1877 seriously was myself. Readers may be interested to refer to the Spectator of that date in proof of the assertion.

No; the real dispute between Mr Whistler and myself, the matter which lay at the root of the whole unpleasantness, was not a matter of artcriticism at all, but simply one of personal friendship. I was, in the early days, a devoted admirer of John Ruskin, and was unutterably disgusted when, after the celebrated trial of Whistler versus Ruskin, which resulted, it will be remembered, in a verdict for the plaintiff-damages one farthingthe painter wrote a very bitter pamphlet attacking the author of Modern Painters. This was entitled Art and Art-Critics, and raised the whole question of the latter's necessity and use. This would have been permissible enough; but what was not permissible was that Mr Whistler made various insulting and inaccurate statements about Ruskin, and begged the whole question. A young man, who had only lately entered the ranks of criticism, I saw the writer whom I admired more than any other, as I thought unfairly derided and entirely misrepresented. The columns of the Spectator were opened to me by my friend and editor, Mr Hutton, and I wrote a rather strong sub-leader, entitled 'Mr Whistler's Revenge,' explaining his misstatements and, at all events in my own opinion, proving the animus and mala-fides of his pamphlet.

This was the true origin of the Whistler-Quilter squabble. But worse was to come. As one result of the trial, in which each party had to bear his own costs, the painter was sold up, and his pet plaything, the White House, Tite Street, came to the

hammer. Quite innocently, I bought the house, and this was my second crime. In truth, I see now that the episode was a little irritating: to have your fallacies exposed one week and your dwellingplace bought the next by the same individual, and that individual a boy almost raw from college, was enough to make any artist savage, and Whistler cried out bitterly in a letter addressed to the World. Still, the catalogue of my malpractices is not complete. Over the doorway of the White House, at the time when it passed into my hands, was an inscription passably irreverent, but decidedly amusing, which had been painted up by Mr Whistler himself, mainly for the purpose of annoying his friend and architect, Mr E. W. Godwin: 'Except the Lord build the house they labour but in vain that build it.-E. W. Godwin, F.S.A., built this one.' This pearl of wit I had chipped off the stone, and again the artist cried out in the same Thus 'bad begins, but worse remains journal. behind;' for, finding that there was little sleeping accommodation in the house, and certainly no means of washing, I altered the huge studio at the top, and made bed and bath rooms and other necessities, and in so doing changed slightly the front elevation—considerably for the better, as I thought. But Whistler, who still seemed to imagine he had some seigniorial rights over the building, was more aggrieved than ever at this desecration, as he called it; and again the columns of the World (v.s.) bore witness to his wrath. I did not answer any of these letters, and his anger would probably have died out in a year or two had not fate so willed it that I should offend again, and this time beyond all hope of pardon.

In the spring of 1880 I was, as usual in those days, in Italy, and spent a few weeks at Venice. I had been drawing for about five days in one of the back canals a specially beautiful doorway, when one morning I heard a sort of war-whoop, and there was Whistler, in a gondola close by, shouting out, as nearly as I can remember, 'Hi! hi! What, what! Here, I say, you've got my doorway.' 'Your doorway? Confound your doorway!' I replied. 'It's my doorway. I've been here for the last week.' 'I don't care a straw. I found it out first. I got that grating put up.' 'Very much obliged to you, I'm sure; it's very nice. It was very good of you.' And so for a few minutes we wrangled; but, seeing that the canal was very narrow, and that there was no room for two gondolas to be moored in front of the chosen spot, mine being already tied up exactly opposite, I asked him if he would not come and work in my gondola. He did so; and, I am bound to say, turned the tables on me cleverly. For, pretending not to know who I was, he described me to myself, and recounted the iniquities of the art-critic of the Times, one 'Arry Quilter-he always wrote my name 'Arry in his letters-and this at great length and with much gusto. So he sat and etched and chattered, and to the best of my remembrance I enjoyed the situation, and certainly

bore him no ill-will. But a few months afterwards, when his first set of Venetian etchings was exhibited at the Fine Art Society, this plate of the doorway appeared amongst them, and on the private view-day, full of his well-merited triumph, Whistler rushed up to me as I was standing in front of this doorway-plate with, 'Eh! eh! what do you think of that now?' His triumph was so unfeigned and so vehement, his desire to be unpleasant so manifest, that the devil entered into me—he was always round the corner in those days if there was the prospect of a fight-and I said very loud, and in the hearing, I should think, of about thirty people, 'Very nice indeed; but what a pity it's all wrong!' For once the master had no reply ready, he was so utterly astounded; and he only stammered feebly, 'Wrong -wrong? What's wrong with it?' and so delivered himself into my hands. For I had not spent twelve days drawing that blessed gateway for nothing, and knew every stone of the sculpture, every line of the ironwork. That's one merit of the Ruskin method of study: it may not make you a painter, it may even hinder you from being an artist; but it does make you abominably, pragmatically accurate in detail. Whistler's etching was a little masterpiece; I knew that well enough even then, and said so imperturbably in the Spectator a day or two later; and my drawing was—well, one of my drawings, and scarcely a work of art at all, but as far as fidelity went, the last was as superior to the first as it was inferior in all the finer and more individual qualities

This was the last time I ever spoke to Whistler, and from that day his attacks upon me, which were very numerous, were so offensively personal that I found it better to cease writing about his art altogether.

The above is the simple, and I believe absolutely unadulterated, truth, and it accounts for my never having attempted to give an estimate of Mr Whistler's art from 1880 to the present time. The row was a foolish, unnecessary, and mistaken one; and though I think I suffered most from the manysidedness of the attacks which the triumvirate made against me-attacks which their followers in the press frequently re-echoed and elaborated—yet Whistler lost something also, for I very early came to admire greatly many characteristics of his art; and many years before the critics were converted to adulation I understood how genuine an artist he was, and could, I feel sure, have caused a considerable section of the public to see it long before the revulsion in his favour actually did take place.

Those who will take the trouble to refer to the articles in the *Spectator* of 1877 on the Grosvenor Gallery, and of 1880 on the Venetian etchings at the Fine Art Society, will see that from the very first I took Mr Whistler's art quite seriously, and was by no means deficient in my appreciation of either the landscape paintings or the etchings. I did not, however, like the portraits exhibited in either the first or second Grosvenor, and I can only

console myself for not doing so by remembering that these are seldom alluded to now by any of the artist's admirers, and have never been quoted as good specimens of his art. The celebrated portrait of his mother had been exhibited in 1872, when I was travelling in America, and the works known as the 'White Girl' and the 'Piano Picture' had been shown a good many years earlier, when I was still a boy at school. So it was that the Grosvenor portraits came upon me quite unpreparedly; and as they exhibited in a very marked degree the artist's peculiarities, I am not surprised that I failed to appreciate them, though I did not dispraise them. It must be remembered also that at that time the Pre-Raphaelites, and especially the work of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, were the subjects of my warmest admiration, and no doubt this to some extent prevented my fully estimating work of such alien quality as Whistler's.

Every one knows by this time how Whistler gradually rose in public estimation; but few realise how exclusively that reputation, for very many years, was what may be called a professional one, and it is a fact that even now it is to some extent confined to a clique. The Whistler critics were very strong on the Press from 1888 onwards. In a few papers it was almost impossible to take up a notice of any exhibition without finding the artist's name dragged in and his work mentioned in terms of most excessive laudation; but during the whole of this time there was scarcely any buying public for his larger pictures, though a very considerable one for his etchings, pastels, and lithographs, and the large prices that he occasionally obtained were all in the nature of special commissions from personal friends. The great masterpiece of his life, the very large and beautiful portrait of his mother, after being unsold for years, was ultimately disposed of to the Luxembourg for one hundred and twenty pounds—at least that is the sum generally quoted, and which I have never seen contradicted.

I shall now endeavour to make plain to the lay public some reasons which lead me to think that Mr Whistler, though undoubtedly an artist of genuine power and originality, is not to be ranked with the greatest painters, and what appear to me to be the chief defects and excellences of his art. If it be thought that this is a rather technical subject for Chambers's Journal, I would remind readers that the painter's career has been in this respect an unique one, that no man of our time has received such vehement blame and extravagant praise, and that to the present day his rank in art is by no means determined. No public gallery in England holds one of his pictures; he has not even been purchased by the Chantrey Trustees.

I will make my brief words on the qualities of Whistler's art as little technical as possible, at the risk of being hauled over the coals by more learned critics. It will be remembered that the critical world passed, after a considerable period of inde-

cision, from a contemptuous denial of the painter's ability, through successive periods of appreciation, eulogy, adulation, and ultimately indifference. The critics found a newer Franco-Transatlantic deity to put out of joint the noses of Michelangelo and Leonardo, and are at the present time sighing after some one newer still. The time is coming, therefore, when, the heat of partisanship having passed away, Whistler's real achievement can be soberly discussed and sanely estimated; and the subject appears to divide itself naturally into the following three questions: (1) what the artist intended to do; (2) what he did do; (3) what that doing was worth. Every artist whose work is worth much consideration demands it because of some one or two new things which he alone has done-new members, so to speak, whom he has introduced into the ultraselect club of art. Now, in considering Whistler's work we are met by one great difficulty—the difficulty that what is most apparently characteristic of his painting does not constitute its chief claim to our admiration. The typically Whistlerian pictures, those which every young lady from an Art School would hail with acclaim as by the hand of the master, are not by any means the artist's best productions—nay! are very nearly his worst. The 'Harmonies,' the 'Nocturnes,' the various 'arrangements' in flesh-colour and mud-colourmetallic, botanical, or what not—are at the best inconsiderable, the mere trifling of a clever man with the easily gulled admiration of his disciples. Had he done nothing but such work, the painter might easily have been left to such shallow admirers; but in at least two other directions Whistler has achieved very notable things. He has now and again in portraiture produced paintings of such impressiveness, such grasp of subject and strength of conception, as to be almost unique in this department of modern painting; and he has also executed some of the most suggestive etchings of city-life which have been produced in our time. To these a third quality, a purely technical one, must be added—that is, his mastery in the management of paint: a mastery difficult to define to the amateur, but which may perhaps be hinted at by saying that he gets rid of paint altogether. His works do not suggest and hardly reveal it, but seem to attain their end without its medium. What praise is to be given to this special achievement is a difficult question; but there is no doubt that it is one which appeals extraordinarily to artists, and indeed to all who have ever struggled with the technique of oil-

Another point which excites much admiration—but, as it seems to me, with less justification—is the manner in which Whistler withdraws the subject of his picture within its frame. He withdraws it securely to such distance as he sees fit, and in such placing he appears to work with the most felicitously decorative faculty. I hardly know a single picture by this artist in which the subject could have been better placed with regard to its sur-

roundings and the boundary of the picture. These are great merits: the work is also not without corresponding limitations. Though decoratively admirable, too many of Mr Whistler's pictures lack solidity and realisation; they are to be accepted only in certain moods and under certain conditions; they need a preconceived opinion; they compel only admiration which has been, so to speak, previously given-nor, I think, can they be said ever, with one notable exception, to shed any new light on the character of the sitter: not only Cæsar and Pompey, but their wives and children, are very much alike to Mr Whistler. They are patches of decorative ornament, useful for the mosaic of the painting; for, note that although the divisions of the tesserse are wanting, Whistler's painting is essentially a mosaic, a flat decoration of tints and forms.

The praise, therefore, I think, which must be given to him is that of having subdued alike the nature, the form, and the colours of his figuresubjects into harmonies of line and tint original to himself. He has treated contour in a new way; he has produced an illusion of modelling without the apparent use of any of the means by which that illusion is obtained; or, rather, he does not produce that illusion at all, but has induced us to do without it by a cunning substitution of his own. This is what he has done, and very probably what he intended to do; though on this point the artist has been wisely dumb, or at least so enigmatic as to be unintelligible. The single exception to the above is to be found in almost the first celebrated picture Mr Whistler exhibited, and one which, I may here state for the first time, I had the ill-fortune not to see till more than a dozen years after its production. This was the portrait of the artist's mother, now in the Luxembourg Gallery. There is no question that this is one of the great portraits of modern days. It would be difficult to praise it too highly; it is unnecessary, at this time of day, to praise it at all. I mention it here because the qualities that render it great are indisputably those which have distinguished all great art since painting began. In subject, not superficial delineation or suggestiveness, but realisation and penetration; in colour, subdued yet glowing harmony, not surface prettiness of tint; in form, nobility and repose, not antic or insignificance. As it seems to me, this is Mr Whistler's finest work, and all that he has done since this, admirable or the reverse in the degree that he has approached or receded from this excellence.

That he did recede from it, and very quickly, is indisputable; that he played with his talent and strove to impose eccentricities of rendering upon the public, which he might have conquered by faithful work. The root of the matter was always in him; but year after year it has become overgrown more and more. It is not enough that the painter should give us, in this or that portion of his picture, hints of form and colour and inten-

tion; we cannot accept such as complete work. Though we are willing to take from him, as Mr Swinburne rightly said, what he has in him to give, it must be all he has in him, not such small change as he can most readily spare.

In all probability Whistler might have been one of the greatest artists of our day. As it is he has only proved to us that genius itself requires for its full development sincerity and work. The reasons for his falling away, his decadence, have always appeared to me to be very simple and evident. The change coincided with, and was in all probability due to, the painter's changed manner of life, his personal popularity, his social ambitions, his increased expenditure—in a word, his attempt to serve those incompatible masters, Art and Society. Herein lay the secret of his life and art, this and not any special peculiarity of vision or mysterious aim; and this too was why criticism enraged him beyond endurance. He had grown impatient, possibly incapable, of prolonged effort, of quietly considered work; he was intoxicated with the sense of power; he thought whatever he chose to do was good enough because he did it. This may be the wrong explanation; but if so, the facts of the case are to me inexplicable. Besides, all the circumstances point in the same direction. Whistler was notoriously extravagant and always short of money; notoriously his prices were high in the extreme, and on the money-question his disputes with the buyers of his pictures were bitter and frequent. Even his etchings were sold, and in the case of one famous set paid for before they were exhibited; and the work was only ultimately obtained from him by the stoppage of pecuniary supplies. These facts are not new or in any sense private, nor do I mention them in disparagement of the artist, but simply to account for the fact that, genius as he was, his best, finest work was that done in his earlier years, and inspired by so simple and bourgeois a sentiment as love for his mother. In this picture there is not only the artistic accomplishment, but the seriousness, the dignity, and the tenderness which are not to be found elsewhere; and if he had continued to work in such a manner and in such a spirit, he might and would have given us a score of other masterpieces such as English painting has never possessed. Of course, he was a great artist -an artist in everything he touched, an artist from first to last-but he was an artist manque-wrecked, despite his long life and his thousand admirers, by his own recklessness and persistent abuse of his powers. Personally I never knew him, and only came in contact with him on the occasions above mentioned, when I gave him a place in my gondola in Venice, and when he addressed me in the gallery of the Fine Art Society when his Venetian etchings were being exhibited. Though we disagreed on both occasions, I can well understand the charm he had for his friends, and their enthusiasm for his work being largely due to the personal equation. There was something child-like (an enfant terrible) about his

vanity, his preoccupation with himself, his contempt for established opinion. But his asserted indifference to criticism and praise was the merest bluff: never was genius more sensitive; his rejoinders were really howls of anguish. He must have been, in gentle mood, very lovable, and in every mood he was intensely stimulating, and alive to the tips of his delicate fingers. Such a beautiful hand it was, too; look else at Signor Boldini's portrait. It seems incredible that he should be dead. Unjust, even a little absurd, though he was, I would he were back again to gibe at my ignorance,

to poke me up with a paragraph in the World, and try to make me roar with anger as of old. The days pass on, and the old controversies and animosities die with them; but while remembrance lasts there lasts too—or rather comes in the years of change—a fondness for those with whom we measured swords, and gave and took the lusty blows of youth. Friends and enemies, are they not really the same? Shall we not know them as such in the days to come? At all events, the shaping of our lives is due in equal measure to foe and friend.

COMEDY EAST AND TRAGEDY WEST.

By ANDREW MARSHALL.

CHAPTER VI.



T was already the last week of Eardley's visit when the minister got a reply from his brother, the New York lawyer. It said:

'The man you ask about is well known down town, and does not

seem to bear the best of characters, though there is nothing definite against him that I can learn, except that he is said to have had the luck to pull safely out of an adventure which, but for a fortuitous turn of the market in his favour, would have landed him not only in bankruptcy but on the Island. He gives out that he is going to marry millionaire Carter's daughter, and that the engagement will be announced when she returns from Europe in the fall. If so, that will probably set him on his legs; but you had better be cautious.'

The minister gave the letter to Ross, who asked leave to take it with him, and-if, on consideration, he should judge it advisable—to show it to Mrs Winans. In the meantime he kept it to himself. He had not failed to notice the glow of happiness that this stranger had brought into Mary's life, nor the pale cheeks and languid steps that had already succeeded it. But the man would be gone in a few days, and perhaps it would be better to say nothing to Mary or her mother. He resolved, however, to have an explanation with Eardley; and, to avoid trouble, he determined to have it out of reach of the women. He therefore invited Eardley to spend a day with him at his farm. He told him if he brought his gun they might get a wild turkey or a deer, or even, with luck, a bear; and Eardley, already finding his time less light upon his hands than at first, and glad of the chance to have some 'sport' to talk of on his return to New York, readily agreed to go.

The New York lawyer was wrong in one detail. Eardley had not given out that he was engaged to Miss Carter. He had only contrived that it should be rumoured among people not in the Carters' set, and contradicted it in that well-known manner which is accepted as confirmation.

Ned re-read the letter and pondered over it, and every time he read it Eardley seemed to him a greater blackguard. Ned Ross's code of morals was a simple and a severe one. He could not fail in the rude West to meet with scoundrels of many types; but he kept a rather austere virtue himself, and never even pretended to tolerate the shortcomings of his neighbours. He was a good farmer and a first-rate shot, but no casuist. For him there were no white lies, no innocent sins. He had few intimate friends; but those he had leaned on him as on a rock. Though reticent and even exclusive, he was extremely popular. His character was very simple and very strong, and people trusted him. It was not always known what he would do, but it was always known what he would not do. The worst of him was that he made no compromises, and when he thought anything his duty, he did it regardless of consequences to himself or others. He was of Puritan ancestry and wilderness training. He had learned, like the ancient Persians, to ride, to shoot straight, and to speak the truth. Once at least he had thought proper to break the law; but the pioneers of civilisation get more conveniently down to first principles than those who live the conventional life of the older settlements, and he had been justified by public opinion. The right of the people to make their own laws is jealously guarded in the West, and the right of the people to change them at will, and to administer them as it chooses, is regarded as an indisputable corollary. On the evening before the visit to the farm Ross had not made up his mind what he should say to Eardley, when an incident happened which led him to a swift decision.

Miss MacDermott had asked Mary and Eardley to tea, and they were on their way home. She was hanging affectionately on his arm. She knew he was going in three more days, and no word had been spoken of the future. When she had timidly

approached the subject he had put her off with jokes and caresses; but now, almost in desperation, the poor girl resolved she would come to an understanding with her lover. He was to be away shooting with Ross on the morrow, and she would not see him all day.

'You are going out with Ned to-morrow to Shelby, Walter?' she said.

'Yes, Mary. You know I brought a lot of shooting-irons, thinking I might get some sport after big game in the West, and I haven't had as much as a shot at a jack-rabbit. I told Ross that, and he said if I came out to his place I would get at least a turkey or two. I don't want to carry all my ammunition home again.'

'And then, Walter—and then,' she hesitated, 'there will be just one more day.' She wondered he could take from her one of the poor two that remained, but she was too timid to say so.

'Ah!' he answered, 'don't let us think about it. How sweet these daisies look on your shoulder! You have such perfect taste, Mary, in wearing flowers! You must give me one of them. Won't you? And I'll wear it to-morrow for luck.'

But this time she would not be led aside. She screwed up her courage.

'Walter, oh, Walter! I may not have another opportunity to speak before you go. You know, dear, I trust you—oh, so perfectly!—but if you could—for mamma's sake too, Walter—oh, I'll be so terribly lonely when you're gone! You will forgive me, Walter; but if I had only something fixed, some definite'—— She broke down with a sob, though she was not crying. She could not go on. She was ashamed for herself, and half-unconsciously for him too. Surely he would understand her and speak.

Now was Eardley's time for a good solid lie. Nothing else could serve his turn; but he had hoped to get off without it, and he had not one just ready.

He stammered, 'Mary, you trust me, dear, don't you? You'll see all will come right, and what a happy pair you and I will be. You just leave it to me, and above all don't fret. What is a bit of a separation?'

'Walter,' she said—she could not let herself think he was purposely evading her, and yet it seemed so. She leaned heavily on his arm, and, in words that half-choked her, as she hoped against hope that she would draw from him some definite word, some fixed promise on which she could rest—'Walter,' she said in words he could scarcely hear, 'you have never said—you have never asked—that I—that we were to be married. Oh, how can you make me say it?'

She stopped. If he did not want to break her heart he should not have hesitated. But he had planned to go without making a promise in words. He had some confused notion that he would be a little less of a blackguard if he had no such promise to break. He had even in some dim way imagined

himself profiting by forcing her to confess that nothing had been said about marriage. He hesitated, and at last resolved that there was no help for it.

'Mary,' he began, 'how could you doubt?'

But it was too late. The strain on the poor girl's nerves had reached breaking-point. She trembled violently, and as they reached the garden-gate her self-control gave way. She grasped his arm convulsively with both her hands.

'Oh! oh!' she sobbed, 'what am I to do-what am I to do?'

Ross had been as quiet as usual at supper. The letter of the New York lawyer was in his pocket. He said nothing about it to Mrs Winans, who looked anxious and preoccupied. The sun was setting as he went out on the veranda and lit his pipe. Mrs Winans retired to her duties in the kitchen. Ned sat and smoked alone. The short American twilight passed quickly, and he was in darkness. The chorus of crickets and katydids chirped and crackled, and the twinkling fireflies spangled the blackness of the garden. He could hear the sounds of Mrs Winans' occupations in the kitchen, a distant rattle of crockery, the shutting of a door, and now and then the footsteps of passers-by in the street. He thought of the letter in his pocket, of Mary's sinking cheeks and feverish eyes, and of her mother's anxious looks. He cursed in his heart the vain easterner whose presence had disturbed the happy current of their lives, and his blood boiled at the thought of Mary's suffering wrong at Eardley's hands.

Suddenly a sound disturbed him. On the garden path below and hidden in the darkness some one was hysterically weeping. He held his breath to listen, and heard Mary's voice in heart-broken accents crying, 'Oh, Walter, Walter, what am I to do—what am I to do?'

Ross was no eavesdropper. He jumped up, knocking over his chair and dropping his pipe. He saw the red glow in the bowl as it lay at his feet, and picking it up, turned quickly into the house. As he went he heard a half-smothered oath from Eardley, who guessed from the noise that some one had overheard.

Ross did not sleep. Before the morning his fury had condensed into a plan. He rose early; and, leaving word with Mrs Winans that his man Dick would come with the buggy to drive Mr Eardley out to Shelby, where he would meet him, he went to the minister's house.

'Jack,' he said, 'I have come over to arrange with you about that marriage.'

'That marriage?' said the minister, with a smile.
'Am I to congratulate you at last, old man?'

'No, Jack, you can't congratulate me. It ain't my sacrifice yet. Mister Eardley and Mary are going to be married.'

'Oh, well, of course I'm not surprised. I've expected that.'

'Yes. And the New Yorker isn't quite used to our ways out here, and I have undertaken to arrange it with you. See?'

Ned's grave face was even graver than usual. He was pale, and spoke very quietly and deliberately.

There was a pause. Then the minister said, 'Well, Ned, and when is it to be?'

'To-day.'

The minister's eyes opened wider, but the other man kept looking at him with a steady and almost hypnotising gaze. That look seemed to warn him against any expression of surprise at the shortness of the notice or any needless question.

'Now, Jack,' continued Ross, 'you and I can trust each other any time without an argument. Is that so?'

'That is so, Ned, or it would be a pity.'

'Well, Mary does not know yet. Her mother does not know either. The fact is, this is a little arrangement between Mr Eardley and me. It is to be a surprise to them. I want you to go and tell them.'

'You want me to go and tell them?'

'Yes, to tell them just what I have been saying.

You will have to get them to be here at twelve o'clock, Mary ready to be married. The arrangements were not completed when Mrs Winaus and Mary retired last night, and as Mr Eardley,' continued Ross with still greater deliberation—'as Mr Eardley has made all his plans to leave for New York to-morrow, it just had to be to-day. You understand?'

'I'm not quite sure that I do. But I'll take it from you that you do. Of course there is something in this beyond what you are telling me. I won't ask what. I won't even think what it may be. You are their friend, and mine too. I trust you implicitly. I know you will do what is right.'

Ross grasped his hand.

'Thank you, Jack,' he said. 'You will not have to say more than I have told you, I think. With my message carried by you, Mary and her mother will come. They know us both. I'll be here at twelve o'clock with the bridegroom, and you may ask any one else you choose to come in, for this thing is to be public. You had better go over soon, that they may have time to get ready.'

'All right, Ned.'

'Till twelve, then.'

ON THE ROOF OF THE NEW WORLD.



INCE the first rough ties and rails were laid down upon the pioneer of railways, which opened with such a tragic episode, the iron road has penetrated into many regions, over shifting sands and eternal

snows, in advance of civilisation, in advance of settlement, sometimes only preceded by the hurrying feet of its own engineers. In an earlier period of construction in the western states of America, lines were built as pawns are moved upon the board. Hardly had the idea of some new connection or advance been conceived by one railroad president or manager, when another would discover that that particular connection or route was in his territory. In such cases prompt action was taken. The chief engineer would have his instructions within a few hours of the decision, and within twenty-four hours a surveying party would be en route for the nearest railroad point to the projected extension, to spend a summer among the Rosebuds, the Dacotas, or the Santees, and play a pawn's part in the great game carried on in New York, London, or Chicago.

In these later days there is no room for such sharp-shooting. Gigantic systems control immense areas, and no stolen marches are possible; but in South America the conditions are similar to those of California before 1849. The old Spanish life is turning over in its grave, and whether it will be revivified or smothered in the coming

years only the future can tell. Argentina and Chili are already being rapidly developed, and as regards railways, the former has more mileage than Italy; but from the twenty-third southern parallel north to Panamá we have four countries with an aggregate area of one million three hundred thousand square miles, or an area equal to that of European Russia, and a population of over eight millions served by one thousand one hundred miles of railway, largely narrow-gauge.

As may be imagined, surveying among the Andes is a very different thing from the work on a western prairie, where the greatest impediment is a slough, and where the United States surveyors have marked every section corner with a stone.

It is not only because these countries are backward and undeveloped that railways are wanting; the great natural difficulties have their share. When speaking of new works nowadays, things are no longer 'impossible,' they are only 'too costly' or 'premature'—classifications which have hitherto been very truly applied to all railway enterprise in these countries.

Immediately to the north of the comparatively well-developed Argentine pampas lies Bolivia, larger than France, with a population of over two millions, one of the four countries included in our comparison. It has five hundred miles of narrow-gauge railway, part of a line extending from the Pacific coast, running mainly through barren deserts, and although it is solely available for the

importation of foreign goods and the export of minerals from a few mines, it is yet a valuable property.

Since the Liberals have come into power, after many years of stagnation under a reactionist rule, some progress has been made in this country, the 'Garden of South America.' A Franco-Belgian company has applied for and been granted extensive concessions, including over fifty thousand square miles of rich forest-land, and has undertaken the construction of a railway from the river Paraguay westward to the city of Santa Cruz, with projected extensions to Sucre and Cochabamba; the Argentine line which now terminates in Jujuy has been surveyed to the Bolivian frontier, there to meet the Government survey made from Uyuni on the line now open; a short line is now under construction from Lake Titicaca to La Paz, to connect with the steamers which cross that lake to the Peruvian side and the railway to Mollendo on the Pacific; and an English syndicate, headed by Sir Martin Conway, has applied for concessions in the north-west of the country for the purpose of developing those almost unknown regions. There are general signs of awakening and progress, and surely not too soon. For it cannot be said there is much enterprise in a country which, though it contains millions of acres of some of the finest sugarproducing land in the world, within two hundred miles of its principal markets, imports its sugar from Hamburg and Peru, paying fivepence and sixpence a pound for what the people could themselves produce at half the price. Again, though it possesses great valleys in which the grape grows freely and ripens well, it imports largely a composition from Germany labelled Bordeaux or Chablis, and pays exorbitant prices for it. These concoctions possess only one advantage: the brand makes no difference in the price; a plain claret and a so-called Mouton Rothschild or Château Lafite cost exactly the same, and are equally terrible. Upon a recent trip to carry out one of the beforementioned surveys, we took, as something rather special, some highly recommended Scotch whisky, and after a heavy day's work in bitterly cold weather, got it out with pleasant anticipations of a seasonable toddy. The smell, however, was enough! If a low-grade of kerosene could be mixed with a cheap fusel-oil, and then heated, it might perhaps compete with that 'Heather Dew,' as the bottle unblushingly called it. It was reserved for the peones, and even they received it without thanks.

In such surveys as these the expedition cuts loose from its base, and must be completely self-contained. The chief must have absolute power and be implicitly obeyed, as an order misunder-stood or disregarded may cost the lives of more than one of the party. During a recent flying survey for a railway extension on the alta planicie, the arriero with the cargo-mules and

peones, including the bedding and provisions, was ordered to go forward to a locality the name of which, Confital, sounded like some confectionery. The day's work proved longer and more intricate than had been expected, and it was already dark before we had got into the neighbourhood of the rendezvous.

As the night settled down we found ourselves in a district broken with steep, narrow valleys and great, bare mountain-sides, and fifteen thousand feet high. It was soon completely dark, and we were painfully crawling up an apparently long valley; to our left the sharply rising mountain; to our right an abyss which we could neither see nor guess at the depth of, but towards which the led mules were perpetually edging, and away from which we scrambled sometimes on our hands and knees, hardly knowing from one moment to another if by some false step we should not lose our footing and fall to the bottom of some deep ravine, to be smashed on the rocks below. When at last the top was reached we saw a sharp drop, more dim, barren valleys, and dusky mountains; but we found neither arriero nor any Indian hut. It was decided to wait for the day. The mozos found an overhanging rock, and squatted under it, looking like the sitting mummies of their ancestors. A snowstorm came on; and as the temperature at these elevations during the night, in a snowstorm, is not exactly vernal, the two blankets available were quite insufficient, with the result that one man slept, while the other-the chief of the expedition, who had the bad habit of always thinking of others first and himself last -marked time upon a flat rock to avoid doing likewise. When, at four in the morning, the writer awoke, with a feeling of having been unutterably mean, he found his blankets covered with some inches of snow, and that solitary figure outlined against the white background still marking time.

What a dawn that was that came at last, so reluctantly and slowly, as the gray light sifted through the heavy clouds that covered the sky. and the great white slopes one by one shouldered their masses out of the gloom! The nevada had been general; we were alone up there in a world of dim clouds, white mountain-slopes, and whirling wreaths of snow. The mules were hurriedly saddled and mounted; and in a few hours, in a tiny Indian hut loosely built of rough stones and mud, a coarse meal of potatoes and quinua was obtained. In the meantime the arriero had failed to find the rendezvous, and, by a course of reasoning peculiar to himself, argued that it did not exist. We had inspired him with a wholesome dread of failing to obey orders; so, arguing, in a way complimentary to our energy, that we must certainly be in advance of him, he scurried forward to the next posts on the route. As he failed to hear of us there, his anxiety turned

to fright, his advance to a stampede, and he was only stopped at last, by a mounted messenger, over thirty miles away, still hurrying forward.

Some weeks later the writer returned to pick up the line and connect up with the rest of the survey. The sleeping-place was easily found; but that valley with the abyss on the right was absolutely non-existent. By sunlight it was resolved into a gentle mountain-slope, and where we had imagined was a chasm was a little pampa or plain covered with young grass, which was what the mules were edging away after. In this district we came across some remarkable natural monuments or series of monuments. It was the night we were destined to spend in the open, and it had already begun to grow dark when we came to a small valley perhaps half a mile long by a quarter broad. The formation was a reddish sandstone, and in the centre was a level green with a tiny stream of water running through it, the water ice-cold, for the height was about fourteen thousand feet. On the south side, lying north and south and extending for some hundreds of yards, lay scores of colossal stone figures side by side, some a hundred feet long, some fifty or sixty, but all lying at the same angle and in the same direction and all different. Some appeared to be robed, others nude, and one had his leg drawn up as The general effect in the if quietly sleeping. twilight in that lonely little valley was as though one had suddenly receded thousands or tens of thousands of years into some earlier period of the world's history.

At such heights clouds are sometimes very annoying, and the traveller is suddenly enveloped in a dense white fog, and every precaution has to be taken not to get hopelessly lost. An account of the technical difficulties of pioneer work would not probably be of much interest, but they are not inconsiderable. The country is, perhaps, well adapted for ballooning; but, looking out from some lofty points upon the rugged and erratic masses, probably lying at right angles to the course to be taken, and through or across which it is proposed to run a railway with a gradient of 3 or 4 per cent., at first one can only feel despair mingling with laughter. Still, by patient work, covering the ground thoroughly, routes have been found which are possible, though involving some engineering feats. As was observed during a recent survey, 'If this railway is built, it will be the eighth wonder of the world.' A great difficulty always is that no local information is to be relied on in the least. The white owners of the land know nothing of their own country, but will say anything they think will please. Much valuable time is lost in following up routes that, after perhaps days of possible gradients, suddenly end in some enormous quebrada or cañon at right angles to the line, or in some precipitous cliff that towers a thousand feet or more above the baffled explorer. It was after acting upon some information received from an old caballero who had a house beautifully situated on the river Ayopaya that we remonstrated at the inexactness, to put it mildly, of the account of the country. We had been told that we should find pura pampa (a level plain), whereas we had actually found it a horrible tangle of precipitous ravines running at all angles, and finally an ascent of more than two thousand feet at about 25 per cent. Our expostulations were received with surprise. 'But,' we were told, 'the llameros always take that path'—a llamero being a keeper of llamas, and the llama is capable of climbing an almost precipitous ascent with a load on its back.

The air at such heights is, of course, wonderfully pure; but a strong and healthy heart is necessary for the work, as the wear and tear is tremendous. The lungs of a healthy person soon accustom themselves to the rarefied air; but any one subject to siro-chi (mountain sickness) suffers very much; and if the journey is persisted in, dangerous symptoms sometimes supervene. Walking and climbing are not easy. The two golden rules are: take plenty of time, and keep your mouth shut. The height of the alta-planicie varies from ten thousand to fifteen thousand feet, and the elevated tract, which can only technically be called a plateau, supports mountains which are still higher. In fine weather-that is, for three-fourths of the year-the brilliantly clear atmosphere renders objects clearly visible at great distances. Usually for many days in succession the Cerro Hermoso, above Colquechaca, is visible from Tunari, above the Ayopaya, a distance of at least one hundred and fifty miles, and the dazzling white cone of Illimani can be seen from still greater distances.

Travelling off the main roads, such as a surveying party has to undertake, is not without its dangers. On a recent trip of two months' duration, out of a total of nine horses and mules all in good condition, six were killed, usually by falling over precipices or in crossing swollen rivers. Some of the little-used paths which must be traversed require strong nerves. The path is never more than barely wide enough for a foothold, with a fall beneath of anything from a hundred to a thousand feet; and it sometimes happens that a heavy rain will carry away ten or twenty yards of the roadway, and you suddenly find yourself, on turning some sharp corner, on the narrow edge, with vacancy ahead and the mules pressing on from behind as though determined to push you and your beast off that two-foot road down a few hundred feet of perpendicular fall.

On one occasion, when we lost more than one mule and cargo, we were following one of those 'razor-backs' occasionally met with when a narrow and lofty ridge joins two mountain groups. It was among heavy clouds, and the ridge became

narrower and narrower and the slopes beneath took a sharper angle, until at last we were crawling along the uneven crest of a rotten and crumbling schist, wet and slippery, not more than a metre wide, and at the sides having twenty or thirty feet of almost perpendicular fall, the clouds hiding the rest. A frantic scramble, succeeded by a long slide, told us that a mule had gone over; and cautiously advancing, we found that the ridge had broken away under the mule's feet, and as we stood there was crumbling under our own. To turn the rest of the animals round on that narrow, slippery path, with death on either side, was no easy task; but after a couple of hours' hard work it was accomplished, and we all breathed more freely, probably including the mules, when we reached the mountain flank and were out of that treacherous ridge.

The inhabitants of the alta-planicie are as strange as their country. The two tribes or nations of Quichua and Aimara Indians divide it not unequally between them. If there could be any preference between two lots of cruel, treacherous savages, it might be given to the Quichuas, who are capable of being civilised, and if uniformly well treated are useful labourers; but for the Aimaras it is not easy to say a single word of praise. Insolent, cunning, treacherous, fiends of cruelty, filthy in their habits, drunkards, and when drunk capable of any crime, it is difficult to find any redeeming feature among their characteristics. In a late revolution a party of soldiers were sent to an outlying village, where -deceived by the friendliness of the cura (the resident Catholic priest) and the corregidor, an Indian—they allowed themselves to be decoyed |

into the church, leaving their arms, by the cura's directions, at the entrance. The doors were then securely fastened from outside, and the church set on fire; the whole party perishing in the flames. That the cura was never punished for this infamous trick, although the soldiers belonged to the party since in power, is evidence of the power of the Roman Catholic Church in that country.

In this connection may be mentioned a remarkable episode that occurred more recently in Sucre, the capital. A Protestant missionary had for some time been working among the people with enough success to alarm the priests. The matter was brought to the notice of the archbishop, who, under some ancient law never repealed, actually petitioned the supreme court that the missionary might be executed - decapitated or shot-for teaching false and pernicious doctrines. The affair ended in the court denying his prayer and casting the reverend prelate in costs; but, legally speaking, the decision was not above criticism. The constant policy of the Romish Church has been to keep the people in total ignorance, and even to discourage any education among the white population except when directed by themselves. The consequence is that general education is so defective as to be practically non-existent, and the schools that are now being started by a Canadian society have a wide field of usefulness before them, for the people are naturally quick to learn, and, probably owing to the great altitude of the country, are a robust, wiry race, capable and, for South Americans, energetic, but hitherto ignorant to an inconceivable degree.

THE EVOLUTION OF TRINITY HOUSE.

By HENRY LEACH.



HERE is a man whom you very often meet on the deck of a steamer when you are upon a short voyage, and with whom you inevitably fall into conversation as you both lean upon the rails and watch the blinking

lights and the buoys as they weirdly bob up from the gloom and go back to it as they are dropped astern. The peculiarities of these lights and buoys as they are studied while your ship is steaming away in the dark from Dover, Harwich, or other harbour are an obviously excellent subject with which to speculate in the opening of a talk; and it is a strange thing if you have not met this man, omniscient in matters maritime when he is afloat, who at the flagging moment in this deck-chat, as if to dispel the mystery which surrounds the working of these ocean guides, remarks that, of course, it is Trinity House which attends to all such things. Not for the richest carge of an argosy would you

then expose yourself to the righteous contempt of this authority by asking such a simple question as how that should be, or what is this Trinity House, or whence does it come, and why. And so is the sum of the voyager's knowledge that there is a Trinity House somewhere which in some mysterious manner has something to do with the lights and buoys, and one or two other such indispensables to the traffic of the sea.

It has, indeed, been suspected by some good folks that there is no such thing in reality as a Trinity House; that it is but a maritime Mrs Harris, existing only in the imaginations of superior people for the purpose of being quoted as an authority. Anyhow, it is probable that there is no public institution at the present time of anything like equal importance about which the public are so ignorant, and concerning which, therefore, there is so little disposition on the part of the captious taxpayer to meddle. If he knew more of Trinity House

and its origin and methods, he would, indeed, be tolerably certain, with that reforming spirit which is so characteristic of him, to make more or less numerous suggestions for the mending or ending thereof, just as they have been made of other ancient institutions upon which there beats a fiercer light of publicity; but not for a world shall it be a purpose of this writer to question here the right and fitness of Trinity House to go on attending to its lights and buoys, and seeing to it that its pilots do their duty. That may be the concern of others. The more interesting point for the moment is that this is one of the most curious and mysterious survivals of an old institution governing an important section of the national life. If Trinity House had followed the normal rule of development it would have lost itself ere this in a plain, matter-offact Government department, going by some such absurdly simple title as a Coast and Harbour Office. Instead of which it is an old-fashioned body with much that is autocratic in its ways, and resentful to a degree of the interference of the land laity outside. Neither Governments nor taxpayers elect it; it elects itself; and it adds something to the aweinspiring mystery surrounding the whole institution when we find that the ruling spirits are not members, nor even ministers—prosaic designations—but Brethren, if you please. There are Elder Brethren and there are Younger Brethren, and there is Royalty among them. Imagine, if you can, a Home or Foreign Office or a Board of Trade being ruled by 'Brethren,' and then you will have arrived approximately at an idea of the extent of the achievement of Trinity House in its perpetuation of the picturesque past.

Some degree of doubt and mystery overhang its inception. We are speaking now of the London Trinity House, which, with all due respect to others bearing a similar title, is the chief and of the greatest historic interest. Actually, it should be explained, there are no fewer than five institutions bearing such a title, and their functions are similar. Besides that which has its headquarters on Tower Hill, hard by the Royal Mint, there are the Trinity Houses of Hull, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Leith, and Dundee. It is the general and no doubt correct impression that the origin of the society in each case must be attributed to seamen inspired with motives of selfpreservation, with which were naturally blended others of a religious character. There was something of the secret society about them at the beginning, and it is one of the amazing facts of the present day that such an administrative department as it has resolved itself into in the course of time should be in some respects a secret society still. Certainly the London Trinity House was at the commencement of its career primarily a religious order; and the first thing we hear of it—a knowledge which is more traditional than otherwise—is that in the days of King Alfred there was a philanthropic institution which in some of its functions bore a resemblance to the Trinity House which came later. Then,

early in the fifteenth century, there is mention of a society coming into existence which took to itself the imposing title of 'The Guild or Fraternity or Brotherhood of the most glorious and undividable Trinity of St Clement, in the parish of Deptford Strond, in the county of Kent.' This was Trinity House without a doubt, and the Guild came formally to receive a charter in the year 1514, and had its headquarters at Deptford. At the outset the powers which were conferred upon it were wonderfully comprehensive, and the crafty manner in which it managed to get them enlarged from time to time is such as to excite one's admiration. If but a little of the tenacity and astuteness which characterised the early Brethren has passed along the line from them to their modern successors, the whole mystery as to the continued existence and power of Trinity House is explained. The main object of the charter which was granted by Henry VIII. was to improve the breed of seamen; and in order that it might be abundantly achieved, powers were granted wholesale. The Guild was given 'power and authority for ever of granting and making laws and ordinances' for the benefit of shipping interests; and it is not to be wondered at that later on this and other provisions of the charter were made the subject of attack and inquiry. In Elizabeth's reign the corporation enjoyed a notable acquisition of powers when the Lord High Admiral Howard surrendered to Her Majesty a number of rights, the chief of which were those relating to beaconage and buoyage, at the same time advising her to bestow them again upon Trinity House; and thus it came to pass that by the time of Charles L the duties of this Trinity House were so extensive as to make it difficult to discover any maritime matter in which it had not more or less of a controlling authority. It was its business to erect beacons; to lay buoys; to be responsible for the naval stores and for the shipbuilding-yards at Deptford; to control the purchase of ships for the navy; to inspect the provisions, cordage, ordnance, and ammunition both of royal and naval ships; to grant certificates to pilots; to examine and recommend masters for the navy; and even when occasion demanded to act the part of an auxiliary press-gang. More than this, it is clear that Trinity House had the power even of appointing English consuls at foreign ports.

Apparently the ambition of the corporation was not as yet by any means satiated, and events moved in its favour so that it was enabled to effect another great coup when James II. was on he throne—a coup, moreover, from which it derives advantage to this day. Suddenly the corporation surrendered its charter to the king, a move which would have been inexplicable but for the fact that the next moment it begged His Majesty to grant it back again, and the king obligingly agreed—with a whole batch of additional privileges included in it! The new charter added eighteen Elder Brethren to the list; and though the king at first reserved to himself the right to nominate them, their election came

from the Younger Brethren in the ordinary course. This title of Younger Brethren had been bestowed upon the members generally by James I. One of the new privileges of the corporation was the somewhat curious one of being authorised to examine the boys of Christ's Hospital in mathematics. Trinity House at last built a lighthouse; and though for different reasons many of the lighthouses which followed it were subject to private ownership, an Act of Parliament was passed in the reign of William IV. by which all these private rights were purchased by Trinity House.

Surely in the zenith of its power this was indeed a most 'glorious' corporation. The master-mariner and the seaman had the utmost respect for it. It made a law that every man who awore, cursed, or blasphemed on board ship was to be taxed a shilling for the offence, which shilling went as a contribution to charity. Every man who got drunk was similarly fined, and a smaller toll was exacted from the sailor who missed his prayers. Trinity House, further, could punish him for mutiny and desertion, and it could prevent the foreign sailor from serving on board the British ship without a license; and, ever with a foremost thought for charity, it gave licenses to poor, aged, and maimed mariners 'to row upon the river Thames without license from the Watermen's Company.' Lest the populace should ever be in danger of forgetting the greatness of this wonderful corporation, the Master and Brethren used once a year to visit in grand procession their hospital at Deptford.

Alas for the changes of time! The hospital has long since been disestablished, and Trinity House in the course of the nineteenth century was shorn of much of its glory. One of the greatest blows it suffered was the result of the inquiry which was held in 1853 into its powers and its lofty way of doing things. From that time all funds which were derived from light-dues, with those of the Scottish and Irish Lighthouse Boards, had to be paid to the Paymaster-General, and were put towards the formation of the Mercantile Marine Fund: whilst, on the other hand, all disbursements in connection with the lighthouses, it was decided, should be paid out of that fund, but not until the Board of Trade had given its sanction. Thus for the first time did a mere Government department, and one of a painfully modern type, exercise a virtual suzerainty in at least one respect over this corporation of history and tradition. One may in passing remark upon the astonishing effect which this decision had upon the charitable propensities and capabil'ties of the corporation. In 1852, the year preceding the inquiry, the corporation pensioners received among them the handsome sum of thirty-six thousand pounds. Three years later the total amount which was distributed among them was under nine thousand pounds. Nowadays Trinity House simply collects the dues, and they pass from its hands to the Mercantile Marine Fund.

However, despite such little prunings of its power,

it is still a wonderful, even an unique authority; and with its pilotage, its lighthouses, its buoys, its beacons, its charity, and the other matters of varying importance to which it gives its attention, has quite sufficient to do. It is an important duty of the Elder Brethren also to attend at the Admiralty Court, where in the capacity of assessors they assist the judge in coming to a proper decision in matters which would otherwise be beyond the depth of even the quickest lawyer; and furthermore they give the Board of Trade the benefit of their experience and advice whenever circumstances arise which suggest their doing so. As for their present constitution, there are thirteen acting Elder Brethren, of whom two are officers of the Royal Navy and the other eleven officers of the mercantile marine. Besides these there are thirteen Honorary Elder Brethren, chosen because of their eminence or distinction. Thus Mr Chamberlain was the last Honorary Elder Brother upon whom Trinity House conferred its Control is vested in the Acting Elder Brethren, and at the head of the whole corporation is a Master (the Prince of Wales is the present Master), with a Deputy-Master to act for him. The general body of members are still called the Younger Brethren, and it is the prime condition of their admission to this ancient institution by the Court of Elder Brethren that they must belong either to the Royal Navy or to the mercantile marine. Whenever the Deputy-Mastership falls vacant, or there is a place to be filled among the Acting Elder Brethren, it is again the court of the latter who perform the duty, making their choice from such of the Younger Brethren who, on the one hand, may have obtained the rank of commander in the navy not less than four years previously, or, on the other, may have served as master in a merchant-vessel engaged in foreign trade for at least four years. Thus you see that to-day Trinity House constitutes itself just to its own liking for the purpose of exercising its control over the important maritime matters which come within its jurisdiction.

It might well be imagined that this administration of such matters is not a simple task; but Trinity House executes it with a varying degree of satisfaction by a system of decentralisation. It divides itself into committees and sub-committees for special purposes; and the Trinity House map of the coast is divided into several sections, over each section being placed a superintendent in charge, the latter being responsible for the effective discharge of his duties to the Elder Brethren, and to them alone. The Brethren make surprise visits periodically to the lighthouses and the lightships for the purpose of inspecting them. Since there are other maritime societies bearing the name of Trinity House, as has been mentioned, it may be well to point out that, whereas the duties of the London Trinity House are national in character, those of the others are more or less local and limited. The London institution has the management of the general lighthouse and buoyage systems of England and Wales, a supervising authority over local lights and buoys, and a partial control over the corresponding systems of Scotland and Ireland. Leith, Newcastle, and Hull Trinity Houses are still local pilotage authorities, and the Hull institution has the Humber under its wing; but in these days the Trinity House of Dundee is a benefit society only.

Trinity House—the house and not the institution -up on Tower Hill is a quaint place; and he who looks it over with some knowledge of the glorious past of the society may feel that there is something of the pathetic in its lingering existence among the vandals of the twentieth century. It might be compared to a penurious family of ancient lineage clinging in the days of its decadence and when all others about know not and care not for its quondam glory-clinging still to the old homestead, and retaining all the forms and customs of the old family life such as were handed down from generation to generation. Trinity House may be a Government department; but there is not the smallest suggestion of Downing Street about it. Instead of the usually blue-washed walls of the state official we have here nothing but the most handsome oak panelling, and there are high and wide doors for entrance to the chief apartments, which are made of the most exquisitely polished Spanish mahogany, and which Trinity House is inclined to tell you have not their superior in London. There is no vulgar lift, but a winding staircase; and the landing overlooking it is so situated that the Brethren, sea-dogs as they are, not inaptly call it their quarterdeck. In walking it they may gaze upon the pictures and marble busts of their most worthy predecessors, and upon a screen which immortalises the good people who in quitting the world have not failed to remember this noble institution, and the work it has still to do. The fine library has something of the appearance of a ship's saloon, and indeed all about us there is a flavour of the ocean—the ocean of yesterday more than of today. Of curios appertaining to lighting and buoyage there are many. We have, for example, Smeaton's Eddystone clock which once was in the famous lighthouse, and which was designed to ring every halfhour to warn the keeper of the necessary changes in the light. In the entrance-hall there are model buoys and model lightships by the dozen. It is a place in which a pilot or an ambitious coastguard might spend an instructive afternoon. Notices of a somewhat ominous character are affixed to the walls for the benefit of these pilots when they enter. To the pilot as to no other person Trinity House is the centre of the universe, and he approaches and enters it in an uncommonly humble and obedient frame of mind. In these days when the methods of using our old Father Thames are coming in for strong and hostile criticism, and the clarion cry of 'Wake up!' sounded all over the kingdom, has reached the keepers of the great port of London, it is realised that the pilotage of the great river is in many respects not what it ought to be, and there are

those who prophesy that in the reforms which are pending Trinity House must needs be concerned. It is an odd life the pilot's, and Trinity House has hedged it round with many curious restrictions. By pilot law it is enacted that the individual must on no account be guilty ever of selling tea or keeping an inn or a place of amusement, under pain of a severe penalty, nor, as it is declared he must in no way be interested in doing any of these things, may his wife do them.

It is in the Court-Room upstairs, and the little Master's Room adjoining, that we are perhaps most impressed with Trinity House. The former is a handsome hall, most handsomely furnished, and there is a horseshoe table around which the Elder Brethren are wont to sit, with their chief on a dais in the middle, on those board days and court days -distinguished by their periods and the class of business in hand—when there is work to be done. On the court days the Elder Brethren come in uniform, each with the red cuffs of Trinity House upon his sleeves. Royalty has sat at the head of this court many a time ere this, and will again; and when the Brethren are assembled they seem to have looking down upon them the giants of the glorious past, for there upon the walls are life-size pictures of the Duke of Wellington, of Lord Palmerston, of William IV., of the Prince Consort, and of King Edward himself (as the Prince of Wales), each in his red-cuffed uniform, for they were Masters all. For such as these were, there is that little room adjoining where Masters sit before going into court, and to which they retire when its solemn proceedings are over. It is a tasteful little apartment; and that the Master may be ever mindful of his duty, there are here for his contemplation not merely busts of men of royal blood, but a few picked specimens of lighthouse models.

Such is our old-fashioned Trinity House. The day will very likely come when it will be swept aside, that something more modern and up-to-date may take its place; but until it does, the ancient society will remain one of the few links connecting the public departmental life of the old England with the public departmental life of the new.

SONNET.

I sat on Michael's Mount one summer eve,
And watched the sun sink rosily to rest
Behind the hills beyond Penzance, and leave
Its golden traces over all the west,
Till afterglow died down. Still there was leight.
I, eastward turning, mused how this might.
A scene of wondrous beauty met my sight.
The silver moon uprising o'er the sea,
And there was Light! Yea, Lord, for Thou hast will'd
That none should here in darkness live—or die;
And, that Thy promise be to us fulfilled,
Thou orderest thus Thy creatures of the sky:
The greater sun to rule the day in might,
The lesser moon more peacefully the night.
Rose Bowring.



LETTERS OF A PEER AND A PORK-PACKER.

By KATHARINE BURRILL.



N the year 1774 were published the Letters of the Earl of Chesterfield to his Son: letters which are now an English classic, and contain much sound, good advice underlying a mass of eighteenth-century

flummery. The sword-knots may be ornamental and superfluous, but they do not blunt the steel. This year there has appeared a most entertaining book,* but written by an American porkpacker, not by an English peer. The first collection of letters were fact; these later letters are fiction-very amusing fiction it is. also have a broad, deep stratum of hard-headed, solid common-sense underneath all the American slang, the fun, and the amusing anecdotes with which Mr John Graham 'points his moral and adorns his tale.' At first it hardly seems possible that there could be even the slightest resemblance in the two collections of letters. Chesterfield would have considered John Graham an impossible person, his pork terribly vulgar, and his letters beneath contempt. Our worthy porkpacker-would have looked upon his lordship, with his Latin quotations, his poetry, his elegance and grace, as very silly, if not a complete fool. Yet they both give much the same good advice.

Where My Lord glides, Mr Graham hustles; but they both 'git right there.' The former writes his letters to an embryo politician, and the latter to an embryo pork-packer; but many of their maxims are the same.

Take this sentence as applied to a politician: 'You must have dexterity enough to conceal the truth, sagacity enough to read other people's countenances, and serenity enough not to let them discover anything in yours.'

Now for the pork-packer. Mr Graham tells his 'Dear Pierrepoint' to have something to say, to say it, and then stop talking; and he goes on to the

following, 'Remember, too, that it's easier to look wise than to talk wisdom; say less than the other fellow, and listen more than you talk, and keep your eye open all the time.'

We hardly think Pierrepoint would be told to have dancing-lessons; and even Chesterfield says, though necessary, they are ridiculous. But when it comes to dress they are both agreed.

Under date 4th October 1746 we read: 'You must dress; therefore attend to it, not in order to rival or to excel a fop in it, but in order to avoid singularity and consequently ridicule.'

From Chicago, on 10th May 189-, comes a letter in which Pierrepoint is told that though 'clothes don't make the man, they make all of him except his hands and face during business hours, and that's a pretty considerable area of the human animal.' In the same letter he is told not to wear 'blue-and-white striped pants and a red necktie,' and not to look as if he had slept in his clothes. In another letter old Graham indulges in some caustic remarks about 'sporty clerks' and checked suits, which looks as if our young friend Pierrepoint, as well as looking 'blamed important and chesty,' had blossomed into gorgeous raiment. Large checks and brilliant ties seem to have attracted the youth of all ages; even in Denmark there must have been something that took the place of our 'fancy checks' and striped suitings, for Polonius sticks it into Laertes-the Americanisms seem to have come to stay-about his clothes. Poor Mr Pepys must have wished he had taken the old courtier's advice, 'Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,' for he always seems to have been buying clothes that he could not pay for: 'This morning came home my fine camlett cloak with gold buttons, and a silk suit, which cost me much money, and I pray God to make me able to pay for it.' This pious wish or prayer was, we suppose, answered, for he shortly starts off and purchases a velvet coat and cap. Periwigs also he could not resist, and the wig-maker could always persuade him into a purchase, though he had Ост. 10, 1903.

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^{*} Letters from a Self-made Merchant to his Son, by George Horace Lorimer (Methuen & Co.).

many wigs and they cost much money, and were, as he himself says, honest man, 'mighty fine, indeed too fine for me.' Samuel might have agreed with old Graham that 'appearances are deceitful, but so long as they are, there's nothing like having them deceive for us instead of against us;' and he must have passed for a rich man when he peacocked about the town in his shaggy purple gown with gold buttons and hoop lace. Though we none of us deliberately set out to deceive, there is no need to put the hole in the carpet in the middle of the room and the only unfaded bit of pattern under the sofa. People pretty well go by appearances, and the man who hires or borrows or owes for a tall hat and a frock-coat is more likely to get the job than the man whose bowler is green and gone in the rim-which is perhaps unfair on the excellent head covered by the bowler. The world is hurrying along at great speed, and, sad to say, very often there is only time to look at the outside; and though 'a dirty shirt may hide a pure heart,' all we have time for is the fact that the shirt is far from clean.

On one point the peer and the pork-merchant are entirely at variance. Mr Graham sets no store on foreign travel. The grand tour does not appeal to him. He has no time for 'this European foolishness;' and when Pierrepoint tries to impress on his father the importance of spending two or three months in Europe, he is plainly and firmly told to turn his attention to pork. Europe can wait, but pork cannot. While Pierrepoint was sunning himself in Hyde Park or imbibing 'atmosphere' at Oxford, some other man would be chipping into the pork business, and old Graham does not mean to lose one red cent by waste of time. He has worked hard and made a big business, and he does not mean his son to fool it away. No, Pierrepoint must learn when young all there is to learn about pigs. He must study the hog in the rough: watch him fattening, see him killed, and keep an eye on him till the last pork-trimmings are turned into 'country-fed sausages' at twenty cents a pound. Pierrepoint must learn all about lard; all about hams, those that are drysalted for the niggers in the South and those that are sugar-cured for the white folks in the North. He has to come into the house in a very subordinate position, and work his way up; as his father says, 'There is plenty of room at the top, but no elevator in the building.'

At first our young friend is not altogether satisfactory. He writes letters to charming young ladies during office hours, and, unfortunately for him, puts the wrong letters in the wrong envelopes, so that Jim Donnelly of Donnelly's Provision Store calls on the head of the firm 'with a fool smile on his fat face,' and says that though he does not object to being addressed as 'Dearest,' an invitation to the theatre has no bearing on his claim for shortage on the last car-load of sweet-pickled hams. This makes old Graham pretty mad, and he tells

Pierrepoint that though he may write as many letters as he likes before eight or after six, the stretch between these hours has been bought by the firm, and when half-an-hour is used for any other purpose but the business of the firm it is 'a petty form of petty larceny.' This little affair of the letter must have caused Pierrepoint to sulk, for he writes a complaining letter to his father. He does not like the man who is over him, and cannot work under him. From Omaha, in a letter very much to the point, his father tells him that if any one is sacked it will not be Milligan, and that 'there isn't such a thing as being your own boss in this world, unless you are a tramp, and then there's a constable.'

Pierrepoint now goes on peacefully, being promoted to the 'billing-desk' and a rise of salary. But, alas! his florist's bill of fifty-two dollars for roses is sent to his father, and he receives a sharp letter regarding extravagance. Also his father does not quite approve of the young lady who received the roses. He thinks ten thousand dollars' worth of diamonds too much money for any girl to hang round her neck. But he comforts himself with the reflection that when Miss Mabel Dashkam knows Pierrepoint's only source of income is the twelve dollars a week he has to earn, she will not have much to do with him. He hopes Pierrepoint is not so foolish as to think of getting engaged, for 'a twelve-dollar clerk who owes fifty-two dollars for roses needs a keeper more than a wife.'

From first to last he gives his son the most excellent advice, all told in racy, virile sentences, straight to the point, full of grit and sense. His anecdotes, which he 'merely mentions' to impress things, are most amusing. Doc. Hoover the old deacon; the widow's boy Clarence; Jim Durham, who forced the sale of 'Graham's Extract' by sheer cheek and advertising; even 'my old acquaintance Doctor Paracelsus von Munsterberg,' all help to show Pierrepoint the right road to travel to bring him out at the top 'clean and sweet all through,' like one of Graham's best hams.

Old Graham was not a great reader, or he might have suggested Pierrepoint's studying The Empire of Business, which Mr Carnegie has found time to write in moments snatched from piling up a colossal fortune and giving Free Libraries. Like the pork-merchant, Carnegie says there is 'plenty of room at the top,' but you won't get there unless you start at the very bottom. He himself began by sweeping out the office. But think of all the office-boys who start sweeping, and never rise to anything higher than a twenty-five-shillings-a-week clerk! You may sweep and sweep, and all you raise is dust, not dollars. Every one is not a Carnegie; and though you may fix your eyes on the top, and climb for all you are worth, the chances are you never get higher up the ladder than the fourth rung, and thank your lucky stars if you are allowed to stay there, and not knocked off. In the chapter headed 'Business,' Mr Carnegie tells us that the wise man puts all his eggs in one basket: what happens when the handle breaks we are not told. If you are in steel, stick to steel, and do not touch copper; if you are in coffee, don't worry about sugar. One thing is enough for any man. Like Pierrepoint's papa, who was impregnated with pork, fix your mind on one article and think of that only, till you are a millionaire, and then you can think of what you like.

Mr Carnegie lays down some golden rules for young men entering on a business career. 'Aim for the highest;' 'Make the firm's interests your own,' 'Never enter a bar-room,' 'Never speculate,' and, last and most important, 'Expenditure within income.' This last appeals to every one, whether we are in business or drive a cab or live on what is known as 'private means.' Wilkins Micawber laid down the following precept, which we all remember and all forget: 'Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, nineteen pounds nineteen six: result—Happiness. Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, twenty pounds ought and six: result-Misery.' Micawber should have known, for no one suffered more than he did from the sixpence on the wrong side. Keeping accounts does not help you, so many things go into 'sundries.' The only way to keep within your income is to go without everything you want to buy. This last would hardly appeal to Carnegie; but it strikes home to most of us who are sitting on the ground watching the multi-millionaires enjoying the view at the top of the ladder. Mr Carnegie is not like Rudyard Kipling: he does not think 'he travels the swiftest who rides all alone.' He advises all the young men to look around and find a real nice girl to marry and set up house with; only, he says, a man, especially if he is in business, must marry a woman with plenty of common-sense. Uncommon-sense would be a better name for it, you meet it so seldom. *

It is a satisfaction to know that we leave the self-made merchant rejoicing over his son's approaching marriage with Helen Heath, 'a mighty eligible young woman-pretty, bright, and sensible; in fact, as he tells Pierrepoint, 'You'd have to sit up nights to make yourself good enough for her if you brought her a million instead of fifty a week.' But he raises Pierrepoint's salary to seventyfive dollars, and will not write any more letters, for he will not require them with a wife to look after him and keep him from making a fool of himself. Like David Garrick, old Graham and Mr Carnegie think 'a good woman is an understudy for an angel.' Stevenson calls her another kind of angel, a Recording one. But in any case, whether in business or doing nothing, a man is better to have a woman to look after him. Indeed, if she's worth anything, she won't let him be idle, but will give him something to do, if it is only weeding the garden.

Farther on in his book Mr Carnegie asks

questions like Mr Chadband. 'What is wealth?' Like Nelson's answer when interrogated about fear, we can truthfully say we never saw it, and are not likely to. But if any ever comes our way we will hold on to it. Mr Carnegie assures us that it is being distributed; that all the new inventions and the great businesses help money to circulate. Well, if it is circulating, it is in a whirlpool, and we are on the outside and cannot catch any. By wealth Mr Carnegie does not mean the great fortunes which have been piled up by the few, but 'the revenue sufficient for modest independent living.' And it is the duty of every young man to acquire that wealth. The great fortunes, if rightly spent, must be expended for the benefit of the people, for the community. In fact, Mr Carnegie goes so far as to say that the millionaire cannot get out of spending his money for the people. He must give; he must endow; he must spend. He lays up honey in the industrial hive, which all the community in general will enjoy, and he lives simply and sparingly himself. Mr Carnegie regards his wealth as a sacred trust; he believes in educating men by placing in their hands the books that they could not buy, and he gives Free Libraries. He says that it is no disparagement of Free Libraries that the books chiefly read are fiction; and he is quite right. It will do no man anything but good to read Dickens and Thackeray, George Eliot and Hawthorne, Stevenson and Sir Walter Scott. In fact, good modern fiction, even minor fiction, will do no harm. Nothing but good will result from reading The Virginians or Mrs Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, and we strongly advise all the young men who have studied The Empire of Business to hie them to the nearest bookseller's and buy or borrow The Letters of a Self-made Merchant to his Son. With these two books they are bound to make a success. Indeed, from Mr Carnegie's book it sounds so easy to make a fortune (if you only begin poor enough) that in a short time every one will be rich. But it is the beginning poor enough that is the difficulty. If only you enter a town with three-halfpence in your pocket you will leave it a millionaire. Go into the world with an allowance of fifty pounds a year, and you don't seem ever to be able to add more to it than a couple of hundred; and though two hundred and fifty pounds a year may be a competency, it is not affluence.

All this talk of money-making and dollars would seem terribly vulgar to My Lord of Chesterfield, and yet he and John Graham and Mr Carnegie are all aiming at the same thing. In one of his letters he writes: 'My object is to have you fit to live; which, if you are not, I do not desire that you should live.' Has not that 'fit to live' a true Transatlantic ring? Mr Carnegie wants the young men to be 'fit to live' as honest, hard-working, capable citizens. He thinks and knows that books and colleges will help to train the youth of the cities, even though Mr Dooley says 'ye can send

a laad to college, but ye can't make him think.' John Graham wanted Pierrepoint to be 'fit to live,' a good sensible man and a keen hand at the pork-packing business. And My Lord Chesterfield says more than either: 'If you are not fit to live I do not desire that you should live at all.'

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the Awful Will,
And bear it with an honest heart.
Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

COMEDY EAST AND TRAGEDY WEST.

CHAPTER VII.



MMEDIATELY after breakfast Ross's man, Dick, appeared at Mrs Winans' door with the buggy. Eardley came out in appropriate costume as understood by his New York tailor, and carried a large Colt's revolver in a

leather belt. The black boy followed him with a brand-new gun-case. Eardley had rather ostentatiously purchased his firearms before leaving New York, and had taken care that they lay carelessly about in his room for his friends to see.

He had a moment's private interview with Mary in the hall. He would have gladly avoided that; but it was inevitable. He feared and disliked a scene, and so he decided this time to lie boldly. By to-morrow afternoon he would be in the express for New York, so what did it matter? The sponge would go over this with the rest after he was out of reach

'Now, Mary, wish me luck,' he said.

She looked wistfully at him and tried to say something, but no words would come. She was thinking only that it was their last day, and he was leaving her. He read her thoughts, and, afraid she would cry, put his arm round her and whispered, 'Do you think I would leave you if it were really our last day?'

He meant nothing. What he intended her to understand, vague as it was, was false. But when the minister came she remembered the words and interpreted them with trembling joy.

The drive to Shelby farm occupied an hour or so. It was uphill, and the pace was not forced. Dick was talkative, and gave his opinions on politics and social questions with the freedom and self-confidence of the true American. He recounted his own personal history, and told his plans for the future, described the part he had taken in the past elections, and gave character-sketches of such prominent citizens as occurred to his memory. Eardley was entertained, though not greatly interested till it occurred to him to lead his communicative charioteer to talk of Ross. He really knew very little of the grave and quiet young man who had lived so many weeks in the same house with him, and whose guest he was now going to be. Dick needed no urging on the theme.

'Ned Ross? He's a bully boy, and a right good sort. Why, the boys would run him for Governor;

but he won't go into politics. Too good for them, you may think, and I won't say you're wrong. What Ned says goes in this state, or anyway in the western half of it. Yes, sir, he's a straight man, Ned is, and he shoots straight too, though he don't shoot often. He don't go about heeled like a "blanked" cowboy; but when a gun's wanted Ned has his handy, you can bet your life, and he don't need to use it twice. Ned don't know the meanin' of bein' afraid either. You know how he killed big Joe Jackson? That was in the Fall before last.'

'No, I have not heard. You forget that I'm a stranger here,' said Eardley.

'That's so. Still, perhaps you might have heard. Well, he shot Big Joe, sir. It was a fair, stand-up fight, for he knew that Joe would lay for him. Ned had got him convicted and sent to the penitentiary for swindlin' widow Hendricks out of her husband's money, and Joe had sworn he would shoot him on sight when he got out if he swung for it. Ned's friends advised him to carry a gun while Joe was in town, and it was well he did, for Joe heard he was in the bank, and waited for him outside. Joe was mounted. Some of his gang had lent him a good horse, so he could escape. And sure enough he drew a bead on Ned just as he was leavin' the bank. But you don't catch our Ned asleep. For all he looks so quiet and simple and polite, he's about the quickest man with his hands this side of Cincinnati. Folks in the street said he seemed to fire without liftin' his arm. Joe fired too; but his aim was spoilt, for Ned's ball had struck fair, and he was fallin' before he could draw the trigger.'

'Was there a trial?' asked Eardley, who was

beginning to see Ross in a new light.

'Trial? No, sir! There was an inquest. There was a trial when he killed lawyer Gary last year. Maybe you read it in the newspapers? No? Well, that's strange. Gary was a pretty mean man, goodlookin' though, and a fav'rite with the gells. Well, I reckon he'd gone back on a young lady that Ned knew. Who she was and what it was Ned never said. We might know, and again we might not. Ned let it be understood pretty clear that it was nobody else's business, and there wasn't anybody willin' to disoblige him by talkin' about it. The women might whisper a little among themselves, but not much, for they like Ned. For all he's so

serious now, he was as gay as a colt when he came as a lad and boarded at the Winans' homestead. He thought he had to kill Gary. It was when he found out that Gary had a wife in Philadelphia.

'It was in open court. He just stepped in while business was going on in some water-rights case, and says he to Judge Frisbee, "Your Honour, will you grant me indulgence for a moment. There's a man in this court who has committed a great crime. Unfortunately the laws of this state don't provide a punishment for him. I have determined to take the responsibility, Judge." When he said that he looked over at lawyer Gary, who was busy with his papers, for he was one of the attorneys in the case before the court. By this time the reporters had got on to Ned, seein' that there was somethin' sensational comin', and were takin' down his words. Well, sir, whether Judge Frisbee, though he was a great friend of Ned's, wouldn't have stopped him then, as bein' out of order in interruptin' the business of the court, I don't know; but when Ned turned and looked at Gary, somehow the whole court, Judge and all, turned their eyes that way too. Gary started up from his seat as white as death, and his risin' just gave Ned the chance he wanted without the risk of hurtin' anybody else, though no doubt Ned could ha' done it quite neat all the same supposin' Gary had sat still or tried to go under the table. Ned never takes a second to fire, and never makes a mistake. While speakin' to the Judge his arms was hangin' down by his sides, and he had a little ridin'-switch in his right hand. They say Ned shoots ekally well with his right or his left. Anyway, when they all looked at Gary, Ned, lookin' steady at him too, just shifted his switch from his right to his left hand, and in a flash he had drawn his six-shooter and shot Gary stone dead. Then he laid down his gun on the desk in front of him, and he says to Judge Frisbee, "Your Honour, I had to kill this man. There was no other way." Then he turned to the sheriff, and says, "Mr Sheriff, you will arrest me, I suppose." And he held up his hands.

'Well, of course, the sheriff arrested him, and he was held for trial and set free on bail that afternoon. He said almost nothin', never told anybody why he had killed Gary. But everybody knew enough and guessed the rest. At the trial he wouldn't let Frank Carson—that was his lawyer—tell anythin' either; but Frank made all the more of it, for he said to the jury that if Ned had told, there wasn't a man of them that wouldn't have been proud to be in Ned's shoes that day. Oh, Frank made a great oration about protectin' the honour of their daughters and their homes. And the jury brought in a verdict of Not Guilty without leaving the box, and the Bench told Ned that he left the court without a stain upon his character.'

'Your western juries are very independent,' said Eardley. He was thinking how little he had known of Ross's character.

'Well,' said Dick, 'I don't know that they 're more independent than they ought to be. There was a Britisher at that time boardin' at the Forks House, and he went to the trial; and that night when we were all talkin' it over in Denovan's saloon he said that this was all very well, and it might be good western rough-and-ready justice, but that the verdict was clean contrary to the evidence, and that in England the Judge wouldn't have accepted it. In England, he said, the Judge would have charged the jury, and pointed out to them that there was only evidence of premeditated killing, and no other evidence whatever. The boys didn't receive this very well. But Frank Carson said he reckoned it was so in England, but that in the United States a Judge was not allowed to charge on the evidence; he could only explain the law to the jury. And I guess Judge Frisbee knew what He was unanimously re-elected for he was doing. another term two months later. Well, here we are at Shelby Farm, and there's Ned himself waitin'.'

THE ABORIGINES OF VICTORIA.

By M. T. HUTCHINSON, Melbourne.



HE survival of the fittest is one of the natural laws which seems most far-reaching in its application; yet those who give any thought to the vanishing of the savage before the civilised man cannot help a feeling

of sadness when they see nations, or rather tribes, slowly dying out. This is what is now happening among the Victorian aborigines, in spite of the care and attention bestowed upon them. About the year 1840 competent judges estimated their numbers at from five to seven thousand; but those now collected on the various reservations only slightly exceed four hundred in number. Year by year the deaths outnumber the births;

therefore, long before the present century closes the aborigines of Victoria will have ceased to exist. Under these circumstances it will be interesting, perhaps, to present to British readers a short sketch of their history and customs, and also a statement of their treatment by the Victorian Government.

Our first account of the Victorian aborigines is obtained from the journal of Colonel Collins, who was the governor of a convict settlement for a short time located near the entrance of Port Phillip. The convicts arrived in 1803; but after a few months Collins decided that the site was unsuitable, and removed the settlement to Tasmania. During the few months of their stay

they had dealings with the natives, who were friendly at first; but after a time disputes arose, and on one occasion the English had to use their rifles, and at least one black was shot dead.

Time after time convicts escaped from the settlement. Of these, some grew tired of their savage liberty and soon returned, and the others were probably killed by the blacks; but one, William Buckley, lived among his savage companions for thirty-two years, and was found by Batman's party in 1836, when they landed at Indented Head in Port Phillip, determined to found a new colony. Very glad indeed was Buckley to meet white men once more. For some time he acted as interpreter, though when first found he had forgotten his own name. A year or two afterwards he went to Tasmania, was appointed to a small post in the public service, and died in 1856. He gave a good deal of information to those who questioned him; and an account of his life has been written, which gives a graphic picture of his lonely, miserable existence during the thirty-two years of his isolation.

From the time of Batman's settlement the history of the aborigines may be said to begin. According to the opinion of those who had the best opportunities for judging, there were not ten thousand blacks in Victoria. There were from twenty to thirty principal tribes, varying in numbers from one hundred to five hundred, and also smaller clans. Each tribe had a large tract of country, and required a large expanse, because their sole sustenance was game and fish. They knew nothing of tilling the ground; in fact, their only vegetable foods were yams, rushroots, pig-face (a kind of mesembryanthemum), and the few wild fruits, such as the native cherry, raspberry, and currant. They wandered from place to place, two or three families together, avoiding the thick forest and clinging to the valleys by the creeks and the lightly timbered country.

The chief food of the aborigines was the opossum, an animal about the size of a cat, which sleeps during the day in a hollow tree, and at night comes out to feed. The keen eye of the native told him at once, when he reached a tree, where the animal was likely to be hidden. Then with his stone tomahawk he cut a notch in the bark about three feet from the ground, inserted his big-toe therein, then cut another notch in the bark higher up, and thus he climbed up until he reached the branches. examination soon showed him the hollow bough in which the 'poss' was hidden. A stone dropped into the hollow told him by its thud where the victim was, and a few cuts on the branch soon made a hole large enough for him to thrust his hand in and drag forth his struggling prey. The native bear, another important food animal, resembles a sloth more than a bear, and weighs about thirty pounds when full grown; it spends all its time in the trees, about which it climbs slowly, but with great security. Owing to a strange superstition, the blacks regarded this animal as sacred, though only to a limited extent; for though they might kill and eat him, they considered it impious to deprive him of his skin. The kangaroo (which supplies much better meat from a 'white' point of view) was hunted in several ways, one of the methods being thus described to me by a black at Coranderrk: 'When we see kangaroo feeding in a grassy place, we all spread out and creep up till we get pretty close; then one makes a tap-tap against a tree. Kangaroo hear noise and sit up; then all throw spear and kill him.' The wallaby, a small species of kangaroo, was killed with the spear. The wombat was the last on their list of large edible animals. This weighs, when full-grown, between fifty and a hundred pounds. It makes huge burrows, and can dig very fast with its strong claws. When the blacks found a burrow, and from the traces decided that the animal was at home, they sent an Australian piccaninny to crawl into the burrow feet-foremost. When he reached the animal he tapped with his fist on the roof of the burrow, and the men above, locating the sound at once, dug down with their yam-sticks till they broke through; then the animal was soon killed, and furnished material for a great feast. The mode of cooking was very coarse. They had no means of boiling, and frequently a carcass was thrown on the fire unskinned, and when just warmed through it was devoured.

The larger game-birds, such as the emu and turkey, were eagerly sought for; swans were caught in great numbers during the moultingseason; and wild-ducks were captured by means of nets spread near the surface of the water, where a creek or rivulet falls into a lake. The ducks during the day are fond of going up quiet little creeks. The blacks, after setting the nets and leaving some of the elders to watch them, would go stealthily up the creek, stationing some of their number at intervals. Others would then take a circuit, get beyond the place where the ducks were, and startle them. The birds, in their flight, usually keep along the course of the creek about the height of the trees which border its banks. Just as they were approaching the place where the nets were spread, one of the hidden blacks would throw into the air a piece of bark shaped like the dreaded hawk, and at the same time send forth an exact imitation of the cry. The ducks, seeing, as they thought, their enemy, and hearing the cry, at once swooped down to the water, were entangled in the meshes of the net, and immediately seized and killed by the watchers. When birds and beasts were scarce, the blacks hunted for the large yellowish grubs which are found in the gum-trees and wattletrees. These were regarded as a great dainty;

and as they are about as thick and long as a man's little finger, they soon furnished a meal.

The fish-supply was various but uncertain. On the Murray, where the aborigines seem to have been more inventive than in the southern parts of Victoria, they caught great numbers of cod and perch, both with nets and with the spear; but in the vicinity of Melbourne, eels, which they speared, were their chief prey. Of course, along the seashore they got great quantities of mussels and other shellfish, and that was one of the reasons why many of them remained close to the coast.

The well-being of the aborigines was, like those of most savages, very precarious: sometimes they revelled in plenty, and gorged themselves to repletion; then came periods of scarcity, generally in the winter, when they were very near starva-The native hut (mia-mia) was roughly constructed of bark, with holes at the top; but during the summer a break-wind, made of a few bushes, was all the native took the trouble to construct. The customs and manners were rather peculiar. The old men held the chief power in the tribe, and settled things on the broad principle that most of the good things, including wives, were kept for themselves: a wife was always got by purchase, exchange, or capture from another tribe. If a man had a daughter he sold her as soon as she had attained a marriageable age, and her purchaser, if she refused to follow him, promptly knocked her down with his waddy and dragged her to his hut. Though this style of wooing may seem rather rough, in many cases a genuine affection seemed to spring up, and there are authentic instances of both husbands and wives dying of grief at the loss of a spouse. The women were regarded as inferior in every way; they did all the work, and carried all the utensils, &c., in the marches from one camp to another, while the men strode along bearing their weapons only. When meal-time came the men fed first, and threw the remains of the feast to their lubras.

The blacks had but few notions on the subject of religion. They certainly believed in a great and good spirit, called by some of the tribes Bungil; and they believed also in an evil spirit. Their superstition about death was very peculiar, and caused most of the murders which were constantly going on. When a man died, no matter from what cause, they imagined that his death was due to the evil influence of some person. Their witch-doctors gathered round the body, and, after performing certain rites, announced that the murderer was in a certain place. The relations of the dead man at once seized their spears, went to the place, and killed the first person they met. Thus blood-feuds were perpetually carried on among the various tribes.

It will not be out of place here to give a short account of their weapons, both offensive and defensive. The boomerang was specially

notable, because it was one of their own invention, and has never been found anywhere except in Australia. There were two kinds—one the wonguim, a light sickle-shaped weapon, which the thrower could make return to his feet. Its gyrations were remarkable, and it is perhaps the only weapon which, like Paddy's gun, can shoot round corners. This kind was used principally for amusement, like the weet-weet. The latter, a toy-like weapon, was a cone of wood with a long thin handle, which was thrown with a kind of jerk; and the black who made the farthest throw was considered the winner. Another kind of boomerang was made of much heavier wood, and was used in war and hunting. In shape it was not so much curved as the wonguim, and as the edges were sharp it must have inflicted a severe wound. There were several kinds of spears in use, and the waddy (club) varied in size. Some were short and used for missiles; others were held in the hand to give a knock-down blow.

The shields were oval in shape, about three feet in length and one foot in breadth, with a hole through which the left hand was inserted. Though these were comparatively narrow, the blacks were wonderfully clever in using them, and could ward off spears with the greatest ease. A splendid exhibition of quickness used to be given by Dick-a-Dick, one of the aboriginal cricketers who visited England more that twenty years ago. He allowed cricketers to throw the ball at him from a distance of only fifteen yards. They threw their hardest and straightest; but the shield was an invincible barrier, and no one ever hit him.

We will next consider how the Government of Victoria have treated the dispossessed natives. From the outset the leading colonists recognised in some degree their responsibility in the matter, and as early as 1836—that is, only one year after Batman's landing-a protectorate was formed to look after and care for the natives. The site of the station was the ground now utilised for the splendid Botanical Gardens of Melbourne. The first protector was Mr G. Langhorne, and the first teacher Mr J. T. Smith, who was afterwards seven times Mayor of Melbourne. As the white population increased, further efforts were made to improve and civilise the blacks; but the restless disposition and habits of these wild sons of Nature made them very difficult to deal with. Those who remained in a wild state and committed depredations on the live-stock and homes of the outlying settlers were, in the course of a few years, killed off; and those who became 'tame' blacks eked out a miserable existence in camps, which they formed in various spots. Each of the country districts had its little tribe, which lived mainly on the charity of the chief landowners or squatters. At times they used to come into the towns and give exhibitions of their skill in throwing the spear or boomerang. If they got a few shillings, there followed a glorious 'drunk,' in which all joined. Of course, from the earliest times white men were forbidden by law to sell intoxicants to a native; but it was easy to get over this difficulty, and when the native had money he could always get grog. Under these circumstances their numbers rapidly dwindled in spite of the efforts of the various protectors—of whom Mr W. Thomas was the most notable—and the many other gentlemen who interested themselves in the fate of the dying race.

At last, about the year 1860, a Royal Commission was appointed to examine the whole question, and a number of meetings were held and evidence from all quarters taken. The Commissioners found that four large reservations of land had already been made, round which were collected some aboriginals. These varied in numbers according to the season, as they usually spent the winter near the stations, but preferred a wandering life during the summer.

After an exhaustive inquiry, the Commission decided to recommend the appointment of a Board, which should control supplies and manage all matters appertaining to the natives; and this recommendation was afterwards adopted by Parliament. At this time (1861) the number of aborigines was estimated at two thousand three hundred and forty-one, distributed among thirtyfive tribes. After little more than a year it was found that the site of one station was unsuitable, and it was therefore abandoned, while two new stations were formed. Both these stations are situated in Gippsland, where the blacks were numerous. In the following year a third station was formed about forty miles from Melbourne, and two years later a fourth station was founded near Warrnambool. After the formation of these stations—each presided over by a missionary, and with a large tract of country attached which the natives are induced to tend-the Board used great efforts to attract as many as possible from their wandering life, and induce them to settle down; and these gradually proved successful, especially when the distribution of rations and blankets to those not resident at any station was given up. Some years ago I was staying at the Lakes' Entrance, about five miles from Lake Tyers, and had opportunities of seeing a good deal of the blacks. Lake Tyers is a scene of ideal sylvan beauty; it consists of two narrow arms of water, each more than ten miles in length. From the water's edge on each side rise gently sloping hills, lightly timbered like a park. The two arms join just before the sea is reached, and in flood-time their united waters burst out into the Southern Ocean.

The natives who live in this lacustrine paradise seem quite content with their lot. Every Christmas they used to come to the Lakes' Entrance and play a cricket-match against the whites. I had the pleasure of playing in the whites' team

on one occasion, when we were soundly drubbed by our dusky brethren. Their superiority lay in their fielding, especially in their catching; when we sent a ball flying into the air a keen-eyed, quick-fingered black had it in his clutches in a moment. In the still evenings we used to watch the blacks spear flounders in Lake Bunga, a sheet of water near at hand. Armed with a spear and carrying a torch of bark, the black fisher walked quietly through the shallow water, watching with hawk-like eye till he saw his prey. One quick thrust and the fish was impaled. We also found that they were keen in other ways than evesight: they knew as well as we did that flounders were expensive, and 'No flounder for tickpence' was their motto. A trait that was very noticeable was their fondness for their children. occasion I saw a native who had come in from Lake Tyers that morning, carrying on his back a little boy who could just toddle. He did this rather than part with the child for a day.

Coranderrk, which is under the control of the Rev. J. Shaw, is now the principal station; it has the largest population, and is the nearest to Melbourne. The situation on the Badger River is very picturesque, as it is surrounded by some of the finest mountains in Victoria. The natives have a large herd of cattle on the station, from which they derive most of their meat-supply; but the specialty of Coranderrk is hop-growing, and some splendid yields have been obtained.

I visited Coranderrk last year, and was much pleased with the evidences of comfort and happiness. The houses seemed to be neatly and well kept, and many of them were surrounded by flower-gardens. My principal object in visiting the station was to see King William Barck, aged about seventy, the last of the once famous Yarra tribe. We found him and a friend idling, as the weather was very wet. He did not wear a crown, nor did he present a very majestic appearance, yet it soon appeared that he had some exclusive privileges. We asked that he would make fire in the time-honoured way—that is, by rubbing two sticks together. He consented, and one of the other blacks was at once summoned to do the work while His Majesty superintended. The modus operandi is rather interesting. Two sticks are used, one about three feet long and three inches wide, the other also three feet long and as thick as a walking-stick. A small notch is made in the wide piece, and the walking-stick is twirled rapidly round and round, with its point pressed on the notch. The twirling is done by the rapid rubbing of the hands, beginning at the top of the stick and working downwards. When the black has almost reached the bottom, he shifts his hands quickly to the top again, and continues the rotation. In a very short time the lower piece of wood begins to smoke, and then to smoulder; next a piece of stringy bark is applied to the smouldering wood, and a few puffs from the black's mouth kindle the bark into a flame. The old king supplied the bark, and by so doing seemed to assume the credit of the whole transaction. The natives assured us that there was only one kind of wood which could be ignited in this way. As soon as the fire-making began we had been joined by other two natives, so that there were now four of them present: William Barck, of the Yarra tribe; N. M'Lellan, of the Dimboola tribe; Major Serjeant, of the Castlemaine tribe; and John Philipps, of Ballarat. They were all able to speak good English, and I think all except the king could read and write. We had a long conversation with them about their previous history and their present condition. At one period of this talk it suddenly seemed to dawn on the old king, who could not speak as volubly as the others, that he was being pushed into the background, as it were, by the superior fluency of his mates. We were at the time talking about the native game and the methods of hunting, when suddenly there was heard an exact imitation of the cry of the swan, followed by the quack of the black duck. The king had asserted himself, and drawn our undivided attention to him. We next inspected the manuscript life of the king. This was a rather incoherent account, taken down verbatim from his lips by some of the younger natives. event of which he seemed most proud was that when a little boy he had seen Buckley. Mention was also made of the kindness of the various protectors to the poor black fellow. was a strong religious strain in parts of the narrative.

In conversation with the superintendent of the station, I found that the moral and physical wellbeing of the natives was carefully attended to, full church services being held every Sunday, and public prayers every morning before work began. About forty acres have been cleared, on which they grow hops, hay, and vegetables. In former years there was a teacher employed

solely for the children at the station; now, however, the number of children is much less, and they attend a state school in company with the white children of the neighbourhood.

In conclusion, the position of affairs may be thus stated: The blacks number only about four hundred and forty-nine, according to the last official return, and the deaths outnumber the births by about twenty per annum. The expense of supporting them on the various reserves is rather more than five thousand pounds a year. Their superintendents are kindly Christian gentlemen, who treat them rather more gently than is consistent with discipline. During the last two years a suggestion was made that the blacks should all be collected into one spot, and thus the cost of management would be greatly reduced. The Board, after careful inquiry, found that the feeling of the blacks was strongly opposed to this, and the idea was at once abandoned. This fact shows more clearly than words that the Government is dealing in a very kindly way with the poor relics of the once numerous aborigines. In fact, it is difficult to see how their condition can be further improved by governmental aid. They live in the beauty-spots of the country, receive a liberal allowance of food and clothing, and are under a very mild system of discipline.

I conclude this sketch with a word in praise of the gentlemen who have devoted their lives to the moral well-being of the aborigines. From a very early period in the history of the colony Moravian missionaries were notable for their endeavours to reclaim and improve the heathen; Mr Hagenauer, who now holds a high official position under the Board, being one of them. Mr Shaw and Mr Bulmer, who have had the charge of stations for many years, must also be mentioned here. There may be doubt as to the value of the work of these men; but there can be none as to their single-heartedness in the vocation they have chosen.

JEZEBEL AND THE GENERAL

CHAPTER II.



NOW was lying deep over mountain and valley, but the sky was radiantly blue, when, soon after noon on Wednesday, the mourners alighted at the little wayside station of Moniemore, ten miles from Glen-na-

Grual. With the oppression of the sudden sorrow weighting the interminable hours, they had been travelling since the previous evening.

A carriage from the castle was in waiting—had been waiting, the coachman told them, at every train since the news of Mr Macnaught's illness was telegraphed to London.

'The funeral was to be this afternoon if you was come in time for 't,' he said in answer to the General's inquiry. 'An' the morn whether or no'; for if the snow was to come heavier they'll be feared the roads wouldna be fit.'

'The news of my brother's illness only reached me yesterday. I had been out of town. A Mrs Gorman sent the telegrams. She is the housekeeper, I suppose?'

The man cast a sidelong glance at his interlocutor. 'Na, na, sir. Miss Gorman, she's just the young mistress. She came from Chiney with the master.'

A flash of comprehension shot through Colin's

mind. 'Missee Lulu' he had heard his uncle's Chinese servant say. Then he was not mistaken; there had been a woman in the railway carriage.

'Oh, I didn't understand.' The General had paused with his foot on the step of the landau. 'Miss Gorman was taking charge, I suppose?'

'Yes, sir; and she's been terrible put about at your no' comin' sooner.'

General Macnaught made no further inquiry. He was not the man to discuss family affairs with a servant. Seated inside the carriage as it rolled slowly over the heavy roads, he maintained silence. Grief for the loss of his brother ousted all minor concerns from his thoughts, and the sight of each familiar landmark brought a more acute pang of regret for the untimely end of the wanderer who had returned from his long exile only to die.

A much-befeathered hearse whose plumage hung flaccid in the frosty air, two mourning-coaches, and an empty carriage sent by the courtesy of a neighbouring landlord were standing in readiness at the castle door when they arrived. There was little time to lose if the funeral was to take place that day. The doctor, meeting them in the hall, at once escorted them to the death-chamber, where stood the closed coffin. The last time the General had entered that darkened room it held all that was mortal of his father. Now there lay in state the body of the brother whose tears had then mingled with his.

Mr Macnaught had been a stranger to his homeland. No floral tributes sent by sorrowing friends brightened the sombre aspect of the surroundings; but Colin noticed that some one had laid a cluster of early snowdrops on the velvet pall.

As they stood with bowed heads, the General filled with conflicting memories that confused past with present, the doctor in a hushed voice was giving details of the illness:

'Chill contracted on the journey north. Acute peritonitis. No hope from the first. Constitution weakened by hot climate. Power of resistance gone. I advised that relatives and man of business should be summoned at once. Miss Gorman telegraphed for you, and to Inverness for Mr Bleloch the solicitor.'

Mr Bleloch, a stout man with bushy gray eyebrows and a sententious manner, who in company with the parish minister was in the library, advanced as they entered that room. He had employed the time of waiting by browsing on the sandwiches and burgundy placed on a side-table, and wiped his lips with a large yellow silk pocket-handkerchief as he came forward.

'Your regretted brother was very ill, sinking fast, when I arrived, though I instantly set forth on reception of the telegraphic message,' he began in a confidential whisper. 'He was able to give me afew instructions, but very few.' Mr Bleloch paused and sighed. 'I am afraid, gentlemen, the disposition of my client's property may surprise you; but I gathered from Mr Macnaught that you would

understand. So I presume he prepared you for the terms of his will? Would you like to see Miss Gorman before we start?

General Macnaught hesitated. He had no especial wish to see the mysterious lady who evidently held so important a place in his brother's establishment, yet he could not treat a woman rudely. Before he had time to reply, the undertaker bustling in with the suggestion that as all was now in readiness the service might be proceeded with, decided him to postpone the undesired interview.

The short home-service over, the sad little procession followed the snowy path that led to the old burial-place. Among the scattered knots of mourners gathered to pay their respects to the dead it was difficult to distinguish any individual; but as they turned to leave the graveyard Colin caught a glimpse of a slender, crape-bedecked figure entering the second carriage—Miss Gorman, he thought—and experienced a foolish resentment that any stranger should claim the right to wear such deep mourning for his relative.

Miss Gorman, if it were she, did not intrude upon their grief. When the party assembled in the library to hear the reading of the will she sat apart in the shadow thrown by the shaded lamp.

Mr Bleloch, his eyebrows bristling with pride of office, lost no time in reading Mr Macnaught's will. The document proved singularly free from verbiage; for, in the tersest possible language, it stated that the testator, being in his sound mind and judgment, gave and bequeathed Glen-na-Grual and all his other worldly possessions to Laura Gorman.

The ponderous, expressionless voice of the lawyer ceased amid a hush that was broken only by a nervous gasp from the veiled figure in the shadow; but no one paid any heed to her. The eyes of the little company were fixed furtively or boldly, as was the nature of their owners, upon General Macnaught and his son; and the General it was who, rising to his feet, broke the silence.

'Do I understand that what you have just read, Mr Bleloch, is the final disposition of my brother's property?'

'Yes, sir; it is.'

'Then neither my son nor I have further reason for remaining under this roof. I wish you goodevening.'

With the quiet words, the General included those present in a comprehensive bow, and, closely followed by Colin, turned towards the door.

The figure in the shadow made a movement forward.

'No, no. It is all wrong. Please don't go. He really did not mean '---

But the attempted protest fell upon deaf ears. Already the two men had left the room.

The old housekeeper, who had been a second-housemaid when the General was a boy, and who had remained at the castle throughout its change of ownership, filled with genuine concern for the rightful heir whom a passing freak had bereft of

his inheritance, ran after them into the avenue, her black silk gown rustling over the snow.

'Mr Hamish—General, I mean—will ye no' wait? You and the young gentleman were expected to stop here. The best rooms are a' aired an' ready. An' the bit miss was that anxious to make ye comfortable—aye runnin' to the butler an' me speirin' what ye would like to eat, an' whatna wines ye would fancy.'

'My good Ross, I appreciate your kindness; but, as you must see, it is impossible for me to stay as a guest in the house where I should be master.'

But to be leavin' afoot, an' the snow that deep! If ye'd just bide a minnit, sir, Andra would yoke the horses'——

'No; we shall walk down to the inn and hire something there to take us to the station. I wish to get to Inverness to-night. If Mr Bleloch wishes to communicate with me, he knows my London address.

At the turn of the drive the General paused to take a farewell look at the old gray house. It was early gloaming of the winter afternoon. There was no wind. The snow, although trodden underfoot by the passage of the funeral cortège, yet outlined the outspread branches of the firs and lay in downy cushions on the bushes of rhododendron and on the heather bordering the drive. Behind the quaintly turreted castle rose the hill he had climbed in his childish days, and he had accounted it a feat to be proud of; across the unruffled lake stood Ben-na-Grual, that giant among mountains, whose majesty even in manhood's years he regarded with something approaching awe.

With the survey of the alienated home of his fathers an exceeding bitter cry broke from the General.

'My boy, all my regret is for you. I am done. My life has been lived. But I coveted the old place for you. And now to see it go to some adventuress'——

They had turned the angle of the road. A rabbit scudding across the path, leaving the track of his woolly pads in the snow, was the only sentient thing in sight.

Colin threw his arm affectionately round his father's shoulders.

'And my regret is all for you, father. I know how you've looked forward. Still, we have lived without the castle, and we can do so again.'

'But, my boy, I may as well tell you I've never succeeded in saving anything to speak of. Your Oxford expenses made money a little tight. There's scarcely anything but my pension to depend on.'

'Oh, that's all right,' responded Colin, who regarded money matters with the easy tolerance of youth. 'I shan't be such an expense to you in the future, dad. Luckily, my college course is ended, and I won't think of the Bar. I'll set about earning money at once.'

'But to think of the old place coming into the family again,' said the General, reverting to his

great grievance, 'only to pass out again after a week's possession. To think that your uncle toiled the greater part of his lifetime only to have everything pounced upon by this Jezebel the moment he was dead.' General Macnaught had all a Scotsman's knowledge of Scripture, and the unrighteous seizure of Naboth's vineyard seemed in his mind a parallel case. 'She must have taken advantage of a temporary delirium caused by his illness. He would never have made that will if he had been in his right mind.'

At the village inn the landlady, who sought to show her sympathy for their bereavement by putting a fire of glowing peats in her parlour, and by gratuitously supplying heaped plates of her New-Year bun and shortbread with the tea they ordered, was consumed with curiosity as to the reason for their premature departure.

'Allisdair, an' will ye no' gang ben an' speir what for they're leavin' in sic a fell hurry?'

'Speir yersel', ma woman, gin ye want to ken,' retorted her laconic spouse.

'There's ane o' the castle carriages comin' down the road, onyway; an' it's Andra M'Phie that's drivin'. Ay, an' we'll soon ken now,' Mrs Stewart announced triumphantly, hastening out to receive the new arrival, who proved to be Mr Bleloch come in quest of General Macnaught.

'I am here by Miss Gorman's express desire,' he began when he had been ushered into the room where the General and Colin impatiently awaited the appearance of the wagonette that was to take them to Moniemore. 'She has asked me to tell you that she is greatly concerned at the contents of Mr Macnaught's will, which were as much a surprise to her as to any one. She trusts you will return with me now, when she hopes the matter may be amicably arranged. She even declares herself willing—I must confess that in the character of her legal adviser I besought my client to act with less precipitancy—to divide the inheritance!'

'Will you convey my thanks to Miss—Gorman, and tell her'—the General had assumed what Colin jokingly called his court-martial manner, and his demeanour was fraught with extreme dignity—'that as my brother had every right to dispose of his property as he thought best, I do not intend to raise the slightest objection to his will.'

Mr Bleloch drew down his bushy brows in perplexity. Even in his wide professional experience it was an unprecedented occurrence to meet in the same day one client who would voluntarily relinquish a goodly portion of a fortune, and another who was resolute in the rejection of that portion when offered.

'But though I told the lassie her offer was unbusiness-like and ill-considered, mind ye, I thought it was real noble-spirited of her to make it,' he said, relinquishing his judicial tone and dropping into the vernacular. 'It's no' everybody that would have been ready to share with you even to the half of her kingdom.'

'Speaking for my son and myself, I have nothing further to add to what I have already said,' General Macnaught replied stiffly. 'And now we must go. The trap is ready. We return to London at once.'

As through the casement-window he watched the wagonette bear them off down the snowy road, Mr

Bleloch, remembering the cosy harbourage prepared for them at the castle, murmured, 'Thrawn, thrawn; a stiff-necked and rebellious generation,' the while he munched a piece of Mrs Stewart's shortbread that in a fit of abstraction he had taken from the plate.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE APPIN MURDER TRIAL.



the Appin murder and the trial that followed, one valuable source of information seems to have been practically overlooked. It does not, indeed, tell us who fired the shot in

the wood of Lettermore — Alan Breck or some other; but it throws a good deal of light upon the circumstances which led up to that incident, and on the extraordinary proceedings which culminated, though they did not end, on that wild November day when James Stewart climbed the gibbet by Loch Leven-side.

After the '15, as everybody knows, there were considerable forfeitures of the estates of those who had been on the losing side; including those of the Earl Marischal, the Earls of Nithsdale, Panmure, Seaforth, Southesk, and many others. The same thing happened after the '45, when great tracts of the Highlands fell to the Crown. These forfeited estates were placed under the management of the Barons of the Court of Exchequer in Scotland, a tribunal that had been set up after the Union, and was to some extent composed of English lawyers. For their administration the Barons of Exchequer were directly responsible to the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, who seem to have had a very ample belief in their own intelligence and discretion, and to have had little hesitation about interfering with their subordinates as they saw fit.

The Barons had, of course, to act by means of local factors, and the selection of these functionaries was no easy matter. It was necessary that a factor should be well affected to the existing Government; that, as far as possible, he should be honest; that he should know something about the management of Highland estates, and in particular something of the people among whom he was set up as a sort of petty king. Yet the Lords Commissioners, in their wisdom, laid it down that no Highlander should be eligible for the office: a regulation to which the Barons found it impossible to give effect. The Records of the Court of Exchequer, including the correspondence of the Barons with the Treasury on the one hand and the local factors on the other, form a mine of information concerning the state of the Highlands generally at this time, and of the measures which were introduced for their pacification; and they have also a very special bearing on the matter with which we are more immediately concerned. It is, therefore, curious that they have been so completely ignored. Mr Omond, indeed, refers to these records when dealing with Sir William Grant of Prestongrange in his Lord Advocates of Scotland; but he does not appear to have carried his investigations very far. And R. L. Stevenson almost certainly knew nothing about them; just as well perhaps, or we might have been the poorer by want of some dramatic passages from Catriona.

Barcaldine, a moderate estate on the Benderloch, that narrow strip of land which lies between Loch Etive and Loch Creran, had, since early in the seventeenth century, been possessed by a cadet branch of the house of Glenorchy. Patrick Campbell of Barcaldine, who died in 1738, had been twice married; his second wife being Lucia Cameron, daughter of the famous old warrior, Sir Ewan Cameron of Lochiel. He was succeeded in Barcaldine by John Campbell, his eldest son and heir; while Colin, the eldest son of the second marriage, was provided with the small property of Glenure, at the top of Loch Creran. Colin, it will be noted, was thus a first cousin of 'the gentle Lochiel' of the '45, and of his brothers John Cameron of Fassifern and Dr Archibald Cameron -whose fate in its iniquity matched that of James of the Glens-a connection which was not without its influence on the tragedy of Lettermore.

The least imaginative person can understand that the very name of Campbell almost of necessity implied not perhaps fervent loyalty to the Hanoverian monarch, but without doubt hostility to the exiled Stuarts; and these two brothers, Barcaldine and Glenure, appear, moreover, to have been at one time in the military service of the Crown. So it is not surprising that, on 13th August 1747, John was appointed factor on the forfeited estates of Perth, Strathallan, and Gask; while, on 22nd July 1748, Colin was made factor on Ardshiel, Callart, and Mamore, that part of Lochiel's estate which lay between Fort-William and Loch Leven.

People who are acquainted with that romantic country, and know something of its present rental, will hardly believe that at that time the total rent of these three estates was only two hundred and ten pounds thirteen shillings and two and two-thirds pence; but so it was. And as Glenure's remuneration was 5 per cent. thereon, he received as his factor's fee neither more nor less than ten pounds ten shillings and sevenpence halfpenny—rather an object-lesson on the difference in the value of money in the Highlands then and now.

Very soon Glenure found that his was to be no bed of roses. The Mamore tenants refused to pay their rents due at Martinmas 1749, and laughed to scorn all his writs and precepts of removing; Fassifern not merely instigating them to this course, but actually threatening, so Glenure alleged, that if any paid rent it would be 'at their perral.' So he had to apply for military assistance to protect him and his subordinates in the execution of their duty.

Then began trouble, which had far-reaching consequences, about the farm of Achintore. The deputygovernor of the fort at Maryburgh, now Fort-William, Campbell by name, had a son-in-law, one John M'Lauchlan of Greenhall, who was tenant of that farm, which he seems to have got at a very low rent because the buildings had been burned in the '45. The Barons of the Exchequer had the forfeited estates surveyed, and fixed what they termed a 'judicial' rent for the different holdings. M'Lauchlan refused to give the judicial rent for Achintore; and so, by the express directions of the Barons, Glenure put the tenancy up to public roup. M'Lauchlan sent an emissary to the auction; but Fassifern outbid him. The Barons were annoved to find that they had got Fassifern for a tenant; but M'Lauchlan was furious, and that with both Fassifern and Glenure. He seems to have been a man of considerable resource, and his machinations against the former, as set forth in still extant documents by his victim, would make an interesting story in itself. But that is another matter, and we are at present concerned only with Glenure. Through his father-in-law, the deputy-governor, M'Lauchlan had the ear of Major-General Churchill, then Commander of the Forces in North Britain, and was able to make that somewhat pompous personage dance to any tune he was pleased to pipe. The Barons are suddenly told from London that the Duke of Newcastle has received, through General Churchill, information that reflects very seriously upon their management of the forfeited estates. The factors are disloyal; they show no desire to secure tenants who are well affected to Government; on the contrary, they are supplanting them by persons whose sympathies are notoriously on the other side, and so forth. General Churchill endorses the statements of his informant, whose name, he says, he is unable to disclose, and strongly recommends that no Highlanders of any kind be employed as factors. The information thus forwarded to the Duke of Newcastle is obviously the handiwork of M'Lauchlan, and it is plain from their reply that such was the opinion of the Barons. Without even suggesting that he is the complainer, they very neatly drag him into the discussion and blacken his character with some success. M'Lauchlan, however, achieved this much: in the eyes of the Treasury he certainly discredited Glenure, and to some extent also Barcaldine. The Barons, who put a truer value on General Churchill and his informant, wrote to the Lords Commissioners that while no doubt Glenure and Fassifern were cousins, yet they 'hate one another as heartily as we could wish.' But they felt bound to show by their acts, and to make their factors also show, that the Treasury were being misinformed. Hence greater rigour in repressing the disaffected should be the order of the day, and instructions from London should be carried out to the letter, if at all possible, however little their wisdom might be apparent to the Barons or to their factor on the spot.

This, then, being the attitude of parties in November 1751, produced by the ingenuity of Mr M'Lauchlan, it is interesting to find that the ejection proceedings, which resulted in the death of Glenure, were not the outcome of his own harshness or of the harshness of the Barons. So far as he was concerned, no doubt it was stated over and over again at the trial that he was merely carrying out instructions; and probably no more weight has been given to that assertion than to many others of the prosecuting counsel. But even if this statement had been accepted, Glenure's vindication was at the expense of the Barons. A very different complexion is, however, put upon matters by the Barons' letter of 21st May 1752, informing the Treasury of the murder of Glenure, in which they use these significant words: 'Pursuant to directions given by your Lordships to us, he was ordered to remove such tenants and possessors upon that estate as were nearly related to the forfeiting person or had been engaged in the late rebellion; and, in obedience to the instructions given him, having taken the legal steps towards removing such tenants, he obtained decrees,' &c. So long as the evictions could be laid to the charge of Glenure personally, it was not impossible to understand that James Stewart, though quite recently on cordial terms with him, might have become so embittered that he originated or fell in with a conspiracy for his murder. But James Stewart was no mere rustic. He was a man of education and intelligence. He had just been in Edinburgh unsuccessfully litigating on behalf of the tenants, and he must have known as well as we do now that as an individual Glenure was no more responsible for the proposed evictions than he was himself. The very facts, therefore, which clear Glenure from this new policy of harshness seem to demonstrate that James Stewart could have had no motive for instigating any one to kill him; and yet, so far as the prosecution made a case at all, it was on motive that it wasbased.

For the proper understanding of all that followed on the murder, it must be kept in mind that this was not the assassination of a mere estate-factor who had made himself unpopular by the stringency of his administration; still less could it be regarded as the result of some private grudge. To the executive, whose duty it was to preserve the security of life and property, it was an intimation that in spite of all their hopes the pacification of the Highlands was still far from complete; and patriots who, like

Duncan Forbes, had vainly striven to place some limit on the barbarities of Cumberland, might well fear lest such an untoward incident should be seized on by the preachers of a new crusade. The Barons' point of view was somewhat different. Glenure was their servant, killed while carrying out their orders, and they felt that their administration of the forfeited estates—on which so much depended for the Highlands-difficult enough at the best, might now be made impossible. In their own words: 'As the barbarous fact was done when a servant of the public was pursuing the duty incumbent upon him, the crime is not only highly aggravated, but may have consequences extremely pernicious to the Government by intimidating others to take the service in these parts.'

It can be readily understood that both these parties were determined, if possible, to detect and hang the perpetrators of the crime, both as a sacrifice to the manes of Glenure and also as a deterrent for the future; but so far there is nothing to suggest that either had any antipathy to James Stewart or knew much about him. To quote again from the Barons' own letter to the Lords of the Treasury: Being, therefore, desirous that nothing should be omitted to detect the abominable murderers, and to bring them to condign punishment, we had a meeting with the Lord Justice-Clerk to know what measures had hitherto been taken for the purpose, and he acquainted us that he had received an account of the murder from Mr Campbell of Barcaldine, the poor gentleman's brother, and at the same time a list of the names of some persons who, he suspected, might probably have some hand in this matter, being of the number of those who were to be removed, and who from their characters he judged might be hardy and wicked enough to perpetrate the villainy, and desiring warrants to apprehend them if from circumstances it should appear there was foundation for the suspicion. Such warrants were immediately sent off, and the like warrants were also put in the hands of General Churchill to be despatched to Fort-William. And since that time there is an account that the commanding officer there has sent a strong detachment to support the civil magistrate in taking the inquiry, which no doubt the poor man's friends and relations will push forward with zeal and attention. His lordship likewise acquainted us that other steps were taken which were not so proper to be mentioned at present, and we are fully persuaded that he will do everything in his power with zeal and fidelity to bring the actors and accomplices

Present-day notions will hardly approve of such interviews with the Lord Justice-Clerk; but the whole criminal system has been changed since 1752. There is also probably nothing very wrong concealed in the mysterious sentence towards the end of the paragraph. The attitude, therefore, of the executive and of the Barons is what would be described in diplomatic language as correct. It is

obvious, however, that 'the poor man's friends and relations' were being allowed to make the running. There was something to be said for this. They knew the country and the local conditions; they understood the language and the minds of the people; and, if the matter could be cleared up, there was perhaps more chance of its being cleared up by them than by officials from headquarters. Such a delegation of power by the executive was also no uncommon thing in the past. Over and over again commissions of justiciary and letters of fire and sword had been issued to one Highland chief for use against another, and the system of private prosecution still retained its place among the methods of government. Always susceptible of the grossest abuse, this delegation of authority seems in the present case to be responsible for the scandal that ensued. Even if he had no personal enmity against James Stewart, it will be noted that Mr John Campbell, the 'poor gentleman's brother,' had at once made up his mind as to the kind of person who must be guilty, and James Stewart had the bad fortune to fit the description. Indeed, the wonder is not that the prosecution got some evidence-whatever its value-against their victim, but that they got so little.

After the trial was over 'the poor man's friends and relations,' who had financed the whole proceedings, sent in their bill to the Lords of the Treasury. My Lords, who admit that they had all along intended to pay the cost of the prosecution, were startled by the amount asked for-one thousand three hundred and thirty-four pounds nine shillings and twopence halfpenny - and sent the bill down to the Barons to have the different items investigated. And so between the original bill and the explanations given in support of the disputed items it is made plain how the prosecution set about their work; and the animadversions made on their conduct by the counsel for the defence, so far as these were disputed, receive ample justification.

Mungo Campbell, Glenure's nephew, who was with him when he was shot, and who succeeded him in his factorship, naturally took a leading part; and the first item in the bill is his expenses in sending off expresses with the news and 'apprehending and transporting to Fort-William James Stewart in Acharn; Allan Stewart, his son; and John Beg M'Coll, his servant, all suspected to be in the knowledge of the murder or committers thereof'-that is to say, Mr Mungo Campbell at the very outset fixed on James Stewart as his man; and it was but natural that the subsequent inquiry should be directed less to the ascertainment of facts than to the extortion or manufacture of evidence against the selected victim. The next item tells how Mr Mungo Campbell made a pilgrimage to Carlisle in consequence of a story that Alan Breck had been apprehended there. Apparently the 'poor man's friends and relations' descended in force upon the unhappy country, moved thereto either by zeal on

his behalf or by the prospect of free board and lodging. For there is a charge of two hundred and twenty-five pounds—more than the whole yearly rental of the combined estates of Ardshiel, Callart, and Mamore, it will be remembered—as expenses of entertainment of more than sixty persons daily from 18th May to 13th June; and from another item, in which the deputy sheriff-clerk is seeking his remuneration, we learn that over seven hundred persons were precognosced during this dragonnade, the expense of which is impudently justified on the ground that 'it struck a terror into the people of the country, and made them, even against their inclinations, tell so much of the truth as by degrees brought the whole to light.'

One other item is of interest, not so much in itself as by reason of the explanation it requirednamely, 'To paid the King's Advocate, Mr James Erskine, Mr Simon Fraser, Mr John Campbell, and Mr Robert Campbell-lawyers, and Mr Alston the Crown's solicitor, for their trouble and pains in roing to Inveraray and assisting at the tryal, £235. To this wild expenditure upon legal talent, as it appeared to him, the auditor objected; when it was answered that 'there were only two lawyers carried from Edinburgh by the prosecutors-to witt, the King's Advocate and Mr James Erskine. And as the latter was obliged to go away before the proof was taken, on account of an accident in his own family, the prosecutors were obliged to have recourse to the assistance of such young counsel as were occasionally there, one of whom was absolutely necessary, as he understood the Irish language, and the other two young lawyers became also necessary in order to relieve the Lord Advocate during the course of the If this explanation, which does not hang together very well, be true, the importance of the part played by Mr Simon Fraser must suffer considerable diminution, although his character does not appear to have been defamed by anything said of him in Catriona.

The Records of the Exchequer disclose another matter which throws a lurid light on the tactics of 'the poor man's friends and relations,' and goes near to shaking the opinion one had formed of the good faith and fair dealing of the Barons. In the beginning of August, long after the so-called inquiry had been completed, a memorial is sent in by John Campbell of Barcaldine, stating that though he has been very busy 'in endeavouring to discover the bloody authors of that barbarous assassination,' yet he must confess with regret 'that hitherto the proof appears not so strong as could be wished.' therefore makes a proposal which he thinks will bring about the desired result. James Drummond, alias James More Macgregor, had recently been convicted of abduction, which was a capital offence; but, owing to some specialty in the verdict, sentence was delayed till November. He is prepared to swear that James Stewart visited him in the Tolbooth in April, and made certain proposals to him for procuring the murder of Glenure. But as James

Stewart is to be tried in September, the only way to put James More in a position to give the necessary evidence is that he should receive a pardon before that date. 'In these circumstances,' Campbell concludes, 'it may probably occur that the conviction of the murderer of Glenure will be of more service to the Government than the taking away of the life of James Drummond; so that if the matter be properly represented to the Lords Justices they may possibly be prevailed with to grant James Drummond a remission to enable him to be a witness against the sole contriver of the murder of Glenure.'

Now, the story which James More was willing to tell was this: that James Stewart had proposed that he, James More, should give him a letter to his brother, Robert Campbell, alias Macgregor, desiring him to do whatever James Stewart should direct, 'particularly to murder Glenure, for which purpose the said James Stewart was to furnish a very good gun. James Drummond's bribe was to have been a prorogation of a very beneficial tack or lease from a near relation of James Stewart, to whom he was tutor, and the bribe to Robert was to be James Stewart affording him money to carry him to France, where by Ardshiel's interest he was to get a commission in the French service or a pension, whichever he chose.'

The Barons seem to have swallowed this silly stuff, for they passed on the scandalous proposal to the Lords of the Treasury, with the following docket: 'Being persuaded it will be greatly for the service of the publick that James Stewart mentioned in the memorial herewith sent be convicted, we humbly beg,' &c. Whether the Barons realised the turpitude of Barcaldine's scheme and the utter impropriety of their own docket it is hard to say; but one is at all events glad to notice that only two names are appended to the docket, and that neither of them is Scotch. They are J. Idle and Edw. Eden-the Lord Chief-Baron and one of his colleagues. Mr Pelham transmitted the memorial to the Lords Justices-the king apparently being abroad at the time-who conclude a somewhat lengthy letter of refusal by stating that there is not time to get the king's pardon before James Stewart's trial, 'to capacitate James Drummond to give evidence upon that occasion, although the circumstances had been still more strong and persuasive to make their excellencies imagine that the testimony of the one would materially tend to the conviction of the other.' This must have been a nasty blow to the conspirators, for so sure were they of the success of their scheme that they had actually included the name of 'James Drummond, alias Macgregor, alias James More, late tenant in Inneronachile,' in the list of witnesses annexed to the criminal letters served upon the accused on 21st August 1752.

After this exposure one can hardly refuse credit to the assertion in *Catriona* that a written statement by James More was surreptitiously handed to the jury without the knowledge of the prisoner's counsel, though after all it probably did him little harm with any of the shameless fifteen.

The sentence, which concluded this 'very long and most impartial trial,' as the Lord Justice-General with quaint lack of humour thought proper to describe it, was obviously intended to gratify 'the poor man's friends and relations' as well as to strike terror into the minds of the disaffected. It would have been simplest to hang James Stewart at Inveraray; but that did not harmonise with the Duke's view of the fitness of things. So My Lords decerned that he should go back to the jail of Inveraray, 'therein to remain till the 5th day of October next, according to the present style, and then to be delivered over by the magistrates of Inveraray and keeper of the said prison to the sheriff-depute of Argyllshire, or his substitutes; and to be by them transported to the shire of Inverness, and delivered over to the sheriffdepute of Inverness, or his substitutes, and to be by them transported to Fort-William, and delivered over to the governor, deputy governor, or commander-in-chief for the time of the said garrison, to be by them committed to prison in the said fort, therein to remain till the 7th day of November next according to the present style, and then again to be delivered over to the sheriff-depute of Inverness or his substitutes, and to be by them transported over the ferry of Ballachulish and delivered over to the sheriff-depute of Argyllshire or his substitutes, to be by them carried to a gibbet to be erected by the said sheriff, on a conspicuous eminence upon the south side of or near to the said ferry-and decern and adjudge the said James Stewart, upon Wednesday the 8th day of November next, according to the present style, betwixt the hours of twelve at noon and two afternoon, to be hanged by the neck upon the said gibbet by the hands of an executioner until he be dead, and thereafter to be hung in chains upon the said gibbet.'

Every detail of this weird and anxiously considered programme was carefully carried out. Tied on a horse and guarded by eighty soldiers, James of the Glens set out from Inversray on 5th October. At Fort-William he was kept close till 7th November, when the last stage of this sombre pilgrimage began. In the evening the prisoner and his escort came to the north side of the ferry, the march between the two counties of Inverness and Argyll; but there was such a tempest that they could not cross till next morning. A little after midday they reached the place of execution, where was erected a small tent for the use of the prisoner and the two ministers who attended him. After prayer by one of the ministers, James Stewart produced three copies of his dying speech, and gave one to the sheriff-substitute of Argyll, another to the officer in command of the troops, while he read the third aloud before handing it to the sheriff-substitute of Inverness. The speech, which is preserved in the Scots Magazine of the time, does not contain anything very extraordinary; but it proved too much for the sheriff-substitute of Argyll; and, regardless of the time and place, he broke out in indecent contradiction of the prisoner's words. After sundry religious exercises, in which the prisoner took an active part, he bade farewell to his friends and mounted the ladder with great composure and resolution, and read a short prayer in a clear and audible voice. The Edinburgh Courant goes on to say: 'The storm was so great all this time that it was with the utmost difficulty one could stand upon the hill, and it was near five before the body was hung in chains. There were a great number of the country-people present, and sixteen men of the command in Appin are stationed at Ballachulish to prevent the gibbet being cut down.'

There is a legend that some years afterwards another violent storm so shook the gibbet that the bones and the chains that kept them together came tumbling to the ground, and that instead of giving them decent burial somebody obtained a warrant from the Lord Justice-Clerk for hanging then, up again. But be this grim story true or not, the Exchequer Records show that the authorities were determined that the hanging in chains should be no mere idle form. The country-people would soon have cut down the gibbet and given Christian burial to one who was the kinsman of many and had the sympathy of all; and so, even before the execution, the sheriff of Argyll applied to the General for a guard of soldiers to prevent anything of the kind from taking place. He got his guard on condition that he should see they were somehow provided with decent accommodation—a condition which he seems to have entirely disregarded; and the General has accordingly to apply to the Barons, in the depth of winter, to beg that they will direct Mr Mungo Campbell, their new factor, to do what he can in the way of getting a hut built for the unfortunate 'subaltern, sergeant, corporal, and sixteen men stationed at Ballachulish over the body of Stewart in chains'-not a very engaging duty at any time of the year for the king's troops, but probably a satisfaction to the sheriff of Argyll and the rest of 'the poor man's friends and relations.

THE QUEST OF HAPPINESS.

FROM 'neath the midnight sun of northern skies

To sunny southern vale and mountain peak

Shrouded deep in mystery it lies,

This happiness that man will ever seek.

The fool in folly, and the wise in wit,

The rich in treasure, e'en the monk in prayer,

Pursue in vain—for so 'tis ever writ—

The quest of happiness, and find but care.

For me: ah, well! I do not wish to roam
In search of gilded baubles such as these;
I find content in two sweet eyes and home.
Drink not too deep, and shun the bitter less.

O. R. WILSON.



ROUND AN ACTIVE VOLCANO.

By VIOLET TWEEDALE.



RITTEN and sung of, dreaded, worshipped and revered, no mountain on earth bears so rich a wreath of laurels upon its snowy brow as does Etna, the 'mountain of fire' of the Saracens, the 'burning mountain' of

the Greeks. Virgil has bequeathed to us a graphic description of the volcano; and Ovid's imprisoned Titan, buried beneath, yet contrived to 'vomit its flame from his raging mouth.' Homer lays the scene of one of the adventures of Odysseus at the eastern base, though he makes no mention of the volcanic nature of the 'mountain of the Cyclops.' Pindar vividly describes the eruption of 476 B.C., but it was Dante who first ventured to dispel the belief in the supernatural nature of the phenomena of the crater.

Around and about her, history has woven a wealth of fable and fact, from out all ages, throughout all time. Invaders from every land, conquerors from every shore, have contended for supremacy, and strewn the fair lands stretching at her feet with crumbling ruins of mighty temples dedicated to strange gods, relics of those times when there were giants upon the earth; when the mythology of the present was a vital force in the lives of men, and Vulcan's workshop, Jove's throne, the home of the Cyclops, and the Titans' prison were veritable realities in the days when the Greeks erected their stately theatres, and the Romans listened to the verses of Sophocles or Euripides in their lordly pleasure-houses beneath the fiery monster's frowning brow. From the supreme desolation of her regione deserta, Etna, the highest volcano in Europe, surveys her humbler brethren: the smoking peaks of the Lipari Islands, on the north; the island of Malta, a purple speck on the southern horizon; and the Ægadian Isles, beyond Trapani, on the west. Away to the east the blue stretch of Calabria lies wreathed in fleecy cloud-banks.

From her ever-smoking crater, nearly eleven thousand feet high, she looks down over the three seas, Ionian, African, and Italian. From her glit-

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tering snow-capped cone, her beautiful lines slope gently away to the base, which forms a circuit of one hundred and eighty miles, the fitful path of lava-streams deeply scarring her sides as they pass through the different zones of snow and ashes, then forest, and lastly riotously luxuriant cultivation.

In winter she forms a battlefield where the elements of fire and snow wildly contend for victory. In summer she draws to her bosom the wrack of thunder-cloud, the lightning from above playing with the ever-raging internal flames which at intervals are belched from out her icy jaws.

Unspeakably grand is she at all times, in her domineering majesty, but appallingly may ifficent when in mighty throes her giant shoulders heave in the travail of her impending eruption—a world of avalanche, whirlwind, thunder-roar, and earthquake, when for hundreds of miles around her feet the shuddering earth trembles to its vitals, and awaits its awful doom of fire and annihilation.

In days gone by few travellers were adventurous enough to make their way from Taormina to Catania by the back of Etna. The road was possible for carriages and mules, but the route, though full of interest, was rough in the extreme. The food at the poor little inns was bad, malaria rampant; and the worst drawback, the possibility of hostile natives or maurauding bandits, was sufficient to deter all but the most intrepid from making the attempt. Since the opening of the Ferrovia Circumetnéa, which does the journey in about seven hours, this beautiful tract of country has been opened up, and no traveller in Sicily should miss that which is most worth seeing in the whole island.

The contadini, who crowd the stations for the purpose of seeing foreigners and the steam-engine for the first time, make use of the line to a certain extent; but foreigners are still very few and far between, the writer and her husband being on the occasion in question the only passengers, with the Reserved.]

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exception of a handful of peasants occupying an open truck.

Leaving the main line at Giarri, one enters this miniature train which is destined to climb three thousand eight hundred and ten feet above the sea-level. There is one first-class compartment, about ten feet long, with glass sides and a stage outside on which one may stand and enjoy the view. The third-class is an open truck fitted with rows of benches.

Slowly at first, by a circuitous route which winds up the face of the hillside, one climbs through forests of lemon-trees, heavily weighted with their sunny fruit, beneath which a riot of pink campion, much deeper in shade than the English variety, luxuriates. Wide tracts of vineyards disclose the blue sea, with Calabria in the purple distance, and the foam-edged breakers rolling in from Greece. Perched like an eyrie on the rocks, Taormina lies to the right, whilst on the left rise the green spurs, veined with their lava-streams, of Etna—billowy, vine-clad hills, with their dominating snow-decked crown glittering against a turquoise sky.

Amid the ruins of old Saracen times the prickly pear throws up its great fleshy clusters, bracken rears its green fronds as vigorously as in a Scottish glen, and every niche of broken masonry is festooned by the tender maidenhair and parsley fern. Over all hover countless sulphur butterflies and Emperor moths. Colour is the predominating note of Sicilian scenery: vivid, daring, and riotous. The almond-trees are the tint of a deep blush-rose, and stand against the blue of the sky with strong brilliancy. The rags of the peasants are of many hues, the head-shawl of the women being as a rule of mandarin yellow; all go to make up a wealth of Southern beauty, brought to perfection by the blazing rays of a tropical sun.

The first town of any importance is reached at Piedimonte Etneo, one thousand one hundred and forty feet high, situated on an old military road, the route followed by Hamilcar in 396 B.C., and by Charles V. in 1534 A.D. The slopes of Monte Calcinicra roll away to the right, sterile and gray; round the village, bean-fields flourish and scent the air deliciously; whilst olives and cypresses stand sentinel around the lonely villas.

About ten miles farther on, between Terremorte and Linguagrossa, one crosses the first of the great lava-streams formed by the eruption of 1566. The village of Linguagrossa is built entirely of lava; and one catches glimpses of the peasants sitting in the sunshine, carrying on out-of-doors all the household business of the day—a habit common to all Italians. The walls are adorned by masses of marigolds and huge bushes of spurge, which here grows to the height of six to eight feet, and flowers abundantly. The peasants who throng the platform are all armed with some weapon, no matter how antiquated, and the two solitary policemen have a carbine slung across their shoulders and a revolver in their belts.

Those who are under the impression that brigandage is stamped out find a rude awakening on traversing this country and actually meeting and talking with those who have been captured and ransomed. As will be shown later on, great precautions have still to be taken in many parts; and Mr J. Foster Rose, the proprietor of large sulphur-mines, still lives in Sicily, and carries on his industry, after having been kidnapped and delivered up for the handsome sum of three thousand pounds. For the period of twenty days Mr Rose was kept a close prisoner, though treated with every civility. The Baron Sgadero was another victim whose liberty cost him the nice sum of six hundred and thirty-five pounds.

The reason why the little railway with which we are dealing is so little frequented by strangers is the fact that it is always liable to be held up by a marauding gang. The Maffia, the most powerful and wealthy secret society in all Sicily, invariably proves a safeguard to the outlaws. The names of the most powerful and wealthy inhabitants of the country are inscribed upon its roll of membership, and they trust to its protection rather than to that of the State. This society is the dominating power in Sicily; allowed to exist, it is accepted as a matter of course and involves all classes of society. Its power, easily felt, is yet hard to define, and a Sicilian will always hastily change the subject if it is broached. Containing nothing socialistic in its tendencies, it yet governs the land as a king of terrors. Under its despotism no man's soul is his own, and Victor Emmanuel III. and his Government are powerless to suppress it. The society regulates its actions according to a code of ethics known as omerta, and this code lifts its members above law, and imposes the obligation to settle all controversies by force and violence. There are two grades, the alta and bassa. Members of the former arrange their difficulties by means of the sword, the latter by aid of the knife. Members of the alta Maffia rarely stoop to the commission of vulgar crimes, but they have only to hint to their retainers in the Maffia bassa the violence they desire to see perpetrated. Maffiosi have no respect for any law but their own, and there is no department of social life in which this mysterious power, infinitely greater than Government, does not prevail. As the line still mounts one passes through a lovely vista of swelling mountains, with no signs of habitation, save at long intervals a tiny village thrown like a heap of stones upon the frowning brow of some cliff. Flocks of goats and sheep feed and climb about the dizzy heights, and eerily floating on the still warm air comes the pipe of 'Pan' the goatherd, trilling out some wild Sicilian folksong, as he lies amongst the snow of the blackthorn, the gold of the genista.

Beyond Castiglione, a tiny town famous for its hazel-nuts, the land slopes down to the lovely valley of the Alcantara, above which rises the lofty chain of Monte Nebrodi; and four miles beyond one traverses part of the lava ejected in 1879. This stream advanced almost to the river, and threatened to overwhelm the village of Moio. Its descent was at first at the rate of fifteen feet per minute, and finally thirty to forty feet per hour. One of the most striking sights in this country is the violent contrast between the lava-fields and the country immediately beyond. The black, gloomy stream, stiffened into death, sullenly brooding under the sunshine, produces an impression never forgotten by those who witness it: the only signs of life a kite motionless in the still air, and a few tall shafts of the pale asphodel, the flower of death.

The train pauses at the sad little station of Posso Alcantara, which is literally cut out of the bare scoriæ, lying piled around in hummocky masses destitute of vegetation. Black walls, black houses, black earth. The inhabitants look very much like the soil, gray and unhealthy.

The air is beginning to blow chill as we creep up the long road towards the base of the snowy monster. It is only as one glides on hour after hour that the size of the giant is realised to be that of the highest volcano in Europe. After a run of twenty-five miles Randazzo is reached, a quaint mediæval town founded by a Lombard colony, and surnamed Etnéa by the Emperor Frederick II., being the nearest town to the volcano.

From the old ducal palace, now a prison, still protrude the spikes on which the heads of criminals were exposed. The line, still ascending through forests of oak-trees, reaches its culminating height, three thousand eight hundred and ten feet, between Alcantara and Simeto; and beyond, on a conical hill, stands the old castle of Maletto. In the valley is situated the beautiful estate of Bronté, presented to Lord Nelson in 1799 by Ferdinand IV., who created him at the same time Duke of Bronté. This property has now passed through the female line to the present Lord Bridport, and is resided in yearly by his son, Mr Hood. The residence of Maniace, surrounded by magnificent scenery, is of considerable age, but replete with every modern luxury. Mr Hood's guests are met at the station by a carriage, the driver and groom of which are both armed, a mounted escort riding alongside. Mr Hood never goes beyond his own garden without a mounted escort, nor are his guests permitted to walk without being equally well protected.

The brigands do not always confine their attentions to the rich and influential. Some little time ago no greater a personage than the cook's nephew was abducted, and a ransom of either two or three thousand lire demanded. The cook, with the aid of her relatives, gathered together seven hundred, which was accepted by the brigands, and the boy was liberated; but though he is now well and at liberty, it was deemed advisable to send him out of the district, beyond the possibility of recapture.

Almost Alpine in its grandeur, the scenery in the valley is lovely beyond compare, with on one side the high mountain-ranges slightly snow-capped, and on the other the far more lofty 'Pillar of Heaven, nourisher of the snow,' as Pindar calls Etna. After passing Maletto the line runs through the most impressive of all the lava-fields, that formed by the eruption of 1691. One vast black lake miles in circumference, it lies in mighty, tortured masses, crag on crag, boulder on boulder, piled up as if by giant hands in titanic confusion; the colour, a dead slate-black, adds a weird mournfulness to a landscape so extraordinary that to be comprehended it must be seen. The country, warmed internally and externally, produces perhaps the loveliest wild flowers in Europe; but here the land is arid, frowning, and devoid of life. Like a tempestuous sea struck suddenly into silence, the stern, forbidding grandeur of the scene seems to accord rather with Dante's Inferno than the sunny climes of the South. A hidden world of subterranean fire; above, an awestruck desert, grim, satanic, and black as Erebus, with the horror of extinct flame. The dismal waste spreads for miles in a dead sea of lava, crest on crest, billow on billow, silent, lonesome, barren. As if in its savage devastation the earth scorned the flood of sunshine pouring from above, it refracts none of its loveliness of powdered gold-dust and glowing colour. Mile after mile the little engine toils through the terrible desolation, as if through a sullen nightmare, a veritable hell of dead fire belched forth from the radiant snow-clad dome towering above into the blue sky, with nothing to suggest its awful power save the lazy puff of white smoke issuing from its never-quiescent activities

Beyond Bronté one gets a fine view of the craters, Monte Lepri, Rovolo, and Minardo, and the lavastreams of 1727, 1763, 1603, 1787, 1610; and beyond Paterno, on the slopes of Etna, lies Belpasso, a town destroyed in the eruption of 1669, and re-erected on a new site. This eruption destroyed Catania; a furious whirlwind shook the island, and earthquakes upheaved the land. The town of Nicoloso rocked like a ship at sea, and in a short space was a heap of ruins. Amid this awful conflict of Nature eight fresh craters opened, and ejected masses of lava, fire, and stones; and from their belching mouths a stream two miles wide poured down the mountain-side, dividing itself midway into two currents, one of which rolled towards Palermo, the other precipitating itself upon Catania.

From Belpasso a road leads to Nicoloso, whence the ascent of Etna is made in summer, as no guide can be induced to face the snow terror in winter. A five hours' ride brings one to the foot of the crater, which must be ascended on foot. At the height of nine thousand six hundred feet the mules begin to flag, and here is situated the Osservatorio. A thousand feet have still to be scaled to reach the summit, a laborious climb through hot ashes.

From time to time the mouth of the crater alters its formation. At one time it is a profound abyss

several miles in circumference, at another it may be bridged over and divided into different cavities; after every slight eruption the configuration is changed, and the guides who visit it must rarely find it as they last saw it.

There are three different zones of vegetation on Etna. The first, which extends beyond Nicoloso, is called the regione coltivata, and here Nature is seen in her most prolific mood. The second zone, regione nemorosa, extends to six thousand eight hundred feet, and is overgrown with forests. The highest zone, regione deserta, has vegetation of the most stunted description. Wolves, boars, hares, and rabbits abound on the lower zones. Above the height of two thousand six hundred feet only a few isolated houses brave the terrors of the vol-During the eruption of 1891 the lava flowed over that of former eruptions, and a new crater opened near Monte Gemellaro, discharging several streams, the principal of which, flowing about five hundred and forty feet an hour on 6th August, approached within two and a half miles of Nicoloso.

The line now begins its gradual descent into Catania, where it ends. As we pass through little villages, amid scenery which is by far the loveliest in Sicily, the eye is continually arrested by the magnificent contrasts everywhere displayed. The rolling panorama of purple hills; the deep green valleys where the Alcantara winds like a silver thread, and where the blossoming fruit-trees rear their delicate loveliness above the sad gray green of the olives and prickly pears; and leagues of emerald hemp-fields bursting into sapphire flower. Then in sudden, swift transition, as an Inferno thrown down 'mid Paradise, come the seas of silent, sterile lava, black, rugged, and ghastly, dead

witness to the overwhelming powers of Nature's sternest forces.

Along the dazzling white roads the bell-throated goats are being driven from the hills to the villages, where they are milked from door to door as they troop home. Small black asses march sedately along with their double burden, the man in front, the woman seated behind him. Wretched horses, ironically decked out with elaborately embossed harness, plumes of scarlet feathers a foot high, and clusters of silver bells, draw the picturesque Sicilian carts, surely like no other carts on earth. Of strong light oak, they are set on high wheels, the body painted brilliantly with scenes taken from mythology or the Bible. On one panel may be depicted the Last Supper, whilst on another Helen of Troy may be holding forth the apple. A weary, overburdened woman, her nut-brown face shrouded in a yellow kerchief, stops by the wayside shrine, crosses herself and mutters a prayer, whilst she places a rose or a spray of lemons above the weather-beaten figure of the Blessed Virgin.

As the sun sinks the dying beams forsake the glittering summit, and lingering on the mighty flanks, flood the deep ravines and chasms with a violet glow. Yawning gulfs and precipitous cliffs, cavernous grottos, and mighty steeps, loom into view for the first time, only again to sink into the purple shades of the coming twilight. And that twilight in Southern climes, how swift it is, but how beautiful! Scarce has the sky assumed a mantle of crimson and gold than, like a wine-coloured veil, the night drifts over. From out that indescribable afterglow, neither purple nor ruby, flash out the great planets, reclaiming their splendour from the radiant day, and, fading softly into a field of darkest sapphire, night proclaims her sovereignty.

COMEDY EAST AND TRAGEDY WEST.

CHAPTER VIII.



ED stood at the door of the small wooden house. Eardley looked at him with a new interest.

'I am glad to see you, Mr Eardley,' he said. 'Come right in and we will arrange our plans.'

His tone was quiet and not very cordial; but Eardley was used to his sober ways, and did not expect him to be demonstrative.

'Don't unhitch, Dick,' he added to the man. 'Just walk the team down to the creek and let them wet their mouths—no more. Then come back and wait.'

Eardley got down from the buggy, leaving his gun-case. As he passed into the house Ned's eye caught the new belt and revolver.

'This way, Mr Eardley,' he said.

There were but two rooms in the house. The one they entered was very plainly furnished. It con-

tained a pine table and a chair or two; but Ross did not invite his guest to sit down. Following Eardley into the room, he shut the door, and Eardley ceased to hear the wheels of the departing buggy on the road.

After shutting the door Ross turned to Eardley and looked at him gravely and in silence for two or three seconds. Taken by surprise at this reception, Eardley stared at his host in return, first with astonishment, then a feeling of fear drew the blood from his face, and he instinctively moved back a little.

'Mr Eardley,' said Ross, speaking in a low tone, but very distinctly and slowly, 'I asked you to come out here for a day's sport. But since we arranged that I have altered my plan. My reason for doing so I don't propose to discuss with you. You will form your own conclusion.'

Eardley was about to speak, but changed his mind.

Surprise and apprehension confused his faculties, and Ross continued in the same quiet, monotonous voice. To one who did not see him he might have been repeating with indifference words learned by rote.

'I have formed another plan instead,' he said, 'which I hope you will agree to. It is that you go with me right now to the Reverend Mr Walsh's house. I have arranged for Mrs Winans and Miss Mary to meet us there, and the minister will marry you and Miss Mary. The marriage will be at twelve o'clock to-day.'

Eardley was too astonished to speak at once; but he broke into a rude, forced laugh. Ross never moved a muscle, and kept his eye on Eardley's till the laugh died away in a rather sickly fashion. Not being able to continue laughing, Eardley shrugged his shoulders and tried to think of words sufficiently contemptuous to indicate his refusal of this preposterous and impudent proposal. But Ross proceeded:

'There's an alternative'----

'Oh, there's an alternative, is there?' said Eardley, struggling to keep his voice from shaking.

'But before mentioning it'-Ross went on without paying any attention to the interruption except pausing till it was over-'before mentioning the alternative, I want you to understand clearly what I propose you should do. You will first make up your mind that you are going to marry Miss Winans this morning. She is to understand that the plan is yours, and that you meant it as a surprise to her, with the approval of her mother and her friends. There is to be no playing on the girl's generosity. She will not marry you if she has the least suspicion that it is not by your desire. But she will agree if you tell her in the right way, and that will be left to you. Now, the alternative is this,' and Ross's speech grew a degree slower, but no louder: 'you will agree within five minutes, or I shall kill you right here as I should a rat.' He did not remove his eyes from Eardley's, but took out his watch and laid it on the table.

Eardley shrank back, feeling sick, and trembling in spite of all he could do. There was no sound in the house, and in the silence he presently heard the watch ticking on the table. Then he remembered his revolver. Ross seemed to be unarmed. He cautiously moved his shaking hand towards the pistol, and as he saw that Ross did not stir he said, 'Mr Ross, my marriage is nobody's business but my own—and the lady's. I shall marry Miss Winans, or not marry her, as she and I may decide. I—I allow no man to dictate to me about my private affairs.' His courage grew with the sound of his voice. By this time he had grasped his revolver, and, raising it quickly and pointing it towards Ross, he cried, 'Open the door, sir, and let me pass!'

But he noticed that Ross was no longer looking at him, but past him at something at his back; and as he cried 'Let me pass,' he saw Ross make a little sign with his hand. Instinctively Eardley turned his head to glance behind him. In the same moment he received a lightning blow behind the ear, and as he fell headlong to the floor the pistol was wrenched from his hand.

It was an old trick, but new and fatal to the unpractised city man. He struggled to his feet half-dazed and wholly cowed; and Ross, now holding the pistol, said in the same calm voice as before, 'You have now three minutes, Mr Eardley.'

Then he carefully examined the weapon, tried the lock, turned round the cylinder, took out and replaced the cartridges. When he had satisfied himself he placed the pistol on the table beside him, and again fixed his eyes upon Eardley. There was something about Ross's look that convinced Eardley he would keep his word. Eardley remembered, too, his driver's stories of the man's daring and of his popularity. He was far from home, and he thought Ross could probably kill him without much risk of punishment from a local court.

'You have now one minute and a half,' said Ross, and he took up the pistol. 'Understand, I kill you now if before the end of that minute and a half you have not given me your promise to marry Miss Winans at twelve o'clock to-day.'

The watch ticked on, and Ross slowly raised the revolver. Eardley saw that his hand was as steady as a rock.

'I agree,' he gasped.

Ross continued to look at him steadily, and brought the pistol level with his head.

'I agree,' Eardley almost shrieked.

Then Ross slowly lowered his hand. 'That's right,' he said; 'and now, Mister Eardley, you understand that if you show a sign of weakening on that resolution, the moment that you do so will be your last on earth. I am going to see this thing through, and I'll keep right beside you. Dick is at the door now with the carriage, and we'll have time to ride over to the minister's while you're arranging your face and your words for Mary. What you do has got to appear spontaneous to her. That is your part of the business. Mine is to be on hand to shoot you at the first hint you give of backing down. You must make no mistake. marriage has to go through if you live till twelve o'clock. If it does not, it will be because you are dead.'

The drive to the Reverend Mr Walsh's house was, till they neared Blue Forks, over the same road by which Eardley had been brought to Shelby. Ross drove and Eardley sat beside him. But though Ross's hands were employed with the reins and whip, Eardley was too shaken and had received too convincing a proof of the other's resources to think of trying to free himself by a sudden attack. Besides, Dick sat behind, and every feature of the road reminded him of the stories of Ross's prowess he had heard on the way out. But as they drove along in silence he gradually recovered his powers

of thinking, and before they came in sight of the minister's house he had made up his mind to accept, or appear to accept, the situation. On reflection he was sure that such a marriage, if he escaped as soon as possible after it, would not hold good in law. It would certainly be nullified if he told the story in his own way and proved force and threats. At the worst a divorce would not be difficult. Once back among his friends in New York he would be safe, and if molested, could get police protection and pose as the victim of an abominable conspiracy. So he thought, and accordingly, after due meditation, he said with the most ingenuous air he could assume:

'Mr Ross, I think you will come to regret all this. I am going to keep my promise to you, but I cannot understand your conduct. You have set to work to force me to do a thing which I was only too anxious to do, as you might have seen.

But here a jerk of the carriage nearly threw him from his seat. Ross's face was impassive, and yet something in it caused Eardley's reviving confidence to ooze away. He became silent, and did not attempt again to speak.

When they entered the minister's parlour Mrs Winans and her daughter were already there, and with them, besides the minister, were Mr Patrick MacDermott, ruling elder in the First Presbyterian Church of Blue Forks, and his daughter Rhoda, Mary's friend.

Mary seemed as if by magic to have recovered all her delicate beauty, and when Eardley had shaken hands with the others and stood by her side, she whispered, 'Oh Walter, and you never told me! How could you?'

He had no need to explain anything. minister's statement had been enough. Doubt or suspicion was not in Mary's nature. Where she loved she trusted and followed blindly.

The simple Presbyterian marriage ceremony was 'In the presence of God and these witnesses,' Walter Desmond Eardley and Mary Winans took each other for husband and wife, and the minister prayed for a blessing on their union. The bride and bridegroom signed the register, as did also the clergyman and the witnesses. marriage certificate was folded up by the minister and given with a smile to the blushing bride, who placed the priceless scrap of paper in her bosom, not only as the proof of her honourable wifehood, but, like the myrtle-wreath of the German bride, as the ever-wonderful souvenir of the day of days of her life.

Ross was the last to sign the register. He carefully dried the ink and laid down the pen. Then he drew out Eardley's revolver from his pocket, and turning towards the bridegroom, shot him through the heart.

Eardley made a half-turn towards the door, and fell on his face dead without a cry.

There was an instant's pause of general conster-

nation, and then, with a long, heart-rending shriek, Mary fell senseless on her husband's body.

Mrs Winans quickly knelt beside her daughter; but Ross came forward, and laying the pistol down beside the dead man, who still wore the belt that had held it, he took her by the hand and gently and firmly raised her up.

'Mrs Winans,' he said, 'I had to do this. You will believe me later if you don't now, and you will understand me. This man was a mean and selfish He only married Mary to-day because I told him I would kill him if he did not. He would not have made her happy. He meant to desert her. He would have killed her by his cruelty. There was no way left to save her but this. You will take her away-away to Chicago, to San Francisco, where you choose, for a year-for two years. You will judge what is best. I am here whenever you want me for anything or everything. You know I hoped before this man came that perhaps she might care for me. Well, I'll wait. If she ever thinks I can make her happy I'm ready. You will let me know and I'll come.

He held Mrs Winans' hand a moment longer; then he turned and left the house.

CHAPTER IX.



BOUT seven o'clock one Saturday morning a fortnight later, the Etruria lay gently rising and falling on the long Atlantic swell, her bows this time pointing west-

ward. Far to the north a faint dullness lay on the horizon's edge, and the passengers debated whether it was a fog-bank or the low Long Island shore. The engines, which had not ceased their rhythmical pulsations since the anchor was weighed in Queenstown Harbour, were now stopped to let the New York pilot come on board. Miss Carter leaned over the rail to see him scramble up the side. When he was safely on the ladder, his greatcoat, rolled up with a bundle of newspapers, was made fast to a line and hoisted up. Then the deck began to vibrate as the screw started again, churning the blue water into foam, and the white dingy with its couple of men pushed off to rejoin the low-waisted, broadbeamed schooner that swung and nodded a hundred yards away, with her number painted in gigantic figures on her flapping mainsail, and the dark-blue pilot-flag hanging downwards from its slender staff fixed diagonally across her towering topmast.

Miss Carter's trip to Europe was over. So was Mr Pennington's. He stood by her side at the rail. She had risen early to get the first possible glimpse of her native land. By a coincidence so had he. He was very close to her, and, in fact, held her hand, while she kept quite a good grip of his. This gave her confidence in leaning on the rail, which is made of steel and strong teak-wood.

'Great Scott, Jennie, newspapers!' he cried.

'Excuse me a moment, dear;' and with an affectionate farewell pinch of her fingers, he darted off to the saloon stairway. She looked after him with shining eyes, and then pressed to her cheek for an instant the fingers he had squeezed. On one of them there was a ring. It represented Mr Pennington's new and special relation with her, and also a considerable portion of his year's income. But then she would have enough for both, so that was of no consequence.

In a few minutes he came back.

'What do you think I've got?'

'A newspaper. Give it to me.'

'Come round here, then.' Jack indicated a secluded spot behind the deck cabins.

'What can you want round there?' But she went.

'Now, what will you give me for it?'

She pretended to feel in her pocket. 'My purse is in my state-room,' she said. 'But you're a mean boy to ask me to pay.'

'It's you that are mean, and you know it. Now just give me one and you'll get your paper.'

'Oh, is that all? Take it, then, and be quick. Oh Jack! are you sure no one can see us?'

They went back, blushing a little, to their deckchairs, and sat down to read the news.

In a minute she gave an exclamation and rose up, turning her back to Pennington. This is what she read:

'FATAL ACCIDENT TO A NEW YORK MERCHANT IN THE WEST.—We take the following from our contemporary the Blue Forks (Col.) Messenger of 16th inst: An inquest was held on the body of Walter D. Eardley, produce merchant, of New York, who met his death by an unfortunate accident while on a visit to relatives in this city. The melancholy event, by which one of our first families has been plunged into mourning, was caused by the discharge of the unfortunate gentleman's own revolver. The weapon, which was of the latest pattern issued by the eastern factories, was examined by the coroner and jury with much interest. The jury unanimously brought in a verdict of death by misadven-

ture, adding a warning against the carrying of firearms by persons unaccustomed to their use.'

Miss Carter turned her face to Mr Pennington and dropped the paper on the deck.

'Oh Jack!' she said; 'poor Mr Eardley!'

'What! that bounder? What about him?'

'Oh, hush, Jack! He's dead.' She felt a small twinge of remorse as she recalled certain occurrences of the past spring, and how little she had remembered his existence since she had seen him last. And Jack too should be the last person to speak ill of him if she could help it. She felt for her pocket-handkerchief.

Jack took up the paper, found the paragraph, and read it to the end.

'Poor beggar!' he said; 'and he'd got married, too. Why, Jennie, I—I thought'—— He broke off suddenly.

'What did you say?' she asked in an altered voice.

'The paper mentions his marriage.'

'His marriage?'

'Yes. Didn't you read it all?'

'Yes. No. I don't know.'

Jack did not quite like her tone.

'What does it say?' she said. 'I did not read of his marriage.'

'You hadn't finished the paragraph. This is what it says.' He read: 'The sad occurrence is all the more distressing that it happened shortly after Mr Eardley's marriage to Miss Mary Winans, only daughter of the late Lucas P. Winans, one of Blue Forks' pioneers. Great sympathy is felt for the fair young bride.'

As Jack finished reading Miss Carter put away her pocket-handkerchief.

'How very, very sad!' she said; and Jack understood from her voice that her interest in Mr Eardley was no more than that of casual acquaintanceship.

'Come,' she added, 'let us go forward and see if we can make out the Jersey Highlands yet.'

They started along the deck, and she took his arm and gave it an affectionate squeeze.

THE END

THE ROMANCE OF BLOCKADE-RUNNING.



WORLD of romance might be written about blockade-running—an occupation which, naturally, is full of sensational and exciting episodes. The most notable blockade of modern times, and probably in the history

of the world, was that declared by the Northern States against the South in the eventful Civil War which devastated the United States more than forty years ago, and retarded the progress of the country for probably a decade.

That blockade, and the incidents directly or indirectly resulting from it, more than once very

nearly embroiled this country in war with our Transatlantic brethren. Curiously enough, the neutral attitude adopted by Great Britain, and proclaimed as soon as the blockade of the Southern ports had been decreed by the Washington Government, gave great offence in the North, where our proclamation of neutrality was looked on as tantamount to a recognition of the Southern States as a belligerent power, while the Federal Government wished to look on the war as a mere rebellion, without any international significance—an attitude which it was soon forced to abandon. When the North proclaimed a blockade the British Govern-

ment was forced to take cognisance of it, as it materially affected our trade and interests. By issuing such a proclamation the Northern Government itself practically recognised the South as belligerents, as a blockade is an act of war, being in reality a siege by sea, and there can be no war unless there are two belligerents. No nation can blockade its own ports, a proceeding which results in international complications, and is very different from a mere closure of ports.

At the risk of being tedious, it is necessary, for a clear understanding of the case, to mention some of the laws affecting blockades and blockade-running. It is a maxim of international law that there can be no such thing as contraband of war between neutral ports. In other words, if a vessel were loaded in Liverpool with arms and ammunition for the Southern States during the Civil War, so long as the vessel was bound for a neutral port, and her cargo was consigned to a person in that port, it could not be touched; but the moment she left a neutral port on her way, say, to a Southern port such as Charleston or New Orleans, the vessel and her entire cargo, in virtue of the blockade proclamation, became contraband of war, and could be seized and confiscated by any duly commissioned United States authority.

In consequence of this law it became the common practice of vessels bound from Europe to the Southern States, instead of proceeding direct to their destination, to have the vessel and cargo consigned to a neutral port in close proximity to the Southern coast, whence a comparatively short run would bring them in safety to their destination. By this means the risks of capture were greatly diminished. Under these circumstances, the British ports of the Bermudas and Nassau in the Bahamas, from their nearness to the coast of the Southern States, became the principal rendezvous of blockade-runners, and soon developed into important centres of this hazardous form of commerce. Nassau especially derived great prosperity. In 1860, before the outbreak of the war, the imports and exports of that port were respectively two hundred and thirty-four thousand and twenty-nine pounds, and one hundred and fiftyseven thousand three hundred and fifty pounds; while in 1864, during the progress of the war, they had risen to five million three hundred and fortysix thousand one hundred and twelve pounds, and four million six hundred and seventy-two thousand three hundred and ninety-eight pounds. They dropped after the cessation of the war to their former volume.

Blockade-running became a regular trade. Vessels which developed extraordinary speed were bought at fancy prices, and converted into blockade-runners. Steamers can be detected at a greater distance at sea than sailing-vessels, the clouds of smoke they emit being visible while the steamer is still below the horizon; but as the hulls of the blockade-runners were painted a dull-gray colour, and they

burned anthracite coal which gave no smoke, they were as nearly as possible invisible; and they were generally able to detect the presence of their pursuers long before the latter were aware of their proximity. Even when discovered, it was generally easy, owing to their greater speed, for the blockaderunners to escape. The greatest risks were run when the blockade-runners were close to the port of destination, and had to force their way through the squadron which invested every Southern port. On a dark night this was comparatively easy, especially as the vessels of the blockading squadron had generally to keep at a respectful distance from the shore, out of the range of the heavy guns which protected most Southern ports, for sea-going ironclads had not yet come into general

During the first year of the war the blockade was little more than nominal, as the United States did not possess sufficient ships to make it effective; and, by international law, a blockade, in order to be legally valid, must be effective. The British Government would, therefore, have been quite justified in refusing to recognise the blockade; and the attitude we adopted was purely unselfsh and in opposition to our own interests.

During the last two years of the war a successful trip often brought a large fortune to the owner of a blockade-runner. This is readily understood when it is remembered that at that time cotton, which brought famine-prices in Lancashire, was a drug in the Southern market owing to want of an outlet, while European goods landed at Southern ports brought very high prices.

Stories of blockade-running into the Southern States may be familiar to many; but the following episode, which is of a different order, will serve to show the risks involved. While Captain Semmes, who afterwards commanded the famous Alabama, was in command of the Confederate cruiser Sumter, he found himself blockaded in Martinique by the Federal man-of-war Iroquois. It happened in the following manner: When the Sumter was at anchor in the harbour the Iroquois entered unexpectedly; and, finding an enemy's ship in the port, the captain of the Iroquois announced his intention of following her as soon as she put to sea. Now, according to international law, when two ships of belligerent nations enter the same harbour, on the first putting to sea the other cannot follow her until twentyfour hours have elapsed, and following a vessel which has twenty-four hours' start and an unknown destination is like looking for a needle in a haystack. On this being explained to the captain of the Iroquois, he at once raised anchor and cruised outside the harbour with the intention of catching the Sumter as soon as she should leave. As the Federal cruiser was a much more powerful vessel than her adversary, the latter would have had but little chance in an engagement; neither had she any chance of escaping by superior speed. She was blockaded, and her position was apparently hopeless.

But in this case cunning was more than a match for strength. It came to the knowledge of the captain of the Sumter that the commander of the Iroquois had established a private signal-station on one of the hills overlooking the harbour, and was thus kept advised of the movements of his enemy. Captain Semmes did not, of course, know what these signals meant in each special case; but he made a pretty shrewd guess that if he left the harbour the direction of the course he took would be instantly communicated to the Iroquois. Acting on this idea, he started one dark night with full steam ahead. In a few minutes he noticed that a new light was burning at the private signal-station, and as soon as this occurred he gave orders for the steamer to swing round in the opposite direction and continue her course. Meanwhile the Iroquois, which had acted on the first signal, continued to pursue her foe in the direction which it was presumed she had taken; but in reality both were proceeding on opposite courses. Of course neither vessel caught sight of the other, and when morning dawned it is safe to say that they were three hundred miles apart.

It is not generally known that the Alabama herself had to run the blockade at the very beginning of her career, and that in British waters. She was built by Laird of Birkenhead, and was completed, ready for her trial-trip, when, owing to representations made by the United States Government that she was intended for the Confederate (Southern) States Government, an order was sent to prevent her from sailing. The agent of the Confederate States in Liverpool apparently had friends at court, for he received an anonymous communication to the effect that it would not be safe to leave the Alabama another twenty-four hours in port. Accordingly preparations were rapidly made for a trial-trip, a supply of coal was shipped, and a party of ladies and gentlemen invited to celebrate the event. But the trial-trip lasted two years. After partaking of a liberal lunch, in which the success of the Alabama was no doubt toasted in champagne, the ladies and gentlemen were sent off in a steam-tender, and the Alabama put out to sea, not stopping until she reached the Azores, where she was met by another vessel which brought her armament and a supply of coal. The crew were duly notified that the ship was a commissioned cruiser of the Confederate States, and were induced to sign by offers of liberal pay, those who declined being provided with a free passage back to England. For two years she evaded pursuit by Federal cruisers, until she was finally blockaded in the port of Cherbourg by the United States man-of-war Kearsarge, a vessel, somewhat her superior in strength, which she rashly challenged to mortal combat, with the result that her career was ended.

Blockade-running was not merely confined to steamers. Even sailing-vessels, though apparently

unsuitable for this kind of trade, engaged in it, and some of them made a number of voyages without being captured. Their principal danger was being becalmed, when they were an easy prey; but some of them were provided with long sweeps, by means of which they were able to pull themselves out of sight when a steamer's smoke appeared on the horizon.

We remember reading a humorous account of his experiences written by the owner of a small sailing-vessel. He had made several successful trips to the Gulf ports, which were not so sharply watched as those on the Atlantic seaboard. On one occasion a great part of his cargo consisted of whisky, and he was doubtful if the authorities would allow him to land it, as at that time it had been declared contraband. The only legal means of getting it through the custom-house was by declaring it to be intended for medical purposes. He accordingly approached the officer in command, intimated that he had brought a consignment of whisky for the hospital, and expressed the hope that there would be no objection on the part of the authorities. The commanding officer, a colonel, was accompanied by his adjutant, and each had a glass of whisky in front of him when the shipowner entered the room. He was assured by the colonel that there would not be the least objection to his landing the cargo. Then the adjutant added, as he looked at the glasses on the table, and the humour of the situation struck him, 'Both the colonel and myself are on the sick-list.'

The late Hobart Pasha, during his adventurous career, took part in the American Civil War, under the name of 'Captain Roberts,' as a blockade-runner. He had an exciting time, and many of his escapes were truly marvellous, as described in his book Never Caught. According to his statement, forty ships were captured out of sixty-six that left England and New York to run the blockade during the war. Some idea of the profits may be formed from the fact that women's stays bought in England for thirteenpence sold in Wilmington (one of the principal blockade-running ports) for twelve shillings, and cotton bought at twopence a pound in Wilmington sold for half-a-crown a pound. The number of ships captured does not give an adequate idea of the loss sustained, as many were burned, sunk, or run ashore to prevent them from falling into the hands of the cruisers.

The blockade proclaimed by Napoleon—which resulted in the war of 1812 between France and Russia, and indirectly in the war of the same date between Britain and the United States—was of a different character. It was an arbitrary measure, aimed at the destruction of British commerce, and was marked by few blockade-running episodes, for the reason that as a blockade it was quite ineffective and in the end inoperative.

JEZEBEL AND THE GENERAL

CHAPTER III.



N their return from Scotland, Colin lost no time before setting forth on a search for some occupation; but the quest, which opened with something of the feeling of elevation that cheers the explorer of an unknown

country, threatened to close in disappointment. It was distinctly humiliating to discover that in the workaday world familiarity with such commonplace attainments as typewriting and shorthand ranked higher than knowledge of the classics.

Through his father's official connection he might easily have secured some post abroad; but with the abrupt cessation of his hopes the General seemed to have lost his brisk interest in life, and an unwonted look of age on his face when in repose decided Colin to cleave to his father.

One raw March day Colin was returning in the lowest of spirits from a fruitless expedition to the City, when he met a college acquaintance named Prodgers, a good-natured but unintellectual youth of no family, whom the recent demise of his father had endowed with the accumulated thousands accruing from the sale of Prodgers' Matchless Emulsion.

Prodgers, who disported the deepest of sables in incongruous conjunction with a chubby smile, greeted Colin with affectionate effusion, and promptly launched out into an account of the troubles that had followed the acquisition of his patrimony.

'Say, old chap, can you recommend me a secretary Johnnie? I counted on inheriting the pap's man; but pap left him a legacy, and he's gone off to try fruit-growing in Jersey-old craze of his-and left me in the lurch. I positively can't get into the study now for letters—begging, most of them—and circulars, and invitations. All in a heap, so high. Got desperate - I never was a literary Johnnie, y'know-and tried burning the lot one day, then found I'd made a bally mess of it. Day before yesterday I sent an advertisement to the Morning Post, and, like a bally ass, I said I wanted a secretary without saying he must be a man; and before I got out of bed yesterday a dozen women were waiting in the hall, and more coming up every minute -horrors, every one of them. So I borrowed an old coat of the butler, and sneaked out by the areasteps, leaving the house besieged; and I've been living at the club ever since, afraid to go home!'

'Prodgers'—Colin spoke on the impulse of the moment—'will I do? I'm not joking, old man. I wish you'd try me.'

'Jee-upiter!' said Prodgers, his round face eloquent of the degree of incredulity that a coster-monger's donkey might feel did one of the lions from the base of Nelson's Monument propose to relieve him of his burden. Habitual possession

had rendered wealth of slight value in the eyes of Prodgers; whereas, as one of the Oxford eight, Macnaught was placed on a pinnacle in his estimation, for had he not seen him applauded by countless spectators as, through sleet and wind one bitter spring morning, the Oxford boat rowed to victory?

Thus it came about that some minutes later Prodgers joyfully telephoned his butler instructions to inform all applicants that the post of secretary was filled.

Next morning found Colin installed in the study at Portland Place, seated knee-deep in empty envelopes; while his employer, curled up in an armchair beyond the reach of the postal flood, smoked countless cigarettes and emitted ejaculations of gratified amazement at the celerity wherewith his newly appointed secretary separated the wolves in sheep's clothing of begging-letters from the innocent ewe-lambs of legitimate correspondence.

The three hundred a year—for Colin resolutely refused to accept more than the salary of his predecessor—was well earned. For the first time in Prodgers' manhood his accounts emerged from a state of chaos; and, affairs once set upon a proper footing, Colin's task became a pleasant and comparatively light one.

While rejoicing in the possession of independence, Colin regretted the necessity of leaving the General so much alone, and was glad, as the weather improved, occasionally to carry his father off to the country over a Sunday. Yet, though the General enjoyed the little excursions because they gave him the unbroken companionship of his son, his heart-hunger was for the heather. How much the General's dreams of the future had been built upon the foundation of a return to Glen-na-Grual Colin only now realised, and the sight of the slight droop in his father's erect bearing hurt him like a wound.

Knowing that the man who has ceased to look forward ages rapidly, Colin by dint of delicate cajolery induced his father to begin writing his autobiography; and he was relieved to find the unwonted occupation awaken the General to new interest in the future; though—as the General was a warrior first and a scholar after—the transcription of the manuscript, which was as laconic in diction as a military despatch and as loftily indifferent to punctuation as a telegram, involved much extra work for his son—a labour which Colin overtook during the night-watches when his unsuspecting parent was wrapped in slumber.

When, with the opening days of August, London became unbearably hot, the Macnaughts journeyed to an east coast watering-place, where the General could indulge his liking for golf, and whence Colin could easily run up to town. With the close of

the season Prodgers had left London, and apparently the mendicant fraternity was holiday-making also, for as town emptied their applications decreased in number. So Colin found that a day spent in the Portland Place mansion thrice a week sufficed to keep his work up to date, and left the remainder of his time at his father's disposal.

Of the General's Jezebel they had heard but little. Soon after their return from Glen-na-Grual, Mr Bleloch, at her request, had travelled to London with the intent of opening friendly negotiations; but the General received his enemy's emissary with but chill courtesy. His Highland pride was up in arms, and he refused to accept as a gift from a stranger what should have belonged to him by right.

Tact was not Mr Bleloch's strongest point; and when the worthy solicitor attempted explanation of the lady's position with regard to Mr Macnaught the General cut the communication short.

'Your uncle's ward, was she?' he said scornfully to Colin when their unwelcome guest had relieved them of his presence. 'The orphan child of friends in China, whom he adopted and brought with him to this country? And yet he never once mentioned her to us. Don't expect me to believe that if her relations with him had been praiseworthy, or if she had been a person of reputable antecedents, my brother would not have written or told us of her existence.'

'But uncle must have referred to her presence there when he spoke of having a great surprise in store for us at Glen-na-Grual. And you know how reserved he always was,' Colin argued. 'Besides, if Miss Gorman were wholly mercenary she would not seek to conciliate you as she does. To judge from the way people speak of her, she seems to be quite a girl.'

'Tut, tut!' said the General impatiently. 'As if that class of woman couldn't make herself look any age she liked! Never let me hear her name again.'

But the Jezebel made a final effort before ceasing her futile attempts to mollify the obdurate General. A day or two after their arrival at Eastwick a letter that proved to be from the Jezebel herself was forwarded from their London address. In it Miss Gorman said simply that, as she intended leaving Glen-na-Grual for some months, it would give her great pleasure if General Macnaught would consent to use the house in her absence. She would leave the full staff of outdoor and indoor servants, and make all arrangements that he should be treated as an honoured guest. The gamekeepers, the letter concluded, prophesied that shooting would be good.

It was a hot August morning. Looking across the line of parched turf to the molten ocean, with its border of bathing-tents, the General felt a mad longing for the cool solitude of mountain and forest possess him; but pride made him valiant in combating the weakness. There was a word in the letter that, used in conjunction with the castle, hardened his antagonism into iron. 'Guest!' The

interloper had the hardihood to assure him that he would be received as an honoured guest in his own home!

When Colin—cautiously, for the Jezebel had come to be an interdicted subject even between father and son—hinted at the delight of treading the heather after the birds, the terse nature of the General's reply warned him of the unadvisability of discussion with one who in the proffered olivebranch professed to see only some more subtle machination of the detested Jezebel. So, tacitly, the topic was dropped, though a sneaking sense of chivalry induced Colin secretly to pen a note of thanks calculated to blunt the edge of the General's somewhat curt rejection of her offer.

Eastwick might be aggressively new; but, as the General devoutly remarked, 'Thank Heaven! the sea and sky are as old as they make 'em.' And their domicile at Oriel Villa had certain attributes not common to coast lodgings, notably a flowergarden. The front windows looked out across a medley of gorgeous dahlias, asters, stocks, and verbenas. Close under the casement sweet-peas and mignonette lent sweetness to the air.

Evidently the flowers had proved an attraction to others also, for as Colin was returning from his bathe one morning, he found a young lady-artist at work among the blossoms. Beside a clump of scarlet single dahlias she had set up a light easel, and, seated on a folding-stool beside it, was busily charcoaling the outline of the plants on a two-foot canvas.

Colin, raising his straw hat, wished her 'Goodmorning' as he passed; but, to his surprise, his cursory greeting seemed to throw the girl into a spasm of nervousness. Her pale face flushed crimson, the trembling hand holding the charcoal made a meaningless snudge on the canvas, and the dark eyes under the shadow of the sun-hat revealed something absurdly like fear as she faltered a response to his salutation.

'Pity that girl seems so nervous,' he remarked at breakfast, glancing as he spoke through the open window to where the white frock of their fellowlodger showed against a background of vivid scarlet dahlias. 'Is she any good at painting?'

'I don't know,' the General acknowledged. 'She came on Wednesday and took the drawing-room suite. Mrs Porter says she is a professional artist, a Miss Penny; but she seems very young to be alone.'

There is nothing so fascinating—even to those ignorant of the art—as the evolution of a picture, and no class of workers whose acquaintance seems more easily made than that of the outdoor painter. But as they watched the chosen subject gradually take shape on Miss Penny's canvas, the Macnaughts were obliged inwardly to confess themselves disillusioned. While yet only charcoal smudges blurred the purity of the canvas their expectation as to the ultimate result was high; though as the study approached completion only a

sense of chivalry towards the lonely girl who regarded them wistfully from under the shadow of her broad-brimmed hat kept father and son from admitting to each other that her work was amateurish and faulty to a degree.

Matters were at this stage when the Honourable Jean Crighton managed to sandwich a two days' visit to her uncle between a sojourn at Cowes and her departure with her adoring parents for their yearly cure at Homburg. The Honourable Jean was a spoiled child of fortune. Those of her acquaintance who liked her termed that fashion of freely speaking her mind in which she indulged refreshing frankness, and those who did not bluntly called it rudeness. Jean's outspokenness had endeared her to the General, who detested anything approaching affectation or duplicity; but even he would have preferred had her visit to Eastwick been postponed till Miss Penny's picture was not in evidence. The pity that is akin to fatherly concern had crept into the kindly warrior's heart for the girl who seemed so modest and sweet, and whose incompetent little hands had to trust to so feeble a weapon as a paintbrush in her battle with the world.

While they were at lunch Colin saw Miss Penny—who had a sublime disregard for the varying effects of light, and thought nothing, were she so inclined, of working on the same subject morning, noon, or night—set up her easel and begin putting the finishing touches to her subject. The General caught sight of her too; and, by tacit agreement, Colin and he sought to confine their guest's attention to social topics, and to prolong the meal, in the hope that Miss Penny might go indoors before the captious Jean, who was herself a by no means incompetent amateur painter, saw her work.

But Jean was a creature of impulse. 'Don't let us waste all this lovely afternoon indoors,' she exclaimed, starting up. 'The scent of the sweetpeas is too delicious. Where are they? Just under the windows! I must go out and pick some.'

Hoping that in their absence she would not venture to speak to the artist, the General and Colin did not follow her; but they reckoned without knowledge of the camaraderic common to the artist fraternity. Watching covertly from the window, they saw Jean go right up to Miss Penny and speak to her. Two minutes later she re-entered the room, and, sinking into a chair, burst into uncontrollable laughter.

In a tempest of fear lest the object of ridicule would overhear her merriment and guess the reason, Colin noiselessly closed the open window; and the General, affecting ignorance, inquired the cause of her amusement.

'Oh, it's too funny for words! Have you seen it—the picture, I mean? Oh, of course you haven't, or you couldn't think of it with gravity. Oh, it's too awful! What colours! And then the drawing!'

'My dear Jean'— the General spoke anxiously—
'artists are sensitive, especially lady-artists. I
hope you did net say anything that would pain'——

'Oh dear no, Uncle Hamish! I assure you I admired it outrageously. More real than nature, I believe I said; and she swallowed the compliment! I asked if she exhibited in the Salon, and she said not yet; and if she sent to the Academy, and she said perhaps next year. And I kept as grave as a judge all the time. Oh, it was fun!'

'Jean seems to have changed,' the General remarked to Colin when they were alone. 'She struck me as being opinionative and unsympathetic to-day.'

And Colin did not combat the suggestion that the change in his cousin was for the worse.

To their relief, the study of dahlias was evidently complete, for next morning Miss Penny did not appear.

They were returning from a round of the golfcourse, where Jean, clad in a trim, leather-bound costume and a Panamá hat, played a good game, when they caught sight of their fellow-lodger seated under a white umbrella in a cove among the rocks.

She had evidently begun a new picture; and, cognisant of the manifold frailties of her work, and dreading the irony of Jean's tongue, the men would have passed on. But Jean was not to be balked of what she esteemed legitimate fun. Running up to Miss Penny, and casting a mischievous glance back at her uncle, she launched out into laudation so extreme that the girl coloured furiously and the men felt abashed. Colin, seeing the hot blood tinge her white neck under the transparent laces of her frock, and knowing that her flush proceeded from mortification, not pleasure, experienced an insane desire to strangle the cousin he had once liked.

It was an uncomfortable moment. The General tried to think of some method of atoning to Miss Penny without showing discourtesy to his niece, and fell upon the expedient of plastering the breach with an invitation.

'Will you come in and take tea with us this afternoon, Miss Penny? At four o'clock. We shall all be delighted.'

Miss Penny gratefully raised her downcast eyes to his.

'Yes, I shall come. I shall be—glad,' she said. Her low voice was unsteady. As they walked on Colin was haunted by the notion that her eyes had been filled with tears; but he could not be certain, as she had turned immediately to her work, and was bending over her palette, mechanically mixing the varied dabs of paint with her brush.

Colin had a secret fear that in the face of Jean's ridicule she might not come. But, punctually to the hour named, Miss Penny arrived, dressed in what the two men considered the perfection of simplicity when compared with Jean's over-elaborate blue-satin foulard. For the first few minutes her manner was painfully nervous, and her colour came and went pitifully; but, under the influence of the General's kindly hospitality and Colin's evident desire to encourage her, she speedily became at ease, listening with interest to Jean's caustic prattle, but volunteering so little information about herself that

that young lady, who had set forth with the idea of finding out all about her uncle's protegée, was obliged to confess herself nonplussed. However, by subtle questioning, which skill robbed of the inquisitive note, Jean ascertained that Miss Penny had never been presented at Court; that her parents were both dead; that she had not studied at the Academy Schools, nor at the Slade, nor at Bushey; that, in fact, all her art instruction had been received privately. When Jean pointedly asked the name of her master Miss Penny hesitated a moment, then said, 'Signor Frangipanni.'

'Oh!' said Jean briskly, 'Signor Frangipanni. That's an easy name to remember. I think I'd like to take lessons from him. Can you give me his address?'

But the question, simple though it seemed, threw poor Miss Penny into confusion.

'It was in Italy—in Rome. Besides, he does not teach now. I think some one said he was dead,' she said disjointedly, and, after asking if they would all sup with her on the following evening, went away.

'Well, don't talk to me!' Jean exclaimed when the drawing-room door on the opposite side of the hall had closed upon Miss Fanny Penny. 'If that girl depends on her painting for her living, where does she get such smart clothes?'

'Tut, tut, my dear! her clothes are most inexpensive,' said the General. 'She invariably wears plain white frocks, just like that one.' Jean laughed derisively.

'Uncle Hamish, you are a dear woolly old simpleton! The price of that plain white frock would buy this of mine three times over. All that lace was real. I'm not a beggar yet; but I couldn't afford to scramble over rocks in silk stockings and French shoes that must have cost three guineas if they cost a farthing. You say Miss Penny told you she earned her own living. Now, how does she do it on work like that?'

Not being an authority upon matters concerning feminine apparel, the General had no retort ready, and his niece was left triumphant on the field.

Colin, who had moved to the sofa where the guest had been sitting, caught up a handkerchief she had dropped.

'Miss Penny's handkerchief, isn't it?' Jean said.
'I'll take it to her now.'

Colin was on the point of handing her the tiny square of cambric and lace, when he suddenly withdrew his hand.

'No,' he said in a tone that he tried to make sound playful; 'I'll give it to her myself.'

But when, in the privacy of his own room, he better examined the handkerchief, he was glad that he and no other had found it, for the initial delicately embroidered upon it bore not the most remote resemblance to either F or P.

ON THE SKIRTS OF THE PENTLANDS.



seems evident that the present passion for golf or cycling, but mainly golf, as well as the passion for being easily and swiftly conveyed from one point to another by motorcar, tram, or rail, militate against

the gloriously recreative pastime of hill-walking, which combines gentle and ungentle exercise with bracing air and noble views. With or without company, a hill-walk, with a meal at the end of it, is one of the good things of this life which leaves no bad taste in the mouth, but rather inspires towards what is best in nature and human nature. Provided the ground be dry, such a walk is as good in winter as in summer. Dwellers in Edinburgh especially, and rural Midlothian, are fortunate in having the 'Pentlands' long line softening into blue' close at hand, 'like a wedge of wild nature and old romance thrust into the heart of a workaday world.' No track of wheels crosses them throughout their length, and the railway keeps at a respectful distance.

The name is believed to have been derived from Petland or Pictland, as forming the barrier between the south and north of the Pictish territories. On the east this fine range starts two miles southwest of Edinburgh, extends westward through the counties of Midlothian, Peebles, and Lanark, for about sixteen miles to near Carnwath, where they slope into Clydesdale. Their average breadth is from four to six miles, broken up by fine ravines and hollows, the principal being Cauldstane Slap between West Linton and East and West Cairn Hills, and Glencorse on the south-east. The highest points are Carnethy (1890 feet) and Scald Law (1898 feet), which rise from the old Biggar road, nine miles south-west from Edinburgh. The Pentland springs furnish one-fifth of the Edinburgh watersupply. The rights-of-way by Colinton and Balerno to Penicuik are known to all wise pedestrians. James Bruce the Abyssinian traveller thought the view towards the Firth of Forth from behind Falkirk as fine as anything he had seen in all his travels. Any clear day some charming and never-to-be-forgotten views may be had northwards, with the Firth, the Ochils, and Grampians in the background.

Lord Cockburn, when he built Bonaly Tower at Colinton, was so happy that he said he would never leave that paradise unless some avenging angel should expel him. Human nature was incapable of enjoying more happiness, he believed, than had been his lot there. 'There is not a recess in the valleys of the Pentlands, nor an eminence on their summits, that is not familiar to my solitude. One

summer I read every word of Tacitus in the sheltered crevice of a rock (called "My Seat") about eight hundred feet above the level of the sea, with the most magnificent of scenes stretched out before me.' Sir Walter Scott, with his unerring eye for the picturesque, and equal descriptive power, after a drive at sunset between Lasswade and Edinburgh, wrote: 'I think I never saw anything more beautiful than the ridge of Carnethy against a clear frosty sky, with its peaks and varied slopes. The hills glowed like purple amethyst; the sky glowed topaz and vermilion colours. I never saw a finer series than Pentland, considering that it is neither rocky nor highly elevated.' The fact that R. L. Stevenson lived when a lad with his father and mother in the hamlet of Swanston, below Caerketton, accounts for the sketches of the shepherd and the garden in his Memories and Portraits, the delightful description in Edinburgh: Picturesque Notes, and many references in his letters and some of his stories, such as St Ives. He remembered the spot, under the Shearers' Knowe at Swanston, whence the nameless trickle to supply the waterfilters comes, where he sat and made bad verses. The Pentlands, says Mr John Geddie, may lay claim to be the birthplace of the genius of R. L. Stevenson; they were his study and class-room, and here at Swanston he believes the awakening took place. The dairy at Hunter's Tryst was once an alehouse, a howff of the Six-Feet Club, of which Scott and Hogg were members; and beside Redford Burn, close by, David Malloch or Mallet composed his ballad 'William and Margaret.'

There is much of literary and historical interest on the south-east side of the Pentlands. Sir Walter Scott set up his household gods in a house, still to be seen, between Lasswade and Loanhead. The 'English Opium-Eater' occupied a plain building at Polton for several years. Mrs Oliphant says that the dawn of consciousness came to her in a house between Lasswade and Eskbank. Higher up the Esk, at Polton, Archibald Constable the eminent publisher lived for a time. S. R. Crockett has written romances most industriously at Penicuik for some years. G. M. Kemp, the architect of the Scott Monument, although born at Moorfoot, had his training at Nine Mile Burn, near Carlops. Some scenes in Allan Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd are undoubtedly suggested by the scenery of the North Esk, and the poet was frequently a guest at Newhall, near Carlops. Alexander Ireland has recalled how, scores of times, he and Robert Chambers, Robert Cox, and Dr Hodgson crossed the Pentlands from Woodhouselee by the Compensation Pond to Currie. They met at the Links, near Morningside, at 7 A.M., and were quite ready to enjoy Mrs Gilchrist's ham and eggs at the inn at Woodhouselee. There is no such inn now for the hungry pedestrian; and such a place in the heart of the hills might comfort the wayfarer.

No one who has ever been alone in the heart of the Pentlands, say at Glencorse, will ever forget the haunting charm of Castle Law, or Carnethy, or Glencorse Burn twinkling down the valley from Loganlee. This haunting charm remained with R. L. Stevenson to the last; he knew these heights and hollows here as his mother's face. 'Do you know,' he once wrote from Samoa to S. R. Crockett, 'that the dearest burn to me in the world is that which drums and pours in cunning wimples in that glen of yours behind Glencorse old kirk. Oh that I were the lad I once was, sitting under old Torrance, that old shepherd of let-well-alone, and watching with awe the waving of the old black gloves over the Biblethe preacher's white finger-ends meanwhile aspiring through! Man, I would even be willing to sit under you—a sore declension, truly—just to be there.' The Mr Torrance mentioned here left Queen Mary's gold watch to Professor Fraser-Tytler of Woodhouselee, and has his name inscribed on a stone in Glencorse churchyard. Glencorse church is now a ruin. There is a fine new building close by; Stevenson thus described it in a note to Sidney Colvin: 'It is a little cruciform place, with a steep slate roof. The small kirkyard is full of old gravestones; one of a Frenchman from Dunkerque. I suppose he died prisoner in the military prison hard by; and one, the most pathetic memorial I ever saw, a poor school-slate in a wooden frame, with the inscription cut into it evidently by the father's own hand.' It is believed that part of the scenery here is worked into Chapter VI. of Weir of Hermiston, and it haunted him to the last. According to the author's mother, Overshiels near Stow also supplied part of the setting. 'I shall never,' he wrote to Mr Crockett, 'take that walk by the Fisher's Tryst and Glencorse. I shall never see Auld Reekie. I shall never set my foot again on the heather. . . . Do you know where the road crosses the burn under Glencorse Church? Go there and say a prayer for me. See that it is a sunny day; I would like it to be Sunday; but that's not possible in the premises; and stand on the right bank just where the road goes down into the water, and shut your eyes; and if I don't appear to you!' Stevenson's earliest published effort at sixteen was an account of the battle of Rullion Green, the scene of which slopes into Glencorse. His mother arranged for its publication with Mr Andrew Elliot, 17 Princes Street (from which shop Blackwood's Magazine began its career), and it is entitled The Pentland Rising: a Page of History, 1666. One hundred copies were printed of this twenty-two page pamphlet at a total cost of about three pounds fifteen shillings. Yet the publisher had afterwards to pay some twelve pounds for one of his own pamphlets when Stevenson became famous. The same feeling for heather and Covenanting graves breathes in his fine lyric 'Blows the wind to-day,' which is reminiscent of Pentland rambles. The scene of the fight memorialised by Stevenson was on the south-east base of Turnhouse Hill, on the slope called Rullion Green. Here nine hundred irregulars, led by Colonel Wallace and Major Learmont, were defeated by General Dalyell, who had come down the old drove-road between Capelaw and Bellshill, past Kirkton and St Catherine's Chapel, with its tiny churchyard now submerged in the Compensation Pond. The Covenanters had a choice position on the slope between Lawhead and Turnhouse, but had no chance against the three thousand well-armed and disciplined troops led by Dalyell. At least fifty Covenanters were slain and one hundred and twenty made prisoners. A stone with an inscription, guarded by an iron railing, marks the spot where those who fell were buried.

During the dry summer of 1842, and several seasons since, the foundations of the Chapel of St Catherine of the Hopes, and an inscribed gravestone in the churchyard, have been laid bare on the north-west side of the pond at Glencorse. This chapel belonged to the Abbey of Holyrood previous to the Reformation; it was annexed to the bishopric of Edinburgh, and added to Penicuik in 1635. There is a legendary story that the chapel was built by Sir W. St Clair of Roslin in the fourteenth century, in gratitude for the saint's intervention in his The chapel is only forty feet long, by favour. twenty feet wide; the walls were of rubble-work. Higher up the valley there are only a few stones remaining of the foundations of Logan Tower, a hunting-seat of the Scottish kings when they resided at Holyrood. Part of the tower, Mr Wilson tells us in his Annals of Penicuik, was used to build the farmsteading of Kirkton. At the gamekeeper's cottage a fragment of the original staircase remains, forming part of the outside steps. There is still another antiquity, the Howlet's House, a ruin to the north of Loganlee Reservoir, which is gradually disappearing. Tradition says it was a dog-house connected with Logan Tower. Mr Wilson thinks it has been a chapel with accommodation for a priest, perhaps used before the old chapel of St Catherine's. In this case it may have been St Catherine's Chapel in Pentland granted in 1230 by Henry de Brade to the monks of Holyrood, with tithes of all his moorland, and of his land at Bavelaw, for the maintenance of public worship there. Kings have feasted at Bavelaw and hunted at Threipmuir on the north slopes of Pentland.

When Scott started housekeeping in what Miss Tytler of Woodhouselee thought a dilapidated cottage between Lasswade and Loanhead, with but one good sitting-room, he was a frequent visitor to Woodhouselee. There he would assemble the little Tytlers and march off to Castle Law, on the west of the house, where he always halted at one particular spot from which the mansion could be seen, though still partially hidden by the fine trees around it. Here Scott would charm the children with stories which arose in his fertile brain at the moment, or legends of the Covenanters. At no great distance some Covenanters' graves had been discovered, and a report was current that one day a funeral procession by torchlight had been seen slowly wending its way to the burial-place. The ghost-stories in the evening were quite as much enjoyed. One morning Scott was found by a Woodhouselee visitor at his house near Lasswade mounted on a ladder nailing together a Gothic arch of willows over the entrancegate. He was very proud of his handiwork, and had gone out to admire it in the moonlight. Tradition has it that the Regent Moray thrust Lady Anne Bothwell and her child into the woods of Woodhouselee. When the stones of old Woodhouselee were taken to build the new house, the poor ghost, still clinging to the domestic hearth, accompanied the stones. No servant would enter what was known as the 'big bedroom' after dusk, as the ghost came thither from a turret room. Lady Anne had frequently appeared, it was said, to old Catherine; once coming so near her that she saw the pattern of the apparition's gown, which, she said, was 'a Manchester muslin with a wee flower'at which recital Scott used to laugh heartily.

Scott in boyhood met the original of 'Monkbarns' of the Antiquary at Penicuik House. Mr S. R. Crockett the novelist occupies Bank House; and Professor Cossar Ewart has conducted his experiments with hybrids on this estate. Papermaking is a considerable industry in Penicuik, and the paper upon which this Journal is printed has been made by Messrs James Brown & Co., Esk Mills, since 1832. These mills were in 1811 sold to the Government for the accommodation of the troops detailed to watch the French prisoners at Valleyfield. After the peace they were bought by Messrs Haig and others, and fitted up with papermaking machinery. In 1821 the firm parted with their interests to James Brown, to whom they had incurred financial obligations. In the hands of Mr Brown, and afterwards of his son-in-law, Mr Thomas M'Dougal, the foundations of the present excellent business were laid. The Valleyfield Mills of Messrs Cowan had their start in 1708 by Mr Andrew Anderson, printer to Queen Anne. 1773 the mills were acquired by Mr Thomas Boswell, who sold them after six years' occupancy to Mr Charles Cowan, merchant, Leith, ancestor of the present proprietors. Cowan and his two sons, Duncan and Alexander, carried on a moderately successful business with thirty workpeople, turning out two or three tons weekly of hand-made paper. In 1804 the firm bought Penicuik corn-mill, turned it into a paper-mill, and there for some time made paper for bank-notes. In 1811 the Valleyfield Mills were sold to Government as a depôt for French prisoners, about six thousand being confined there. The mills were repurchased by Mr Cowan in 1818, and since then, by continued extensions where required, and the introduction of the best and latest machinery, the firm have taken front rank in the trade. The output of writing and printing papers at Valleyfield, Bank, and Low Mills is about one hundred tons weekly, and the firm now employ between seven hundred and eight hundred workpeople. Charles Cowan, who gave Penicuik a water-supply from Silverburn at a cost

of three thousand pounds, has, in his privately printed Reminiscences (1878), recalled the names of some of those whom he had seen in the house of his father, Alexander Cowan, at 5 St John Street, Edinburgh. There were John, James, and Alexander Ballantyne, who resided at No. 14, the latter a younger son of John Ballantyne, father of John Ballantyne the artist and of Robert M. Ballantyne the writer of books for boys. A brother of Charles Cowan revised Scott's Napoleon, and received a set of the volumes with compliments from Scott. One of these volumes was borrowed and never returned, when Charles Cowan intimated that the person who had taken the first volume might call for the other eight!

The Penicuik neighbourhood is very healthy, and sick soldiers transferred from Edinburgh to the hospital at Glencorse barracks rapidly recover. Mauricewood House is the residence of Dr Joseph Bell, the prototype of 'Sherlock Holmes.' Memoirs of the Life of Sir John Clerk of Penicuik, Baron of Exchequer, have been printed by the The founder of the Scottish History Society. family began life as a Montrose merchant, but made his fortune in Paris, acquired the lands of Penicuik and Wrightshouses, Edinburgh, and died in 1674. Mr Wilson in his Annals of Penicuik relates how, at the beginning of last century, a labourer on the farm of Cornbank, Penicuik, had a son who rose to be Peter Borthwick, M.P., editor of the Morning Post, and whose son, Sir Algernon Borthwick, Bart. (now Lord Glenesk), is now proprietor of that newspaper. The story of the elder Borthwick reads like a romance, from the time he opened an unsuccessful adventure-school at Auchendinny, and during vacation periods attended the United Associate Hall as a student. He became tutor to a young lady who resided with her uncle near the Borders, whom he eventually married. They had a hard, uphill fight ere the lady could legally claim the fortune which was hers. The Presbytery of Edinburgh did not allow him to finish his college course; and he went to Oxford, where he studied with a view to holy orders, but was unsuccessful. Next he was connected with the London theatres, lectured on slavery, entered Parliament as member for Evesham, and his journalistic career resulted in his connection with the Morning Post.

The story of George Meikle Kemp, architect of the Scott Monument, is also a romance, which ended tragically by his death in the Union Canal basin, Edinburgh, ere his great work was completed. Born at Moorfoot, he spent his boyhood years at Nine Mile Burn, near Carlops, where he helped his father amongst the sheep on the hills. A sight of Roslin Chapel awoke his love for architectural detail. His apprenticeship as a joiner was passed at Redscaurhead, near Peebles; after his apprenticeship was over he was trudging down the vale of Tweed toward Galashiels, when he had a lift from a benevolent-looking gentleman who turned out to be the 'Shirra,' as Sir Walter Scott was called locally.

It is believed that his close study of the Border abbeys, especially Melrose, made while working as a joiner at Galashiels, gave him the leading ideas for what Professor Masson has called the finest monument ever erected to a man of genius. Alexander Keith Johnston was also a native of the parish of Penicuik, and Henry Mackenzie lived for several summers at Auchendinny, as did also Mrs Fletcher. 'Christopher North' (Professor Wilson) came to hoslin for a time on the death of his wife. The Howgate carrier's house is just across the Esk from Auchendinny, near Pomathorn, where the last scenes in the life of the hero of John Brown's Rab and his Friends were enacted. Rosebery, the estate from which Lord Rosebery takes his title, lies to the south-east, near the foot of the Moorfoot Hills.

By driving or cycling a girdle may be made round the Pentlands in one day, as the writer has done. Leaving Edinburgh by Morningside, you take the old Biggar coach-road, which hugs the southern base of the hills till Biggar is reached. This road affords noble views of the Moorfoots, the Peeblesshire and Lanarkshire hills to the west, with all the strath between. The villages of Carlops, West Linton, and Dolphinton are passed, and the Cauldstane Slap, through which the rieving Border Elliots, Armstrongs, or Scotts rode to lift the cattle of the Lothian lairds and tenants. At Biggar, striking off by Libberton, Carnwath is reached on the north side of the Pentlands. Here there is a parallel road, little used, back to Edinburgh, which also hugs the Pentlands on the north. It was known as the Lang Whang, and is solitary enough until the neighbourhood of Balerno is reached. But it is full of health and inspiration to those who lift their eyes to the hills for health, exercise, and recreation.

R. C

FROM EAST TO WEST.

WE are parted, my friend, by the wild wide sea And the severing hand of Time, And alone, amid strangers, I long for thee, In this distant Eastern clime; And I long for the English songbird's note, And the silvery vesper chime.

Here the air is laden with scented flowers,
And the mournful nightingale
In sweet, sad songs tells the long, still hours
His lovelorn, joyless tale;
And the moon casts down a flickering light
Through the dark cloud's rended veil.

And I long, how I long, for the cowslip meads,
And the banks where the roses blow;
And the kingcups, half-hidden among the reeds,
In the marsh by the stream below;
And the bleat of the lambs in the fields away,
Where the ox-eyed daisies grow.

But I long still more for the sound of thy voice,
And the clasp of thy loving hand,
And to see by thy smile, oh, friend of my choice!
That long years in a distant land
Have not stolen from me the Love of my youth,
Nor a soul that can understand.
TOKIO, JAPAN.
M. K.



NURSES AND NURSING.



HE question of hospital nurses, their status and treatment, has recently been under discussion in the pages of a well-known and widely read Review. Fully as interesting to members of the nursing profession,

and certainly equally worthy of consideration by the general public, are the relations which temporarily exist between 'private nurses' and those who have occasion to employ them. Not a few readers of this article may have in their homes a hushed sick-room, with its capped and aproned attendant; many more will have recollections of such in the past; while, as to the future, not one of us can be sure that to-morrow may not find a dear one, if not ourselves, stretched helpless by sudden accident or disease, and practically dependent for life on the ministrations of a 'private nurse.'

Mr Harry Quilter, in that wonderfully blended conglomerate of amusement and instruction, What's What, has given the private nurse a couple of columns, to which few will deny her right. While there may be more appreciation of her value and claims to consideration than appears on the surface, it is clear that the clever editor views her, from the standpoint of the householder, as a necessary evil. The present writer does not profess to be honoured with a brief for nurses; but he does feel that the relations between 'nurse' and her patient—or rather the patient's relatives—are in the same case with many a sick-room: a little more light and air would do no harm.

Let us look, for instance, not so much into the justice as into the cause of a frequent complaint against a nurse in charge of a case at a private house. Her efficiency, perhaps, is not disputed; but it is said that she is apt to be over-thoughtful for herself: rigid in insisting on the punctuality and quality of her meals and on the observance of her regulation hours of exercise and sleep; all of which regulations have, by the way, been duly notified to her temporary employers by the printed

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rules of her Home or by herself if she is working 'for her own hand.'

What is the cause of the friction? Simply this: that what to the employer is an abnormal and unexpected affliction is to the nurse but a detail, a scene, in her daily life and work. Illness or accident invades an orderly household; routine is broken through; everything is at 'sixes and sevens.' The devoted wife or mother, the loving daughter, the attached servant-and such are still in existence -all are willing and eager to sacrifice sleep and rest, meals and comfort, in caring for the one whose life hangs in the balance. The nurse, nine times out of ten, is no less willing; but her self-sacrifice should not be accepted—ought not, indeed, to be offered by her-simply because her case is not that of the willing but unofficial helpers. When the crisis is over, and death or recovery has ended the strain, she does not return once more with them to the uneventful daily round and common task. A few days, a few hours perhaps, and she is in a scene similarly heart-rending and appealing, where only the present needs, the immediate anxiety, are thought of, and where self-abnegating devotion will be equally welcome and equally expected. For the members of each afflicted family there come at last relief of suspense, rest, and change. For the nurse there is but the briefest, if any, interval for recuperation.

Strictly within her just rights, and perhaps to be envied, is the nurse who can rigorously exact her pound of flesh: taking, as per regulations, her due hours of rest and exercise, her meals, and all that is hers. But how many do? How often does the brain and foresight of the trained nurse overcome the heart of the woman; and where is woman more in her element than when throwing to the winds all care for self amidst suffering and distress?

The nurse who works for her own hand can, of course, if she be inclined, and has a sufficiently profitable and attractive reputation, pick and choose her cases. If on the staff of a nursing Home, the class of her patients may be to some extent determined by locality. But the rank and file of the Reserved.]

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sisterhood are in the palace to-day, the cottage to-morrow; and I am not sure that a plebiscite would not return an opinion in favour of the latter. The fact that, as Mr Quilter says, 'servants don't like nurses' may account for a 'case' among the 'classes' not always proving a bed of roses.

Great is the softening power of humour. A nurse attending a case of illness in a prosperous uppermiddle-class home was, not a little to her surprise, asked to join the family at dinner. Possibly it was the only convenient alternative to 'taking her meals in the sick-room or with the servants, stipulations against which it has been found necessary to insert in all codes of rules for 'nurse's' treatment. Having thus far bent to circumstance, however, the lady of the house knew where to draw the line. There were several daughters present, and — possibly in consequence — three or four gentlemen-guests. Mrs Grundy faced the problem of precedence boldly, serving first her daughters; then, to the obvious discomfort of more than one, the gentlemen; and lastly 'nurse.' Happily for the peace of mind of one visitor, he caught the twinkle in the nurse's eye, and together they silently enjoyed the situation.

A little matter perhaps, but typical of much. The fact is, John Bull, honest, good-hearted fellow that he is, is yet uncommonly slow, not to say awkward, at adapting himself to new and unprecedented situations. He has as yet found no proper place in his household arrangements for this quiet, selfpossessed young woman who enters his castle when Master Tommy, who everybody hoped was returning to school to-morrow, is suddenly 'down' with the measles. She is a hard nut for John and good Mrs B. to crack. She wears a cap and apron, but does not curtsy when John meets her on the stairs! Sarah Gamp we knew and groaned under; but though fearful and wonderful were her methods, and vast her consumption of ale and strong waters, Sarah 'knew her place,' and never taxed our brains—a thing we detest—by calling for new and unexpected modes of treatment.

But the question of social treatment, while it puzzles honest John and may amuse the reader, affords the nurse little concern, being too often crowded out by far more serious causes of complaint. While one would hesitate to deny skilled care and attention to the poorest sufferer, yet it cannot be doubted that, among those classes where guineas are scarce enough to be counted with ease, the trained nurse is often sent for by persons who have not the means to accommodate or even feed her suitably. The weekly two guineas is looked upon as an heroic sacrifice which will procure a wonderful nursing-machine, warranted not to cease 'running' while payment is kept up. The question of regular and sufficient meals, hours and place of rest, exercise—all these are afterthoughts, too often reluctantly suggested by the long-suffering nurse herself, and evidently striking the employer in an entirely new light. Punch's contents are sometimes under suspicion of embellishment; but there was absolutely no exaggeration in the astonishment with which, in a recent issue, a lady is pictured as receiving a trained nurse's appeal for sleep. To the knowledge of the present writer, a nurse was forty-eight hours in attendance upon a sick child with only one or two brief respites of an hour at a time. Her request for an interval of thorough rest in bed filled the fond mother with dismay. Must she, then, take the nurse's place at the bedside? She 'had not thought of that.' Neither, apparently, had the benevolent clergyman who engaged at his own expense a nurse for an aged woman ill with bronchitis. The cottage was poverty-stricken in the extreme, and for five nights the nurse had the alternative of lying on the bare floor, sans any description of coverlet, or of sharing the poor old creature's none too inviting pallet. Surely a case of robbing Peter to pay Paul. After a fact or two of this nature we understand at least one reason for the average life of the profession ending at forty.

It is not always for herself, but often for her patient, that the nurse must struggle. She is called upon to stand between him and the indifference and forgetfulness of servants, the lack of knowledge—sometimes, difficult as it may be to believe it, the parsimony-of friends. Milk seems in many houses a special stumbling-block. In a recent case the patient's nightly quart was forgotten. There was, however, half a teacupful: would that do? A visit at 10 P.M. to the neighbouring dairies found them shut. 'So she can't have it, can she?' said the maid resignedly as she returned with empty jug! It was intimated by a gentle but determined young woman that, even if cattle-lifting on the scale of a Border-raid had to be resorted to. the milk must be had; and after strong protests against borrowing, as they 'did not know the neighbours,' the fluid was procured.

Doubtless, as has been hinted, the initial cost of a trained nurse is often a severe strain on delicate purses. Still, we are apt to feel staggered at hearing of a mother who, when told that her son had passed the crisis in a perilous attack of pneumonia, suggested that his daily allowance of milk should be reduced; and, this being emphatically negatived by the nurse, sent up the next supply heavily watered. These facts are nevertheless vouched for.

Want of thought is, we know, equally responsible with want of heart for many evils; and many of the trials of the private nurse are attributable, doubtless, to the former cause. Does one person in twenty consider what it is that they are securing for a weekly two guineas and board? Have they ever questioned how far and in what particulars the nurse falls below the medical attendant himself in the importance of her trust, in skill, and in knowledge? Like him, she has in most cases practically 'walked the hospitals;' has watched

with highly trained and intelligent attention the treatment of every variety of disease by the leading physicians of the day; has witnessed operations by surgeons of unsurpassed skill; and has entered into every detail with often little less knowledge and far more enthusiasm and love of the work than nine-tenths of the medical practitioners in embryo who cluster round the hospital-bed and the operating-table. The woman whom the doctor finds and leaves in charge of his patient at each daily visit is thus a nurse and much more—an assistant doctor. In the former capacity she is obedient to his orders, and is responsible for the comfort, cleanliness, and well-being of the patient. So was our old friend Sarah Gamp; but at this point, if not before-and we will be tender to the shade of Sarah-all resemblance ends between them. The first-rate nurse has, indeed, an advantage over the doctor, whose time and care may, during a day's round of visits, be divided amongst a score of critical cases. No doubt long practice supplies him with a certain power of detachment, an ability to dismiss all thought of one case as he closes his note-book and hurries away to the next. But the nurse has no such collateral calls upon her thoughts and attention; she can devote all the care of which a first-rate nurse is capable to the one life placed in her hands. She sees, and either acts upon or reports to her superior, a thousand details and symptoms of the disease which untrained devotion, however willing, would perforce let pass unheeded. From her the doctor learns in a concise and spontaneous report what a dozen questions would not draw from an amateur watcher, solely because the latter is incapable of distinguishing between important and valueless details in the ever-changing condition of a patient.

Doctors rarely fail either in appreciation of the nurse's share in success or in acknowledging what patient and doctor alike owe to her; and there is little doubt that, if only with a view to a successful issue, the doctor owes it both to patient and nurse to see that the latter receives all the comfort, and, as far as possible, relaxation, that she needs. If he finds her to be going short of proper meals, rest, or exercise—the two last being more often in default than the first—he should not hesitate to wield in her favour, as much as in that of her charge, the authority which his position gives him.

It will be said, perhaps, that no account has been taken of the nurse who falls short of the high standard tacitly claimed for her profession, no hints given for dealing with those who do not reach this model. The omission is of set purpose. In essentials the nurse must be perfect. Little idiosyncrasies of character, minor peculiarities, there will be; but the woman who fails to bring to her task absolute conscientiousness and self-sacrifice is out of her place in the uniformed ranks.

It is sometimes said of professions that there is 'always room at the top;' in the nursing profession, if anywhere, there should be not an inch of standing-space elsewhere than at the summit. It may be difficult always to find the perfect nurse; but when hospital vacancies are in the ratio of one to twenty of the applications to fill them, a considerable range of choice seems offered. Meanwhile, to those who secure the services in illness of the perfect nurse, we would say, treat her rather better than you would have your own daughter treated.

JEZEBEL AND THE GENERAL

CHAPTER IV.



ISS PENNY received her guests on the threshold, and ushered them into a room that a few deft additions had transformed from the stereotyped coast-lodging sitting-room into a charming boudoir. Great vases of

flowers filled the air with fragrance. The cheap tiles of the empty grate were concealed behind a bank of flowering plants. A gorgeous Japanese drapery veiled the bald ugliness of the piano. Even the crude light of the paraffin-lamp was turned to radiance when filtered through a shade of diaphanous pink.

For the guests—more especially for Jean, who had amused herself in making facetious guesses at what viands so artistic a hostess would deem suitable fare for a torrid evening—the supper menu held the elements of a surprise; for though the dishes were few they were all tempting: mayonnaise of salmon, petits poussins served hot with grilled mushrooms, apricot fritters, ices, champagne,

black coffee, and green chartreuse. It was a simple repast, but one that a girl unaccustomed to delicate living would assuredly not have selected.

To the little company Miss Penny showed at her best. In her own domain her shyness had vanished, and she proved a capital hostess. She skilfully led the conversation to the subject of the General's campaigns, and listened with intense interest when, under the expanding influence of his surroundings, he fought his battles over again.

Jean, eying her critically, could find no fault with her dress, which was black, and of some filmy material. Her only ornament was a huge opal, that, suspended on a thin gold chain from her slender throat, prisoned a hundred living fires within its radius.

Jean had been unusually subdued throughout supper; and, knowing his cousin's alertness of observation and swiftness of deduction on small premises, Colin was uneasy at her silence. Though why Miss Crighton's good opinion of Fanny Penny should rank as so important a matter in his estimation Colin did not stop to consider.

In the little pause after supper had been cleared away, the General, noticing Jean's air of preoccupation as she sat by a side-table idly turning over some books, asked her to sing a Scotch song. But that wilful maiden excused herself on the varied pleas that the sea-air had given her a relaxed throat, that lodging-house pianos were invariably out of tune, and that she had no music. 'But will you not sing to us, Miss Penny?' she said graciously, feeling assured that she knew what the quality of her hostess's music was likely to be.

For a moment Miss Penny hesitated; then, unlocking a quaintly carved box, she took out an instrument such as they had never seen, and, striking a few preliminary notes, broke into a queer, half-barbaric chant.

The sombre, girlish figure seated against the scarlet and gold draperies of the piano, her slender, ringless fingers moving over the strings, the flashes of fire from the great opal on her breast, made up a picture that enthralled them.

Colin sat entranced, his eyes fixed upon the musician; and, noting his absorption, Jean wished she had not suggested music. She had expected some feebly pretentious performance on a level with Miss Penny's painting.

Of a sudden the weird melody ceased. The General awoke with a jerk from the nebulous visions of far-off lands to which the influence of the haunting strains had transported him.

'Oh, thank you so much!' Jean exclaimed, jumping up briskly as the sound faded away. 'How very charming!—Now, Uncle Hamish, I know you're dying for your game of bridge.—Do you play bridge, Miss Penny?'

As it chanced, Miss Penny did play bridge, and a capital game of bridge, too. The General and she won the rubber, though it could hardly be advanced that they held superior cards; but against the General, who was a skilled player, and Fanny, who displayed that delicate finesse only attained by much practice, Jean, who was afflicted by conscious jealousy, and Colin, who was suffering from unconscious love, were hardly qualified to rank as opponents.

'Now that we have discovered your skill at cards, we must have many games together,' the General said as they bade their hostess adieu. And this arrangement for the future, added to Jean's knowledge that she had played the ungrateful part of second-fiddle, brimmed her cup of mortification. She would fain have accompanied her uncle and Colin in the stroll they usually took before turning in; but the General—who, being absolutely sincere himself, rarely suspected insincerity in others—remembering her plea of a relaxed throat, insisted upon sending her to bed.

The waves beat monotonously on the beach beneath, overhead myriads of stars twinkled in a blue-black sky, as the men paced silently along the cliff-path. Colin, in a happy conflict of emotions,

was not inclined to talk; the General seemed thoughtful.

'Colin—I wouldn't say this before Jean—but what did you think of our entertainment to-night?' he asked at last.

'Think of it?' Colin replied, flaring up at the implication of doubt in his father's question. 'I thought it was perfection. Couldn't have been better done. You're not going to follow Jean's example of picking things to pieces, are you?'

'No; but salmon is ridiculously dear just now. And the champagne was Roederer's '92. I like the little girl, and I hate to criticise hospitality; but I do wish she had given us cold beef and beer!'

It did not lighten Colin's burden when, on going upstairs, he found Jean lying in wait for him. Two hot spots burned on her cheeks; her manner portended mysterious communications.

'One moment, Colin. I wish to show you something,' she said, drawing him into the tiny smoking-room on the first-floor landing. 'Look at that.'

'That' proved to be a dainty one-volume edition of Tennyson's poems.

'Well, it's very pretty, isn't it?' said obtuse Colin, glancing at the binding.

'Oh, you stupid!' Jean exclaimed in an impatient whisper. 'It's that I mean;' and, looking where she indicated, he saw that the fly-leaf had been torn out.

'I see. Well?' he asked, still without comprehension. 'Somebody torn your book?'

'It isn't mine. I saw it on the side-table in Miss Penny's room, and brought it to show you. Don't you think it fishy to have a book with the fly-leaf torn out? And, Colin'—putting out an arresting hand as he made a gesture of dissent—'for a girl who is alleged to be earning her own living, don't you think she has a lot of money to throw away on flowers and—things? It seems odd, too, that she never speaks of her home or her relatives, for of course everybody must live somewhere, and have some friends.'

Though outwardly calm, Colin was blazing inwardly.

'I don't know a woman's code of morals,' he said quietly; 'but it seems to me that using the occasion of kindly hospitality to steal what she imagines evidence that will lower her hostess in the estimation of others scarcely comes within the code.'

Having thus relieved his mind, Colin walked off, leaving his cousin to a night of secret wailing and gnashing of teeth.

From the experiences of the last few days, Jean realised that even the triple advantages of beauty, birth, and fortune might not enable her to wed the only man she had ever fancied; and that Colin—penniless Colin, who had nothing save his handsome figure and his frank manliness to commend him—was drifting—nay, had already drifted beyond her

power of recall. But despite the deteriorating influences of indulgence, better nature was still strong in Jean. In the silence of the night, a stillness only broken by the long surge of the waves, she fought her little battle and won it; and when, at the station next morning, the General, leaving her ensconced in a carriage, had gone to the book-stall for papers, Jean with a look summoned Colin, whose manner during breakfast had been reserved and distant.

'Colin, I want to tell you—I shouldn't have said what I did last night. It was mean, and—despicable.' Leaning from the window so that her naid could not hear, she made the amende honorable in all self-abasement. 'I don't know why I was so nasty and hateful about Miss Penny, because I really think she is the prettiest girl I ever saw.' Then, with a flash of inherent humour, she added, 'Perhaps, after all, that was the reason!'

As the days slipped by, Fanny Penny's presence at the nightly card-table became a matter of course. On the occasions that Colin was absent the General and she played cribbage. When at Eastwick, Colin spent the afternoons initiating her into the mysteries of golf; but in the morning Miss Penny toiled at her appallingly bad paintings.

It was the middle of September. In a few days the Macnaughts would be back in London. Miss Penny's sojourn was nearing a close too, though she showed a reluctance to speak of her future arrangements.

'We shall see you in town in winter, of course?' the General had said interrogatively.

'In London? Oh no. At least I don't think I shall be there. But indeed I have no plans yet.' There was much of her old nervousness in the manner of her reply, and she changed the subject hurriedly.

The second last day of their stay had come. Colin, who had gone to town on the previous day, arrived in time for lunch. Thereafter, leaving his father comfortably seated in an arm-chair preparing to take his customary forty winks, he betook himself to the lonely part of the beach, where Fanny was labouring ineffectually at an ambitious picture of the coast.

Colin could boast only the veriest smattering of artistic knowledge; but even to his eyes, which were prejudiced in favour of the painter, her treatment of the subject was remarkable only for its faults. Apart from crudities of colour and feebleness of handling, the perspective was wholly original. In this effort, Miss Penny had essayed the introduction of figures with a result that could only be termed disastrous. A giant child gathered shells in the distance, and in the foreground a pigmy fisherman mended his nets. A ship at sea was rigged after a fashion unknown to mariners. The rocks looked flaccid, the waves adamantine.

A wave of pity for the futility of the effort seized Colin, and he acted upon impulse. 'Miss Penny, I would like a specimen of your work to take back to town. Will you sell me that picture?'

For a long moment there was silence. The request had been a simple one, yet somehow Colin knew that much hung upon the reply.

'Did you know that only this morning General Macnaught also proposed buying it?' she said at last, speaking with evident effort.

'No. I have just returned. I've scarcely seen him,' Colin said lamely.

'And I told him that I'd die before I'd accept such disinterested kindness,' she went on, hardly noticing his reply.

'But if the dad fancied'—— Colin interposed feebly.

'Do you think I don't know what daubs they are? Your cousin knew that I know,' Miss Penny cried passionately. 'Oh! you will never understand how much I have appreciated your charity towards a girl you thought helpless. I can never'—— Her voice broke. She had risen to her feet and was hastily packing her palette and brushes into the colour-box. Then, while Colin, not knowing how to reply, stood silent, she seized the picture and paint-box, and hurried off, leaving the easel and camp-stool behind.

Picking up the neglected paraphernalia, Colin followed. But she was already far in advance, and had reached the house before he overtook her.

Leaving the stool and folding-easel in the hall, he entered the sitting-room, rudely awaking the General from his nap.

'Hullo, got back already? Why, what's up, my boy? You look flurried.'

'Father, what have you been up to? I saw Miss Penny on the beach just now, and asked her to let me buy her picture. And she said you had made the same offer this morning, and that she wouldn't sell to either; that they were daubs, and we knew it?

'Of course we knew it, Colin; but we thought she didn't,' said the General, sitting erect and rumpling his short white hair in perplexity.

'Well, the upshot was she went off in a state, and I don't know what to do next.'

'Do? Do?' cried the General. 'I'll tell you what to do. Marry the girl. That's the thing to do, my boy. And if you don't marry that girl, I'll—I'll marry her myself, sir!'

Without another word Colin strode across the hall, knocked at the drawing-room door, and, without waiting for permission, entered.

Miss Penny, her hat thrown aside, was getting all her possessions together. The vivid colour had faded from her cheeks, and traces of tears hung on her eyelashes.

'It wasn't really the picture I wanted,' Colin said abruptly; 'it was something much more valuable. It was you—you yourself, Fanny. Will you have me?'

Miss Penny's dark eyes looked questioningly at

him. 'But the General'—— she faltered, shrinking away from him, and glancing apprehensively in the direction of the dining-room. 'What will he say?'

'The General?' Colin cried gaily. 'Why, he told me that if I didn't ask you he'd marry you himself. I'm stealing a march on him now?'

'But you know how poor an artist I am'-

'Yes; but we have enough. You won't require to paint again.'

Miss Fenny was sobbing in a confusion of emotions. 'Oh! wait; don't ask me now,' she said when Colin pressed for an answer. 'Only till to-morrow, and don't see me till then. I'll tell you to-morrow evening. Promise you won't try to see me till then,' she implored; and, sorely against his will, Colin promised.

The following day proved the longest in Colin's life, and the General shared his impatience. Having pledged himself not to see Miss Penny till evening, Colin made valiant efforts to speed the hours. In the morning the General and he drove to a golf-course half-a-dozen miles away, and played a four-some with two military friends; but never had contest seemed so uninteresting. They lunched at Broadgate, and tried to pass an extra hour on the esplanade; but, in spite of all, it could hardly be termed evening when Colin, re-entering the house at Eastwick, tapped at Miss Penny's door.

To his surprise, it was opened by the landlady in person, and a glance showed him that the interior was undergoing that periodic upheaval known as thorough cleaning. Dust-sheets shrouded the furniture, and a maid poised on a ladder was pinning up fresh lace curtains.

'Where is Miss Penny?' Colin demanded.

'Didn't you know as she'd gone, sir? An' you such friends, too. Yes, sir, she went away this mornin'; not half-an-hour after you'd drove off, it wasn't. But she acted fair, for she paid me a week's rent instead o' warnin'. An' a lady 'appened to come an' took the rooms from now till the end o' the month. She's comin' in to-morrow, so I ain't a loser.'

'Did Miss Penny leave no message?'

'W'ere's my memory?' cried the dame, making a dive at her skirts in search of her capacious pocket. 'She left a letter to be given to you at night. 'Ere it is. Though it's 'ardly night yet,' she added, with a ponderous attempt at archness.

That there was something familiar in the writing struck Colin as he took it to their own room; but he had opened the envelope before discovering that the letter was addressed to the General.

'This is addressed to you, dad!' he exclaimed in astonishment.

'To me? What can she have to say to me? Read it out,' cried the General.

The letter began without prelude:

'I have acted a mean part; but, however badly you may think of me in the future, please believe

that I did it from a good motive. When Mr Macnaught—who was my guardian and more than father from the time I was left alone and helpless brought me to England, it was his secret wish that I should marry your son. Though until he had seen you both, and had discovered whether you had other plans, he would not hint at his desire. During the first day at Glen-na-Grual he told me of his hopes for the future. Next morning he was seriously ill; and when Mr Bleloch came he was in great pain, scarcely able to speak, so that he could not explain all he wished. If you had only arrived in time to see him he would have told you. Knowing that this was in his mind, I felt I ought to tell you; but I could not write it, and you seemed so unwilling to see me.'

Colin paused, and for the first time looked at his father.

The General had listened intently, sitting bolt upright, his lips pursed up in the mute whistle of utter amazement, a variety of hues chasing each other over his tanned face.

'Fanny Penny the Jezebel, by Jove!' he murmured at length. 'Tut, tut, the little witch!'

Colin went on reading more rapidly.

'When you refused to come to any arrangement I was in despair, knowing that Mr Macnaught never intended that Glen-na-Grual and his fortune should go to a stranger. So when Mr Colin's kind letter came giving this address'——

'Kind letter, eh—what's that?' interrupted the General sharply.

'I wrote a word or two to Miss—Gorman, because I thought you were too hard on her. It was soon after we came here. You remember you refused to go to Glen-na-Grual for the shooting.'

An inarticulate grunt was the General's only comment.

Colin resumed reading:

'So I thought if I came and saw you I could explain. But when I reached Eastwick my courage failed; and, seeing that apartments were to be had in the same house, I took them, hoping to make your acquaintance casually. I called myself Miss Penny because I wished people to believe I was not worth twopence. My painting, as you must instantly have guessed, was only a pretence. I began it because I knew people spoke to artists without waiting for a formal introduction. But as I got to know you both, and your true goodness of heart, I felt it more and more difficult to speak. Yesterday the fresh evidence of your kindness when you and your son each proposed to buy my atrocious daub made me unable to continue the deception. So I have gone home.'

The letter ended as abruptly as it had begun.

'Home! She means to Glen-na-Grual,' cried Colin, reaching for the Bradshaw. But the General had been before him, and was already looking up the trains to Inverness.

THE END.

THE CARE OF LACE.

By Mrs CAMPBELL of Dunstaffnage.



RESERVING the lives of great snakes in captivity taxes the skill of the naturalist to the utmost. One would think that a boa-constrictor, ordinarily, would be pretty well able to take care of itself, espe-

cially as regards food; but it is a fact that great reptiles of the python family require the most careful nursing, and are fed and looked after with the utmost solicitude by the superintendents of the reptile-houses in the various zoological gardens in which they are held.' So writes Mr W. B. Northrop in his interesting article in Chambers's Journal for June 1903; and the words apply forcibly to the subject of this paper. I write for the benefit of lace-owners of both sexes, and perhaps the hints conveyed herein may be of wider use to the masculine than to the feminine readers. More women own lace; but there is a large number of men who possess unused lace. Even a careless or ignorant female owner is almost sure to have a dive now and then into her hoards for wearing purposes; and, as I shall presently set forth, that fact alone causes a little spurt against the destruction which threatens neglected collections. As in the case of great snakes, so in the case of coils of lace, especially old lace, the skill of the expert is taxed to the utmost to nurse and preserve the precious fabrics to best advantage.

People have long regarded this special form of collecting in a light wholly unworthy of its value and interest. Our pictures are carefully shaded from too strong light and shielded from damp and cold-weather ravages; our furs have their regular summer storing, our china and silver their proper and suitable receptacles. In great houses all these valuables have their own attendants, while the delicate fabrics which are a history in themselves are treated frequently in the very same establishments with but scant courtesy, save when a flounce is extricated to trim a gown. We are told it is good occasionally to treat our children with a little wholesome neglect, and this neglect is so practised by wise parents as to be merely apparent neglect. To our lace, alas! we apply the neglect principle very literally, and more in the form of unwholesome neglect. The lace-tender has, unlike the attendants of the reptile-house, nothing to fear in this culte, and much pleasure and profit to derive therefrom. I wonder that no great lady who has ample space for carrying out her schemes, charitable and dilettante combined, has thought of starting the post of lace-carer. It is an employment that many girls who seek work, but can find none suitable, would enter into willingly, either as a temporary engagement (going from house to house to arrange or rearrange, air, catalogue, &c.) or (where the lace is in large quantities, and often sent about from exhibition to exhibition) as a permanency. The possessor would find the precious goods thus well taken care of, and the interest in them would be increased. Perhaps this idea has already been carried into effect.

In the following practical hints I am about to write, I have been so largely indebted to a lacerestorer* in the north that I feel it only honest to mention at the outset how great was my own ignorance till I entered into communication with this enthusiast. Enthusiast! Yes; but a most practical enthusiast. Every scrap of lace I have sent for cleaning or mending has been returned to me exquisitely treated, while the letter accompanying its return has generally been an education in itself. The very moderate bills and beautiful workmanship are a satisfaction; but I have also derived much benefit from her remarks, and have always found good results from carrying out her instructions. She uses no injurious chemicals, and never attempts any doubtful work without asking the owner's authority and duly explaining the risks. Where cleaning would be worse than risky-in fact, in her opinion certain destruction—the fact is stated, and the piece returned.

Having paid this tribute to one who has helped me in this line, I will write as if my readers were wholly ignorant, more ignorant than I was before I became a disciple of my lace-restorer; for I had long taken much interest in lace-collections, and had my own little ideas as to the care required. I will write as if I knew everything on the subject; but I will be very grateful if the outcome of this screed should be, in part, some added hints from other lace enthusiasts, which they may be good enough to send to me privately or through the press.

I write for two sets of lace-owners—namely, for those who have a well-arranged store of lace, but who have hitherto considered that, once arranged, nothing more was needed for its care; and also for those who have a chaos of unarranged lace. In writing, I will apparently address myself only to the latter, for all I would say to the former would apply equally to them; while those of the first order can dispense with the instructions as to sorting, &c., and reserve their attention for the points which concern both in the treatment of orderly lace-collections and chaotic masses.

Chaotic masses may have become such through years of neglected knocking about, or through various collections being mixed together. A legacy of lace often implies that scraps have been taken off dresses no longer to be used by their late owner, and con-

^{*}I shall be glad to provide the name and address of this lace-restorer to lace-owners anxious to avail themselves of her services.

tents of wardrobes hurriedly hauled out and packed promiscuously.

'Rust and moth will corrupt.' Yes, if you stick pins ad libitum, and leave them in the meshes, with the whole thrown carelessly into a damp chest, albeit a picturesque article of furniture; but we will open the shutters and let the light of 1903 shine on the handiwork of past centuries; and to induce enthusiasm—like the oyster before dinner, or perhaps the strong coffee before study—I must quote a passage which seems to lend a tone of animation to the still subject.

"I have sold a flounce to the lady at Miraflores," said she. "I was twenty years making it, and it is as fine as a mist. But now I have sold it I am lonely, for all the thoughts I have thought, and all the love I felt, and all the happiness I used to dream of are there. And I wish I could buy it back again. It will cure her sorrow, but I shall die, monsieur. I am too old to sell life; for my lace is my life—all spun out of my soul. There is no time now for me to begin another flounce like that. Oh, it was so beautiful!" She closed her eyes; but unrestrainable, irrevocable tears escaped and drenched her face. Without further word, she passed on and crept down the stone stairs of the ramparts into the close, dark market-place below, where they were selling pigs....

"Good-day monsieur," said some one. He turned and saw the lace-maker.

"She has gone," said she, with a wan smile; "she went to Paris this morning by the five o'clock train. Her lover returned, and he has gone away with her, and she wore my lace flounce on her under-petticoat. I saw her step out of the carriage; and she tore the lace, too—my beautiful lace. But that did not matter to her. She pinned it up and smiled. I felt the pin all over me—in my heart and in my eyes. Did I not prophesy that her luck would change? Her life is just beginning. That is all. She went away laughing and singing, and she pointed over there and waved her handkerchief at the air again and again and again!" **

Now, let me presume you are about to arrange your chaos. The more space and the more light and the more time the better. But arrange for what you can get of these commodities. I write advising action for those having the best of conditions; but 'where there is a will there is a way,' and the smallest advantages are often turned to the best account through the skilful adaptation of feeble appliances.

Provide yourself and your assistant with pencil and paper; ink may be disastrous. Spread a large sheet on the floor of an unused and well-dusted room. As each article is taken out of the box or bag, carefully measure, number, and catalogue the piece. This will save much trouble later on. Lay each piece of the same kind of lace together in its own heap after registering. When all is on the

floor, attentively go through each heap. Then placing sheets of the thin blue paper—so excellent for the packing of all lace, and so very essential to the proper prevention of the red stain peculiar to Brussels and Bruges lace—at another part of the sheet, take from each heap every article that has a stain of any kind upon it, and set these ready to post—packed, sealed, and registered—to the lace-cleaner. Do the same with all those bits which require mending, and have both packages despatched as soon as possible.

As a great deal depends on the weather for cleaning and mending, it is as well to give the restorer as much time as possible. Mending may be delayed; but when stains are discovered, check the mischief immediately. In reformatories and other institutions a question arises, 'Shall we allow the good to mingle with the bad in order to improve the worse side of human nature? Will there be more in this system of deterioration to the best than amelioration of the evil tone?' In the matter of lace this question is answered decidedly: by all means separate the infected from the uninfected, for the good will be destroyed by the evil contact, and the bad will gain nothing from the good. Rents also spread at times, for much of this evil is caused by little insects which burrow in the delicate fabrics when lying by, and evade destruction. For this reason I am not partial to airing lace largely out of doors, though this may be done piece by piece, when one can carefully and minutely inspect each article before putting it away.

Now that all your torn and stained lace is separated from what you consider sound, and seeing that you have put a special mark in your list at each item which is to be sent to the 'surgery,' enjoy yourself for a few minutes among your treasures. How delicious is the feeling of fingering your lace! If there are shawls or large flounces, you should lay them out on a bed or table, where investigation can be thorough.

Again, whatever the time of year is, give the articles a good shake out—in winter before the fire, in summer before an open window, always choosing a fine day in the latter season. You must determine into what receptacle you will place your goods, which you must have tidily rolled up in separate parcels, each tied with a tape, to which a label, descriptive of quantity and kind, should be affixed, and corresponding as to number with your catalogue. The ideal receptacle for lace is a camphor-wood chest or cupboard; but whatever be the place of deposit, the most essential point lies in protection from damp. We cannot be too stringent on this point; and what increases the difficulty is that a box apparently quite dry may treasure the evil of past damp. I have had two practical proofs of this within the last few years. Some lace flounces were much stained when taken out of a box of camphor-wood wherein they had lain for about six years. I knew that before that period their late owner had kept them in a very

^{*} School for Saints, by John Oliver Hobbes.

cosy receptacle in her wardrobe, and there they were, I believe, undamaged. I knew the camphorbox had been in dry quarters since the flounces were added to its contents, so I did not suspect mischief, and put in more rolls of lace. A year later these additions were taken out, revealing stains on their hitherto unblemished surfaces, and this continued spreading like measles. When I spoke of the matter to an old servant, who had known the chest for years, she remarked that it was kept at one time in a very damp place in the house of its then possessor. However the mischief was caused, my lace-restorer recommended a thorough airing of the offending chest in dry spring weather out of doors before replacing the lacy treasures in its purified depths; but, as I had a choice of boxes, I determined to devote this box to other purposes.

A somewhat similar experience occurred in the house of a young friend, who with pride brought out a work-box (rosewood, I think), lined with satin, to show me how she was walking in my steps, and had carefully laid in such a safe nest some very valuable and valued treasures. What was her dismay and mine to find that aggressive stain running through the exquisite articles, which included a baby's cap and some most priceless scraps of old trousseau-lace! We discussed the matter, and recollected that the large empty wing of this lady's house had once been closed for long, and all sorts of little articles, such as work-boxes, &c., had been stored in the unused rooms while the mansion was let; and doubtless the root of the evil had started there, and the fair satin covered the menace to the lace's welfare. We often consider an old black coffer 'just the place for a lace collection.' Beware, my friends! Better a common deal chest of drawers, whose history you know to be sans reproche, than those doubtful depths. When you have no choice, and must take what you can, line your box with clean paper and use plenty of coverings, always dropping in a little camphor, which must be rolled in muslin. Velvet is very dangerous: the dye is apt to come off, or a mossy surface falls from the edges and works havoc. Only last month a packet was made up for the lace-restorer on account of the injury done on an object-table, where lace had lain to great showy advantage on brown velvet.

Now you have put your lace away and despatched your dilapidated specimens, you turn to any articles of wearing or furnishing that you remember were adorned with lace, and, to your surprise, you find rents and stains you had not hitherto observed. Your eye is already somewhat educated. These you promptly remove from their fixtures, and fresh parcels are started for the morrow. You will be careful to get a receipt from the restorer of all you have despatched, and to mark this in your catalogue; and then having noted that the receptacles are placed in a dry place, you find there is no more to be done till your pieces return, to oe added to the already neatly arranged specimens.

You ask, half-expectantly—for you are probably a little 'lace-caring' bitten by now—'Have you any more orders?' Certainly. Your lace being now in proper arrangement, I will give you instructions how to keep it in the days to come. For this need you must have an annual cleaning—a spring or autumn cleaning, whichever suits you best. I strongly recommend in the British climate the last fortnight of April or the first fortnight of October. The days are of a convenient length, and the sun is strong enough to be of use without burning too strongly on the windows.

Choose a spare bedroom—an upstairs room is best. Have it most carefully dusted. See that a light covering is placed over the fireplace. Tack tapes from wall to wall round the room and (where there is more than one window) across the windows. The ideal arrangement is to use a room off which another opens; the window-opening can then be carried on in the adjoining apartment. But if this ideal arrangement cannot be achieved, leave a window free of access in the lace-room, as we will designate the bedroom for the time.

Unpack the lace carefully, verifying by catalogue. I have seen lace set out without this precaution, and when the putting-away time arrived there was such worry over a missing sleeve, which, it turned out, had never been taken out of its abiding-place. Put the papers aside, each with its own label, and, if possible, have fresh paper, removing each packet's label to the new paper. The old paper will do nicely for silver. You now have scope for considerable artistic display. There is an immense amount of effect achieved by the happy grouping of the foamy masses. Black lace and white may be entirely separated, or they may be hung alternately-I incline to separating the tints. I even go so far as to place the cream lace and the white as far apart as possible. Mirrors come into great prominence in aiding the effect.

The thickest lace, such as Flanders, Venetian, &c., should be nearest the window which is to be opened (whether that of the 'lace-room' or that in the adjoining room), and the fine, thin web more sheltered. Shawls and flounces may be draped on the bed, couch, and tables. High candlesticks prop up long folds very effectively, and old-fashioned cap-stands are invaluable.

Any very small articles, such as mittens, &c., should have a small weight placed on them to ensure safety. The tapes will bear yards of lace lightly draped thereon, and no pins are necessary where a skilled hand is at the helm. But have needles with black and white thread, also extra tacks, tape, and scissors, at hand.

Now your show is arranged, carefully lock the door at night, having duly searched to leave no doubt whether 'pussy cat' is lurking under the bed or not; and next morning (if twenty-four hours without rain has elapsed and no sign of damp shows in the atmosphere) open the window—quite wide if it is in the adjoining chamber, just

a little piece if in the lace-room. That moment is, I think, the tit-bit of the display! Suddenly the pale white figures (as the long pieces of lacy fabric appear to be) commence to move, quietly bowing as it were to each other, the acquaintances long silent and still coming to life again, and yet not become quite flesh and blood, greeting each other softly after their lengthened stay in the Silent Land. Does it strike you as it did me when I first saw this effect, 'awakening from the dead'?

Now the blinds are drawn, and the sun streaming on our exhibition; and, as care has been taken to leave a free pathway in the room, we take in a friend or two at a time, and show them our treasures, hearing often new histories from their remarks, and finding we never saw the fabrics to such advantage before. Children must not, of course, be admitted ad libitum; indeed, I think there should be strict rules as to no one going in unauthorised, as it makes things pleasanter for all the household.

When you leave the room see that the window is closed. Of course, if the ideal conditions are in force you leave the adjoining room window open all daytime when the weather is fine, and the door leading into the lace-room just slightly fixed ajar, and quite wide while you are present—you or your representative. Birds and bats must be carefully excluded.

Close up each night, and each fine morning you will have the pleasure of seeing those billowy sheaves of lovely lace rise softly in the slight breeze occasioned by opening the window, and as the drapery softly moves on the bosom of the new day, Bruges and Brussels laces sigh softly in remembering past days; Venice products, as it were, float in spirit on a gondola; Flanders ware tells of the sturdy housewife; Mechlin and Valenciennes represent hours of patient toil; while Honiton flowers blossom for England, and are proud of Hamilton daintiness; and Carrickmacross and Limerick's flowery trails spread such a buoyant decorative wave as they steadily bridge over the gulf between the heavy folds of Maltese pattern. The yak is rather stiff and proud, and the French lace seems to strive for a little coquetry in the midst of all the weight of years. We think we see an old nun fingering a scrap of Genoese lace and reflecting how the pomps of the world and the industry of the convent meet. We commend you to lay Mrs Palliser's book on a table, so that if you or your friends have time to do a bit of research you can have the help of models for your study.

After the lace has hung for two days in its first position, turn each article over, being very careful in so doing not to strain on the tapes or tangle the long narrow pieces. By this process each side has justice done it.

Alas! we have to think of the closing of the show. This must not be attempted, however, till the receptacles have been thoroughly aired—out of doors if possible—and lined with fresh paper. Then twenty-four hours of dry weather must again elapse before the articles are replaced, or the same period

of shut window if that state could be achieved in time to evade a threatening shower; the great aim being not to close the lace with the slightest damp lingering in its fibres. After this, piece by piece, the exhibition is demolished; each article is tenderly folded and placed in its papers, with the old label.

No morsel of lace with a stain should be allowed to touch another piece; and if it be impossible to send to the 'surgery' at the time, an 'isolation-ward' should be arranged in one of the receptacles, or a receptacle devoted to this end, wherein each patient would be labelled separately. Every piece should be carefully measured and inspected before replacing it in its coffer. And now the goods are securely stowed away, I hope you will experience the satisfaction of a true lace-lover.

Perhaps you intend to send your stores to a bazaar or exhibition—much money can be raised by exhibiting lace collections; but great care should be taken to send them in charge of a responsible person, and also in sealed glass-topped boxes, carefully labelled.

Of course all provident lace-owners insure. You can have a 'travelling policy,' as I have with the North British and Mercantile Insurance Company, for part or the whole of your lace, so that for wardrobe or exhibition purposes you can take your trimming about in whole or part.

Women readers, you never let your dressmaker put the flounces close to the edge, do you? It was from a man I first heard the horror expressed at that practice. He owned exquisite family lace, and had a careless wife, so perhaps he spoke feelingly. But it is very easy to avoid that, and also the practice of sewing lace next the neck. In sewing or tacking lace on a cushion or bracket, a ribbon can generally be employed for the firm work; and in many instances a braid edge at the sewing-point can prevent needle-pricks through the actual lace. I do not mention such a barbarity as the cutting of lace when it can possibly be avoided.

Black lace often shows very ugly white marks which need skilled handling. I recommend airing the black lace two or three times a year.

The lace you wear should always be put away dry. No damp from the climate or the heat of the body should be neglected. My lace-restorer brings black lace back to a good shade. In sending white or cream lace to her you should always state if you are particular as to the shade to be kept. In cleaning very old lace from stains it is often grievous to be compelled to sacrifice the exquisite colour which age alone brings; but the lesser evil must be chosen, and I have had to sacrifice the tints of antiquity for the present health of the lace.

Now I must bid farewell to this engrossing theme, and will not devote so much time to its items till the day when I prepare for my next spring-cleaning, when I can say with my old friend Ossian, Carril the Bard, 'Soon shall our cold, pale ghosts meet in a cloud on Cona's eddying winds.'

A MEMORY OF THE PRAIRIE.

By HAROLD BINDLOSS.



was a bitter winter afternoon, though the air was clear and still, when Colville and I trudged beside our sledge across the white levels of the Assiniboian prairie. The snow seldom lies deep in that region, and

the blue-gray smear of trail that stretched back straight as an arrow farther than eye could see afforded easy travelling to our brawny team. Thin steam hung about them; our breath froze on our furs; and, though walking nearly five miles an hour, we were not warm. The beasts seemed equally anxious to reach the shelter of the bluff we entered presently. The term 'bluff' in that country usually signifies a wood composed of wind-dwarfed birches.

We worked hard for some time before the sledge was piled high with slender logs, and then I noticed a frown on Colville's face as he leaned panting on the haft of his axe.

'There are those other sledge-tracks again, and this thing is beginning to worry me,' he said. 'I believe I hold sole right to the fuel in this bluff; though, because everybody knows I wouldn't grudge a neighbour all that he could burn, it's curious whoever takes it should do so surreptitiously. Doesn't it strike you so?'

The straggling birches scarcely obstructed my vision as I swept my eyes thoughtfully round the great white circle. Nothing moved upon it; and, lying still under that frozen silence, all the land seemed dead. Then I looked at Colville, and because he faced the west the glare of sunset beat upon his snow-bronzed countenance. It was a masterful face, with nevertheless more than a trace of refinement. The clear-brown eyes matched the drooping moustache and sun-crisped hair, while the sinewy figure in the white-sprinkled furs had been developed to a fine symmetry by healthful toil. I do not think Harry was more than twenty-five; but he had taken hold with a strong hand, and fortune had favoured him. He was master of Brantholm, perhaps the finest homestead on that prairie, and for a time I had worked beside him through arctic frost and blinding summer dust with never an altercation. Still, when letters reached him from England at long intervals, he showed signs of bitterness; and I remember the curious look on his face when somebody at a political meeting called him a foreigner. Lifting his broad hat, he sent his voice ringing with his usual fiery impulsiveness across the assembly: 'It is true I was born yonder in the greatest country on earth; but is that a reason why I should not now render this good land which has prospered me the best service of brain and body?'

'I have noticed several curious things,' I said.

'First, that the trespasser picks blown timber and never fells a tree; secondly, that his sledge is always lightly loaded, and driven over the beaten tracks as though to hide its trail.'

I might have added that I had discovered the print of singularly small moccasins, but did not do so, being undecided whether certain vague suspicions were justified.

'Well, I dare say we'll find out some day; and it's time we struck homewards now,' said Colville, with a smile.

We plodded homewards through an unearthly silence and under an awful cold. The dusty snow dulled the beat of hoofs; and, because each piece of metal was wrapped in hide, sound itself seemed frozen. When that night we lounged in a state of delicious languor beside the stove, I remembered it had cost us several hours' hard labour to cut that load.

Harry reopened the subject. 'I'm not pleased about that wood-cutting; but it's not the logs I miss,' he said. 'It is the feeling that whoever takes them must imagine I would grudge them which exasperates me. We are perhaps a trifle primitive, even brutal; but, thank God! no man need ever go cold or hungry on the prairie when his neighbour has plenty—which doesn't seem to be the case in more civilised communities. There's a story in that last newspaper which sickened me: elderly military man I remember seeing at my father's table picked up dying—of starvation—in a London slum. I suppose the poor devil would sooner perish than proclaim his poverty.'

'There are folks of that kind over there,' I said.
'When twenty harvesters a day strike you for a free meal, one begins to wish we had a few more like them here. By the way, I've sometimes wondered about the antecedents of our neighbour Ormesby.'

Colville's bronzed face flushed. 'I'm almost ashamed to say so, but I mentioned it to Carson when I wrote, and he gave me the whole history. Ormesby was partner in a patriarchal English country bank. Didn't trouble about business, but stuck to his hobbies: horses, big turnips, or something, and pigs. Brother and nephew ran the banking, and one of them was missing when the smash came. Wild-cat speculations; half the folk in that district ruined; and, though Carson says Ormesby was rather dupe than knave, the beggared tradesmen cursed him, and he came out here to hide his head. Eldest daughter was to have married a local magnate, who backed out forthwith.'

The story left me thoughtful. Ormesby, accompanied by his two daughters, had settled on partly broken land some time earlier, and the girls found

a market at the settlement for minor produce. The elder one disappeared shortly after harvest, which was a failure, and the broken-down gentleman, shrinking from all intercourse with his scattered neighbours, lived as a recluse. Harry, I knew, had ridden over with presents of the kind freely exchanged thereabouts, but returned crestfallen. On the last occasion I saw him savagely fling the sundries broadcast across the prairie.

'The old man looks very shaky, and it must be a hard life for two delicately brought-up girls,' I said.

A week later I chanced to be in the post-office of the railroad settlement, twenty miles away, when Miss Miriam Ormesby came in. She was very young in appearance, fragile, and delicately pretty; but there was a curious gravity upon her face. It was also a brave young face, and something in the poise of the shapely head and thoughtful steadiness of the fine gray eyes betokened a high courage as well as an acquaintance with adversity. The girl was dressed in thinly furred garments, and her cheeks were blue, while I noticed how her eagerness changed to relief as, opening the envelope handed her, she changed a slip from it for minted silver. Then, strolling down the snow-streaked street, I passed Ormesby's team. They stood shivering in the open, and no settler ever drove in from a distance at that temperature without putting up and feeding his beasts at the wooden hotel, where they then charged us a dollar.

I lay, pipe in mouth, upon a flour-bag, chatting with the keeper of the general store when chance sent Miriam Ormesby my way again. She came in diffidently, and while waiting I saw her eyes grow wistful as she laid her ill-protected hand upon some thick fur mittens. There was something pathetic in the gesture; and, feeling ashamed at having witnessed it, I was glad she did not see me. She purchased two dollars' worth of provisions, picking out the very cheapest kind, and I think the storekeeper's wife must have pitied her, for she shamefully cut the prices charged Harry and I, who purchased by the hundredweight. The whole proceeding was plainly an ordeal to the girl; and yet, though her lips would quiver as she considered the difference of a cent or two, she went through it with a childish dignity which, for some strange reason, made me feel that the use of unlawful language would be a relief. When she went out I turned to the store-mistress.

'You won't make your fortune in that fashion,' I said.

'No,' was the cheery answer. 'But we can always average up on the Brantholm bills. I'd have given her the lot with pleasure; but there are some of you folks from the old country no plain Canadian dare offer favours to.'

'You try me next time,' I said dryly. 'By the way, what's the list-figure for these mittens?'

'Two dollars!' was the answer, and the lady smiled. 'Considering that they're half the size of your hand, the price is one—to you.'

'They are mine. Have I not a dozen fair cousins over-seas?' I said.

The storekeeper's wife dropped her voice a little. 'My own girl would have been about her age had she lived, and I'm real sorry for that child,' she said. 'Did you see the cruel frost-wounds on her wrists? It's my opinion the poor soul is doing a man's work to keep her fool father's place together.'

I went out with the mittens, and being a practical. unromantic person, wondered by what lucky means Miss Ormesby could be induced to accept them. I also fared as sumptuously as it was possible to do at the wooden hotel, but, perhaps from a sense of contrast, failed to enjoy the meal, and then started on my homeward drive across the snow-sheeted prairie. A league had been covered, and it was almost dusk when, leading the horses down the slope of a ravine, the shape of another sleigh appeared on the opposite grade. My wagon-for we used no fragile sleighs-moved on its runners silently; and, unobserved myself, I made out a girlish figure tugging at the horses' heads. The beasts, however, appeared powerless to face the ascent, and presently the girl sank down on the bank beside them with a little despairing cry. It was darkening fast, cruelly cold, and she was nearly twenty miles from home. She started up with a shiver when I stood before her with lifted cap. 'Get right into my wagon and wrap yourself up in the fur robes before you freeze,' I said.

Miriam Ormesby appeared doubtful, but yielded with a faint sigh of physical content when I placed her among the thick robes by main force, while, after I had hooked a lariat to the other vehicle, my stout beasts hauled the worn-out team up the declivity. I sprang out near the summit, for a number of heavy sundries lay scattered about.

'How did these get here?' I asked.

My companion hesitated before she answered. 'It was the only way to help the team, and I—I carried them. But I fear they can't make the journey, and whatever shall I do?'

'Try to keep warm,' I said severely. 'We'll leave the beasts at Jasper's, and you'll get them to-morrow. You'll be getting supper snug in your house inside two hours from now, unless my team fall lame.'

Jasper snorted contemptuously as he took the horses. 'Guess the old frames wouldn't be worth nothing even to a cannery. They'd have laid down and died before they'd have fetched Ormesby's to-night.'

I did not, of course, tell Miss Ormesby this, though I quite agreed; but wrapped her closer in the furs, and pulled my own courage together for the bitter drive. The breeze was in our faces, and it is under such circumstances the prairie-dwellers learn the meaning of utter cold. The girl must have started long before daylight, and it was not strange that presently her head sank until it rested on my shoulder, and she lapsed into what

was either sleep or the stupor of exhaustion. I heaped more wrappings about her, and then, though it seemed an unwarrantable liberty, drew the thick mittens over her little stiffened hands. After this I remember little save the monotonous hiss and hum of polished runners and constant sprinkling of icy dust until a light blinked ahead, and I shook my companion gently as I reined in the team. She looked at me with some confusion when I helped her down, stammered drowsy thanks, and then held out her hands for the smaller packages with an appealing gesture.

'It seems most ungrateful, but I fear I cannot ask you in to-night,' she said.

I had hardly bowed in answer when she vanished, leaving me, partly pitiful, partly chagrined, to restart the team; and, reaching Brantholm half-frozen, I had hard work to keep awake while I told Colville as much as it seemed good for him to know.

The effect was startling, for he rose, saying with slow solemnity, 'You were a lucky man. I would have given half my possessions to have changed places with you.'

I stared at him blankly, having never quite expected this.

'You might have had my place for very much less, and would probably have let Miss Ormesby freeze while you talked nonsense. Thank goodness, I'm commonplace in appearance and sentiment,' I commenced; but Harry checked me.

'I can't stand your cheap-witted flippancy. For heaven's sake tell me what is to be done. What right have such as you or I to own lands and cattle while that poor soul with the patience and face of an angel has not enough to eat?'

'It resembles a somewhat ancient question, and at least we worked tolerably hard for them,' I answered dryly. 'There is nothing you can do but wait and pray for an opportunity. You have no reason for supposing the Ormesbys have not enough to eat; and if you mentioned it I fancy a certain young lady's eyes would shrivel you. A comparative stranger can't send that kind of person provisions with his compliments.'

Colville groaned in a manner which suggested he had proved the truth of this already, and I left him, feeling slightly uneasy myself as to what would follow the discovery of the gloves. I was also glad I had not mentioned that the tracks made by Miss Ormesby's sledge resembled those found in the bluff.

Harry, who grew moody, did not reopen the subject, and some weeks had passed when an accident brought about the climax. A chinookwind had thinned the snow, though there was still enough for sledging if one picked one's way, when towards dusk Harry and I drove homewards past the bluff. As we cleared the end of it a dusky shape suggesting a capsized vehicle loomed out upon the snow ahead, and Harry jerked his reins impatiently. 'We are going to see who it is that

objects so strongly to taking a favour from me, and I hope to relieve my mind a bit,' said he.

Wondering what he would say when he made the discovery, I kept silence until a smothered exclamation rose to his lips as he checked the team. A pile of heavy logs had fallen from the sledge beside us, and Miss Miriam Ormesby was seated upon one of them with the moccasin protecting one foot unlaced. She turned crimson as she saw us; but the colour faded suddenly, leaving her face marble-white again.

'I think it is a broken ankle,' she answered my question with a bent head. 'Some of the logs fell upon me.'

'Not worse than a sprain, I hope, but bad enough either way,' I said, while Colville drew in his breath as he stared first at the fragile, huddled figure, and then at the pile of wood. A hired man would have considered it a fair day's work.

'You must get into our sledge and drive with us to Brantholm before the frost nips the joint,' I said in the most paternal tone I could assume. 'Free those horses, Harry; they'll go home themselves; but first lift Miss Ormesby in while I hold the injured foot rigid.'

He stooped with infinite compassion in his handsome snow-bronzed face; and, though the girl seemed to shrink for a moment, she held out her hands to him. Perhaps she was a judge of character; and the master of Brantholm had very honest and kindly eyes. He lifted her into the sledge as carefully as though she were made of glass, and drove furiously until, when the silence grew oppressive, he asked, 'Is the pain very bad?'

'No. You placed me so comfortably,' said our patient, with a half-ashamed, half-grateful glance at him which he did not merit, for I had placed the foot. 'But I do not deserve your kindness after—after taking your wood. Still, the other bluff was too far away, and my father has been ill. I hoped you would not mind very much.'

'You loaded and hauled home fuel all winter from the bluff yourself?' said Colville, aghast, as the full truth dawned upon him; and, when the girl blushed, proceeded to deny himself manfully. 'Anybody can cut timber there; I have absolutely no right to it, for it lies nearer your house than mine,' he said. 'But surely, Miss Ormesby, you never did that brutal work entirely by yourself?'

I drove my elbow into his ribs, for Harry was blundering, and the girl smiled wanly as she answered, 'My father was stricken by the cold when chopping two months ago, and there was nobody else.'

I was relieved when we reached Brantholm, and Mrs Thorkelsen, our Scandinavian housekeeper, stripped off the little moccasin; and, finding no sign of broken bones, I fixed the foot in an angular splint. Miss Ormesby, however, refused to wait a moment longer than was necessary; but Harry, who had been mysteriously busy, quietly insisted upon the whole of us accompanying her home. He was seldom much of an orator, and I do not remember

what he said, though he used the old man's illness as an argument; but I think few women would have refused to trust him, and our patient yielded with a swift, grateful glance which set his brown hands quivering, though I hardly fancy he saw, or she meant him to see, all that shone for a second in her long-lashed eyes. Nevertheless, being older than either, I was warned. It was a long journey to Ormesby's sod-house, for the snow had partly gone and the sledge was heavy. Harry had packed it with many incongruous comforts besides provisions and some Californian burgundy, which was all the wine we had. When we reached the house the stove was almost out, and the room I blundered into dark and very cold. A person who lay almost unseen in a corner, breathing unevenly, called out in a strained voice at the sound of our approach, 'Have you come back quite safe, Miriam? I have been growing anxious. It is a very bitter night.'

Colville groped for the lamp, and when the light flashed across the room I saw Ormesby lying very gaunt and hollow-faced on a trestle-cot under what appeared to be a singularly inadequate covering. He was much older than one would have supposed from the apparent age of his daughters, and it needed no medical knowledge to see that he was very ill. He blinked at us vacantly; then his wrinkled brows contracted, and an impatient glitter came into his eyes as he surveyed the unexpected tableau: the fur-wrapped master of Brantholm busy at the stove, myself standing in a corner with a somewhat feeble smile on my face, and Mrs Thorkelsen, ruddy, tow-haired, and nearly six feet in height, helping forward his daughter, who seemed glad to lean upon her.

'Please help Miss Ormesby off with her things, Mrs Thorkelsen,' said Harry presently. Then, when the pair withdrew, he turned to the old man. 'Now, sir, we owe you an apology for this invasion, and I must try to make it clearly. First of all, I am your neighbour Colville of Brantholm, and to-day we were fortunately able to render Miss Ormesby assistance when suffering from what we hope is a minor accident. It is perhaps not my business to tell you that what she has been attempting is a strong man's task; but this I will say: when any man is sick or hard pressed hereabouts his neighbours see him through. So, in no way as a favour, but for the credit of the prairie and our own reputation, we are bound to do what we can for you. Accordingly, we have made up our minds even to brave your perhaps natural resentment of our interference.'

Somewhat to my surprise, Ormesby, after a searching glance at the speaker, surrendered unconditionally.

'You are very good, and for my child's sake I dare not refuse,' he said. 'We lost the poor harvest I had staked my hopes upon, and my strength broke down. In fact—for worse losses have shaken me—I do not expect to recover; and, to explain what you see, I have set every possible dollar aside secretly

to take my daughters back to British friends who might perhaps shelter them after I am gone.'

It struck me that this was highly prudent; but Harry answered stoutly, 'It is a sick man's fancy, sir. I shall have pleasure in helping you to sow a larger crop next spring. Your land is about the best in this locality, and it would be easy to plough it all on a share arrangement.'

Mrs Thorkelsen returned with her charge, and (for we had lost no time meanwhile) a homely banquet was soon set out beside the stove. The warmth and wine and brightness, and perhaps the unusual sense of abundance, seemed to melt our new friends' reserve away, and even the sick man's spirits rose. In spite of an evident self-restraint, the way he ate was significant; but, though his daughter lay apparently well contented in an ox-hide chair, she touched very little in spite of Colville's pressing. He waited upon her with a homage whose absolute sincerity must have been apparent to all; but, though she smiled, at times she also shivered, and her thin face would flush in a manner I did not care to see. After an hour or so had passed she rose shakily, then caught at the chair-back and sank down again. Mrs Thorkelsen, who stooped, swiftly gathered her in her arms and strode lightly out of the room.

'It is the last straw. The poor lamb fever haf got, I think,' she said, to our consternation, when she returned presently. Harry, who was prompt of action, rose to the occasion, and by the time I had made a few arrangements and obtained the eldest Miss Ormesby's address, had our horses saddled.

'With the prairie just snow-dappled, neither wheels nor steel would serve, and we have got to ride our twenty miles to the railroad to bring a doctor in,' he said. 'It's a tolerably mean night, so to double the chances we both of us will start.'

It was a wise precaution. Thick darkness obscured the prairie, across which a cold wind loaded at times with powdery snow was moaning; though whether this came down from the heavens or up from the earth appeared uncertain. It was also seamed by ravines and sprinkled with badger-holes; but we rode recklessly at the best pace of our beasts, swinging at a gallop across the levels, floundering with a crackle of tall grasses in the midst of the melting sloos, and smashing at times through tangled undergrowth as we reeled blindly down steep ravines in whose bottoms the honeycombed ice rang beneath us hollowly. Still, though we swung wide for nothing, it was not until, with the white flakes whirling round us, we crossed the ice-jam on Bitter Creek, whose alkaline waters were the first to burst their chains, that cold fear got hold of me.

We got across in safety, though there was crackling beneath us like musketry, and reeled into the sleeping settlement. Then Harry did what few men in the territories could have accomplished when he dragged the autocratic station-agent out of his bed and to his telegraph instrument.

'Come out by Pacific mail. All costs guaranteed,'

ran one message to a Brandon doctor; and Harry turned to me as the second—to Miss Ormesby, Marsden's dry-goods store, Winnipeg—clicked off.

'That's where the few dollars, probably all they had to live on, come from. And I've wasted as much over a handful of cigars in Winnipeg, Heaven forgive me! What selfish hogs we are!' he said.

We had to stable and rub down our horses as a matter of course, and, because no hotel servant thereabouts would have made a bed for an emperor at that hour, lay down on the hay beside them until the standard breakfast-time. Then there followed a tedious waiting, until at last two great snow-packed locomotives hauled the Pacific express up out of the prairie, and we at once identified the Brandon doctor. Also, there was no mistaking the handsome young woman with the anxious face.

'Your father and sister are both ill, and I took the responsibility of sending for you,' said Colville.

Miss Ormesby answered very quietly, 'You did well. I have resigned my situation to attend them. I must thank you for having already lessened my anxiety, for I concluded from my sister's letters she had only to ask for assistance in any emergency.'

That ride was my last active part in the little drama; but I think, considering all things, that Harry played his part well. At least, neither

Ormesby nor his daughters suspected who it was that bought up a portion of his land at a ridiculously high price through a Winnipeg agent. Ormesby recovered a little; while, long before the wheat his neighbours sowed for him was green, Miriam had won back her comeliness and vigour, and I knew my sojourn at Brantholm was over. Once again I had seen the mingled light and haziness in her eyes as she listened to the voice of its master, and turned away with a sigh, half-envious, half-abashed; while by the time the wheat was tall and yellow I was on my way to British Columbia. Harry, of course, both fumed and protested; but, though we had toiled and won a hard fight together in stinging snowdrifts and under summer heat, I knew that, while our friendship would hold with life, he had now a better helpmate. I also knew a little of feminine nature. Still, I was glad that when they stood side by side in the little depôt the last time I saw them, Miriam Colville's eyes were very kindly as she waved farewell to me while the long cars lurched out. It is perhaps a trifling memory to treasure in these prosaic days; but it may be a material force which leads to achievement, as well as a gracious influence, proceeds from the greatest of sentiments-charity; for, while Harry, the soft of heart and strong of hand, has doubled the Brantholm acres, I am still a wayfaring man.

ANGLING IN NEWFOUNDLAND.



HE regular angling season in St John's opened on Empire Day, 24th May 1903. On that day hundreds of trouters availed themselves of the excursion-rates offered by the railway company, and sped countryward

in quest of the festive trout. Although the season was backward, and the day not the best suited for fishing, yet various parties reported ten dozen and upwards as the result of their day's take. These, of course, are our native brown trout, and are taken in the lakes and ponds near the railway line. The sea-trout and salmon do not run till later.

The number of American sportsmen who visit us has increased largely of late, and the probability is that the numbers this year will be greater than ever. This would be a drawback if the trout and salmon rivers were not numerous; but, from the peculiar formation of the island, the lakes, ponds, and rivers form a large part of its surface, and thousands upon thousands of anglers can get good fishing-streams without interfering with each other. In fact, there are thousands of lakes and rivers in the island that have never yet wetted a hook, and have yielded fish to no man since the last of the aborigines camped beside them and levied their toll. With the increasing number of British and American sportsmen the travelling facilities are being brought up to date. Good guides, comfortable boarding-houses, and luxurious railway accommodation are further inducements to visitors. All these may now be had at very reasonable rates.

The principal salmon and sea-trout rivers are now looked after by wardens more carefully than ever, as the Fisheries Department is beginning to realise that it is profitable to encourage the ever-increasing numbers of visitors. Another great advantage offered to British and American sportsmen is that the salmon and sea-trout fishing is absolutely free from all restrictions. There are no preserves, and no fee or license is necessary for the visitor to fish in any lake or stream in the island. The climate in July, August, and September is ideal-mild, bracing, and health-giving; it is like paradise to the dweller in the sun-baked city. The Fisheries Department have reorganised the fishery wardens, and the rivers are now in better condition than ever. In the official reports sent in to the department by the wardens the number and weight of fish caught are recorded, and they are enough to make the average angler without further ado pack his traps and hie him off to these favoured haunts of salmon and sea-trout. The wardens' report for last year for one stream, the Grand River, Codroy, records, among thirty others, a total catch of 420 salmon, weighing 2889 lb.; average weight, nearly 7 lb. About thirty salmon were taken by anglers whose names are unknown; and the large number

and weight of grilse and sea-trout taken were not recorded. The Hon. Gathorne Hardy, from 18th June to 7th July 1900, caught fifty-eight salmon, including thirty-four grilse, ranging from 8 to 22 lb. These are only random cullings from the official reports of Grand River; other rivers show like good fishing. But I think the above record is enough to whet the appetite of the most apathetic disciple of the immortal Izaak. There are larger salmon caught than the foregoing average. Major Yardly, who spent some time here last year, writing in the London Field of 4th April, gives a graphic description of the fishing and shooting enjoyed by him during his sojourn in Newfoundland. He says:

'My record last summer on Harry's Brook, which I made my headquarters, was, from the end of June to the second week in August, sixty salmon, total weight about 300 lb.; the majority of these were grilse, my largest fish being 14 lb. Nearly all the fish that I caught over 10 lb. were marked by the nets. Undoubtedly there are bigger fish, but they are the exception. One day I played a fish for forty minutes that I saw a good deal of, and estimated at 30 lb.; but the hook giving, I lost it. A neighbouring rod landed a salmon that was three ounces only under 30 lb.; other rods also killed fish over 20 lb. My friend fishing with me made a bag very similar to my own. In addition, we caught many white trout up to 4 lb., and brown trout up to 3 lb., although Harry's Brook is not a good troutriver; also, we did not specially fish for trout, and these were by chance caught on our salmon-flies. Some of my best days would consist of six salmon and many trout. This is a fair example of the sport that is to be had, and I was certainly unlucky not to get bigger fish. Knowing this river, I should be sure of a larger bag on it another year.'

The gallant Major enjoyed himself immensely, and, like the true angler that he is, he advises his brother-anglers to go and do likewise. He closes a most interesting article by saying:

'I would strongly recommend Newfoundland to anglers who require good sport free to all. The climate is splendid; the inhabitants are simple, kind, obliging, hospitable, with a ready welcome. A great deal of the roughing may be overcome according to the length of your purse; but the flies cannot be overcome.'

The flies appear to have tormented the Major, as the remedies he brought were not of much avail. Local anglers use a simple mixture of oil tinctured with carbolic acid: sixteen parts sweet or olive oil and one part carbolic acid. This makes a good remedy for flies. The acid is a little disagreeable in odour, but it consoles the victim to know that, distasteful as it is to him, it is more so to the flies. The oil soothes the skin and keeps it from burning and cracking in the sun. Enough mixture to last a trip may be procured from any druggist for a few cents.

Thousands of anglers would visit Newfoundland were it not for the marvellous ignorance that exists

of its history, climate, and accessibility. Though it is the oldest colony of Britain, and the first brick in that magnificent structure of Empire that now owns England's King as Emperor, yet the ignorance of Newfoundland displayed by leading men and journals is astounding. This is in great measure to be ascribed to the lack of reliable information about the island. The Government and railway companies are now removing this difficulty, and are publishing the game-laws, and information about shooting, fishing, climate, scenery, &c., in compact form, and supplying it to inquirers on application. Reliable information of interest to all visitors, whether for health or recreation, can now be had by applying to the Department of Marine and Fisheries, St John's; to Mr W. D. Reid, the popular vice-president of the Reid-Newfoundland Company; or to Mr H. A. Morine, general passenger agent. As to the facilities of travel in the island, a visitor from Britain can come direct from Liverpool to St John's by Allan steamers or other liners that ply between these ports. From St John's he can take the train to any point he desires to visit. He can get the fullest information from the railway people, who are most courteous to strangers. The cars are first-class, sleepers may be had at reasonable rates, and hotels and guides are inexpensive compared with those on the Continent. The American visitor may take a through ticket from New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, or any of the principal cities in the United States to Sydney, Cape Breton, by rail, then across Cabot Strait in the palace steamer Bruce to Port-aux-Basques, Newfoundland. A few hours' run by rail will land him in the sportsman's paradise, and it will be very odd if shortly after his arrival he does not enjoy sport that is reserved only for millionaires in America, and in Europe is the pastime of kings.

GIVE.

GIVE of thy best,
Truth, honour, love, unfailing sympathy.
God has bestowed His richest gifts on thee;
Do thou the rest.

Give of thy truth,

And truth will answer thee. Set high this crown
Upon thy life, that nought shall drag it down
To dust forsooth.

Give honour too,

And honour will come back to thee again,

Increased a hundredfold through strife and pain

And much ado.

Give of thy love,

And love will ope the gate of Paradise.

So shalt thou reach, through human sacrifice,

The life above.

Give sympathy,

To ease some aching heart with heavy load,
And help to bear the Cross upon the road

To Calvary.

HARRIET KENDALL



THE LAST WHITE ROSE QUEEN.

By A. FRANCIS STEUART.



was in the year 1770 that Prince Charles Edward Stuart, the heir of James II., King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, and himself titular King Charles III., an exile, fifty years of age, and a broken man,

at last yielded to the pressure of the Court of France and of his faithful adherents to take a wife.

Since his brilliant failure in the attempt of the '45, he had wandered in many places and seen much. Rumours of his marriage reached the scanty and fastdecreasing members of his faction from time to time. At one time they hoped he would vanquish the heart of his old toast, 'the Black Eye of France,' and be supported in his claims by her father, Louis XV.; at another time he thought of a wild offer to the Czarina; then a rumour came that he was to marry the sister of the King of Prussia; again, that he had married in Poland a Princess Radzivill, no doubt a relative of his Egeria in Paris, Madame de Talmond, born a Princess Jablonowska. But none of these rumours were followed by negotiations for a real marriage, and the Jacobite remnant began to despair of any marriage at all, and to look forward to the extinction of the royal line and the termination of it in the Prince himself and his prelatebrother Henry, Cardinal York.

The Prince had, it is true, essayed an irregular union, which, in part at least, had hastened the downfall of his cause. A Scottish lady of good birth, Clementina Walkinshaw, his mother's goddaughter, having fallen in love with him in Scotland during his short reign of power, joined him in his misfortunes at Ghent, in accordance with her promise to follow him 'whither fortune might lead him;' but the unhappy lady fled from him in 1760, taking her child Charlotte Stuart to Paris, where they lived on a small pension from the Prince's father, and were afterwards supported by the kindly Cardinal-brother. Clementina was never forgiven by the Prince, and was ever after coldly ignored by him, although during his wanderings she had been 'always treated and regarded in society as his wife, bearing the Prince's name and doing the honours of his house.'

The Prince was, therefore, not a very eligible match. A viveur of fifty, with small revenues and no territory, he did not command a high status in the royal matrimonial market; but still he was de jure a king, and the title of queen, which his spouse would bear, proved a very powerful attraction to the minds of the German princesses belonging to the smaller families of the Empire, and the Prince knew that they coveted such a rank in a way that we can now hardly understand. So, having agreed to the marriage, and having accepted the proposals of the French Court, which was to provide the necessary increase of income, he entrusted the choice of a queen-consort to the Duc de Fitz-James, a son of the great Duc de Berwick, natural son of King James II. It was desirable that the bride should be young, good-looking, and the daughter of a princely family; but that was all, however, that could be stipulated for. The first princess proposed belonged to a great family, and was the Princess Marie Anne of Pfalz-Zweibrück.* She was seventeen years of age, the daughter of Prince Friedrich Michael of Bavaria, and had turned Catholic in 1746. The marriage negotiations did not prosper, however, and the lady married ten years later a prince of her own house, Wilhelm von Pfalz-Birkenfeld, Duke in Bavaria, and survived until 1824.

A year passed without success, and then the Duc de Fitz-James and one Colonel Ryan, an Irishman who was in his regiment in the French service, began to lay information before their master once more. Their letters, in cipher, refer to one 'Miss Speedy,' born 18th November 1753, as a desirable match; and a note shows her to have been Marie-Louise Ferdinande, the third daughter of Prince Philippe Joseph of Salm-Kyrbourg, her mother

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^{*} The grandmother of Prince Charles Edward, Princess (James) Sobieska, was Hedwig-Elizabeth, née Princess of Pfalz-Neubourg.

being Marie Therese, co-heiress of the last Prince de Hornes. Though only eighteen, she soon showed that, unlike most of her contemporaries, the glamour of the empty title of queen had no charms for her. She burst into tears at the bare idea of the marriage, and the envoy felt that he could by no means better his cause by perseverance in what must be a useless errand; and so this scheme of matrimony fell to the ground, and 'Miss Speedy' did not leave her home to be the Jacobites' queen.

This was the second rebuff, and the intending bridegroom on 11th September 1771 sends a letter in a lower key permitting negotiations with any princess or countess of the Empire, and indicating, as worthy, the rich Princess Marie Isabelle de Mansfeld, who afterwards married François Gundaccar, Comte de Colloredo. However, before she chose or was chosen, the agent Ryan wrote from Brussels that he had arranged a marriage for the Prince at last.

An aunt of the Princess Marie-Louise of Salm-Kyrbourg was then residing at Brussels, a pensioner on the bounty of the Empress-Queen Maria Theresa, and it was to her, the Princess of Stolberg-Gedern, as she had three unmarried daughters, that the envoy made his appeal on behalf of his master.

The Princess of Stolberg had reasons for being interested in the Stuart family. Her grandfather, Thomas Bruce, Earl of Ailesburg, had suffered on behalf of his loyalty to them, and King Charles II. had been his intimate friend. She herself had known better days, having been a co-heiress with her sister Marie Therese of their parents, Maximilian Emmanuel, third Prince de Hornes (last of his line), and his wife, Lady Marie Therese Charlotte Bruce, Baronne de Melbroeck. Of ancient family on every side, and with a considerable dot although the younger sister, she had married Gustavus Adolphus of Stolberg-Gedern, 'Prince of the Holy Roman Empire,' of a very ancient and illustrious family of West Germany; and on his death at the battle of Lissa (Leuthen), 5th December 1757, when Frederick the Great defeated the Austrians, she found herself reduced to the position of a dowager-princess with four daughters, shorn of her territories, and dependent to a great extent on an allowance from the empress-queen, in whose service her husband had fallen.

According to the scandal of the time, she supplemented this pension by the aid of Prince Charles of Lorraine, the brother-in-law of the empress-queen and governor of the Austrian Netherlands. An English traveller, Lady Mary Coke, writes in 1767: 'Prince Charles is at one of his country seats and madame royal (Princess Anne of Lorraine) is to pass a month with him, as is the Princess of Stolberg, his favourite, or, to speak in plain terms, his mistress. I believe you would be surprised if you was to see her, for I think she is one of the plainest women I ever saw; but they say here he fell in love with her letters, for the elegancy of the

style, though some people will tell you they were wrote by a lady who lives with her, and not by herself.'

The Princess had four daughters. The second, Caroline Auguste (afterwards Princess Castelfranco), had been married at the age of sixteen, in 1771, to Charles Richard, Marquis de la Jamaique, son of the third Duc de Berwick, great-grandson of King James II. of Great Britain - a suitable alliance in fortune, and the bridegroom's consanguinity to the royal Stuarts was recognised on every possible occasion. The two younger daughters were still being educated, and were, next year at least, pensionnaires in a Carmelite convent at Charleville, in Champagne; while the eldest, Louise Maximiliana, who was born at Mons in Hainault, on 20th September 1752, had obtained the coveted appointment of chanoinesse of the chapitre-noble of St Wandru in Mons.

The Mons chanoinesses had for long been famed for their beauty. The Electress Sophia of Hanover mentions their renown as far back as 1679, but adds that she 'did not find them worthy of their The Princess of Stolberg's grandfather, Thomas, Earl of Ailesburg, likewise mentions the Flemish chancinesses in his memoirs in 1700, saying of the Flemish ladies: 'Even a portion is scarce heard of, and a prebend of chanoinesse is their best inheritance, and the best of them are not worth above eighty pounds per annum, and the greater part much less; and I have known daughters of great persons who had not above sixty pistoles a year from their father, and some very few perhaps eighty pounds. So there dies in this country yearly many old maids; and if those that are handsome get husbands, such are often soldiers of fortune.' And from this sad fate his great-granddaughter now hoped to free herself.

The Princess-Dowager of Stolberg appeared not only flattered but delighted with the thought that one of her daughters should be the White Rose Queen, and she offered Prince Charles the choice of two-the eldest, Louise, or the third daughter, Francisca Claudine, who had been born in Brussels, 27th June 1756. But he writes later to the Duc de Fitz-James: 'I have already informed you that I have chosen the eldest of the sisters; her age (nineteen) is more suitable for me, and what you told me of the health of the younger one confirms me in my resolution.' Klose says that the rejected princess, who was married in 1774 to Nicholas, Comte Arberg and Valengin, became later 'attached to the suite of Napoleon's empress, and through every change of fortune continued her faithful companion till separated by the grave.'

There can be no doubt that there was great joy in the House of Stolberg that one of its daughters was about to attain—even though only in a titular degree—the rank of queen. We learn—again from Lady Mary Coke—that the princess-mother never addressed her daughter after the wedding except as 'Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain; for

which,' adds that Hanover-loving lady, 'she is much ridiculed by everybody in Bruxelles.' Regardless of the possible indignation of the empress-queen (which afterwards proved very real, for her pension was for a time withdrawn), the Princess of Stolberg secretly betrothed her eldest daughter to the Stuart Prince. Relinquishing her noble-chapter, she received on 22nd March 1772 a certificate signed by all the Berwick and Fitz-James family that she was 'free and competent to contract a marriage;' and she was married at the Duc de Berwick's house in Paris on the 27th of March at midday, the Duc de Fitz-James being proxy, and at five o'clock she departed the same day, accompanied by Madame Power and Ryan, to meet her bridegroom.* There had been certain pecuniary arrangements beforehand, the dowry being fixed at forty thousand, and the pinmoney at twelve thousand livres per annum, and also a few triffing legal and theological difficulties; but those, we are told, were overcome by the bride being 'very impatient to assume her distinguished position;' and she set out from Paris without delay, or, as the Jacobites expressed it, 'flying on the wings of love.

The princess-mother stipulated that the actual marriage was to take place on the very day the Prince met her daughter; and accordingly, after a long journey through Vienna and the north of Italy by way of Loreto, at which place Lord Caryll, a Jacobite dignitary, received her, the two intended spouses met at Macerata on the March of Ancona on the 17th of April. It was Good Friday, and the bride, we are told, shuddered at the evil omen of the day; nevertheless, the Jacobites cheerfully wrote, 'the better day the better deed,' and the middle-aged Jacobite 'king' was married to his nineteen-year-old bride about 2 P.M. by the Bishop of Macerata and Tolentino in the private chapel of the old Palazzo Compagnoni Marefoschi, which was lent to him by his good friend Cardinal Marefoschi, minister to the king of the Two Sicilies, who had procured every necessary legal permission

that they should be married there. The bridegroom, Mr Lang states in his *Life of Prince Charles Edward*, placed upon the young bride's finger a turquoise ring, with a cameo portrait of himself, and bearing as an inscription a 'posy' written by himself:

> This crown is due to you by me, And none can love you more than me.

But the crown never could come! Even the Stolberg princesses thought so; and the youngest of them writes, in December 1772, to the wife of that devoted Jacobite Oliphant of Gask, from the convent of Charleville: 'We do not forget all the attachment that your family has for Prince Edward our brother-in-law; this motive is more than sufficient to assure you of the tender attachment which we wish you for life.'

Far more surely than an earthly crown did their sister acquire de facto the position of 'Queen of Hearts.' The official description despatched during the negotiations described the bride as having 'a good figure, a pretty face, and excellent teeth, with all the qualities your majesty can desire;' and no one who saw her by the side of her older husband in Italy but saluted her as 'Regina dei Cuori.' She was dazzlingly fair, blue-eyed, of middle height, and 'well-turned.' Her candid eyes still shine from the portraits distributed among the Jacobite faithful. In them she wears the jewels of the unhappy Clementina Sobieska, her husband's mother, whose life was even more sad than her own. As yet she did not know that her own career would be almost as dreary, and that, as childless, she would be the last consort of the Stuart line. Nevertheless, she was luckier than her predecessor, for she gained fame and happiness from the worship of her poetlover; and so it comes that we can remember Louise of Stolberg most happily, not as the 'White Rose Queen,' nor as the 'Countess of Albany' of her latter years, but as the Divinity, the 'Psipsia,' and as 'La Mia Donna' of Vittorio Alfieri.

THE DOLLARS THE FRENCH TOOK.

By CHARLES EDWARDES.



WAS stirring my chocolate one morning, with my finger for a spoon, and sharing Major Tom Slater's thanksgivings for the safe arrival of a commissariat convoy in the night, when a young staff-officer put his

head into the tent and asked for me.

'General wants you, Captain Buckingham,' were his next words.

'Oh,' said I jauntily, 'that's nothing fresh. I don't know what he'd do without me. Pass the rusks, Tom.'

There weren't any. It was one of our stock jokes.

Walsh-Serrant correspondence.

The bumpers of champagne we used to toss off to each other with tin pannikins and Tagus water, and the turkey and plum-pudding we'd get out of the tough drumstick of an old hen!

'The General wants you, sir,' repeated the fellow softly, with a kind of scare in his voice.

'Perhaps,' said I, 'the General doesn't know I'm breakfasting. When a man who as a boy was believed to be in a galloping consumption is hurried at his meals it's deuced bad for him. At least, so most surgeon-majors will tell you, young gentleman, whoever you are, for I haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance.'

Egad! one can play the fool at thirty or forty. It gives me the shivers at ninety-odd to think of it;

or it ought, I suppose. I'd hardly said these words when my fine gentleman was pushed aside, and there was the Duke himself firing away at me with his eyes!

We both upset our chocolate; more's the pity, for there was no second ration of it that day for me; and we saluted our smartest, Tom Slater with a covert grin in his eyes, I'll engage, for all the nastiness of the situation as touching myself.

But the lightning went out of the General's eyes as he beckoned to me.

'I'm sorry,' he said to Slater, 'to have spoilt your breakfast.—As for you, sir,' to me, 'you can be trusted, I'm afraid, to do all your own spoiling, your record included. Come!'

'Thank you, sir,' said I when I was outside.

'Oh,' said he, 'you're welcome, Bill. But no more of this.' His tone changed. 'I've a train of twenty loaded mules, with two men to each, for you to take charge of. Get them down to the river just as fast as you can. You'll find Cuesta at Arzobispo—that is, confound him! he ought to be there. Probably, for that reason, he'll be somewhere else. No matter where he is, get those dollars to him within three days.'

'Dollars, sir?' said I.

'Ay, dollars,' said he. 'Forty cases full of them, sweated out of my countrymen and yours for this troublesome and not too grateful people. And, by heaven, Bill Buckingham! it'll be a capital offence if you let any of Victor's men catch you. That is to say, if I had my will at this moment I'd make it one. I fancy His Majesty King George would be of the same mind.'

'I'll do my best, sir,' said I.

'Your best's enough,' said he. 'There's your work waiting for you. You ought to get a good league an hour out of them. They'll give you the papers for General Cuesta, and I hope to see you on —Thursday or so, with his acknowledgments and thanks'

He pointed to a cluster of animals already in marching order, with as many gipsy-faced muleteers to them and the like number of special service infantry, as alert and business-like as could be.

'Anything more, sir ?' said I.

'Nothing more, Bill, except God speed,' said he. 'Stay, though—keep an eye on your Spaniards. They look like brigands, and may be brigands at heart for all any of us can tell.'

'Just my thoughts, General,' said I.

'Until Thursday,' said he; and without any more words he strode off.

The staff-officer paused to express his young opinion that I was well out of it, and to add that few men could hope to be so deep in the General's favour. Him, however, I didn't waste time on beyond saying, 'All you know about it, my boy,' with a wag of the head. My horse Diamond had been saddled and brought after me by my man Dan Kelly, and in less than a quarter of an hour I had my troop moving.

The Britishers with me were of the Rifle Brigade, picked shots and picked men. A certain Sergeant Prickett pleased my eye for his great shoulders and hearty looks. I sent him and Kelly to the rear, and myself took charge of the vanguard.

Forty cases of dollars! This was something like a trust. The thought of it stiffened my back. Maybe it set me dreaming a little of what we Buckinghams could do with the tenth part of it in County Tipperary if Parliament had voted it to me instead of to these Spanish batter-puddings. But though I dreamed maybe in my mind, I didn't let one of my senses stand at ease, much less go to sleep, all that day. There wasn't an aloe or an olive-tree within fifty paces of our road on both sides that I didn't rake with my eyes ere I moved them on to the next one. It was slow work, though. The deadweight told on the beasts, which weren't in fine condition; and the flies sweated them to distraction.

I was pretty thankful to call a halt in the evening after no adventures. There was a village handy, and I can smell the perfume of its orange-blossom while I write as distinctly as if the trees were in my garden here.

In the night I was roused by Prickett with news that at first didn't seem to justify him in taking such liberties with my rest. A couple of hundred armed Spanish nondescripts had come down from the mountains, driven before the Frenchmen like dust by the bristles of a broom. They had some wounds among them, and lots of chatter; but when they informed me that they had been in full flight since six o'clock, and hadn't seen—that is, felt—the enemy since about eight o'clock, I let my own anxieties slip and rolled up in my blanket again.

'I don't like 'em, sir,' said Sergeant Prickett, 'and this Don Marie, as they call him, at the head of 'em seems to me the bad potato of the lot.'

Don Marie was the officer in charge. He had come in, breathless and leg-weary, several minutes before any of them. That proved him a good sprinter, if not a first-class general. I didn't like the gentleman's face any better than Prickett, nor his elegant manners as he introduced himself to me with a rigmarole about his blood-relationship with the Duke of This and the Marquis of That. And so, as I say, having told off Prickett and ten of the Rifles for a night-guard to the dollars, I slumbered afresh.

We were away at dawn, with rain-drops on every leaf; and these guerilla-men with us. I couldn't get rid of them decently, and wasn't sure that it would be wise to risk hurting their sensitive feelings by telling them we could do very well without them. Moreover, they had learnt about the dollars.

This of course was inevitable. There was no mistaking those iron-banded boxes. Though the sergeant did try some yarn about forty dozen of rum as a birthday present for the Spanish General, he wasn't scholar enough to keep it up.

Don Marie's airs when he mentioned the matter were immense.

'Señor Don Guillermo,' said he to me, having, as Prickett told me, made special inquiries about my honourable Christian name, 'it is a patriotic duty and privilege, which I shall not neglect, to lend you the advantage of my brave fellows as an escort. England is a noble country. Who knows, it may be our Heaven-sent destiny to prove to you that a Spanish heart understands the meaning of gratitude.'

But I didn't mince matters with his donship.

'I don't want you or your men,' said I; 'but if you've made up your minds to accompany me, you must do it, for I've neither the time nor soldiers to engage in a little civil war on behalf of my principles.'

That was fine speech for fine speech, anyway. I can't say, though, that he relished my plain speaking. Egad! I could have given him more still of the rough side of my tongue if I had thought it wise, for I didn't like his rushing so considerable a red herring right across my path. The more I pondered it as we groped along in the dust the less I liked it. For the French were often as keen in a chase as ourselves, and so far at least, as fortunate in coming out best in the run.

Well, that morning, getting on for noon, we drew up for a halt in a village not more than three leagues from Arzobispo. There was no help for it; the mules were so tired after eight hours' moving that they could hardly crawl.

What a sight that village was! It was smoking when we approached it, so that it was wise to send a party of investigation ahead. They reported it empty as far as the living were concerned, but full of the newly slain; and there they were, men, women, and children, lying about in the streets and their houses: half-charred corpses with smashed heads, stabbed bodies, and severed necks!

Well, one saw too many such spectacles. After the first fury of indignation, I was absorbed by my own responsibilities. Could we get down to the bridge before those devils reappeared? And what did their presence so near Cuesta's army of nearly thirty thousand Spaniards imply?

'Sergeant Prickett,' said I to my henchman, 'you shall ride forward and entreat General Cuesta to send up a regiment or two with all speed.'

He demurred.

'I don't like leaving you with those hungry-faced niggers, sir,' he said. 'I'm sure they're up to something, Spanish though they be.'

I told him his likes and dislikes were nothing to me. He was to go, and that instantly.

Away he rode, on my own horse, too. From what I could make out, Don Marie's men were just about mad with desire to chop up every Frenchman in Spain. Their bloodshot eyes and muttered curses as they turned their murdered countrymen this way and that were not cheerful. But I couldn't see that they were any nearer playing me false than half-a-day ago.

In less than an hour my shock came, however. Sergeant Prickett galloped back in a horrible condition. His right arm was shot off except for a strip of skin at the shoulder; and he clattered into my small camp the colour of a white dog-rose, holding that useless arm up by his teeth. We caught him as he fell from my good Diamond. The stallion's sides were bloody with the spur, and it dropped foam in handfuls.

'Save yourselves, sir,' whispered Prickett. 'Five hundred of them—coming—with artillery! I—they saw me—three miles away, and '——

He choked with his own blood, and died, poor lad! That was bad enough. But worse followed. Don Marie had to be told what it all meant, and he swelled out as if he were the intruding King of Spain, and passed on the news to his rabid throng with a garnish that I was too busy with my own plans to pay any heed to. I was for drawing off into the mountains to the west with all speed.

'Not so,' said he, however. 'See here, Señor Capitano, we must break open the boxes and distribute the money. I swear by Saint'—— (there were several saints) 'that my men can be trusted. The rendezvous shall be at the General's head-quarters, and '——

'I dare say,' said I; and in a moment or two I had my score of Rifles round me.

Don Marie's inflamed face buzzed away. But suddenly, hang me if these ragamuffins didn't fall upon us, six or eight to each, and overpower us before we could do anything worth mentioning. About three shots were fired. As for me, I was held by the legs and arms and neck, and had no chance.

'It is for the best, señor,' said my Don soothingly.
'Curse your best,' I cried, 'and you for a traitor!'

My gentleman spread out his palms and then gave his orders to his men. Before my very eyes they broke open the boxes and stuffed their rags with the coins. Their chests puffed out like fattened chickens. There was no broiling and knifing over the plunder, contrary to my expectation. They worked with method, as if they were accustomed to play the brigand every day of the week.

You may guess my feelings, and those of my Rifles. So wild was I that I tore free of my captors and got in some hammering blows with my fists. I suppose this was more than they bargained for; anyway, one of them knocked me down with a pike, and there I lay, listening by-and-by to the rattle of musket-shots and the shouts of a fight in which, for my folly, I was denied a part. I lay comfortable enough, with my head on a pillow and a screen between me and the sun. They took that care of me. But I could not move. I could see and hear, but I had no will-power left in me.

I was still lying thus when, with fierce yells, a swarm of Don Marie's men came into the village plaza with a number of prisoners. Some were half-dead. These they dragged anyhow, by the leg or the arms. Others had the set look on their faces which told that they guessed their fate. There were yet others whose heads alone came into the village.

The Spaniards held them by an ear or a long moustache, and they dripped blood as they swung.

It mystified me faintly.

Then Don Marie stooped over me, begged my pardon, even kissed my hand, and left me still more mystified. He wrote something on a paper, and pinned this to my coat.

I tried again to move and speak, but could do nothing but stare. Where were my Rifles? And even while I wondered they followed the mob, with smoking muzzles and the battle-look in their eyes.

'We've beat 'em off, sir!' cried a man in my ear. They gathered round me and talked in whispers.

Then there was a loud quarrel between them and Don Marie, and yet again the Rifles were overpowered and held while the performance went forward which had roused the ire of my men. I saw glimpses of it. Frenchman after Frenchman was forced on to his knees and had his head chopped off with a butcher's axe brought from a house. The heads were all tossed into one heap on the dusty ground. That dust became red mud while I watched. That is the last I remember of the abominable scene. Probably the sight finished what consciousness still remained in me.

When I became myself again I was in the midst of Frenchmen, and a handsome dragoon was chewing his moustache-end as he stood frowning at the gory remains of so many of his countrymen.

'Can you stand, sir?' I was asked.

Faith! I could do little. They propped me up, and down I slid.

'Leave him,' said the officer, 'and get the booty forward. Quick, men!'

To my surprise—I was improving fast—the twenty mules, each with its double-pannier load as trim apparently as when it left the British camp, were led across the plaza. A double line of Frenchmen, muskets on shoulders, marched with the procession.

The officer addressed a few words to me ere going to the head of his men.

'You are fortunate in your advocates, monsieur!' he said. 'I don't know why I do not treat you as these Spanish cowards have treated my brave fellows; but—your own dead comrades may solve the riddle. Adieu!'

He saluted. I tried to nod him a salute in return, and away he went. I saw them all mount and clear off—four or five hundred of them, fine fellows in their way. And then I noticed my Rifles scattered about, as still as the other dead bodies in this awful village. And, faith! once more I suppose my brain sickened at the sight, and the shock this time of seeing the dollars carried away by the enemy right under my nose.

When next I was something like myself, I was being jolted in a light cart rapidly. I could hear the rush of water, the din of a camp and voices.

'Stop!' I made effort to cry.

But it was a weak cry, and there was no stopping until I was brought right up to the Duke of Albuquerque's quarters in Arzobispo, and the Duke himself, one of Spain's best soldiers, gave me a hand to help me up. Then the doctors soon did wonders with me.

And here, if Don Marie didn't come to me with an honest and gladsome grin, and, in the Duke's presence, with his permission, tell me what there was to tell.

He and his men had brought in the dollars safely, with mere driblets of a deficiency: they were already in Cuesta's keeping; and the acknowledgment was at my disposal.

'Thank God, señor,' said this unscrupulous patriot,
'the French paid respect to my written assurance
that you had no part in the mutilation of their
men—well deserved though it was!'

I stammered my doubts. How could the dollars—that is, though I had seen the raiding of them—what about the laden mules which I had also seen marched off by the contented Frenchmen?

This, too, Don Marie explained. The Duke turned away as if the explanation disgusted him. It disgusted me also, though in the circumstances less than it might have done. The Spaniards had packed the boxes with severed French heads and hands, and carefully banded them again. And this was the plunder I had seen carried away with such parade.

Faith! I could only rejoice that they hadn't thought well to examine their spoil ere they left that blood-stained little village.

THIRTY YEARS OF FIRST NIGHTS.

By W. Moy Thomas.



OOKING back upon a career of rather more than thirty years of first nights at the play, in the capacity of dramatic critic of a London daily paper, I am struck, above all, with

the enormous growth during that period of the public interest in the drama and the stage. In 1868, when it first became my duty to chronicle and comment upon the productions of our theatres, the theatrical world was recovering very slowly from the influences of that dramatic monopoly which was supposed to afford to the drama and the stage a much-needed encouragement, but which in truth had been mainly instrumental in sinking the fortunes of our playhouses to the lowest ebb. In these playgoing days it is not easy to realise the fact that within the memory of many of us the privilege of being allowed to perform what was called 'the legitimate drama' was by law still confined to two playhouses—Drury Lane and

Covent Garden—under the patents granted by King Charles II. in perpetuity to Thomas Killigrew and Sir William Davenant. A few encroachments, it is true, had been made upon this preposterous exercise of royal favour, but only under limitations which deprived them of the greater part of their value. Thus 'the little theatre in the Haymarket,' as it was called, was licensed for certain performances not of the higher kind, but only from the 15th of June to the 15th of October—that is to say, for the worst time for business in the theatrical calendar. In like manner, the Lyceum was not merely confined to musical pieces and 'ballets of action,' but sternly commanded to keep its doors closed from the 6th of October to the 5th of June in every year. Madame Vestris succeeded in getting a license for the now vanished Olympic, extending, as a favour (she was, as most people know, a fascinating person, with great powers of persuasion), from Michaelmas to Easter; but she was strictly enjoined not to trespass upon the domain of her two pampered neighbours, but to confine herself exclusively to 'music, dancing, burlettas, spectacle, pantomime, and horsemanship,' save only by occasional special license. The Adelphi had contrived to get a license under similar oppressive restrictions. The natural effect of the patent monopoly—at least in the favoured houses-was to foster indolence and lack of enterprise. The higher drama was practically extinct, and for a long period Shakespeare had been banished to the suburban or 'minor houses,' as they were called, where the plays of our great national poet were presented only in a grievously mutilated form and associated with trivial musical interpolations which were supposed to bring them within the definition of musical pieces, and thus enable the managers to evade the law.

As is well known, it was the Theatres Act of 1843 that put an end to the monopoly of the patent theatres; but the drama still suffered from lack of wholesome rivalry. Licensed houses were, it is true, no longer commanded to shut their doors during the best months of the year, nor were they any longer forbidden to cultivate 'the legitimate drama;' but unfortunately they were still in great degree protected against competition by the difficulty of obtaining a license for a new theatreabove all, for a new theatre in the West End. The practical working of this restraint upon theatrical enterprise is sufficiently shown by the fact that for more than twenty years after the passing of the Act which was supposed to have emancipated the drama from its long bondage, not a single addition was made to the list of West End playhouses. The number was then just ten, which-with the single exception of the Princess', opened in 1840—was the number existing at the close of the reign of King William IV. The number is now thirty, without reckoning the 'variety houses,' and taking, of course, no count of the new theatres which have sprung up of late at so prodigious a pace in the suburbs and on the outer fringes of the town, though these are as a rule handsome and commodious houses, many of which will bear favourable comparison with some of their West End rivals.

It was the Report of the Parliamentary Committee on Theatres, issued towards the close of 1866, that gave the signal for the break up of this unjust and injurious system. Subject only to certain conditions in the interests of decency and the public safety and convenience, it was declared that in future licenses should be granted without reference to any question of competition with other establish-The effect of the adoption of this new principle was speedily seen in the opening of the Holborn Theatre (October 1866), the Holborn Amphitheatre (May 1867), the Queen's Theatre (October 1867), the Globe (November 1868), and the Gaiety (December 1868). The first four of these houses have already disappeared, but certainly not through any slackening in theatrical enterprise, as is indicated by the fact that theatre-rents are at this moment higher than they were thirty years ago; and, as an inevitable result, still more new theatres are in contemplation or in course of construction in various parts of the town. In brief, since the establishment of practical free-trade in theatre-building, the theatrical world has awakened -not, indeed, with the startling suddenness of the sleepers in Tennyson's enchanted palace, but still at a pace which marks a steady and substantial progress.

Doubtless the multiplication of theatres has not made actors and actresses of great and original powers 'plenty as blackberries.' Bettertons and Garricks, Siddonses and O'Neills, Keans and Irvings, are and always will be scarce; but, while it is certain that the general level of acting has improved, it is equally unquestionable that we have at this time a larger number than ever of actors and actresses who rise above mediocrity and may claim to stand in the foremost ranks of their profession. In the matter of scenic illustration our theatres have now nothing to learn from their foreign neighbours. But it is in judicious and careful stage-management that the change which has come over the spirit of our stage in the last thirty or forty years has been most observable. 'The Adelphi Guest'-scornfully so called by Mr W. S. Gilbert-with his white cotton gloves and his illfitting dress-coat, has long become a mere tradition of the days when the subordinate personages of a play were not deemed worthy of the stage-manager's or the costumier's attention. For that we are mainly indebted to the reforming zeal and taste of Lady Bancroft, better known in the middle-aged playgoer's early days as Miss Marie Wilton. That lady's memorable management of the little theatre in the unfashionable locality of Tottenham Court Road, which came to be widely known as the Prince of Wales's, is the true starting-point in the recent history of our stage and the revival of public interest in the acted drama. It preceded only by some months the publication of the report on the

theatres and the final breakdown of the theatrical monopoly—which must, nevertheless, have seemed at that time pretty firmly established, or that energetic lady would hardly have been content to try her interesting experiment in the fallen and wretched little playhouse then known as the Queen's, but more generally referred to by the nickname of 'The Dust-hole.' That this obscure house—cleaned, redecorated, and as far as practicable improved—speedily became, in spite of its evil repute and its mean surroundings, one of the most prosperous and even one of the most fashionable of London theatres is known to all.

In estimating the value of Lady Bancroft's influence on the stage of her time it should be borne in mind that her little theatre became a sort of nursery for managers, not a few performers who served from time to time under her banner having afterwards seceded from the famous house to enter into management on their own account. Among these were Mr Hare, Mr H. J. Montague, Mr Arthur Cecil, and Mr and Mrs Kendal. Lady Bancroft was, moreover, the first to make the discovery that we had among us, in the person of the late Mr Robertson, a writer who—if his comedies have suffered some eclipse in these later times—was undoubtedly a dramatist of original powers. The first of the series of Robertsonian comedies was Society, which, after a preliminary trial at Liverpool, was brought out at the Prince of Wales's in December 1865.

A further token that dramatic literature was beginning to feel the effects of the emancipation of the theatres was the production of Mr Albery's comedy Two Roses, in June 1870, at the Vaudeville. This was an entirely original play, full of excellent character-sketches, in one of which—that is, the pompous egotist Digby Grant-Henry Irving first attracted the attention of the public. It is also to be noted that it was admirably acted, and put upon the stage with an attention to details which was significant of the theatrical renaissance. Two Roses was followed by Mr H. J. Byron's Our Boys, an original comedy which was produced, in October 1875, also at the Vaudeville—then one of the latest of the new theatres-where it held its place in the bill for the prodigious period of three years. Original in a still more absolute sense are Mr W. S. Gilbert's comic operas, which—with the exception of that brilliant little classic of the stage, Trial by Jury—were produced at the Opera Comique and the Savoy, both houses that owed their existence to the relaxation of the rule, or at least the practice, of the Lord Chamberlain's office forbidding new theatres. In the happy blend of wit and humour, satire and paradox, which seemed to bring fresh inspiration to the musical genius of Sir Arthur Sullivan, and which has contributed so much to the amusement of the playgoing public, Mr Gilbert may claim to have created a novel form of dramatic entertainment.

But I have not taken pen in hand to sketch, within my narrow limits, the recent history of the

stage and the drama, or to discuss the burning question of State or municipal playhouses; but only to note a few salient facts tending to illustrate the invigorating effects of that larger measure of liberty which is enjoyed by the stage in these times.

The multiplication of theatres, and particularly of theatres of the higher class that appeal to the tastes of the educated public, has manifestly imparted a great impetus to theatrical enterprise. It has not brought to light a new Shakespeare, but it has shown itself eager to extend a cordial welcome even to the poetical drama, which but lately had become in the mouths of our managers a mockery and a byword; and whereas, in the old sleepy days which many of us can well remember, the acting-drama consisted almost entirely of adaptations of plays stolen from the French, we have now a considerable number of native dramatists who are not afraid to trust to their own invention, and have achieved many notable successes. As a natural consequence, first nights at the play, which thirty years since attracted little or no attention, have become decidedly fashionable, and secured places for an important première are now as difficult to procure here as they always have been in Paris. Not less significant of the reawakened interest in the stage is the gathering on these occasions at pit and gallery entrances of numbers of earnest playgoers, who are on these occasions content to pass weary hours often standing on cold, damp pavements patiently awaiting the opening of the doors. We have now, as is well known, Playgoers' Clubs and other like associations whose members pride themselves upon these exhibitions of hardihood and enthusiasm, and many of their faces in the forward rows of gallery and pit are familiar to the privileged holders of numbered seats.

In drawing attention to the influences of the multiplication of theatres on the drama and the stage, I must not overlook the great importance of the fact that the new theatres in the West End of London are, without exception, houses of moderate size. In the old days of the patent houses and theatrical monopoly there was a constant temptation to enlarge theatres from time to time, and when they were destroyed by fire, to rebuild them larger than ever. Hence it became more difficult for the spectators in the dress-circle, then known as the boxes, to judge the merits of a performer. The bolder and coarser strokes of the actor's art, his exaggerated gestures and still more exaggerated declamatory tones, in which the vast size of the patent houses tempted our actors and actresses to indulge, were admired because they could at least be seen or heard. Edmund Kean did, indeed, in giving his evidence before the parliamentary committee of 1832, declare that he preferred 'a large stage;' but that was probably only a prejudice derived from habit. It was certainly not shared by the critics of his time, who, as is well known, were content to battle for a place in the foremost rows of the pit. The 'critical pit' is an expression

often met with in notices of first-night performances in Kean's days; and the reason was that it was only in the pit that the professional critics could satisfactorily discharge their duties. This explains Kean's well-remembered exclamation, 'The pit rose at me.' Hazlitt was emphatic on the importance of witnessing a performance from the pit. 'We saw,' he says in one of his criticisms in the Examiner, 'Mr Kean's Sir Giles Overreach on Friday night from the boxes at Drury Lane Theatre, and are not surprised at the incredulity as to this great actor's powers entertained by those persons who have only seen him from that elevated sphere. We do not hesitate to say that those who have only seen him at that distance have not seen him at all. The expression of his face is quite lost, and only the harsh and grating tones of his voice produce their full effect upon the ear.' In fact, the best judges of the stage then, as now, valued the fleeting shades of expression, the subtle inflections of the voice, the delicate yet suggestive details of byplay and illustrative action; and it was not the least damaging count in the indictment of the ever-enlarging patent houses that these merits could only be appreciated in the pit, and only there in the foremost rows. Covent Garden, having long been devoted to grand opera, is now out of the reckoning; and Drury Lane has long been given up to pantomime and dramas in which spectacle and scenic displays that demand a large stage are the chief attraction.

The decline of the pit in these latter days is one of the least foreseen results of the revival of playgoing; but from the moment that the fashionable world returned to its old interest in the stage with a redoubled zest, it was manifest that the coveted front rows of the pits would sooner or later be parted off and provided with numbered seats for their convenience. Equally natural was it that these seats, henceforth to be known as 'stalls,' should command higher prices. The movement was gradual. Rather more than fifty years ago most London theatres of the higher kind had begun to fence off a few rows nearest to the orchestra. At the Prince of Wales's, under the Bancroft management, the original price of a stall was six shillings. As the patronage increased it was raised to ten shillings. Subsequently the price settled down at half-aguinea. At that price it still remained; but there were lately rumours that Mr George Edwardes

is contemplating raising the price in the theatres under his direction to twelve shillings and sixpence, which would constitute what the sporting world would call 'a record.' Meanwhile the poor 'pitites' have been rather hardly used. Many theatres have a system of expanding and contracting the stallspace according to the large or small demand for stalls, so that the unlucky visitor to the pit may find the rows of pit-seats not only suddenly diminished in number, but thrust back under the shadow of the dress-circle. The playgoing public have not forgotten the disturbances at the Haymarket on the first night of the Bancroft management of that house (January 31, 1880) à propos of the total disappearance of the pit. When Mr Bancroft presented himself before the footlights to state his views he was met with loud cries of 'Where is the pit?' 'You were told,' said Mr Bancroft, 'that the pit at the Haymarket is abolished.' 'That,' replied one of the malcontents, 'is what we didn't want to be told.' For more than half-an-hour the uproar continued, rendering it impossible to proceed with the first act of Lord Lytton's Money, on which the curtain had already risen. The disturbance has been compared to the famous O.P. riots at Covent Garden in 1809; but circumstances were greatly changed since then, and Mr Bancroft's plea that he had no patent, monopoly, or subsidy of any kind, and must therefore in fairness be allowed to conduct his theatre in his own way, was unanswerable. The Haymarket disturbances à propos of the vanished pit had, however, at least a superficial appearance of precedent. This is more than can be said for the purely modern and wholly inexcusable practice of 'author-baiting' as a mode of punishing a dramatist who has failed to amuse his audience on a first night. The sport consists of shouting for the author as if desirous of complimenting him on a success, and then overwhelming him with a storm of groans and hisses. This is, of course, a very different thing from the ancient practice of 'damning.' Many can remember when it used to be said that this mode of passing judgment upon a bad play was practically extinct—which, if not true, was not far short of the truth. Better author-baiting fun-which, after all, playwrights can escape by making it a rule, as some of our best living dramatists do, not to respond to shouts of 'Author'-than the contemptuous apathy of the old dark days of theatrical monopoly.

ANIMALS IN TOWNS.



ANITATION has made much progress in our great cities during recent years; but the fact has not been generally recognised by the public that the more congested the centres of population become the more

necessary it is that all the dispensable denizens in our midst should be eliminated—namely, the

dumb animals that are not amenable to the sanitary laws that regulate human population. Much of the sanitary work done has been of great utility; though some of it has been the cause of more irritation than immunity from danger.

It has been calculated that the number of horses in London alone amounts to two hundred thousand. This may practically be taken as equal to half a

million human adults, so far as contamination of the atmosphere is concerned. The necessity for these animals was, no doubt, until lately undeniable; but the rapid increase of motor vehicles and the cheapening and improvement of mechanical means of transit ought at once to throw a large number of horses out of work, and relieve the town of a source of pollution. The fact that Berlin has already done this, so far as omnibuses and trams are concerned, ought to be sufficient inducement for other cities and towns to follow the example once they appreciate its importance. That London is at one stroke dispensing with nine hundred bus-horses shows that it is awakening. Very many of our horses, although not requiring the attention of the veterinary surgeon, are in a state of health directly injurious to the community. We have not yet settled satisfactorily whether such animals can communicate certain diseases to humanity, such as phthisis; but we do know that many persons have died of glanders so communicated, and the balance of proof in the communication of other diseases seems to lie in the affirmative. Such a case was recently reported from Westminster, the result, it is supposed, of eating fruit stored in a disused stable. In any event, the diseased condition of animals is most unwholesome to those living near them or who come under the influence of their surroundings. But this is not the only insanitary source. When we consider that last year fifty million gallons of water were used in washing the streets, and yet nearly eighty thousand loads of refuse were carted away, we may be sure that animals must have contributed largely to this result. On Sundays, when the streets are not receiving the same attention as on week-days, the foul odour arising from some of our most-frequented thoroughfares is such as to annoy the strong-lunged and healthy, and to drive the more sensitive and delicate from the neighbourhood. During the week it is only less pronounced, but not less real.

Happily, the cows kept in London have steadily decreased in number, which is stated at four thousand, according to the latest authority. These, of necessity, are kept confined, and are therefore very liable to disease; and, while developed phthisis is noted and dealt with as quickly as possible, the low tone of the animals' general health is anything but desirable in the midst of a congested community. The readiness with which milk can be conveyed from the outlying farms, and the care exercised in its distribution, should render intra-urban cattle a superfluity to be got rid of as soon as possible. We require all our city air, such as it is, for human consumption, and our own human derelicts are sufficiently numerous and low in the scale to compel us to eliminate all unnecessary risks.

A much more difficult and delicate question, and one at the same time probably more serious, is the plethora of dogs and cats in our great cities, mainly living under most unnatural conditions, and with greater opportunities of spreading disease than their larger and more manageable confrères. The number

of these must be legion in London, but a computation seems an impossibility. However, as one dogs' home destroys fifty mangy and useless curs per day, some idea of the multitude remaining dawns on us. Probably more unwholesome, sickly, and dangerous dogs are to be found in the houses of the rich and prosperous than among the poor. Indeed, one seldom sees a dog in such houses that is not overfed and under-exercised, the sickly sentiment attaching to them doing more honour to the hearts than the heads of those concerned. After free access to the sick, they may next appear in the drawing-room or at table with their owners; or they hold intimate and friendly intercourse with a neighbour, are equally friendly with their master or mistress, and in still more dangerously affectionate terms with the children. That a dog is naturally a beast of carrion does not yet seem to have dawned upon the minds even of the cultivated, and all of us have seen pets pass at once from dangerous putridity to the friendly, not to say intimate, embraces of young and old alike. While cats are of unquestionable value in restraining the increase of vermin in our, as yet, badly organised, ill-constructed houses, they ought to be kept under greater control as a serious cause of the spread of contagious diseases. They have long been blamed for the dissemination of measles; and the manners and customs of the dexterous and subtle felines are such as to enable them to glide from sick-bed to kitchen, keeping up a show of affectionate devotion to the cook and to the mistress, and fawning equally upon the rude bete noir of the family and upon his fevered and tossing sister. It appears to us that so long as cats receive or take the extreme liberty vouchsafed to confident and graceful subtlety and dexterity, all our regulations against contagion must practically remain a dead letter. With less judgment, they have equal liberty with a non-disinfected medico or sanitary official! It is reported that an epidemic of diphtheria spread by cats has broken out in New York State, in the town of Oneida.

The extreme danger of rats has been brought of late prominently before the public owing to their connection with the bubonic plague, and the great difficulty of preventing their migration whither they will. This rodent—that declines to be crushed by civilisation, and meets new conditions with everincreasing intelligence, stimulated (like humanity, on whose skirts it hangs) by increasing difficulty in obtaining a livelihood—is in legions in our midst. The terribly dangerous plague of rats in London recently was merely the outward expression of a great unknown quantity; it was the rude reminder of a great hidden danger neither fully expressed nor understood. In some districts they have become a veritable terror to the population, so numerous and savage are they with hunger. Yet this is not the real, vital danger. Always living amid diseasehaunted conditions, they carry infection everywhere. The wheat and other common food of the people in the London docks are covered with rude evidences of the presence of these sewer-dwellers, and some of these foods, such as pulse, are sold partially devoured by rats. The direct monetary loss, quite enormous as that is, conveys little idea of the mischief done. A few houses pulled down for improvements reveal thousands of rats infuriated at the loss of their homes, in which they evidently consider they have a vested interest. The poor driven out of the slums are docile compared with them. They must fight fiercely with the owners of neighbouring settlements for a footing. Recruits are constantly arriving at the docks throughout the kingdom from all lands. Like human aliens, they may lower the standard of living, but are introducing greater ferocity and not less intelligence. The absence of the rat-pits has abolished the ratcatcher's profession to some extent, and there is not the same stimulus to their destruction; as in the case of the non-utilisation of the dogfish in recent times. Rat-catching in cities must be stimulated, or the plague may be always with us. They are undoubtedly more than a nuisance; they are a serious danger. For their destruction cats and dogs have been proved useless, poison dangerous, traps a fallacy; human ingenuity and improved contrivances are wanted to meet rat-intelligence. The clearing out of horses and cows would be a help, as rats are their constant poor relations; and the enforcement of sound construction of housefoundations ought to follow. In any case, we ought to wage war against these diseased and diseaseconveying sons of Belial that love the darkness and pass with equanimity from sewage to food and from filth to finery. Rats are a relic of the rude old times when sanitation was undreamt of, when they occupied the position of the horrid buzzards of Southern climes that take the place of the modern scavenger. The same may almost be said of some other creatures higher in the scale, and only a minimum of well-ordered cats and dogs should be permitted in any self-respecting community.

The evolution of the modern city as a well-ordered, well-organised, and well-devised congregation of humanity is apparently a very slow process; but it seems surprising that great communities should continue to tolerate pollution by great animals and small, the more important incapable of acquiring the first rudiments of sanitary education and outside the pale of sanitary laws. interests and sentiment have prevented our sanitarians from directing their attention to this most important reform. We need hardly refer to the lower forms of life stimulated by the presence of these animals, and to the fact that what helps to fill the butchers' shops with large blue flies are the stables and byres. These and other only too familiar creatures coming also directly from wholly or semi-putrid and diseased conditions are a direct and constant danger to the community, only the more dangerous because they are so little regarded and because they especially frequent food. Our sanitary specialists, instead of seeking the motes of innocent enough microbes under comparatively safe conditions, would do a greater service to congested towns and cities by attacking the beams so clearly visible—our animals in towns.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE OCTOPUS.



HE octopus is such a peculiarly repulsive-looking creature that it would not seem calculated to appeal as an article of food even to a hungry man; but the Italians have no prejudice against the fish, and they eat

it without question. In a consular report on the trade of Southern Italy for 1902, an interesting account is given of the method of capturing the octopus in the Mediterranean. At the end of a long bamboo-pole is hung a line baited with a piece of red rag; and this, dangled in front of the rocky hiding-places of the octopus, is sufficient to tempt him from his lair. In his efforts to get near the bait the creature is enticed towards the boat, in which the fisherman awaits him armed with a trident, and at the right moment the octopus is impaled on its spikes. At night a bright light is used to attract the prey, and this in past times would take the form of an iron cradle full of resinous pine, which was carried at the head of the boat. But science has stepped in, and the fishermen now employ an acetylene lamp, which seems to be as attractive to the octopus as a red rag. Unusually large catches have been made since this form of light was adopted; and, although its pioneers tried to keep it secret, they did not succeed in doing so, and now so many octopods are being caught that the Consul-General is of opinion that the coast will be overfished. That, however, is not likely to be the case, for the octopus comes of a very prolific race.

EDIBLE FUNGL

Much has been written on the subject of edible fungi, and there is a general belief that, although the common mushroom is the only marketable kind, many others represent valuable food-stuffs if one only had the means of telling a harmless growth from that which is poisonous. Unfortunately Dr M. C. Cooke's recent lecture on the subject of edible fungi at the Royal Horticultural Exhibition at Westminster does not throw much light upon the matter. In answer to questions addressed to him by different members of his audience, he had to confess that there was no royal road to this

branch of knowledge. In some country districts the belief is common that a silver spoon is blackened by contact with a cooked fungus which happens to be poisonous. Another still more widely prevalent belief is that a mushroom is of the edible kind if it peels freely. Both tests are fallacious, says Dr Cooke. Poisonous fungi peel just as readily as those which are good to eat; and as to the silverspoon test, he does not believe in it. All mushrooms should be cooked as soon as possible after being gathered, as certain detrimental changes very quickly set in. A person who may eat mushrooms with impunity at one time will find that they will disagree with him at another, so much does the bodily condition of the consumer regulate the aftereffects of eating the fungi. The great fuzz-ball was named among the edible fungi; but a member of the audience said that when being cooked this fungus 'gave forth some very pronounced fumes, so much so that on one occasion three of his servants were asphyxiated by them.' One can hardly imagine that a dish which would have this startling effect could be a desirable one.

THE MOSQUITO PLAGUE.

Since it was conclusively proved, chiefly by the exertions of Major Ross, that malarial-fever was spread by the mosquito, efforts have been made in many places to destroy the breeding-haunts of these pests. Nowhere has success been more marked than at Ismailia, the low-lying town which the French founded when they dug the Suez Canal. marshy pools which surrounded the place have been filled up, for it was here that the dreaded insect reared its larvæ, and the result has been an immediate drop in the number of malaria-fever cases. For the first six months of the present year the hospital returns give three cases, as against fifty-two in the same period of last year, while all the known cases of fever had declined from five hundred and sixty-nine to seventy-two. The scientific correspondent of the Daily Telegraph, to whom we are indebted for these figures, suggests that the name malarial-fever should be changed to mosquitofever. But we think that, as yellow-fever and possibly other ailments are due to inoculation by the same species of insect, the change might lead to confusion.

COMFORT FOR THE SMOKER.

There have been many tirades against the smoking of tobacco; but the habit still persists, and is likely to do so in spite of its detractors. A well-known French physician, Dr Caze, has given it as his opinion that the habit is not injurious provided that it is not carried to excess and that certain rules are rigidly adhered to. If cigars are smoked, they should be of mild and good quality, and when half a cigar has been consumed the rest should be thrown away. In like manner a cigarette should never be smoked to the end, and neither cigar nor cigarette should be lighted a second time; if it goes out it must be rejected. The tobacconist (whose

trade will greatly benefit) and street loafers (who are always on the lookout for cigar-stumps) will regard these regulations with satisfaction; but smokers will be inclined to rebel against them. Dr Caze advises also that no one should remain for long in a smoke-laden atmosphere, that the end of a cigar or cigarette should never be chewed, and that both should be used with a holder containing a plug of cotton-wool to absorb the nicotine. For the same reason a pipe should have a long stem, and preferably should include a water-vessel, like the Turkish narghile. Dr Frenkel, as a result of certain investigations, has stated to the Vienna Academy of Sciences that the aroma of tobacco and its effect upon the system are not due, as is commonly supposed, to nicotine, but to another alkaloid. He has been able to separate this from various kinds of tobacco in the shape of 'a yellowlooking salt' of highly volatile properties. He believes that smoking may be freed of some of its evil properties by the extraction of this salt.

MACHINE-MADE SCULPTURE.

The first stage in the making of a bust, figure, or group in marble is to make a clay model, which when complete is handed over to a skilled artisan, who, by mechanical means, reproduces the original in the more enduring material, leaving the sculptor to give life to the 'conscious stone.' The artisan in this operation of 'pointing,' as it is called, drills a series of holes of measured depth in the marble, and afterwards cuts down to these little pits, and thus gives the marble form. Many attempts have been made to do this preliminary work by machine, but until now without success. An Italian ex-naval officer, after many years' work, has at length produced a machine which seems to answer all requirements, and which will do in one day the work that would occupy the sculptor's assistant for a couple of months. The representative of a London paper who recently saw this machine at work describes how the Italian in charge guided a rod backwards and forwards over the inequalities of a plaster cast, while a couple of drills protruding from the machine a few feet away executed the same movements on two blocks of marble, cutting the material rapidly away, a jet of water playing on the point of each drill. There is nothing new in the principle of this machine, which is simply an adaptation of the familiar pantagraph invented by Christopher Scheiner three hundred years ago. A wood-carving machine of similar type was shown, if we remember rightly, at the London International Exhibition of 1862. There were no doubt many difficulties to be surmounted before the principle could be applied to such a material as marble.

SLEEPING SICKNESS.

There is ground for the conjecture that the obscure tropical disease known as sleeping sickness may also find its mode of transmission in the bite of an insect. Two commissions have been sent out to Uganda to investigate this disease; and from a progress report from the latter of these much interesting and valuable information may be gleaned. It was established by Dr Castellani, who was the bacteriologist attached to last year's commission, that sufferers from the disease exhibited a minute parasite of the blood, visible only under the microscope. This year's expedition has made more elaborate arrangements for the examination of patients, and in every case Dr Castellani's conclusions were corroborated. The next question to be decided was to find out how the parasite entered the human body; and, with the knowledge that the mosquito was responsible for malaria, suspicion fell upon the tsetse fly as the carrier of the unwelcome guest. Native chiefs and missionaries have been enlisted in the work of collecting specimens of the insect and obtaining information about it, and enough has already been done to show that the disease is prevalent in districts where the fly is common. Monographs on the mosquito and the tsetse fly have recently been published by the trustees of the British Museum, and those who are interested in tracing the history of a very remarkable discovery should read them. These volumes are of special value to medical men.

SHAM SUGAR.

Dr T. W. Blake, of Bournemouth, describes in a letter to the Times how, owing to the continuous rainfall, he had been obliged to feed his bees. He thereupon gave them the food which, as an old beekeeper, he knew they liked best-that is, cane sugar, which the grocer from whom he purchased it called Demerara. He was astonished to find that the sagacious insects turned this food out of the hive, and was also surprised to see that the rain-water did not cause the amber-coloured crystals to dissolve; he also noted that there were three hundred dead and dying bees lying on a board under the entrance to the hive. Tests showed that the stuff supplied to the bees was metallic-dressed sugar imported from abroad, chiefly Germany, which Dr Blake describes as 'sham sugar,' treated and coloured for the market with chloride of tin. He has no doubt that this deleterious stuff has killed more babies than bees, especially in poor homes, where it is used with their gruel as a cheap substitute for milk. He blames the Government and those in legal authority for not taking such action as will put a stop to this pernicious trade in sham sugar.

CALIFORNIAN REDWOOD.

It frequently happens in London, and possibly in other cities, that in the course of street excavations water-pipes made of wood are disinterred, a relic of bygone days. It would seem impossible that such a use for wood could be revived in these days; but this has really occurred at the works of the Niagara Falls Power Company. An extremely hard kind of redwood peculiar to California has been found to be more suitable for making conduits for rapidly flowing water than is the hardest steel. Grains of sand

and other mineral particles quickly corrode the best steel, and after a short time the metal has to be replaced; but in pipes of redwood the action of the water confers upon the surface a soft coating of soapy consistence which acts as a preservative to the deeper layers of the wood. This redwood is also in good demand for building purposes, for although it is inflammable it burns very slowly. It is also useful for cabinet-work, as it is closegrained and takes a high polish. The Californian Redwood Association, says the Chamber of Commerce Journal, from which our information is derived, has recently received from the United States an order for three million cubic feet of the wood.

BRIDGES.

A bridge can be designed in such a way as to be a beautiful object and a distinct addition to the picturesque features of a landscape, or it may be so constructed as to be very much the reverse. There is a continual battle going on in one part of the country or another between those with artistic ideas and those who regard only the utilitarian side of the question; and the subject of bridges is one which is a periodical bone of contention between them. The picturesque old bridge will not bear the weight of the modern traction-engine, and it has too often to be replaced by an iron girder structure of hideous appearance. Two pictures are published side by side in a recent number of Photography, which should serve as a note of warning to those who live in the neighbourhood of threatened structures. One is entitled, 'Dedham Bridge as it was'-a picturesque wooden erection amid charming surroundings; the other 'Dedham Bridge as it is'—a monstrosity in iron, the presence of which in 'Constable's country' is enough to make that famous painter turn in his grave. The two pictures are photographs which have been taken from exactly the same point of view, and they should serve as object-lessons to those engaged in works of restoration.

CHANGED LONDON.

Every big city is in a constant state of demolition and renovation, and these changes take place so gradually and in such a piecemeal fashion that they do not command attention. But alterations on a more extensive scale have lately been in progress in London, and the familiar Strand has been changed past recognition. In a few months' time, when unsightly gaps have been filled in with new and handsome structures, that part of the thoroughfare where the new streets are found, expanded to treble its former width and lined with trees, will delight visitors with its beauty. The hope has been expressed in many quarters that the London County Council, who have carried out these improvements so well, will take steps to prevent the new avenues from being disfigured by blatant advertisements. Local authorities in some other countries, notably Germany, are empowered to forbid any conspicuous announcement that impairs the picturesque appearance of a public place. The London County Council were instrumental in putting a stop to sky-signs, and they would have the support of the people in checking the advertisement abuse which is already so rampant in our midst.

EARTHQUAKES.

All that relates to those terrible disturbances called earthquakes is of interest, and the report presented by Professor John Milne to the British Association on behalf of the Seismological Investigation Committee is likely to attract much attention. It is there stated that at present there are eight districts in the world from which very large earthquakes take their origin. Seven of these are in sub-oceanic troughs, five of which fringe the shores of the Pacific, and the eighth is in the Caucasian-Himalayan region. Each of these large earthquake centres has been found capable of shaking the world throughout its mass and over its entire surface, whilst the neighbouring broken-up strata have been left in an unstable condition, and have given rise to after-shocks. Earthquake movement is propagated round the world at about three kilometres and three-tenths per second, whilst that which goes through the world is variable along paths which do not exceed forty miles in depth-a depth at which rock-matter may probably become fused. It is inferred from these observations that the world has a very high rigidity. Many years ago Lord Kelvin suggested that the globe was as rigid as one of glass of equal size would be, and possibly as rigid as one of steel. Modern observation seems to endorse this view.

MATCHES WITHOUT PHOSPHORUS.

In a recent paragraph we referred to the need of a lucifer-match which should be capable of striking upon any surface, while at the same time it did not contain phosphorus in its composition, the employment of which substance has been so detrimental to workers engaged in the match industry. Messrs Bryant & May now inform us that, after a series of careful experiments, they were able some time since to dispense entirely with phosphorus in their igniting composition, although the matches made by them will readily fire on contact with any rough surface. We regret that this eminent firm did not make such an important improvement generally known, for we would gladly have given them earlier credit for thus removing the match manufacture from the list of trades which are dangerous to health.

QUICK HARVESTING.

In a year which has been singularly disastrous to farming operations generally, it is consoling to find that in one district at least a record feat in harvesting has been achieved. At Thurlby, in Lincolnshire, a field of nine acres of wheat was cut with one of those wonderful reapers which binds the corn into sheaves as it quickly mows it down. This done, the

horses were detached and employed to fetch a thrashing-machine, which the next morning was busy with the wheat, an early sample being sent immediately to Peterborough. The wheat was sold from this sample, and the same evening despatched to its destination by rail. In a season like the present, when fine days are exceptional, quick harvesting might often be the salvation of a crop, and it is as well to place on record what can be done in an emergency.

EXPORTATION OF ZEBRAS FROM BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

The completion of the Uganda Railway from Mombasa to Port Florence on the Victoria Nyanza, a distance of five hundred and eighty-four miles, enables the journey from the coast to the heart of Africa to be accomplished in a couple of days, as against three months of hard marching formerly, with baggage carried on the heads of native porters. Two steamers now ply on the Victoria Lake, while the telegraph line is open beyond to the Albert Nyanza. The fares on the railway are threepence per mile for first-class, three-halfpence for second, and a halfpenny for third-class passengers. There are thirty-four British and thirty-six American locomotives on the line. Messrs T. Cook and Sons are to issue circular and tourist tickets for the Uganda railway and the lake. Ever since Stanley wrote his famous letter, Britain has been interested in Uganda. The Church Missionary Society has won over forty thousand natives to Christianity, while there are over ten thousand native instructors. The high-lying belt where the white man can live and thrive, three hundred miles from Mombasa, is about one hundred and sixty miles in breadth. Meanwhile a rather curious export is being developed with Germany. Dr Stordy, a native of Edinburgh, the Government veterinary surgeon, has erected a boma (enclosure) of fifty acres of open grass-land at Naivasha, where he may have a hundred zebras in captivity at a time for training. A start has been made in the handling and breaking of the young animals. He was visited here by Baron Bronsort von Schellendorf, who brought down thirty zebras quite safely across a tsetse-fly-infested belt to Mombasa, for export to Germany. Karl Hagenbeck, of the great Hamburg naturalist firm, sent a man out to take charge of the zebras during the voyage. The Baron is reported to have said that the British Government had paid him a high compliment in charging him a tax on his zebras as if they had been cows. 'It is an invaluable proof that they are domesticated animals now, although they were wild six months ago.' There have been various other consignments of zebras for Germany, including one in charge of a grandson of Thomas Pringle the poet and South African pioneer. At Dar-es-Salaam the German Government intends experimenting on the zebra as a transport animal for light carts and to cross-breed with horses. Mr Richard Guenther, the American Consul-General at

Frankfort, in Germany, makes the prediction in his report to the State Department that army mules will soon be displaced by the zebrula, which is a cross between the horse and the zebra. The Consul-General says that tests in Germany show that the zebrula is superior to the mule. The zebrula is less liable to disease, is specially adapted to transport work, and is livelier than the mule. Mr Hagenbeck intends to introduce the zebrula into America. Professor Cossar Ewart has for some years made experiments in cross-breeding at Penicuik, in Midlothian. A report on the 'Zebra Domestication Experiments' appears in the Journal of the Society of Arts for 10th July 1903.

LIGNITE, PEAT, AND COAL-DUST FUEL.

The manufacture of fuel briquettes from coaldust, lignite, and peat in Germany has assumed large proportions. There are now two hundred and eighty-six brown-coal briquette factories, which work up forty-four million tons of lignite annually. The outward cleanliness of Berlin and other German cities has been attributed to the general consumption of brown-coal briquettes for household and steam fuel. They are made from lignite without tar, burn with a clear, strong flame, and are practically smokeless. German lignite contains from 46 to 52 per cent. of water, and this is said to be the key to the briquetting process. The crude browncoal is brought from the mine, crushed and pulverised, and then run through a large revolving cylinder, heated by exhaust steam from the drivingengine, working on an inclined plane so that the powdered material runs downward through the tubes by gravity and is carried into the machinepress that stamps it into briquettes. In passing through the cylinder it is dried and heated until there remains the right proportion of moisture, combined with the proper temperature to develop the latent bitumen in the lignite and make the powdered mass plastic. At the factory of Lauchhammer, eighty miles south of Berlin, eight presses run by electric motor turn out from five hundred to six hundred tons of briquettes a day. The Americans are moving in the direction of utilising their lignite-beds in the Dakotas and Alabama. Mr C. Schlickeysen, of Rixdorf, near Berlin, has been a pioneer in preparing compressed peat for the He has now peat-compressing plant in Holland, Hungary, Switzerland, and various parts of Germany. The whole plant for reducing the peat to pulp and afterwards compressing it is set up on the edge of the moor to be worked, and moved as required. A recent improvement is an excavating machine for digging peat. Ziegler, a chemical engineer of high reputation, has patented a method of carbonising peat in closed ovens, heated by burning under them the gases generated by the cooking process itself. The only fuel needed is that for heating the oven for the first charge. The off-heat from the retort furnaces passes in and heats the drying-chambers in which

the raw, wet peat is being prepared. The peatcoke is highly valued for foundry and smelting purposes. At Redkino, in Russia, this process is in successful operation. In connection with the making of coal-dust briquettes, W. Johnson & Sons, Leeds, makers of briquette machinery, have a 'binder' for briquettes, invented by Mr Cory, which, when used with Cardiff coal, produces briquettes which are almost smokeless. The Scottish Peat Industries (Limited), Racks, Dumfries, have erected works for the manufacture of peat briquettes and peat-and-coal briquettes, and these are now in operation. It is intended to erect a special gas-producing plant at these works, with gas-engines and dynamos to demonstrate the production of electric light and power from peat, as the gas-engines will be driven with the peat-gas. An ammonia-recovery plant is to be added, so that this valuable by-product—in which peat is so rich -will be recovered in the process of manufacturing the gas. There are other valuable products besides peat briquettes produced by the Scottish Peat Industries, such as prepared peat for packing fruits, coarse and fine granulated peat, and peat and blood for manure. The success of this new undertaking will be of immense interest and importance to Scotland, where there are such large areas of peat, especially in the Highlands.

RELICS OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.

Considerable interest has been evinced in relics of the Spanish Armada recovered in Tobermory Bay, which, by permission of the Duke of Argyll, have been exhibited in Glasgow. Amongst the articles recovered were old timber, warped ironwork, stone and iron cannon-balls, human bones and skulls, and silver coins of King Philip II. There was also a bronze breech-loading gun four and a half feet in length, one of the fifty-six carried by the Florencia, which was blown up at Tobermory in August 1588. It is now in the Glasgow Art Galleries. The tradition is that the vessel had fifty-six guns on board and thirty millions of money. The money has never been recovered to any extent, although since 1641, when the Marquis of Argyll obtained a gift of the vessel, various cannons and some gold and silver coin have been recovered from time to time. It seems likely that through a syndicate a more thorough search will be made next year. The gun in the Glasgow Art Gallery is still in such a condition that, although it lay in twelve fathoms of water for more than three centuries, the monogram of the maker, supposed to have been Benvenuto Cellini, and the date, 1563, are still visible. The ball with which the gun was loaded still remained in it. The breech-action is lifted out of the gun by a handle similar to a laundry smoothing-iron. A projection fits into the bore, and the wedge-shaped hole at the side of the gun has apparently been used to fasten the breechblock and prevent it from being forced back by the firing of the charge. When the breech-block was removed it was found not to be solid, but to have been used as the powder-chamber. The iron bullet was found in direct contact with the powder, and in front of it were the remains of a wad of rough fibre, apparently manila oakum. The bore of the gun is one and five-eighth inches. A round hole at the end was for ramming and cleaning out the gun between the shots. This gun therefore takes its place among the earliest known breech-loading guns. The bronze of which it has been made is not affected by the water. The broken blade of a sword, a pistol, and a hook and tackle, thickly encrusted with limestone, were also on view, as well as a piece of the woodwork of the ship in a fossilised condition. At Inveraray one of the recovered guns may be seen, and another at the ruins of Dunstaffnage Castle. At Inshaig Park Hotel, Easdale, there is also a fine specimen of an old mahogany gun-carriage, which is believed to have belonged to one of the vessels of the Armada.

INFORMATION ABOUT CANADA.

For many a year hence there will be a flood of literature regarding Canada, which promises to become, as it is already in large measure to-day, the most prosperous section of the British Empire. In W. & R. Chambers's 'Nineteenth Century Series' there has been issued Progress of Canada in the Century, by J. Castell Hopkins; while the following books are announced for publication: Canada in the Twentieth Century, by A. G. Bradley; and Through Canada in Harvest-Time: a Study of Life and Labour in the Golden West, by James Lumsden. When one is in doubt on the subject, and wishful for authentic information, it is advisable to write to the office of the Commissioner of Emigration for Canada, 11, 12 Charing Cross, London; or to Mr J. Bruce Walker, 52 St Enoch Square, Glasgow. The delegates to the Chambers of Commerce of the Empire, in their recent tour through Canada, have been greatly impressed by the diversity and value of the country's resources and the hearty loyalty of the people to the British Crown. A Times correspondent believes that one of the most substantial assets that Canada has received within recent years has been the forty thousand American farmers who have crossed from the United States and have already settled under the British flag. They are reckoned as the best immigrants that Canada could possibly receive, and have more or less capital in hand, and no less valuable experience. The Times correspondent has one regret: that so little British capital is at present invested in the various industries that from the Atlantic to the Pacific are reaping a rich harvest without precedent in Canada.

THE ROYAL BURGH OF FORFAR.

In connection with the article 'Current Coin' in our September issue, the Editor regrets that, through inadvertence, the source of several of the Forfar stories given there was not mentioned. These

were from an excellent local history by Mr Alan Reid, F.S.A., entitled The Royal Burgh of Forfar (Paisley: J. & R. Parlane). The author of that volume has a reputation not only as a local historian, but also as author and editor of various collections of songs and poetry, with music, for school use. The late Bishop Creighton once remarked that all national history was at its root provincial. It might also be said that most imperial patriots have been good local patriots to start with. Hence the value of interesting and comprehensive local histories, like the present, the preparation of which has evidently been a labour of love for the author.

THE SONG-HAIRST.

THY fields, lone Ellisland, the copious year May crown again with harvest cheer. Here was a harvest gathered long ago Never another year shall know. Thy Poet tilled his heart, and from it brought Strong wine of passion, corn of thought. Not Italy's vineyard, Austria's teeming plain, May yield the world such wine, such grain; And all the stars shall fall like frosted leaves Ere such another bind the sheaves.

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HIS BEST FRIEND.

By the Author of Matthew Dale, &c.

In addition to other Stories, the Part will contain the usual Articles of Instruction and Entertainment.

. TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

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JACK NORMAN'S LOVE AFFAIR.

By JOHN FINNEMORE, Author of The Lover Fugitives, &c.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS .- CHAPTER I.



RS HOPE was quite satisfied with her little garden-party. It had been got up at a moment's notice to introduce her brother to the little village society among which she lived, and it was going off very well. Her

brother Jack was now talking amiably to the clergyman; but his sister knew him to the fingertips, and there was a quiet smile at the corner of her lips as she assured herself that he was vexed at being interrupted in his chat with Evelyn Boyne.

'And I do not wonder at it,' was Mrs Hope's private comment. 'If Jack had not seen at a glance that Evelyn is a girl of a thousand I would never have forgiven him.'

The 'girl of a thousand' sat in a low basket-chair, her arm round Dorothy, Mrs Hope's six-year-old daughter. Her dark, sweet eyes were full of amusement as Dorothy whispered some story in her ear—a pretty, delicately pink ear which shone like a shell against her dark-brown hair. Then she glanced at her watch, stood up, and crossed over to Mrs Hope.

'I must just run home and give a look there,' she said, bending over her hostess's chair.

'You will come back, won't you?' said Mrs Hope.
'I hope it is not one of your mother's bad days.'

'Not quite that, or of course I couldn't have come,' said Evelyn, smiling; 'but it is not quite one of her best days.'

'Miss Boyne,' said little Dorothy earnestly, 'may I not go with you to be sure you do come back? You haven't talked half enough to my uncle Jack. I want you to know him ever so well, because I'm ever so fond of him. He's the dearest uncle in the world.'

'She worships her uncle Jack,' laughed Mrs Hope; 'and I'm sure he'll be quite jealous of you, Evelyn. Until Dorothy knew you she never gave a thought to any one else outside her poor old mother and her uncle.'

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'Poor old mother dear,' said Dorothy, mimicking her mother's tones and hugging her like a little

At this moment an elderly gentleman, with whom Dorothy was a great favourite, came up and engaged the child with a string of prosy pleasantries. Thus it happened that Evelyn slipped off alone after all. She went to the bottom of the garden, where a little wicket-gate was set in a box-hedge, and passed through. She was now in a narrow lane. She stepped swiftly along it, and had already laid her hand on a second wicket to enter her own domain when she saw a figure in the distance. It was not very clear, for a thick growth of hawthorn-bushes on either side of the way darkened the lane; but she recognised it instinctively, and paused. She watched it steadily; and as it advanced she became white to the lips, her eyes shone dark with foreboding, and her clutch tightened upon the gate.

The new-comer, a young man, his gaze bent moodily on the ground, did not raise his head until he was within half-a-dozen yards of her. Then he looked up, saw her, and started forward with an exclamation of relief.

'What luck,' he said, 'to hit upon you here! I was wondering how to get a word with you.'

'You, Dick!' said his sister. 'What brings you down without notice? And why are you coming in this way?'

'I shouldn't wonder but you can guess,' he returned, poking his stick into the bank and not meeting her eye. 'It's no good beating about the bush, Evelyn. I'm in a precious awkward fix.'

'Again, again,' said she in a low tone of deep feeling. 'Again, after the solemn promises you made me last time.'

'Yes; and I meant to keep them,' he replied.
'I give you my word I never touched a cue for months, and when I did I played for stakes not worth mentioning. But the other day I had a stroke of ill-luck; and, like a fool, I lost my head [All Rights Reserved.]

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and plunged deeper and deeper into the mud, thinking every moment that the luck would turn. I don't believe I had fair-play.'

'How much is it?' asked Evelyn, coming straight

to the point.

Richard Boyne hesitated a moment. He passed his hand over his forehead and thrust his hat to the back of his head. 'Seventy pounds,' he murmured.

Evelyn gave a quick exclamation. 'Seventy pounds!' she repeated in a tone of stupefaction.

'I've got to find it somehow, or cut and run,' went on Richard sullenly. 'I've given IOU's, and they're in the hands of people who'll have the money or show me up.'

'Dick! Dick!' burst out his sister, 'will you have no mercy on us? You have been in London eighteen months, and this is the third time you have been down to beg money to pay your gambling debts. What am I to do? You know very well how matters stand with us. I can only find seventy pounds for you by drawing on our little capital. Every pound of that which goes straitens and straitens us. I do not care for myself; but suppose mother should have to suffer for your wicked folly. I cannot bear to think of it.'

The young man took two or three hasty steps away from the place, then came back.

'It shall be the last time, Evelyn,' he cried. 'I swear it shall be the last time. I'll keep as straight as a die. I'll pay you back. Upon my word I'll pay you back. I'm getting on first class at the office. I stand a good chance of promotion; but if this should come out they'd very likely cut me adrift. Old Norman is as hard as flint on a fellow who gets into a mess of this sort. And yet it's all through Jack Norman I slipped into it. He introduced me to a club he belongs to, and led me on. What is a fellow to do when the junior partner of the firm takes him up? He's bound to stick up to a man like that and follow his lead. To please a man who'll be the master some day may mean a good deal.'

'And Mr Norman led you into this difficulty?' said Evelyn slowly.

'Well, I don't owe him the money,' replied Richard; 'but he took me to the club, and turned me out of the steady track I'd been running in since that other time.'

Richard Boyne was a tall, slender young fellow, handsome too, and very like his sister, save for a weak mouth. At present he was pale and agitated, and his dark eyes, for all his twenty-one years, were full of tears. He was a type of the country lad whom the 'emptations of a great city overcome through folly rather than viciousness.

Evelyn stood in bitter thought. 'When must you have the money?' she said at last.

'In about a week,' replied her brother timidly; and he burst again into protestations about repayment, repentance, promises for the future. She cut him short in the midst of them.

'Understand, Dick,' she said firmly, 'I cannot do it again. This is the third and last time. I must think of mother after this. Whatever happens again, you must extricate yourself if you are foolish enough to get into further difficulties.'

He burst out once more into frantic expressions of gratitude, then looked at his watch.

'I can just catch the train,' he remarked.

'Go at once,' said his sister. 'I hope no one has seen you, or some word of your being here may come to mother's ears.'

'I hope not,' he said. 'I know I'm a brute to give you all this bother; but you may take my word for it this time, Evelyn. I'll never trouble you again!'

'I hope not,' said his sister wearily. No more words were exchanged. Richard stepped briskly away to catch his train, and Evelyn leaned upon the gate. She felt the blow cruelly. Upon her shoulders lay all the burden of the house seen among the trees at the other end of the garden. Four years ago her father had died, and her mother's health, poor before, had failed rapidly since. Mr Boyne had not been a successful man, and his family were left in straitened circumstances. Yet, with strict economy, they had managed to live on in the old place, and under Evelyn's skilful management her mother had known no diminution of the old comfort. When it came to starting Dick in life, their neighbour, Mrs Hope, had exerted her influence to get him placed in the office of her father, a wealthy London factor. This kindness had been gladly accepted by Evelyn and her mother; but Dick had not turned out well. The young man, whose character had no decided colour either good or bad at home, had shown streaks of weakness when exposed to the snares which a great city lays for the feet of raw country lads.

Evelyn leaned on the gate in great misery. She was very fond of her only brother, and the thought that he was falling into evil courses went to her heart like a dagger. And she must bear the pain alone. The faintest suspicion of such a thing must be kept most carefully from her ailing mother.

At this moment there was a rattle of a gate at some distance. She looked up and saw Dorothy bound into the lane. The child was beckoning some one. Then Jack Norman stepped into sight. The little girl caught his hand and dragged him forward; he hung back and drew her towards the gate. Neither of them could see Evelyn. A bush close at her side hid her; through its branches she could see them plainly. She glanced towards them for no more than a moment; then she turned and hurried up the garden. Nor did she return. She was in no mood to sit down and finish a gay chat with the man who had lured her only brother farther on the road to ruin. It was almost a relief to find her mother a little worse than she had left her; it enabled Evelyn to write a note of excuse to Mrs Hope.

Four days later Evelyn was walking along the lane which led to Mrs Hope's garden-gate. A matter had arisen upon which she must see her, and she wished to make the visit as short and private as possible. Evelyn slipped in at the gate and went swiftly up a path behind a tall box-hedge clipped as thin and high as a wall. Suddenly she stopped. Two voices, one high and gay, the other deep and quiet, broke on her ear. The man she wished to avoid was in the neighbourhood. Which way should she turn?

As she stood in hesitation Jack Norman stepped into her view. Directly in front of her face was a thin place in the hedge, and she saw him leisurely stride across a patch of trim sward, the smoke from his pipe curling over his shoulder, and drop into a garden-chair. Now Evelyn could go on if she were only sure of Dorothy's whereabouts; but she was not. She stood still a moment longer, for she knew that if the child caught sight of her she would be trapped without hope of escape. Jack Norman began to speak.

'What's that book you're dragging about, Dorothy?'

Dorothy stepped into sight, and Evelyn's eyes brightened as they rested upon her little favourite. The child was exquisitely beautiful, a true English, fair beauty. Not flaxen: there was not a bleached tint about her; all her colouring was rich and deep. Eyes of sweetest and darkest violet, hair a dark gold, skin radiantly clear and fair—a veritable incarnation of the loveliness of childhood.

'It's a book from which Miss Vine, my governess, has been reading a story to me,' replied Dorothy; 'but it wasn't a very nice story.'

'Not too cheerful, eh?' said Norman, settling himself in his chair and stretching his long legs comfortably before him.

'It wasn't a bit cheerful,' returned Dorothy; 'it was about a little girl who was very pretty, and she was very proud of it because everybody loved her for it. Then she had a bad illness, and went very ugly, and nobody loved her afterwards.'

'Rather a mean crew that,' commented Norman, 'to turn rusty because she lost her looks.'

'Uncle Jack, dear,' cried the little girl earnestly, 'if I was pretty, and then went ugly, would you love me just the same?'

Jack Norman threw back his handsome head, laughed, took the pipe out of his mouth, and began to sing:

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms That I gaze on so fondly to-day'——

Behind the hedge Evelyn thrilled through every fibre of her being. The deep baritone voice, rich with a mellow, haunting sweetness, seemed to sink into her soul. She had never heard him sing before, she had never heard that he could sing, yet it did not seem that she listened now for the first time; it seemed as if these tones of vibrant melody rang familiar to her consciousness, as if they had been heard many and many a time in other ages, other lives, ere this.

'Thou wouldst still be beloved, as this moment thou art, Let thy loveliness fade as it will,'

rang on the sweet, strong voice. Three yards from the singer's chair stood Dorothy, her lovely little face aglow with sheer love of the song and the singer. She stood with shining eyes and parted lips as if spell-bound, until, with another laugh, Jack Norman put his pipe back into his mouth. Then Dorothy rushed upon him to hold him in one of her fierce hugs. With the movement of the child, Evelyn moved also. For a moment the rich, manly voice had conquered her. It had thrust from her heart the feelings which she held, which she must hold, to such a man. Then, in a flood, the scornful contempt, only meet feeling for him, poured back into her heart.

'How difficult it is to divine the truth about any one,' she thought as she slipped up the garden, 'and above all of a man like this whose life is hidden in a great town! Who would think, to hear him singing there to a child, that he is a gambler, and that such as he lead weak lads to ruin?' And Evelyn's pretty lips set in a very firm line as she thought of what was due to such beguilers.

'Here's a sight for sore eyes,' said Mrs Hope as Evelyn was shown into the morning-room where sat the mistress of the house. 'And where have you been hiding yourself, my dear Evelyn? We have seen nothing of you for four whole days.'

'My mother has had one of her bad turns,' said Evelyn, 'and she needed much attention.'

'Oh, I am so sorry!' said Mrs Hope. 'I ought, I know, to have been in to see if I could do anything; but having my brother Jack on my hands has so filled up my time. By the way, was he in the garden?'

'Yes,' said Evelyn. 'He and Dorothy were near the tennis-lawn. He was singing there.' She uttered the last words slowly, more as if they were a memory put into words than as if intended to be spoken loud.

'Jack was singing to you!' said Mrs Hope, looking up from the needlework with which she was busy. Then she laughed and went on quickly, 'I beg your pardon for the accent of surprise, Evelyn. It was that you should catch him singing at all.'

'Oh, it was mere accident,' replied Evelyn. 'I was coming up the garden and overheard him singing to Dorothy. That was all.'

'He can sing very well,' said his sister; 'but he is so shy about it that I don't believe half-a-dozen people in the world have heard him.'

'Indeed!' said Evelyn politely. In her heart she thought, 'Shy! That's her way of putting it to save her brother. I expect his shyness arises from excessive self-consciousness, the very worst form of conceit.' From which reflection it is plain that Miss Boyne was resolute upon being as hard upon Mr Norman as was possible.

HOW THE LITERARY 'GHOST' WORKS.

By MICHAEL MACDONAGH.



LITERARY man—or, to put it more correctly, perhaps, a man who earns his livelihood by writing—rarely, if ever, escapes from his work. Whatever he may be doing at the moment—whether it is reading the morn-

ing or the evening paper, the latest novel, biography, or history; whether he be in the theatre, in the concert-hall, or at church; whether he is having a solitary country ramble or a walk in the crowded streets-his mind, consciously or unconsciously, is always on the pounce for 'a good idea' capable of development into an article or a story. The writer possessed of a fertile mind or alert at observation is, of course, rarely at a loss for an unhackneyed plot and a fresh theme. These are the favourites of fortune, the women and men of the first rank of the writing profession, whose names appear regularly in the contents-lists of the magazines. But there are hundreds of obscure writers to whom it is often a weary task to invent or to discover a new subject for an article. More unfortunate still is the condition of those who, expected to turn out a readable story or novelette every week-a class of work for which there is now an enormous demand, as any one who looks at a newsagent's stall may observe—find their brains all too frequently like a sucked orange, incapable absolutely of yielding topic, theme, or plot. This condition of things-lack of literary inspiration co-existing with an extensive field for literary work-has brought into existence a new literary occupation. It is no less than the manufacture and sale of plots for short stories and novels.

Authors' 'ghosts' have, perhaps, been with us always. It is said, for instance, that Alexandre Dumas kept a number of poor authors at work to provide him with incidents and situations for his romances. But undoubtedly the practice is now more extensively in operation and plays a more important part than is generally supposed in the making of popular fiction. The 'ghosts' go so far even as to advertise occasionally. Many writers must have had circulars from people who follow this curious occupation, or must have seen their announcements in the newspapers, offering to dispose of the fruits of their brains, in the way of original plots for short stories or novels, for a consideration.

Some time ago I saw an advertisement in a journal to the effect that if amateur writers applied to 'X.Y.Z., office of this newspaper,' they would be not only supplied with ideas for stories, but also afforded special facilities for the insertion of their work in the leading magazines. In an excess of curiosity I replied, and received the appended communication from Edinburgh:

'SIR,-Judging from your letter, I am quite sure

you can write. Your style reminds me of Conan Doyle. I can get editors to buy your work; but, as the stories must have good plots, I beg to say that I supply particulars of six good plots for halfa-guinea. As you will be able to write them out, they will bring you in thirty guineas.

'I also supply descriptions of heroes, heroines, rogues, &c., at half-a-crown apiece. Description of a thrilling scene in Boer camp with British prisoners (very popular just now), five shillings. Send me a guinea to register your name on my books, and another half for plots. Best wishes.'

I did not send him the guinea and a half. I received for the stamped and addressed envelope enclosed with my application a far better and more original suggestion of a rogue—in the above letter—than he could possibly supply me for half-a-crown.

Subsequently this advertisement caught my eye in a London morning paper:

'To Writers.—Good workable ideas for articles and stories supplied cheaply. Apply A. B., office of this journal.'

I wrote, and in due course received a reply. It came from an address in Euston Road, London. It was written on inferior notepaper, in watery ink, and with manifestly a bad pen, denoting that the writer was 'hard up;' but it appeared to me to be perfectly frank, straightforward, and genuine. Here it is:

'DEAR SIR,—My terms for supplying a plot is two shillings and sixpence. Please let me know the nature of the plot you require—romantic, dramatic, pathetic, or humorous, and with or without a love incident. I have hundreds of skeleton plots of all kinds to select from. May I forward you some samples at two shillings and sixpence each?'

Impelled again by curiosity, I decided to test the samples, and wrote for three plots, romantic, pathetic, and humorous, enclosing seven shillings and sixpence. From the point of view of the story-writer the investment may be considered a failure; but it certainly yielded some literary 'curiosities.' Here is the skeleton-plot for the romantic story:

'HOW THE GOVERNMENT WAS SAVED.

'It is ten o'clock at night, on the terrace of the House of Commons. The Government are expecting defeat on a great Bill. The First Lord of the Treasury, who is to conclude the debate on behalf of the Government, is walking on the terrace all alone, collecting his thoughts for a great oratorical effort to save the tottering Government. A cry is heard from Westminster Bridge; the figure of a woman falls into the river, and a white face is borne by the receding tide past the terrace. The First Lord of the Treasury plunges in, seizes the woman, and the two are carried down the river by

the swift tide. About an hour later, when the time arrives for the First Lord of the Treasury to speak, the right honourable gentleman is missed, and cannot be found anywhere. The proceedings in the House are suspended, and great excitement prevails. Suddenly there is a shout in the Lobby, and the First Lord of the Treasury appears at the Bar, his clothes saturated, leading by the hand a girl also dripping. He tells the astonished House the story of his strange adventure; how he, carrying the girl—an unfortunate who attempted suicide -effected a landing at Lambeth Stairs, and bringing her with him, hastened back to the House by Lambeth Bridge. Great cheering. Effect on the House: the Bill is carried and the Government saved.'

After all these thrills, the plot for the pathetic story seems flat and flavourless. The manufacturer, recognising its weakness, prefaces it with this note: 'A good subject for a story in a religious journal.' The title suggested is 'The Discarded Half-Sovereign,' and the skeleton-plot runs:

'Working-man's family in London in dire distress. Cause: the bread-winner out of employment. They occupy a room at the top of a high tenement-house overlooking a tavern. One evening, when the children were crying for bread, a jackdaw alighted on the sill of the open window. He drops something bright from his beak. One of the children runs forward and picks it up. It is a half-sovereign! The jackdaw belongs to the tavern. The money is tainted with drink. The starving working-man is greatly tempted, but, being honest and a strict teetotaler, decides to return the half-sovereign. He crawls downstairs to the bar, tells the story of the jackdaw, and returns the money, explaining the reason.'

So far so good. But that is not all. Two alternative endings to this heroic display of virtue by the working-man are suggested: 'You may make the working-man drop down dead; or, if you like it better, make his action convert the publican, induce him to retire from the trade, and find employment for the working-man.'

'His Hour of Humiliation' is the title suggested for the humorous story, and the plot is as follows:

'Take a town in the provinces. The local militia on a certain day are to go route-marching through the neighbouring country. There is a love-affair between Captain Crawford and Miss Wilson, the daughter of one of the leading citizens. Miss Wilson invites a party of girl-friends to breakfast and to see the regiment march past. Just as Captain Crawford's company is passing the window, and the captain raises his sword to salute Miss Wilson, a lean and hungry cur-dog snatches at the captain's scarlet tunic behind, rends it, and out falls a paper parcel. The animal tears with his paws at the parcel (the spectators in the window and the crowd on the footpath looking on amazed) and exposes to view—a pig's foot!'

It can at least be said for these gems that they

might with little difficulty be developed into stories and novelettes suitable for most of that immense output of weekly penny journals which we see displayed in the newsagents' windows throughout the country; and no doubt those writers whose unhappy lot it is to turn out this stuff in enormous quantities to order are very glad to have at hand a place where they can buy plots at half-a-crown apiece. The trade, too, is quite legitimate. A person with a mind fertile in plots, but lacking the literary ability to work them out, may without discredit dispose of these offspring of his brains to those to whom they are useful. After all, the manufacturer of plots but sells his ideas like the greatest of our novelists.

But there are other operations of the literary 'ghost' that are not quite so innocent. Mr Frederick Greenwood, in an article entitled 'Forty Years of Journalism' which appeared in the Jubilee number of the English Illustrated Magazine, asserted that 'there is an honourable member of the House of Commons who became charmingly fearsome to his friends on account of articles not quite his own in one of the above-named papers [the Saturday Review or the Times, to wit]. They were written "under the rose" by a brilliant broken-down university tutor, and then by the honourable member transcribed for publication.' That, however, the veteran journalist remarked, 'was many years ago.' It is also a long time since Byron was accused by some of his contemporaries of keeping a poet chained up in his cellar, and of appropriating as his own the poetical work produced by his captive. But, to come down to the present day, it is generally believed in literary and journalistic circles not only that many of the articles and stories which appear in the magazines purporting to be written by personages distinguished in walks of life not literary are really the work of some free-lance of letters, whose pen-like the sword of the adventurer and mercenary soldier of old-is at the service of any one for a consideration, but that some of the most prolific writers of the time keep a 'ghost' or secret assistant who produces surreptitiously much of the work for which they get the credit—and the cheques.

Undoubtedly a famous name adds importance and weight to a magazine article, however lacking it may be in interest or attractiveness of treatment; and a contribution which on its intrinsic merits would be rejected is published if it bears the signature of some celebrity of the hour. Of course, readers are primarily to blame for this state of things. They yearn for names with which they are familiar, and the editors of popular magazines endeavour to satisfy them as a matter of business.

I cannot say that I have myself ever met the 'ghost' of a busy literary man—the cheap and industrious 'ghost' who writes the book, the story, or the article, to which the master simply puts his name. Perhaps, like Byron's 'ghost,' they are kept chained up. The busy literary man's 'secretary' is

common enough. All he does, however, is to collect material for a book or an article in the use of which the great man exercises his talent or genius. But I do know men, principally 'free lance' journalists, who have done some 'ghosting' for celebrities of the hour in the production of books and magazine and newspaper articles. It is quite a usual thing for the private secretary of a new member of Parliament not only to prepare his speeches in the House and on the platform, but to write political articles which appear over the M.P.'s name in the local newspaper. But one journalist with whom I am acquainted, striking out an original line of his own in the way

of 'ghosting,' has accomplished deeds of greater daring. Directly anybody rose into public prominence, man or woman, he sought permission to use his or her name in connection with the authorship of an article for a popular magazine, and usually obtained it. In most cases the subject which he selected for the article was that with which the celebrity's name was specially identified; but he has also succeeded in getting 'placed,' and being well paid for, graphic descriptions of incidents and countries, and sensational short stories, in the names of people engrossing the public attention who were totally devoid of literary culture.

THE ONE WHO STAYED BEHIND.

By JOHN OXENHAM, Author of John of Gerisau, Rising Fortunes, A Princess of Vascovy, &c.



S far as I know, it was little Theo Duncombe who started the idea; but it was such an exceptionally good idea that it caught on like an epidemic, and people wondered why they had never thought of it before.

Duncombe was a man of some consequence in the outside world. Among other things, he edited a weekly paper of large circulation, religious tendencies, and considerable influence. The inch of blue pencil he carried in his waistcoat-pocket possessed the powers of a magic wand. A beneficent stroke of it could make a man happy and put money into his pockets; a quick dash of it shore the venom from many a hastily written paragraph and saved mountains of future trouble. Until its blunt nose had run like a little blue sleuth-hound over every line of those parts of the paper where danger might lurk in a word, the foreman compositor hung about in a state of flux, never knowing what hurried alterations might be required; but as soon as he saw the curly hieroglyph at the foot of a page he breathed freely and felt himself again. A man of consequence, a beneficent ruler, and his staff of office that scrap of blue pencil which he carried in his waistcoat-pocket-that was Duncombe in the outside world. At home he was under the arbitrary rule of his wife and his daughter Theo, and rejoiced in his servitude.

Theo was twelve, small, and sprightly. He told her sometimes that she was not much bigger than his bit of blue pencil, which she was in the habit of rooting out of his pocket and applying to base uses.

When he was asked by the committee of a certain large school at Willstead to go down just before Christmas and present the prizes to the boys, Miss Theo announced her intention of going with him.

'But you haven't been asked, Tiddlywinks,' said her father.

'But they'll be glad to see me, of course, and mother too. The boys will like it ever so much better if we go too.'

'Think so?'

'Sure.' So they all went down to Willstead together, and Theo sat on the platform and stared with large eyes at more boys than she had ever seen all at one time in her life before.

'Nice boys,' she said, with the air of a connoisseur, as they went home in the train. 'They looked so very clean.' At which her father laughed. 'Well, I mean, bright—and sparkling. Where do they all go for Christmas, daddie?'

'I haven't an idea, Tiddlywinks,' he said, looking at her thoughtfully. 'I don't know where they go. To their friends, I suppose, if they go anywhere at all.'

'But I thought their fathers and mothers were all missionaries?'

'Yes.'

'Well then! they can't go to China and India just for Christmas, can they?'

'They may have other friends at home.'

'Yes; but have they?'

'I'm sure I don't know.'

'Well, I want you to find out if those two curlyheaded ones at the end of the front row have anywhere to go to, and if not, ask them to come to us for Christmas.'

Duncombe looked at her for a minute, and then across at his wife, and said, 'That strikes me as not half a bad idea, you know. It's worth thinking over.'

And he thought it over to such good purpose that the idea blossomed into an article in his paper the following week, with the result that some scores of youngsters who had expected to spend their Christmas holidays where they spent the greater part of the year, spent them in very much pleasanter quarters, and enjoyed themselves tremendously; and it all came out of little Theo Duncombe's appreciation of the two curly-headed boys at the end of the front row.

Theo got her two curly-headed ones, and neither they nor she had ever had such a Christmas in all their lives before.

That was the beginning of it, and after that the

Duncombe house and a great many other very jolly houses were never without at least a couple of youngsters from the school at Christmas-time, and many hearts—not only the jubilant hearts at home, but anxious hearts away out on the fringes of the night—beat the happier for the idea put into little Theo Duncombe's head by the sight of the two curly-headed boys at the end of the front row.

That was many years ago, and the good idea has gone on growing, till now I believe it is no uncommon thing for the great school-house to be absolutely cleared of boys at Christmas.

But there have been times when there were more boys than invitations; and at such times some lonely little youngsters have had to stay behind, all the more lonely at thought of the high doings of the more fortunate ones, most of which they would hear all about later on, and not by any means diminished in the telling, I warrant you.

It is of one such time I want to tell you here.

Jack Carey was a bright, plucky little fellow of twelve and three-quarters, born in a South Sea island, where his father and mother and baby-sister still were. He had revelled in the wonders and beauties of the South Seas till he was ten, and then, for educational purposes, had been transplanted to the stronger atmosphere of England.

Baby Barbara had been born since his parents returned to their island, and not the smallest of Jack's desires for the quick passage of the next five years was his wish to set eyes on his unseen sister.

Among his mates he was known as Jackerry, and he took so kindly to the sports of his native land that he was already a hot man at cricket and footer, and had won the junior half-mile in his first term. He was of an exceptionally genial nature and a general favourite. He could swim like a fish, of course, and dive like a seal; he had had one or two fights for reasons which seemed to him sufficient, and had taken his win or accepted his licking with equal good humour.

Then one day, after an unusually pumping struggle on the football-field, he had flung himself down for breath on the wet grass—one can breathe so much better lying flat in wet grass than standing upright in cold air—and the result of that was six weeks in bed with rheumatic fever, and a very washed-out and dilapidated Jackerry at the end of the time.

'Doctor says heart's affected,' said Jackerry nonchalantly when he came back among them, but with a touch of proper pride in the possession of so large a disability. 'Got to take things easy for a time. No footer; no running. Beastly nuisance!' And the smaller boys, who had no practical experience in the matter of hearts, looked with awe upon the larger small boy whose pumping-machinery was under special medical supervision.

But elevation of mind through depression of strength, and consequent deprivation of normal enjoyment, does not wear well, in a spirited small boy at all events; and Jackerry's heart, and the consequences it entailed, soon began to pall upon him. He would hang round the football-field watching the other fellows wistfully, and stealing a furtive kick whenever the ball chanced his way—not playing, you understand, but watching anxiously for the ball to come out, and rushing after it and sending it in again with hungry enjoyment. You couldn't call that playing, you know. But it was all he could do sometimes to keep from diving into the game and taking his old place; and what he could not do, in fact, he did his best to make up for in shouting. And if the masters had not received stringent instructions to keep him out of it he would have been into the thick of it, heart or no heart, like Douglas among the Saracens.

Then the Christmas holidays came. The holiday invitations had been dribbling in for weeks past, and the Head and the matron had been busy allotting the boys to their various billets. Jackerry's hosts of the previous year had suffered business losses, and were reluctantly out of it; and so, as it chanced, Jackerry was the sole martyr that Christmas, and had the whole premises to himself.

The matron was always as kind as the vicarious mother of two hundred small boys could possibly be to individuals; but now she was unusually gentle and considerate. For the doctor had impressed upon her that little Carey must be very carefully handled for some time to come, and above all must be subjected to no manner of sudden shock of any kind whatsoever. He would grow out of it, probably, by degrees and with care; but in the meantime he must be safeguarded even against himself and against his own vivacious inclinations. And, added the doctor, it was perhaps just as well that he should remain under her own motherly eye during these holidays.

So the matron promised to make it up to him in special little treats all to himself when they two were left alone, and Jackerry looked forward to not so very bad a time after all.

Nevertheless, when the very last of his fellows had marched away, bag in hand, face set seriously to the journey, eyes big with expectation, and a pervading sense of importance and responsibility, and of general detachment from the usual run of things, Jackerry felt very much out of it all.

One solitary small boy, to all intents and purposes sole tenant of a building in which two hundred meteoric spirits were wont to disport themselves, could not but feel lonesome; and Jackerry felt it right down into his bones. The corridors were suddenly grown twice as long as they used to be, and the big school-room and the class-rooms twice as wide and more than twice as cold. Positively, one time Jackerry found himself cautiously counting the windows in the corridor to assure himself that it was not playing tricks, like that expanding and contracting room in the story.

For the first day or two it was not half bad to be able to wander about the place at will. He got a little mild amusement out of the black-boards in

the various class-rooms, putting them to base and non-educational uses, which left them pale-faced and guilty-looking in spite of all his rubbing; though it is doubtful if Sherlock Holmes himself could have deduced more than a strong suspicion of libel from the lines that Jackerry's imagination could still trace there.

He sat in the Head's own chair in the big schoolroom and administered a jobation of extreme severity
—though no one heard it but himself—to two
hundred quaking souls, every one of whom was
gloomily wondering which of his own latest misdeeds was coming to light now. Jackerry knew the
feeling right down to the wooden bench on which
he usually sat.

He pinned Mivens with a piercing glance-Jackerry and Mivens were in dispute of late in connection with a set of Raatauan stamps, the promise of which Mivens had bartered for a set of Rarotongans, but had been unable to complete delivery because the mission to the Raatauan Islands had only been established a year, and had not yet got as far as stamps. He frowned sternly on Beswick, who was known as the Hindu, and was popularly credited with Eastern habits of mind regarding the little niceties of schoolboy honour which make for grace and uprightness. He threatened Gerson—who had given him a quite uncalledfor licking a short time before, though Gerson would probably have had something strenuous to say on the subject—with expulsion if he did not mend his ways and stop bullying fellows smaller than himself.

He did his very best to amuse himself, and did, in fact, succeed for a day or two in keeping the blues at bay by doing every single thing he could think of which in the ordinary course of things he would not have been allowed to do. But on a boy of active mind and body make-believe soon begins to pall. After a day or two he labelled it 'rot,' and began to look down upon himself for having descended so low as to find amusement in it.

The library was thrown open to him, and he dipped into it discursively, but found difficulty in selection through simple embarrassment of riches.

He was given the freedom of the countryside, with no bounds or limits save meal-times; he took some long walks and enjoyed the first exceedingly, found the second very much longer though he did not cover half the distance, and found himself so dull a companion on the third that he took no more.

And then he hated coddling—in theory at all events. Meals in the matron's cosy sitting-room were not half bad, it is true, and the small bedroom he occupied not far from hers was a distinct improvement on the big fifteen-bed dormitory—that is, in the mere matter of bodily comfort; but it lacked the companionship of kindred souls, and reminded him unpleasantly of his six weeks' imprisonment with the rheumatic fever. And as sure as he started out to do anything, Mrs Matron's

kindly voice was heard reminding him of the doctor's orders, and warning him against undue exertion or excitement.

Verily, Jackerry, though not by any means given to introspection, wondered vaguely at times what good there was in a boy being alive when he had had rheumatic fever and was saddled with a heart that wouldn't let him do anything.

Mrs Matron did her very best for him according to her lights. She tried to amuse him in the evenings with draughts and so on; but Jackerry could work up no enthusiasm for draughts, though he dutifully shoved the pieces about and lost every game with courtier-like equanimity. She tried to get him to read aloud to her while she sat sewing; but Jackerry hated reading aloud, and boggled at it till she laughed and said that she saw he did not like it. She took him out to a concert, which he would have appreciated more if it had been entirely composed of comic songs. She bought him a tiny camera, and for a day or two he enjoyed snapping everything he came across to the extent of his films; but when the developing of them resulted only in highly coloured fingers and mysterious little black squares of curly paper with unrecognisable white gleams and smudges on them, his interest in photography also suffered check. She took him up to London one day on a shopping expedition, and he enjoyed that exceedingly, and proved himself a pleasant and helpful little cavalier.

But Mrs Matron's time was not exclusively her own, even in the holidays. There were extensive cleaning operations to be carried out, and she had friends of her own to see; and Jackerry found the time heavy on his hands.

He turned some of this ample leisure to good account by writing long letters to his father and mother in Rarotonga, and even printing special pages in big capitals for the benefit of Baby Barbara, though she could not possibly read them, because she was only nine months old. That did not matter. Writing to her made him feel more like having a sister. And he kept out of his letters every possible sign of mopiness, and painted his visit to London, and even the other little enjoyments which had ceased to please, in the most glowing colours. They must have been truly pathetic letters; and I do not think it likely they would have deceived any father or mother heart. The words told one story and the facts told another, and facts are facts; and, no matter what veil of words you hang before them, the mother-heart will see through it and understand.

Nothing to do, and overmuch time for it, generally leads to mischief, and the rule was not to be broken in Jackerry's case.

At the far end of the playground was a brick wall, originally round and smooth on top, but now ragged and broken by the scrabbling of many feet. Beyond the wall was a strip of ground and a ditch of green mud. It took a jump of ten feet to clear the ditch, and that jump was one of the school tests.

A fellow might pass the College of Preceptors and the Oxford and Cambridge Locals, and as many other exams as he chose to swot for; but until he could manage the leap he had not attained his full stature in the school, and the ditch was rarely clear of victims.

It was only in the nature of things that whenever Jackerry found himself moping about the deserted playground his thoughts should run towards the wall and the leap as inevitably as water to a fall. Ordinarily one fell into the ditch amid the jeers of delighted onlookers. He had been in it himself dozens of times before his illness. Here was a rare chance to practise the troublesome leap unseen. And as to the doctor's orders—he would leap as lightly as possible, and how could a simple jump like that hurt any one?

He scrambled up the wall. As he stood poised for the leap he saw Mrs Matron coming swiftly towards him across the playground.

As Mrs Matron glanced over her daily paper that morning her kindly face had stiffened suddenly and gone gray for a moment, and her breath stopped short. Then she went on quietly with her breakfast. But there was an inflection in her voice that had not been there before as she asked Jackerry if he would have some more coffee, and Jackerry looked up at her for a moment and thought to himself how very kind she was, and he did not notice how her hand shook as she poured it out.

After breakfast she went down into the village to the telegraph-office and sent off a telegram, and then she went home to wait for the answer, and found herself quite unable to work till it came. And when it came she bowed her head over it and

wept, and then braced herself up and went out to do what had to be done, with fear in her heart as to the consequences.

For the paragraph she had read at breakfast-time was a telegram from Sydney, and it said: 'Latest advices from Rarotonga give particulars of the hurricane which devastated the islands on 1st December. Among the lives lost we regret to see the names of Rev. John Carey and Mrs Carey and their infant daughter. They were crossing between Atiu and Takutea when the hurricane burst upon them and overwhelmed their frail craft. The bodies of Mr and Mrs Carey came ashore two days later on Atiu.'

The telegram was from the secretary of the Society in London, and said briefly: 'Regret to have to confirm sad news.'

Out of the corner of his eye Jackerry saw Mrs Matron coming, and fathomed her intention in half a glance. She would scold him, doubtless; but he would have this one try whatever she said.

He leaped, and fell into the ditch—and beyond it.

The matron gave a cry as she saw him spurn the wall. She scrambled up it somehow—how she never knew—slipped down the other side, struggled through the ditch, and drew the limp little figure out.

There was a determined smile on the bright face, and Mrs Matron sat down on the ground with it in her lap and wept over it again. But at last she dried her tears, and said to herself, 'God knew best. Perhaps it is better so.'

For Jackerry had jumped farther than any boy ever jumped off that wall before, and he was alone no longer, but in the best of all good company. He had stayed behind, but he had gone on in front of all his fellows.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF WEST AFRICA.



O the average 'man in the street' the West Coast of Africa is almost an unknown country. He may talk of Sierra Leone, or Cape Coast Castle, or even Lagos, and say something about 'the white man's grave,' or

quote the old rhyme concerning the deadliness of the Bight of Benin; but, beyond this, his notions of 'the coast' are somewhat vague. I knew little more than this myself before going there; but having made four voyages to 'the coast' during the past thirteen months, my ideas concerning that region have been considerably enlarged.

In the first place, the West Coast of Africa is not such a deadly place for Europeans as it is usually believed to be. It may not be exactly a health-resort under present conditions; but it is a more desirable climate than is that of England during the winter months, and those who like a warm climate might do worse than try wintering on that coast, or at all events take a two or three months'

sea-trip there. The moist heat induces free perspiration, which is a good thing in its way, acting as a safety-valve, much as a Turkish bath does at home. Those who are bad sailors need have no fear, for below Sierra Leone the sea is seldom or never rough, and for the most part the steamer glides along like a duck in the water.

I feel convinced, from my own observation and from what natives, as well as some experienced white men, have said to me, that fever among whites on the coast is not so much the fault of the climate as of the way they live. There is more high living than is good for people in a tropical climate. Meals of several courses, mostly consisting of some preparation of flesh, are the general thing. In a climate like that of West Africa a diet consisting largely of flesh-foods is most irrational. Vegetables, as we understand the word in England, are very seldom obtainable; but rice, yams, bananas, oranges, avocado-pears, paw-paws, pine-apples, mangoes, and ground-nuts (called here pea-nuts or monkey-nuts)

are plentiful; and from this list, with the addition of occasional fish or fowl if thought necessary, and of bread and imported butter, a wholesome and sufficient dietary could be made. The avocado-pear is a large, egg-shaped fruit, with a chestnut-like seed in the centre, surrounded by a pulp of creamcheesey consistence, but no decided flavour; it is usually eaten by cutting it in halves, removing the seed, and placing vinegar, pepper, and salt in the hollow of the pulp, which is then scooped out with a spoon and mixed with the vinegar, &c.; but fresh lime-juice and sugar is, to my taste, a much nicer addition. This fruit is very nourishing, even more so, it is said, than bananas. Paw-paws somewhat resemble water-melons, and are eaten in the same way as that fruit, with the addition of lemon-juice and sugar. Ground-nuts, after being baked and pounded, make a delicious stew or thick soup, eaten with boiled rice. Native-grown or 'country' rice is of excellent flavour, and more nourishing than the imported rice. This is due, I believe, to the fact that the outer red covering of the grain is not removed by milling, as in the case of white rice. Dr George S. Keith, in one of his books, speaks of the nourishing qualities of red rice. It bears the same relation to white rice as brown or wholemeal bread does to white bread. That reminds me I have often wondered why steamers are not supplied with whole-meal for making bread as well as with the white flour; it would be very wholesome for people on a sea-voyage, and would be much appreciated by passengers and crew. As regards drinking, it appears to me that gin cock-tails and whisky-and-sodas are too freely indulged in on the coast to be good for any man's constitution. It is no wonder, as the natives say, that white men get fever out there.

On the question of mosquito-bites causing fever there seems great diversity of opinion. Major Ross's assertions appear to be generally pooh-poohed among coasters. Whatever the truth may be, I cannot help thinking that mosquito-bites are not so likely to cause fever in a man whose blood is in a pure and healthy condition; but if through wrong living it becomes loaded with impurities, then the malariagerm will find a happy hunting-ground therein, and will increase and multiply.

West Africa, up to the present, appears to be merely a market for cheap European goods of all descriptions, to the discouragement rather than the development of native industries. Take pottery, for example. Artistic bowls, known as 'country pots,' are made of a smooth, hard, black ware, and used for the cooking of food; but iron pots are imported from England and largely used by the natives for cooking purposes. So with cloths: the native or 'country' cloth is highly esteemed but scarce, and cheap printed cotton importations take its place. Native traders in logs of mahogany complain of the way they are treated by some firms at home. I knew of one who shipped home some valuable mahogany, and received in exchange a long bill for

freight, cartage, warehousing, and commission, and the small balance due to him was paid by a consignment of cheap cottons and crockery that were of no use to him. He could, he said, have bought the same things at the next store at a cheaper rate than that charged in the bill. There should be a good opening for a man with capital who would buy up logs and pay a fair cash price for them on the spot, and ship them home himself.

The cultivation of fruit might be encouraged and extended with advantage. Large and fine-flavoured oranges are grown at Dixcove on the Gold Coast. I do not think, however, that the average West African native has much enterprise in him. It is the fashion to call black men lazy, and to say, 'Make the beggars work.' I often wonder they can be induced to work for a wage at all. Their wants are few and simple and easily supplied. Nature is bountiful to the black man in West Africa; she does not force him to struggle with her to obtain His food grows plentifully and with a living. little cultivation, and in that warm climate the scantiest of clothing is more than sufficient for him. Huts of mud and palm-leaves are enough to shelter him from the rains. Time is no object—it is not money—to him, and he need not hurry himself. 'Plenty fish live for wattah, plenty yam live for groun'; what for black man go workee?' I should not wonder if he thinks the white man a queer creature and a foolish person to make so much work; and I am not so sure that his philosophy is not the true one after all. He is far more happy and joyous in his life than the white man who toils and moils and frets his little span away in a ceaseless struggle for wealth in the midst of a complex civilisation. The spirit of commercialism is antagonistic to the black man's ways. It demands that everything be sacrificed to the great god Lucre. 'Time is money' is its motto; therefore every hour must be devoted to it; soul, mind, body, all must be sacrificed in the pitiless, grinding, ceaseless mill of commercialism. So is it with us: will the black man be any the happier when he has been brought to the same degree of civilisation?

The scenery of the West African coast is for the most part flat and monotonous, and a typical 'port' consists of a stretch of sand dotted with a few wooden houses having corrugated-iron roofs, a flagstaff, and a background of trees. Some of the ports, however, are very picturesque. Dixcove is decidedly so. The town lies in a pretty bay surrounded by wooded hills, and an old castle stands on a hill to the right of the bay, with groves of palm-trees on the beach below. Monrovia, the capital of Liberia, looks pretty from the sea, showing a green hill dotted with white houses and a church spire. Conacry, or Konakri, a French port, is a large and well-laid-out town, and possesses a pier or wharf, alongside which a large steamer can lie. Lome, a German port, contains a handsome wooden cathedral, which looks quite imposing from the sea.

What impressed me more than anything on 'the

coast' is the fine muscular development of the 'boatboys,' and the splendid work they perform. Their dorsal muscles stand out in well-rounded masses two inches or more beyond the spine on both sides, forming a deep hollow between; their arms and shoulders are a picture of muscular strength that would delight the heart of a sculptor. This muscular development, covered as it is with a dark skin, reminds one of bronze statues of Grecian and Roman athletes. Excepting at a few ports where there is a wharf for steamers to go alongside for unloading, trade is dependent on the boat-boys-the heroes of the surf-for landing cargo. It is a fascinating sight to see these brawny fellows dashing through the surf in the heavy surf-boats, with their broadbladed, three-pointed paddles, and the headman standing erect at the stern, his feet wide apart, almost on the gunwale at each side, and steering with an oar passed through a loop of rope fixed to the boat. Occasionally the surf overwhelms them, the boat is capsized, and you see a number of black heads dotted about the surface of the water, buried more than once in a dashing volume of white foam before they gain the beach and recover the boat. But more often their fight with the raging surf proves victorious, and you see the boat riding triumphantly on the swell of the tide till it grounds on the sand, and the 'boys' throw away their paddles and jump out, haul up the boat, and proceed to unload it, carrying heavy bales and cases up to the beach out of reach of the waves. This work goes on between ship and shore from dawn till dusk. In paddling, the 'boys' sit on the gunwale of the boat, side-saddle fashion—a very cramped and uncomfortable seat, surely-and take long strokes, bending to a horizontal position as they reach forward to dip their paddles in the water. They keep time by uttering sounds such as 'A-ha-a! Sum! A-ha-a! Sum!' the first word being uttered by one man as the paddles are dipped, the second word by one or two others as the paddles are taken out of the water after each stroke. Often they will sing boat-songs, after the fashion of sailors' 'chanties,' one man singing extemporary verses in recitative, the rest singing a short set chorus more or less tuneful. I have written down a number of these choruses, which are interesting from a musical standpoint. They are always in a minor key, and some remind one of old Gregorian chants. To hear them sung in chorus constantly repeated is very fascinating. My admiration for these 'boat-boys' is great: their physique, their kindly, cheerful disposition, and the hard work they do from dawn till dusk, battling with the surf at risk of life and limb, wet with seawater all day long; and all on a diet of steamed rice, with or without a little dried fish or salt-beef, and some ship-biscuits.

The dark skin of the West African native lends itself well to adornment with ivory, gold, and silver. Natives are sometimes seen wearing heavy bracelets of ivory, about six inches deep and half-an-inch thick, often mounted with silver and their names

engraved thereon. This is particularly the fashion with the headmen on the French Ivory Coast.

It is interesting to note the different forms of paddles used along 'the coast.' The most common kind has a thick, heavy stem, with a broad threepointed blade like a webbed foot, all cut out in one solid piece. Sometimes a boat's crew will be seen with all the blades of their paddles painted a pale blue; it is pretty to see them rising and falling in unison as the crew paddle along. On the Ivory Coast a smaller paddle is used, the blade curved outwards and inwards, ending in a three-cornered point, and painted with gaudy designs in red, white, blue, green, and black. In the Sherbro district the paddles are longer in the handle and the blade somewhat of an elongated heart-shape. The most beautiful and artistic paddles are to be seen in the rivers, at Benin, Sappeli, and Warri. These are beautifully and artistically carved, with ornamental handles at the top of the shank, and a long tapering blade, ending in a sharp point. They are much sought after as curios.

The status of the black man on the West Coast of Africa, as regards his intercourse with the whites, is rather different from that of the slave-descended black man in America. He is looked upon almost with loathing in America, so strong is the prejudice against 'colour,' and he is scarcely considered fit to breathe the same air as a white man; but on 'the coast' the coloured man is rather differently treated -though even there Americans and Canadians carry with them the strong race-prejudice to which they have been accustomed in their own countries. No matter how well educated and gentlemanly a native may be, or what position he may hold, his colour is enough for them-he is a 'nigger;' and to shake hands with him or to sit at the same table with him is to them a sore degradation. This prejudice against mere colour seems to me ludicrous and unreasonable. I have tried to analyse it, but its basis seems vague. It had its origin, no doubt, in the old slavery days in America, when black men were mere goods and chattels to be bought and sold, and 'nigger' was, as it still is, a term of contempt and reproach. I have been asked the question, 'Is a black man as good as a white man?' I ask what is meant by 'good.' Good at what, or in what respect? In many things a black man may be as good as a white man; in some things he is better. Physically, taken as a race, he is superior to the white man, especially in West Africa, where the climate is too hot for much physical development among whites. From a Darwinian point of view, the black man there is certainly the better man, as he is best fitted to his environment, and is the fittest to survive. If the question of mental superiority be raised, that is a matter of education and training. Many instances have proved that the black man's brain is capable of high training. Morality, too, is a question of custom and education. If a man has been brought up to consider theft as wrong, he will regard thieving in quite a different light from

a man who has been brought up to look upon theft as a meritorious act. There is no reason why the man with a black skin should not be just as good as the man with a white skin; it is a matter of training and education in either case. Blind and unreasoning prejudice is totally unscientific. I have met educated native men of West Africa whose mental qualities, manners, and speech have made it

a pleasure to converse with them and to listen to them. The greatest study of mankind may or may not be man; it may be astronomy, geology, theology, or what not; but at any rate the native of West Africa offers a wide and interesting field for anthropological study and research. It would be a delightful task to follow up the late Miss Kingsley's work in that direction.

A DRAMA OF THE NORTH SEA.



HE advent of the trawler—which threatens his bread and butter—has forced the fisherman to seek other methods if he would not be driven from the sea. Time out of mind he has stuck to the line, whose many

baited hooks acted as lures. Now he uses a series of traps. From September till about the end of March the boats drop nets here, there, and everywhere over the bottom of the bay, and leave them there till next day. I refer to St Andrews Bay.

Between the dropping and the hauling, a little drama undreamt of in the tamer days of line-fishing is discovered. Events which no eye hath seen can—in a certain blurred way, as through water—be followed. Nay, in imagination—as Clarence in his dreams—we may dive down and peep through the empty meshes to see what we shall see. A confused mass of rippling sand-eels come along—the avant-couriers of what is to follow—and pass through.

Half in pursuit and half in flight, the herring glitter into view: not the big summer herring, but the smaller winter herring, which are with us more or less all the year round, and leave us only to retire up one or other of the neighbouring estuaries. No new species is this; only a colony or colonies which, at some time or other, broke off from the main body, and varied under the shaping influences of new conditions. Less generously fed in their restricted sphere and in the chill east-coast waters, they are small and harsh, and fit only to fatten more marketable fish.

On the trail of the herring appears a row of gaping mouths, as only a cod can gape. No creature on sea or land ravens like the cod. From an unwary bird to a derelict piece of leather, all come alike. To those who have seen him only in the shop-windows or on the table he is too familiar to inspire respect. If they would change their view, we respectfully invite them down here. No wonder that the herring dart so, torn between their fears and their appetites; now swallowing a sand-eel, and then, with scarce a pause for digestion, disappearing, followed by their pursuers, down a common track. The pursued, by reason of their small size, pass through; the pursuers, in their blind eagerness, rush on till their gape is shut in the meshes and they are incontinently choked.

Out in the distance, on the trail of the cod, grow

certain ominous black shadows. There is no gape in them, no opening of any sort that we can see. The mouth, with its serried rows of teeth—an ugly, threatening slit of a mouth—is hidden away under the dark snout, and only seen when, with a sideroll, one of them engulfs a cod. Why, they will come through! There is nothing in the flimsy whipcord meshes to hold them! And through some of them do come, leaving only a hole to tell of their passage; but all are not so fortunate. The net is not taut, so that they cannot get a fair blow at it. They roll themselves hopelessly up, where they struggle even their great strength away. A vicious bite at the nearest cod, and there's an end of it.

Birds come down from above to join in the pursuit. Some use their wings as in flight, skimming through the twilight waters; some drive their great feet out behind them as swimmers do. Flying or swimming for their share of the fleeing spoil, they are hanged by the neck till they are dead; in their efforts to escape, feet and wings each find a mesh of their own. Some there are which simply drop to the bottom like a stone. Nor are they bent on mischief who get into much. Not even the rippling sand-eel is their quest below. They are down after an innocent meal from the shellfish with which the sandbanks teem. See them waddling over the sanded sea-floor in their hurried search while the breath lasts. That duck seems to prefer the bivalves. He has just caught sight of a scimitar-shaped razor-shell or a thinshelled kneading-trough (Mactra stultorum) rising out of the sand; and he fails to see the network crossing and recrossing the water between. A waddle too many, and his waddling is over. You other duck seems to be scooping up the small univalves crawling on the sea-bottom. In reaching after a Natica a few yards off, he makes the same blunder with the same unhappy ending.

We look out for those that do not come. The bay stretches from the mouth of one great salmonriver to another, and crosses a smaller though sufficiently attractive salmon-stream. Salmon are known to be about in multitudes. If they are moving at large, and on the trail of the shoals, as the cod are, we reason that they are sure to strike the nets. When caught on entering the mouth of the river they have herring inside, which they must get somewhere. Yet, for aught that appears, the water might be barren of them. Plainly, the

habits of the salmon at sea, like those of the eel, are among those things not to be found out down here; at least not in one visit.

Nor do the seals come. Mammals and airbreathers as they are, we look for their descending from aloft with the birds; but we look in vain. The absence of the seal, perhaps, throws some light on the absence of the salmon. There is nothing your seal takes to like a salmon. Where the one is, the other is likely to be. They follow the same salt-water byways, the one on the trail of the other. The seal must come to the surface, so that we can trace his movements, drawing a line from breathing-place to breathing-place. He is seen off the rocks, seldom far from the coast, by preference in the estuaries; from which we infer that the salmon is on the same route. Out where the nets are—and they are pretty well over all the bay—and where the cod-ravens are, there are no seals and no salmon.

So on, through two long tides. Then the shadow of the boat falls, and voices sound dully beyond the twilight. The full nets rise away to the surface; empty ones are dropped in their stead; and the drama begins over again. We shall go ashore with the fishermen and count the spoils, and see how this compares with other days.

The first startling fact is that the bay, especially in the later autumn and the early winter, abounds with sharks, from the dog-fish upwards. The dog-fish is not nearly so common as he was. Some years ago he swarmed in the latitude of the Forth and Tay, so as to paralyse the fishing: seizing on the bait before anything else had a chance, or fish and bait in one mouthful. Now, for some reason, he has retreated farther north, and reserves his favours for the Orcadians, on whom he bestows them without stint.

Sharks of from eight to ten feet long were caught so frequently that, whereas the earlier ones were bought as something out of the common, the demand fell off, and the fishermen got into the habit of dropping them over the boat's side on the way in. Were they as formidable as they look the bay would be a place to be shunned. Though not regarded as very dangerous, there is that ugly slit of a mouth, with the forbidding teeth suggestively curved back so that whatever is seized is held. If he seldom takes the initiative in biting, he is not disposed to stand any nonsense, and bites back.

The saddest result of all is the capture of the birds. Never was such destruction heard of in the annals of the North Sea. The guillemots have suffered most. Perhaps, on the whole, the guillemot is the most numerous of the strictly marine birds. The wintry bay is dotted over with small flocks of from a dozen to a score. Any day one may watch them at their diving, attended by a flock of excited gulls, ready to pick up such of the fry as, in their eagerness to escape the enemy in their midst, may rush to the surface. Not being divers, the gulls float beyond the reach of nets, and feast in safety.

As the folds of net are lifted one by one for clearing, every here and there appears a drowned bunch of black-and-white feathers, the purity of the white sadly dabbled. The guillemot is a greedy bird—most sea-birds are. Some contain as many as twenty or even thirty of the larger sand-eels, all of them full-grown—a fry for a small family. In reaching after the one more this is what happens.

Next in point of numbers of the hapless victims is the velvet scoter. This is truly a beautiful bird, of glossy black plumage (as his name implies), relieved by a dash of white peeping from under the wing-coverts. Singular among ducks, too, is he for the hues of his bill, painted of yellow and orange and a dusky red, for all the world as though he had borrowed them from the rainbow that so often spans the North Sea in the wake of a shower. Poor drowned wrecks of all this splendour are disentangled from the nets to the number of a dozen. Other days there are when they swell up to much more startling figures.

The other species, known as the common scoter, though not commoner on these waters than his velvet cousin, fares only not quite so badly. This one has no white on the wing, but on the ridged bill just a thin streak of colour down the centre, and a bright dash of rainbow hue on both sides. Nor is he so large nor quite so handsome a bird, though handsome enough when no comparison is made. Fishermen talk of both familiarly as the 'black duck,' although only the drake of the common scoter is quite black except for the rainbow on his bill.

The red-throated diver is very much rarer on our winter seas than the guillemot or the scoter. He goes neither in companies nor flocks. Still, he is the commonest of our divers down here. Almost any day one has but to look outside the breakers to see his long neck like a miniature lighthouse rising from the gray waters beyond. At intervals all over the bay the same pillar rises. In proportion to his numbers, he suffers as much as any. More than one are tossed bedraggled on the pier.

Boys who had seen a guillemot no nearer than when one ventured into the harbour after the podleys, and a velvet scoter only as a black spot out on the water, turn them over as they lie in a heap. One selects a red-throated diver, seizing him by the short legs, formed for water-passage, and drags him through the pollution.

For a while the dust-cart came in handy to clear them out of the way, until at length an original idea entered the head of one of those merchants who wait on the return of the boats to buy up the catch. How much would the fishermen take? Anything was better than nothing or the dust-cart; so three-pence each was agreed upon. Threepence for a great diver or a plump guillemot! Why, the undigested sand-eels were worth the money. The feathers were packed separately from the fish, and sent off to the English market. The birds were not very sightly—drowned birds never are; but probably the buyers were not very particular,

and, after all, a duck was surely worth sixpence to the consumer. On the 17th of January of this same year (1903) the scene on the pier-head was lively. One of the merchants was nailing down the last of three barrels. 'There are a hundred in each. The other man has got as many,' he said. And so in that single tide the boats had brought in six hundred drowned sea-birds.

As an aid to the study of the life-history of the bay, which, no doubt, is fairly representative of the North Sea, these nets have their uses. But it is a cruel and wasteful lesson which we wish we saw a way to put an end to. The marine birds which live on fish or the molluscs of the submerged sandbanks must dive for them, and a large proportion of the divers are sure to be caught. No doubt the fishing itself is wasteful, and likely enough to kill itself out; but while it lasts we must just grin and bear the cost.

There must be some reason why certain divers are not caught: their absence is suggestive. The razor-bill is common in the bay; but he seldom or never appears among his drowned kinsmen the guillemots. The great northern diver floats into the Tay on every tide, and yet he is not dragged about, with his glorious neck licking up the piermud, like the red-throated diver. From spring to late autumn the eider is about; yet he is never

hanged in the meshes like the black duck or hauled out from beneath a scaly pile of fish. There was a slight remaining doubt as to whether the eider wintered with us. True, they were never seen; but then they might keep farther off-shore, and so escape observation, or at least some of them might. If any did, an odd one of their number now and then would be sure to blunder into the nets; and so, for the first time, we feel pretty safe in concluding that in ordinary seasons they all go away south.

As autumn deepens more and more into winter the sharks leave the bay, till not a hole in the nets tells of the passage of a single straggler. As spring approaches, the cod draw off to the deeper water, where their eggs may be floated out in greater safety, or they go after the shifting herring-shoals. The guillemots sail away, or with their quick, low flight pass swiftly over the surface to the rocky islet or cliff-ledge to repair the waste: one egg to each pair of birds to replace the drowned thousands. The black ducks face north to brood, some by a Caithness lake, but most of them beyond the sea. The diver, with the red already blushing over the feather-tips of his throat, stretches his long neck in front of him, nor stops till he sails down on to the bosom of his favourite sheet of water in Sutherlandshire. So the drama ceases for the summer

SOME RELICS OF THE PAST.

A FEW EXPERIENCES AT SCIENTIFIC EXCAVATIONS IN EGYPT AND MESOPOTAMIA.

By H. VALENTINE GEERE.



HE first archæological excavations in which I took a part were those conducted by Professor Flinders Petrie at Behnesa in the winter of 1896-97. I well remember the interest with which I watched the

native diggers start work at a series of low mounds on the edge of the desert, just beyond the tumble-down little village. What they expected to find I do not know; nor had I myself a very clear idea of what was likely to turn up at any stroke of a fas (hoe). That is the charm of digging in Egypt: you never do know what 'find' you may uncover at any moment.

Of course, the same remark applies, to a certain extent, to excavations in England; but the dry climate and soil of Egypt preserve anticas in a wonderful manner, and as to the picturesqueness of the work in the two countries there can be no comparison. The fellah is so much more attractive to look upon than the British navvy; and the colour of Egypt, especially on the fringe of the desert—what can compare with it?

The first mummy found at Behnesa caused a sensation. Two men, ex-soldiers, great, sturdy fellows, had been digging industriously in what looked like an old cinder-heap, when suddenly I saw them throw away their implements and come tumbling in hot haste out of the hole they had made; and as soon as they were clear of the excavation they started to run as if for dear life. I hastened to the spot, calling to them to tell me what had happened; and they stopped in their headlong flight, looking somewhat ashamed of themselves. 'There is a corpse there, effendi,' they said; and when I looked into the hole, sure enough I saw a small mummy-a mere baby. At first I was considerably disappointed, for the mummy looked for all the world like a very dusty brown-paper parcel, not a bit like those I had seen at the Ghizeh museum in gorgeously painted and gilded cases; but in course of time I grew used to these 'cheap' burials, which were typical of the late period of Egyptian history to which the site at Behnesa belonged; and very soon our workmen too grew accustomed to them, and we had no more scares.

The old rubbish-heaps marked the site of Oxyrhynchus, a Roman town, and consequently all the relics we found there were quite late. Therefore Professor Petric decided to hand over the place to Mr Grenfell and Mr Hunt, who were especially

anxious to secure papyrus; while he himself set out to explore the edge of the desert for a site of an earlier period. Eventually he hit upon the cemetery at Deshasheh, where I subsequently joined him; but before I left Oxyrhynchus I saw the commencement of the great find of papyrus which has since become so famous; and I was present at the finding of the 'Logia,' the fragment containing the 'Sayings of Jesus.'*

Besides the rich harvest of papyrus, many miscellaneous antiquities rewarded the diggers. There were ivory hair-pins which had formerly served dainty Roman ladies, glass and earthenware vessels of all shapes and sizes, reed-pens, wooden palettes, various ornaments, figurines of gods and goddesses, beads of all sorts, and hundreds of bone dice-many of them showing a marked tendency to throw sixes! A small cemetery of Ptolemaic times was also explored, and there we found a few stele and one or two massive stone sarcophagi. I remember one great black sarcophagus very distinctly. It was carved in the form of a recumbent figure, with formal wig and expressionless features, and down the body ran an inscription in hieroglyphics. Lying in its rocky tomb it looked truly impressive, and I felt some qualms about disturbing the dead. For a mere modern to intrude on such repose seemed impertinent; but, as it turned out, the tomb had been discovered and rifled by early plunderers, most probably Arabs or Copts.

To the reader it may seem that the examination of tombs is gruesome work, and, to tell the truth, I found it very little to my taste at first. I soon consoled myself, however, by the reflection that all the poor people had been dead so long that they seemed to belong to quite a different world from the present; and, again, our work was not undertaken for the sake of actual plunder, but purely in the interests of science. It was fortunate for me that I so soon overcame my first dislike for tomb-exploring; for that winter's work was almost entirely taken up in examining cemeteries.

At Deshasheh, Professor Petrie explored a cemetery of the fifth dynasty, which lay on some rocky spurs a few miles out in the desert. Owing to the perfect dryness of the soil the antiquities we secured at this spot were generally in a very fine state of preservation. Some of the tombs were reached by very deep shafts; yet they had been cut out by means of wooden chisels and mallets, as was clearly demonstrated by our finding the tools and the baskets in which the gravel had been removed as it was cut away in two tombs which had not been finished. From the tomb-chambers we obtained some fine wooden coffins, including painted specimens; and the antiquities of the early period—head-rests, beads, amulets, ornaments, pottery, &c.

—were always interesting and frequently very fine in their workmanship.

From some of the graves we obtained quantities of clothing, which was often preserved in a surprisingly fresh condition. We found sleeved shirts and skirts, very like the dress worn by the modern Egyptians, and rolls of linen material, one over thirty feet long—wardrobes provided for the deceased by the care of their relatives; but we found also clear evidence that the graves had been frequently plundered, probably for the sake of these very clothes and ornaments; and so the poor souls must have gone wandering in a state of nakedness through the regions of the dead!

One interesting burial was that of an old man in whose coffin we discovered a stick which he had used to aid him in walking. An examination of the skeleton showed that his left thigh had been broken in childhood, and that when the bone had grown together again the leg was two inches shorter than the other one. Consequently, as he had needed the aid of the stick in his lifetime, when he died it had been buried with him,

In a Roman cemetery a little to the north of Deshasheh I had a curious experience. In the graves at this spot there were frequently more than a dozen burials; but it was a low-lying place, and the damp had ruined everything. When the men had cleared a way to one of the tomb-chambers I prepared to investigate its contents; and on this occasion I fancied I should find everything intact; for as I stood in the small doorway I could see the outlines of many bodies lying around the chamber, and looking as if they had never been disturbed. Over all was a thick, velvety coating of dust. But as soon as I set my foot through the doorway the whole floor seemed to crumble and sink; a choking dust and a sickly odour filled the tomb for a minute or two, driving me back; and when I looked in again I saw nothing but a number of skulls and a jumble of bones lying pell-mell on the ground. It was an uncanny experience; but the explanation was perfectly simple. After the burials the tomb had been rifled and then closed up again. Dust had settled thickly all over the bodies, and, absorbing moisture, had practically taken a perfect mould of what lay beneath. This cast was just strong enough to support its own weight when the bodies gradually shrank and crumbled; and it rested as a thin sheet of plaster of Paris might do until I broke through its crust, when it crumbled away utterly.

Near the same spot was a small military burial-ground, where I found many skulls which had been cut about and fractured, in some cases showing more than six distinct wounds. In the old days of hand-to-hand combat a thick skull was evidently a great advantage! One brick-built grave in this section contained a very large wooden coffin, in which lay the body of a man who had been well over six feet in height. His hair and beard were curly and of a fiery-red colour; and the dyes upon a shawl

^{*} Published in pamphlet form (sixpence) by the Oxford University Press. See also the Archæological Report (1896-97) of the Egypt Exploration Fund, and Deshasheh, by Professor Petrie.

which was folded to form a pillow were as freshlooking as if it had just left the hands of the dyers; but it crumbled away after being exposed to the air a short while.

Very different from the work in Egypt was that at Niffer (ancient Nippur), in Mesopotamia, carried on by the Babylonian Expedition of the University of Pennsylvania, at which I assisted. The climate and soil of Mesopotamia do not serve to preserve anticas so well as do those of Egypt; and to my mind the objects discovered at Niffer, although interesting and often highly important, were not nearly so artistic as the Egyptian 'spoils.' The most important results gained at Niffer have been in the way of clearing some of the great buildings of the old city and the recovery of thousands of cuneiform inscriptions. Of the architectural discoveries this is not the place to write, nor need anything be said of the tablets and their inscriptions; but in the 'Library' of the ancient city, the discovery of which caused such a sensation in the world of Assyriology, a find was made which is sure to appeal to the sense of romance in everybody. It was nothing less than a small museum—a collection of antiquities made by a priest in the sixth century B.C. The treasures were contained in an earthen jar, and the high value of each specimen showed that the priestly collector who gathered them together was a fine judge of what was good. There were many documents (cuneiform tablets), one of which belonged to a period about 3800 B.C. (over three thousand years before the collection was formed), some brick-stamps of early kings, and a deeply interesting plan of Nippur itself at an early date, which was traced on a clay tablet.

Naturally, the great Temple of Bel, to which Nippur owed its sanctity, yielded a host of valuable information; and nobody who possessed a spark of imagination could help being stirred by the sight of its walls-which were crumbling to decay before Abraham left the country—being uncovered by the Arab workmen. By the finding of an arch which was built four thousand years before the Christian era the excavators upset all the theories previously held concerning the origin of the arch in architecture; and the character of a Babylonian temple has been shown by the Niffer excavations to be quite different from what it was previously supposed to be. But perhaps the find which would appeal most to the popular fancy was that of a tomb of quite a late period which we members of the expedition dubbed 'The Gold Tomb.' It was a low, vaulted chamber, lying beneath the floor of a room in one of the palaces. Its entrance was closed by a mass of stone and brick work; but when this was cleared away and the tomb at last lay open to our gaze, we saw at once the glitter of gold through the gloom. The intrinsic value of the articles discovered was not very great, but nevertheless we had to be careful to keep all but a few of our most trustworthy men out of the place; for the sight of gold always excites the Arab, and he is apt to get wildly exaggerated ideas of the value of any treasure. As it was, despite our caution, I soon heard most marvellous reports of our find.

The tomb contained two burials. The bodies had originally rested in fine wooden coffins, which had been strengthened by iron bands and provided with silver handles for lifting them by; but very slight traces of the wood remained, and the clothes in which the dead had been clad had utterly perished. The ornaments of gold, however, were quite bright and fresh-looking. There were thin sheets of beaten gold that had been placed over the faces of the dead, scalloped bands which had been bound round the brows, large barrel-shaped beads from tassels, about fifty buttons and a dozen handsome rosettes, a small ring, and two heavy buckles from the sandals of one of the bodies. Both buckles were ornamented with a lion's head in high relief, enamelled with turquoise and set with rubies, and each was provided with a strong wedge for fastening. All these articles were of fine gold, and there was also a gold coin. In two corners of the chamber stood vessels which had contained food and drink.

Of course we made many other interesting finds in the large mounds; but space forbids that I should attempt any description of them. If any reader is interested in knowing more of the work at Niffer, I would refer him to Professor Hilprecht's book, Explorations in Bible Lands during the Nineteenth Century, which contains the first full and authoritative account of the expedition, or to my own article in the Monthly Review, September 1903.

BORDERLAND.

Last night the moon in driving cloud Lay hid, as gathering gusts grew loud. To-night she is both full and clear; October hoar-frost weaves a shroud For the autumn of the year.

Beneath the bridge the waters fill
The air with music; moor and hill
Stretch dim and distant in the night.
The little Border town sleeps still,
And its houses glimmer white.

On shadowy alopes the tired sheep lie, Nor stir till morning decks the sky With bloom of daffodil and rose, And down the dun-red hills hard by The keen wind wandering goes.

Now all is hushed. Two sounds alone
I hear: a watchdog's fitful moan;
And restless chanticleer's shrill horn
Rings like a watchful warder's tone,
Who speeds the approaching morn.

I'll home, and dying embers rake,
And watch the sleeping flames awake;
And brood a pleasant while, until
The shadows in the valley break
As the sun peeps o'er the hill.
LAWBERGE B. JUPP.



THE BURNS CULT IN AMERICA.

By JAMES MAIN DIXON, F.R.S.E.



N the year 1867 a Burns Club was organised amid much enthusiasm in the city of Detroit. The president was James Black, a native of Scotland, who some years before had obtained, in an accidental way, a

Burns treasure—to wit, a copy of the Edinburgh edition of 1787, known as the Geddes Burns. For nearly thirty years this Burns Club continued in existence; but its closing years were marked by feebleness; and when it was finally merged in the local St Andrew's Society a large deficit had to be made up. The founder was dead, and his family did not carry out his traditions. They have treasured the Geddes Burns, it is true, very jealously-so much so that it has almost ceased to be talked of in the city and neighbourhood. The volume lies hid away in a vault of the lofty Union Trust Building in Griswold Street, where I had the pleasure of handling it in February 1903. The owner, Mr George M. Black, a son of James Black, is auditor of the M'Millan Estate, and was at one time private secretary to Senator M'Millan.

In an address delivered by Mr James Black at the first regular meeting of the Burns Club, on May-day 1867, and published a few weeks later in the columns of the Scottish-American Journal, the speaker gave the history of his great prize: 'An unostentatious copy of the first Edinburgh edition of his [Burns's] poems, bound in honest calf, containing twenty-seven closely written pages in the handwriting of the poet, besides his original letter to the owner of the book, the Rev. Dr Alexander Geddes, afterwards Bishop Geddes, carefully stitched within the cover.'

There is a mistake here. The owner of the book was not Alexander but John Geddes. They were brothers, and came from the Enzie district of Banffshire. Alexander was the younger by two years; born and bred a Catholic like his brother, he became an eminent (and audacious) biblical critic, lost the confidence of his superiors, and was suspended from all ecclesiastical functions. John Geddes had been

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a bishop for eight years when he first met the poet, whom he survived three years; and he was well esteemed in social and religious circles until his death. As a former rector of the Scots College at Valladolid in Spain, and being well acquainted with other institutions of learning on the Continent, he was of service to Burns in securing subscriptions for the poems. Besides being Bishop-Coadjutor for the Lowlands of Scotland, he was also Bishop of Morocco in partibus infidelium. Of genial disposition and courtly bearing, he won the heart of the poet, who regarded him as the 'first' or best cleric character he had ever seen; and so terms him in a letter to Mrs Dunlop, 'popish bishop' though he might be. Burns classes him with Professor Dugald Stewart as an admirable type of manhood.

The bishop had a copy of the Edinburgh edition bound with a plentiful supply of blank leaves ready for new entries. This he presented to the poet with the request: 'Won't you kindly write on the blank leaves some new poems, and return the volume at your convenience?' Burns consented to the arrangement, and carried the volume with him on his tour in the Highlands, which furnished material for several of the dozen poems that he inscribed on the blank leaves. At Ellisland he inserted a few more, returning the book by a friend in 1789. It contains five manuscript poems:

- 1. 'On reading in the newspaper the death of John M'Leod, Esq., brother to Miss Isabella M'Leod, a particular friend of the author's.'
 - 2. 'On the death of Sir J. Hunter Blair.'
- 3. 'Written on the blank leaf of my first edition, which I presented to an old sweetheart then married. I was then on the tiptoe for Jamaica.'
 - 4. 'An Epitaph on a Friend.'
- 5. 'The humble petition of Bruar Water to the noble Duke of Athol.'
- 6. 'On the death of Robert Dundas of Arniston, Esq., late Lord President of the Court of Sessions.'
- nded from 7. 'On seeing some water-fowl in Loch Turit, had been a wild scene among the hills of Oughtertyre.'

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- 8. 'Written at the Hermitage of Taymouth.'
- 9. 'Written at the Fall of Fyers.'
- 10. 'Written in Friars' Carse Hermitage on the banks of Nith, June 1788.'
- 11. 'The same altered from the foregoing, December 1788.'
- 12. 'To Robert Graham of Fintry, Esq., accompanying a request.'

The entries have been carefully written with good ink on the best quality of linen paper, and the state of preservation is excellent. In addition, the poet has in many cases supplied with his own hand the names which were purposely left blank in the poems to avoid heart-burnings, quarrels, or possible litigations.

The good bishop fell into ill-health about eight years later, and went into retirement; and at his death in Aberdeen in 1799 the volume became the property of his sister Margaret, wife of John Hyslop, a surgeon in London. Their daughter, Margaret Hyslop, fell heir to the treasure; and in 1838, when her friend Henry Goadby, M.D., was about to leave for America, she gave it to him as a parting token of esteem. Goadby was a man of considerable scientific and literary attainments, and concentrated his energies on a Text-Book of Vegetable and Animal Physiology, believing that it would make his name and fortune. When he visited Detroit he was well off; and he cherished the book with extraordinary care. The local Scots invited him to a Burns celebration; and he brought the volume and displayed it before their admiring gaze. On this occasion Mr Black ventured to hint that if ever the volume was in the market he would be only too glad to become its purchaser. The next time he heard of Dr Goadby was in 1861, and from Milwaukee. Dr Goadby had been unsuccessful with his book, which was too abstruse, and his circumstances were embarrassed. Although he was parting with most of his valuables, he still clung to the Burns; and his wife shared his devotion. After two years of negotiation, however, they were compelled to sell it; and Mr James Black secured it, with a proviso that he would return it if the selling party were able to buy it back. 'In consigning to you the accompanying volume,' wrote Mrs Goadby pathetically, 'my only consolation in parting with it is in knowing that with you it will be fully appreciated. I could not bear to have it pass into the hands of a person who might be unmindful of its merits.' This was in December 1863, and since that time the Geddes Burns has been in Detroit.

Within the past ten years a citizen of Buffalo has obtained possession of the wonderfully interesting Burns-Dunlop correspondence, which remained for a century in the hands of her descendants, the Wallaces of Loch Ryan in Wigtownshire, Scotland. It was my great privilege to spend an afternoon with its present possessor, Mr Robert Borthwick Adam, who took me to his home from his place of business in Main Street. His library in the resi-

dence at 448 Delaware Avenue is unique. It contains the finest collection of Johnsoniana in existence. Some years ago the task of publishing this Dunlop correspondence was entrusted to the competent hands of William Wallace, editor of the four-volume edition of the Chambers's Burns. It was no slight pleasure to go through the original manuscripts, from the first bright epistle written in the hey-day of vigour and popularity, and signed boldly 'Robert Burns,' to the last sad note of July 1796, written with crippled fingers. Like the first, however, and unlike the bulk of the letters belonging to a time of strain and overwork, it has also the poet's name in full. The drift of the correspondence possesses a certain significance. The style is formal at first, and the handwriting somewhat boyish; later on style and script become more business-like. The usual signature is 'Robert Burns,' and there is pathos in his return to the earlier and more elaborate form in a last farewell to his esteemed friend.

The most important of the original manuscripts is a copy of Burns's 'Tam o' Shanter,' with one or two evident omissions filled in by a later hand. There can hardly be a doubt that, in the much-disputed passage at line 61, Burns never meant 'snow' to be hyphened with 'falls,' as if to form a compound, 'snow-falls' or 'snow-fall,' equivalent to 'snowflakes.' The poet was fond of hyphening, even overdoing the habit. In addition, there is his fondness for omitting the relative pronoun even where it is in the nominative case. A study of Burns originals favours the explanation that the insertion of 'that' after 'snow' solves the difficulty. The original manuscript of 'A Man's a Man for a' that,' in Mr Adam's possession, bears the date 1794, and differs from the accepted version in small details. Stanza 1, line 3, has 'A coward slave;' and stanza 4, line 8, has 'Are higher ranks for a' that.'

The impression left by a careful perusal, in chronological order, of these letters of Burns to Mrs Dunlop is one of overwork—of a man burning the candle at both ends. His physical nature appears overtasked; the brightness and lightness characteristic of the earlier letters disappear. Several of the later ones are written after prolonged conviviality, and the writer makes the excuse of exhaustion. In many cases, though retaining the original date, the letter has evidently been written at odd times, with a lapse of several days at least. The only manuscript which has suffered appreciably from age is the 'Epistle to Davie,' the ink having grown dim. The others are remarkable for the excellent condition of the paper and the clearness of the handwriting.

The present centre of the Burns cult in America is, however, at the Capitol in Washington, where a Haddington man, Mr W. R. Smith, director of the Botanic Gardens, has for years been devoting his time and energies to the collection of all available printed matter dealing with the poet. He has now

over five hundred editions of the poet's works, and a mass of magazine and other articles published all over the globe which bear on the subject. I mentioned that my grand-uncle, John Gray, town-clerk of Ayr, was one of the secretaries of the great Burns Festival of 1844, held at Alloway; and Mr Smith at once turned up an Ayr paper of the time, in He has also a fine which the name appeared. collection of engravings, and a library which comes near to being an exact duplicate of the library Burns gathered together for his own use; it is a wonderfully solid collection, showing how ambitious was the Ellisland farmer. Many of the Craibe Angus treasures have come to Mr Smith, and since the break-up of that fine collection the Washington collection bids fair to take a first place. Mr Smith occupies a modest bungalow right under the shadow of the Capitol dome, and surrounded by hot-houses. Horticulture in America is largely in the hands of Scotsmen, and most of Mr Smith's gardeners hail from the land of heather. The active

Secretary of Agriculture, James M. Wilson, is a native of Ayrshire, and was brought up on the banks of the Lugar. He has been revolutionising the study of agriculture in the country; and the Agriculture Department at Washington, under his management, is virtually a college backed by the Government.

In Mr Smith's efforts he has had the co-operation of Mr Andrew Carnegie, and the final destination of the collection is the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where it will have a special corner. The noble library-hall and picture-gallery, already built and furnished on one of the best sites of that busy city, are only the beginnings of a great institution that will cover many acres of ground and be a hive of keen brain-workers. As is natural, horticulture and theology at Pittsburgh are in the hands of Scotsmen born—Dr Christie and Mr William Falconer. When the Burns collection goes thither there will be many of Scottish ancestry and birth to carry on the traditions.

JACK NORMAN'S LOVE AFFAIR.

CHAPTER II.



a fresh, pleasant afternoon in October, Jack Norman landed at the little station within a mile of his sister's house, and walked quietly away. He was well known now. He had been there many times since that

first visit in the early summer, and the stationmaster had his name pat, and the porter touched his cap with a smile proportioned to the tip he knew he would receive later when he went up to Longmead with Mr Norman's bag.

Jack walked steadily along, his teeth clenched on his underlip, his eyes on the ground. He was thinking very seriously. This was not one of his ordinary week-end runs: it was an occasion big with moment, and he looked very resolute and a trifle pale. His deep abstraction made him fail to see a tall, slender figure moving down a footpath which ran into the road he was following. The figure hesitated for a moment, then turned aside and was lost instantly in a cross-path bordered by a holly-hedge.

Behind the holly-hedge Evelyn glided along, crimson and furious. Had she fresh cause for anger against Jack Norman? None. She had never heard a word against him save that once from her brother's lips; though, to be sure, that was quite enough. It was a rebel within the pale that she had to crush. She had looked up suddenly and seen that tall form walking easily along, and her heart had leapt in her bosom like a wild thing. For an instant she had stood aghast, refusing to recognise the truth. Then she had turned and hurried along the side-path, resolute to hold down this wild impulse of joy at seeing him, and burn it

out of her heart with the fire of self-contempt and scorn.

She reached home without meeting any one, and went at once to her room determined upon facing the weakness of her nature, full of loathing for herself that, while professing dislike for a double-faced gambler, as she believed him, yet her heart had slowly and insensibly turned towards him. And so she sat and wrestled with herself a dreadful hour.

Meanwhile Jack Norman had arrived at Longmead, and been received there with much joy. His sister gave him some tea, and his niece installed him in a great easy-chair where there was ample room for her to snuggle in beside him. They spent an hour lazily and cheerfully over the tea; then Dorothy was called away by her governess, and Mrs Hope and her brother were left alone.

'What's on your mind, Jack?' asked his sister after a short silence.

Norman looked up with his quiet, pleasant smile. 'Well, there is something,' he admitted.

'Something!' laughed his sister. 'I should say there is. I haven't been acquainted with you all these years for nothing. Come, I've known pretty well all that's been in your mind since you've had one. What is it now?'

'Why,' said he slowly, 'I've come down this time to ask Miss Boyne to marry me.'

His sister nodded. 'I expected that,' she said, also slowly; and there was silence.

Jack Norman stood up and moved about a little restlessly. Then he came to a stand near the fire, leaning with one shoulder against the mantelshelf and staring into the blazing coals. 'You haven't much to say about it,' he said, with a forced attempt at lightness; 'you are not generally short of comments to pass upon anything I may think of attempting.'

'Jack,' said Mrs Hope, 'I don't know what to say. I can tell you frankly that it was my desire that this would come about when you first came down. I have never in my life met a girl I admired so much as I admire Evelyn Boyne. She is as strong as she is sweet, and as sweet as she is strong. And vet'——

'And yet you can't convince yourself that she looks with favour on a frequent visitor of yours,' he broke in, with an attempt at playfulness—an attempt belied by his eager eyes, by the nervous movement of the hand resting on the mantelshelf.

'I cannot understand her,' said Mrs Hope thoughtfully, her eyes fixed on the carpet at her feet. 'She cannot have anything against you.'

'Except that she does not like me. I have had no experience in my life in these matters; but I fancy that is reckoned something,' put in Norman.

'It is not that,' said Mrs Hope decisively; 'it is something I cannot fathom. I have watched her often, for I have known your hopes for a long time, Jack.'

'You have?' he cried in surprise.

'As if any woman wouldn't have known!' she said in a tone of tender mockery. 'You are a fine deep fellow to hide your feelings, of course; but not from me, my dear Jack, not from me.'

'There is something I do not understand either,' he broke out suddenly; 'something which bodes little good to me, I fear. I have watched her with other people, and she seems to meet them half-way, to be eager to understand them, to be frank, cordial'—— He paused and threw out his hand.

'She is all that,' said his sister.

'And then I have approached her,' went on Norman, 'and while she seemed not less friendly towards me than to others, yet I have felt a sensation of flinging myself as it were against a smooth, hard slab, as if some icy barrier suddenly stood between us, a barrier she erected against no one else. I'm afraid I'm not very clear. I'm not used to trying to put such things into words.'

'I understand you perfectly, Jack,' said his sister; 'and, to tell the truth, I have seen it myself, and wondered not a little at it. It is a weapon which every woman has at command against presuming people who need to be taught their place. But you are a thousand miles from being such a person, and it has been sheer cruelty to use it to you. And yet she is not a cruel girl, a flirt, a coquette, one of those characters who use such a weapon for the pleasure of giving pain; she is, in truth, as far from that as you are from the rude, forward man who needs a lesson. I cannot understand it.'

'Well, there is one way of cutting this knot,' said Norman in a low voice. 'I will put my fate to the touch. I'm bound to know one thing or the other then.'

'Oh! I do hope'—— began his sister, then paused, her puzzled face bent upon the fire. Mrs Hope had never found it so hard to see through a tangle before. What in the world could the girl have against Jack, her handsome brother, a gentleman and good fellow to the finger-tips, as she would have declared in his favour anywhere? And yet she did not attempt to deceive herself for a moment. She had marked signs of aversion in Evelyn, signs so slight, so subtle, that a less keen observer would have utterly missed them, would have denied they had ever been shown.

'We are strange creatures, we women,' sighed Mrs Hope. 'It is a favourite thing with men to declare we are incomprehensible. And I—I agree with the men.'

Her brother moved restlessly, and she changed the subject. But it soon worked back towards the Boynes. Not to Evelyn this time, but to her brother.

'How does Richard Boyne come on?' asked Mrs Hope.

'Oh,' said Norman slowly, 'he doesn't want for wits. He picked up his work in the office at once, and, I believe, does that to the great satisfaction of Baker, the chief-clerk. But I'm afraid he wants balance a little in some directions.'

'London streets are very dangerous places for a lad from the country to spend his evenings,' said Mrs Hope.

'Why, there you hit it, Alice, I fancy,' returned her brother. 'I'm rather of opinion he has not been spending his time lately in the most improving of company. I've been looking him up a bit, and keeping an eye on his leisure time, and what he does with it. He's a very nice lad, but easily led away, I should say.'

The conversation was now interrupted by callers and by the return of Dorothy, who took possession of her uncle, and could not be persuaded to leave his side until her bedtime arrived.

'Will you come to church with us, Jack?' said Mrs Hope next morning after breakfast.

'I don't think I will this morning, thank you,' replied Norman. 'I shall go for a walk. I feel wretchedly unsettled.'

When he went out he turned towards a lofty upland which ran along the broad top of the ridge sheltering the village. It was a morning of yellow sunshine and blue misty distances, the air fresh and sweet, the bushes knitted together with delicate threads of gossamer. But of these things Jack Norman took but little notice.

'What a coward I am!' he thought. 'I wonder if it rattles everybody like this. When you come to think of it, every man who gets married has to go through it, and most of them seem to take it easily enough; but'—and his bold reflections took a soberer cast—'perhaps they had some hopes to

encourage them. I've heard that some girls make it easier that way. I'm afraid'—— and Jack shrugged his shoulders disconsolately. He rambled through the furze-dotted waste for an hour or more, then turned his face towards home. He had been carelessly following the rude paths worn by feeding sheep and ponies through the patches of brake, and had to collect himself to gain the right direction. Mounting a knoll, he glanced round and saw far away a little hill rising in the heath, a hill upon which many a beacon-fire had been lighted in other days. His road home ran past its foot, and he moved slowly towards it.

As he walked down the slope he ran his eye along the ribbon of heath-road visible from this point for a long stretch, and saw a tiny figure far in the distance. It was a woman's, and seemed to be coming his way. In a moment again he dipped into a hollow and lost all sight of the road. Strolling slowly on, he rounded a clump of thorns and saw the track not fifty yards off, and saw, too, the figure which had been moving along it. His heart gave a great leap. It was Evelyn Boyne. She had not seen him, and was walking steadily along, her head down as if in thought, one glove swinging idly from her bare white hand. For an instant Jack Norman stood as if he had been shot. Here was a piece of marvellous fortune. A year's planning could not have offered him a more favourable chance. Then he moved on again, his blood drumming in his ears. She had not once glanced in his direction, and was walking briskly. Before he reached the road she had passed the point where his path ran in, and was going on. He followed her, lengthening his stride to overtake her swift, graceful step, his heart in a tumult. And yet a feeling of hope crept in. It had no reason for existence save the happy conjunction of circumstances. That Evelyn should be crossing the heath at this hour of morning instead of being in the village church must surely be a lucky turn of fate; things must be working his way. He walked faster. A dozen strides brought him to her side, and he bade her good-morning.

With a quick start, Evelyn's face came over her shoulder. Was it surprise only which brought a lovely wave of colour up throat and cheek, and made her large eyes deep and sweet and soft? For a moment Jack Norman stood entranced; then in a flash the warm, bright colour faded, was succeeded by a severe paleness, and the eyes were cold and polite, and the little hand—the gloved one—which was extended barely touched his and was at once drawn back.

A touch of cold thrilled Norman. He murmured something, he scarce knew what it was; he fancied, afterwards, a request that she would permit him to escort her back to the village; but before she could speak he took his courage desperately in his two hands and poured out his heart to her. He did not do it well; he saw that himself with miserable certainty—he did not do it well. He stumbled; he repeated himself; he could only say that he loved

her better than anything in the world, better than his own life, and would she marry him? Evelyn heard him in silence, her face as pale and troubled as his own. But he saw with a secret sinking of his soul that she drew back a little and clenched her hand, the little bare white hand, upon her bosom.

'No,' she said. 'No, Mr Norman, it cannot be.'
The slow, quiet words fell chill upon his glowing hopes. He drew a deep breath, and felt like a man who receives a mortal wound. In the despair of this calm, stern refusal he lost his nervousness, lost his terror of the situation; his tongue became freed, and he pleaded earnestly, his white face eager and passionate—pleaded for a little hope, for a little delay. Would she not consider the matter before she destroyed his hopes for ever?

Never once did Evelyn look into his eyes, into the handsome face, suddenly worn and haggard as all his towering fancies sank into the dust. She stared steadily with dim, unseeing eyes into the far distance. How was he to know that her heart was torn even as his? How was he to comprehend the stern loyalty which bade her say no—a thousand times no—to such a man as her brother had painted?

His voice dropped, and for an instant there was silence. 'A little time,' he had concluded. 'Give me a little time.'

'It would be wrong of me to do so,' replied Evelyn, her low, sweet tones schooled to a dry steadiness which cut into his quivering nerves as a whip-thong might cut into bruised flesh. 'My answer could never be different.' A wave of that scorn and contempt she had felt a thousand times for the man who could lure a simple country lad into evil welled up in support of her pride, and she said swiftly, 'No length of time, I assure you, could induce me to alter my answer. I cannot conceive of any circumstance under which such an offer would be other than distasteful.'

The cruelty was desperate: it was a sheer laying on of the lash. But Evelyn knew well it was her only refuge; and who could merit sterner repulse than this man to whom her miserable, disloyal heart turned at once when she glanced up and saw his pale face whiten paler still under this stinging cut?

Jack Norman said no more. What remained to be said when his love was refused, and refused with withering contempt? He stood for an instant as if unable to believe his ears, then murmured a few words, and turned back into the heath. For an hour or more he walked blindly over the great furze-clad expanse, brain and heart in a whirl. The crushing completeness of his overthrow puzzled and bewildered him.

'Had I been an importunate and troublesome dog I could not have been whipped away more savagely,' he said to himself. 'I seem not merely to have lost my chance, but even her friendship. She must positively hate me. Who would have dreamed that

her beautiful eyes could look so coldly, so cruelly on one?' And so he beat forward wildly and unsceing, his heart smarting cruelly. How was he to divine that the beautiful eyes had been blinded by scalding tears as she, too, turned and walked through a land which seemed a desert?

When Jack Norman came to himself he found that he stood upon the edge of a little fir-wood and was looking down upon the village and the shining lines of rail running past it. He had made a great sweep and come in upon the other side of the place. He pulled himself together, sighed, smiled bitterly as he thought of the plans

which had floated through his mind as he climbed yonder distant slope above his sister's house, and stepped out for the station. His sister he could not face. To talk over what had happened was a sheer impossibility. He would rather a hundred times hold his finger in a candle-flame; the raw, smarting wounds would not endure even the lightest, kindliest touch. He reached the station, sat down in the stationmaster's office, and wrote a brief note.

He had barely despatched this to Mrs Hope by a messenger than an up-train steamed in. Five minutes later he was being whirled towards London.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON.

By W. W. FENN.



E was one of my very best friends, not only in the world of art but socially. Notwithstanding the distance that lay between his brilliant powers and my poor attempts to become a landscape painter, and the wholly dif-

ferent life that he led from start to finish, he never failed, after our intimacy had ripened, to salute me with the friendly pat on the shoulder and the 'Well, Fenn, old boy! how are you?' accompanying the words with a cordial hand-shake.

I first saw Frederick Leighton-and was lucky enough to be introduced to him on that same occasion-when he had but lately returned from Rome, radiant with the glory which his first picture had shed upon him. It was at the rooms of a distinguished numismatist, one Vaux, an official in the British Museum. This gentleman was, like most of us in those days (1854-55), a bachelor, and occupied rough-and-tumble, though very capacious, chambers in an old house in Gate Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. He was a man who, so to speak, knew everybody; and on periodical Saturday nights during winter he used to gather 'everybody' around him in his large rooms. The entertainment was not sumptuous in the way of fare, which consisted of bread and cheese, beer, pipes, and 'baccy;' but it was rich from the intellectual side.

Ah, what gatherings they were! How genial, how enjoyable, and—how smoky! I wonder if there is anything like them going on at the present day? Perhaps, for the world is always young to the young, and, consequently, everything is new. If Vaux's Saturdays have their parallel in the beginning of this new century, I fancy they are vastly different. Bohemia has become more respectable, in the 'Clapham' meaning of the word. No youngsters who fancy themselves nowadays would think of appearing in public after 7 P.M. except in evening-dress, whilst a short pipe reeking with shag tobacco would be held as an abomination not to be thought of for a moment. In Vaux's rooms you could hardly see your way about at

times for the clouds of smoke; still, you managed to find there men not only of every degree but nearly of every profession. Very few were above middle age, the majority young, but all more or less possessed of some ability, talent, or genius that promised ultimate distinction—a distinction in many cases already attained—in music, literature, war (the Crimean war was then raging), art, or science. Most of them, too, were ready and willing to give to the company a taste of their quality, if it permitted of any display. There were amateur and professional pianists, fiddlers (young and elderly), singers (serious and comic, from bass to alto), actors, conjurers, ventriloquists, soldiers, and what not. Paintings and sketches, rare or curious, or just produced, came in for their share of attention as they hung temporarily on the walls or stood on easels; and portfolios of drawings of every kind, from water-colours to pencil, and etchings, all more or less the work of Mr Vaux's friends or his friends' friends, were exhibited.

And these friends! How they varied, as much in costume as in face, figure, voice, or manner! Cropped hair and long beards were not the fashion until after Crimean days; and the ample locks, frequently not too well attended to, lent an additional variety to the aspect. The host himself was an example. He generally wore a thick pea-jacket and roughish trousers not too new; and amongst his guests, who dropped in anywhere between 10 P.M. and 2 A.M., one saw fellows who had just left their studios, desks, or laboratories, smoking short claypipes, or others in immaculate evening costume smoking choice cigars. The foreign element alone smoked cigarettes (making these themselves); and if he had been a smoker-which he never became-Fred Leighton would have been conspicuous in this class of guests, for although he had the unmistakable look of an Englishman, there was a foreign tone about him, mingled with the bel air of the best cosmopolitan society.

It was not my good fortune ever to know Leighton on the same intimate terms that I knew

Millais; indeed, I do not believe any one could have known him under similar terms. He was not a 'knowable' man in that way; and although he and Millais were contemporaries, they were as utterly unlike in their individualities as any two men could be. In reality there could be no rivalry between them, and it always appeared to me perfectly ridiculous to speak of them in the actual sense of that word—as absurd as has been the vulgar custom of speaking of Dickens and Thackeray as rivals. Except that they were great artists living in the same period, their work no more clashed than did that, say, of Frith and Armitage or of Constable and Bonington. A story runs to the effect that Leighton, in speaking of Millais, used to say, 'Yes, he is a glorious painter, but it is a pity he is not more academic; whilst Millais would declare that he admired Leighton enormously, 'although it might be a pity he was so academic.' I say this story, if it be not invented, at least completely and concisely describes the essential differences between the characters of the two men, both in their work and in themselves.

I forget whether Millais happened to be present on that particular night when I first saw Leighton at Vaux's. I rather think not, and I am pretty sure they had not then even met. At any rate, I can perfectly well recall my great chum Mike Halliday and myself saying, 'And so that is the handsome young fellow that Thackeray told Millais would "make him look to his laurels." This remark, although it had never been told by Millais in public, had been mentioned by him to very many of his friends just previous to that memorable night in Gate Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

On that occasion, however, we had an illustration of Leighton's easy familiarity with foreign languages. We heard him more than once speak in Spanish, Italian, and, of course, in French; in the latter case notably, for frequently at the piano we found our friend the Chevalier Louis Desanges, the fashionable portrait-painter, in private life one of the most humorous, kindly, and genial dogs going, who on that evening had been singing his celebrated song, 'Villikins and his Dinah,' done in French. It was very funny his 'Sire Veellikins, Bar-onet-te Anglais, un jeune Lord Maire!'

Leighton, it seems, had known him in Naples, and when the song was over the two shook hands, and, both speaking at once, spat forth such a volume of Neapolitan patois, accompanied with terrific gesticulations, that it was impossible to say which was the most comic, the song or the ensuing dialogue.

Frequently, after this, Leighton and I met at various houses, especially at that of the distinguished actress Miss Herbert. She was then managing the St James's Theatre, and had made a great hit in the part of Lady Audley in a dramatic version of Miss Braddon's well-known novel, Lady Audley's Secret, then only lately published—the lady so often recognisable in the drawings and pictures of Dante

Gabriel Rossetti, Val Prinsep, and other artists whom she favoured with sittings. They called her 'The Stunner,' as well they might, for she was one of the most attractive and fascinating of the belle dames of the early sixties. The painter of the well-known 'Cimabue' picture was one of Miss Herbert's greatest admirers and friends.

Volunteering, however, it was which threw Leighton and myself, in a sense, intimately together; and this privilege once given to me, as I have said, I never lost, thanks to his generous kindness. Everybody knows how enthusiastic he was in the movement, and how eventually he became colonel of the Artists' Corps of volunteers, through sheer study and hard work at the art and science of war.

Those who may honour me by remembering what I said in my 'Memories of Millais' (Journal, 1901-1902) will see how unlike Leighton's tastes on this point were to those of his brother-painter. Leighton lost no opportunity of attending the musters from the first drills set afoot at the old Hanover Square Rooms. From private he became corporal, sergeant, ensign (the rank of ensign not being then abolished), lieutenant, captain, and so on upwards. It was when he had attained to the latter rank that the King, as Prince of Wales, was married. The line of route from Hyde Park Corner to the Marble Arch was kept by the Metropolitan and other corps of volumteers on the day when the Prince drove through the town with his bride-elect, the gracious and beautiful Princess from Denmark, who had but just arrived in England.

We did not know much about soldiering in these days, and we were not encouraged to learn; but outwardly we managed to look pretty smart, and the Artists' Corps, in its light-gray-and-silver uniform, we flattered ourselves, was conspicuous in this respect. We had a large muster, and were all extremely loyal and patriotic and earnestly desirous of showing up at the best, and of giving the warmest welcome to our future Queen. Frederick Leighton was captain of my company, and I had the honour of being what was then called his 'covering sergeant.' Thus he was in the front rank, and I (in the rear immediately behind him) stepped up into his place as he stepped out to the front at the salute as the carriage swept slowly past us. We were both within a yard or two of its royal occupants, and a closer or a better view of them it would have been impossible to get. Of course, Leighton was well known to the Prince, and I observed the look of recognition he gave my captain; the Princess, as I think, following suit. Anyhow, I have never since had so good a chance of seeing them both face to face, as it were. When they had gone past, and the regular formation in the ranks was resumed, Leighton whispered to me over his shoulder, 'Isn't she lovely, Fenn, my boy! We would fight for her, wouldn't we? Needless to say I have never forgotten these words or that day, which fortunately remained fine

until the evening, when we were dismissed. Then I can well recall the fact that I got wet through as I went home; and though I did not mind it at the time, for my uniform was accustomed to it, unluckily I had good reason, later on, to find that my body was not! Often and often afterwards the call to arms threw the great painter and myself more and more together at our musters, drills, marches, sham-fights, 'alarums,' and 'excursions,' which were made by the volunteers in pursuit of the 'pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war.'

Frederick Leighton's earnest devotion to music and the drama was well known. All that was good enlisted his warm sympathy. Most people have heard of the Moray Minstrels, for they flourish still under the guidance of their original conductor, John Foster. They came into vogue very soon after the decline of the Vaux bachelor-gatherings, beneath the hospitable roof of one who has but lately passed away, Arthur James Lewis, a first-rate amateur artist himself, and the friend of all artists. When he was a bachelor living in rooms in Jermyn Street, he got together a band of glee and madrigal singers who were then known under the facetious title of the 'Jermyn Band.' The rapid growth of these Saturday-night assemblies was amazing, and became a sort of édition de luxe of those in Gate Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. Arthur James Lewis, being a wealthy man, extended his invitations freely to all his best friends, collecting sometimes around him even more celebrities than were to be found in Mr Vaux's rooms. Of painters there were no end. From time to time we had our Whistler and Frederick Walker, Du Maurier, John Tenniel, John Leech, H. Stacy Marks, our Frith with the light of the 'Derby Day' fresh upon him, John Phillip (Philip of Spain, as we called him), Henry O'Neil, Elmore, Ansdell-half the Royal Academy, in fact; Leighton being conspicuously constant in his attendance, and always thoroughly enjoying the glee-singing, which, evidently, was the item in the entertainment most attractive to him. Immediately it was over he vanished, for rarely was he to be found amidst the company who finished the evening with a sumptuous feast of oysters, hundreds of dozens of which must have been con-The precious bivalves were only eightpence a dozen, be it remembered, in those halcyon days; but I have heard Arthur Lewis say that his bill at Wilton's in Ryder Street, whence the succulent morsels were provided, oftentimes staggered him. What would they do now, I wonder?

The 'Jermyn Band' changed its title when Mr Lewis moved to the delightful Moray Lodge on Campden Hill. Then, when in the course of time he took unto himself as wife Miss Kate Terry, the most eminent and charming actress of her day, ladies became the leading features of the audiences assembled to listen to the Moray Minstrels and other more or less musical diversions.

Of these one or two are noticeable. For instance,

there was a highly humorous duologue in French entitled 'Les Deux Aveugles,' which was performed by Mr Du Maurier and Mr Harold Power, the latter constantly intervening with a huge, discordant trombone. The two blind men, both impostors, meet on the Pont des Arts, run against each other, then peep out of the corners of their eyes, and so recognise each their rival; then a very funny and mirth-stirring dialogue ensues. I wish I could remember the sentences and speeches uttered one against the other accurately enough to set them down; but they have escaped me, except that they consisted of abuse of each other, and constant appeals for charity from passers-by, such as, 'Avez pitié d'un pauvre aveugle, qui ne voit pas claire!' 'Qui est frappé par la cécité,' . . . and other ridiculous phrases. They spoke of each other as rivals, and, altogether, with their make-ups and bursts of song, used to throw the company into convulsions of laughter, for both gentlemen were admirable actors and singers.

Another dramatic interlude frequently given was of more importance—none other, indeed, than Cox and Box, the musical burlesque on the popular farce of Box and Cox by Madison Morton. Arthur Sullivan wrote the music for this clever trifle, and the book was by Sir F. C. Burnand, editor of Punch; but I perfectly well remember that the three characters were sustained by Du Maurier, Power, and John Foster, the musical director of the Morays.

Our charming English composer (alas! also gone from us) was a habitué of Moray Lodge, and superintended the rehearsals and productions of this operetta. The burlesque lines adapted to well-known songs were very droll and cleverly arranged—as, for instance, when Mr Box, superintending the cooking of his morning meal, sings 'Hush-a-bye, bacon, on the grid's top'—and admirably rendered by the amateur artist Harold Power; whilst the conversion of the landlady of the farce into a Corporal Bouncer, instead of Mrs Bouncer, was a most ludicrous piece of comic acting by the redoubtable Johnny Foster.

Details beyond the general notion of the pleasant absurdity have vanished from my mind; but I know that it was under Arthur Lewis's roof that Cox and Box was first tried, and not found wanting in any respect. Indeed, Sir Arthur Sullivan wrote it especially as a sort of dedicatory offering to Mrs Lewis.

Frederick Leighton was nearly always to be seen on these occasions laughing and enjoying himself to his heart's content; for, though he could not be said to display any great personal humour, he had the keenest sense of it in others, never failing to express his mirth with the utmost cordiality. We used to say that at Moray Lodge his appearances were like those of a beautiful meteor—in flashes, as it were. He had a knack in this sort of thing, coming like a bright particular star, and vanishing with the same dazzling rapidity.

In those later days when the increase of my blindness had given Leighton the opportunity of most practically showing his sympathy with and esteem and regard for me, he never failed to ask me to his studio on 'Show Sunday,' to hear all about the pictures he was going to send to the Royal Academy. Here, of course, one met many very distinguished people, and here I dimly saw, through the increasing haze slowly but surely dropping over my failing sight, such people as Robert Browning, George Eliot, G. H. Lewes, Joachim the great violinist, and many others whose names do not at the moment recur to me. But what does recur very forcibly is the never-failing cordiality of the greeting I met with from my gracious and always picturesquely attired host; nor can I do otherwise than gratefully remember the way in which he would take my arm and hand, and, at a little distance, sketch out on the front of his canvas the arrangement and composition of the various subjects, with his accustomed volubility of explanation and the friendly pat on the shoulder, ending with, 'Do you think you understand it now, old boy?'

Here, in this slight record of my recollection of Leighton, is no place for any mention of particular pictures. What these were was seen at the collected exhibition of his works held in the winter immediately following his ever-lamented death after a long period of suffering. And, recalling that, the world is yearly becoming more and more conscious of what a great artist it has lost.

I have mentioned already his meteor-like appearances and disappearances, and I particularly remember being struck by this characteristic the last time I was near him. This was at the private view of the Winter Exhibition at the Royal Academy in 1896; and then, alas! it was for the last time that I heard the whispered 'Fenn, old boy,' and felt the cordial grasp of the friendly hand! It was only too soon after this that he passed from all human ken; but, I believe, it will be many a long day ere we shall have done with our recollections of Frederick, Lord Leighton.

THE SIEGE OF SAVIGNY.

By RAFAEL SABATINI.



EIGH-HO! A man of twenty in love is a sad fool. Yet who would not be a sad fool that he might be twenty and in love?

I sat idling in the guard-room of the Castle of Nogent one July morn-

ing, my twenty-year-old mind running upon a lady who dwelt at Juvisy, whose very name was unknown to me, but whose eyes—the bluest that I ever looked into—had nathless made a fool of me. That pair of eyes had drawn me oft of late to ride across the league and a half that lay 'twixt Nogent and Juvisy, so that I might pass beneath her window, and earn for all reward perchance a glance, perchance not that. So, thinking of her, as had become my constant wont, sat I that July morning when one of M. de Crecqui's men came to bid me wait upon the Governor.

I was genially received by my kind patron with the intimation that a hazardous enterprise awaited me if I were minded to undertake it: the business being his own rather than the King's. The Château de Savigny, which lay some ten leagues distant from Nogent, and thirty leagues this side of Paris, and which was the property of M. de Crecqui, had been forcibly seized by his brother-in-law, M. de Monravel, upon the plea—inaccurate, my patron said—that the demesne formed part of his wife's marriage-portion.

M. de Crecqui had garrisoned the place pending the legal settlement of the business, confident in his influence with the King to bring it to the issue he desired; but the audacious Monravel, knowing how weighty an argument at law is the possession of the disputed ground, had duped my patron's men, and seizing the château, had set a slender garrison of his own—six men, as I afterwards learnt—to hold it against M. de Crecqui. Monravel relied as much upon his influence with the Parliament to establish the justice of his pretensions as did Crecqui build upon his influence with our good King Henry the Fourth.

In such a pass stood matters now; and, piqued by the affront that had been put upon him, it was M. de Crecqui's desire that I should start forthwith for Savigny, taking half-a-dozen men-at-arms with me, and there by force or strategy oust Monravel's knaves, and at any cost regain possession of his castle, holding it as a place de guerre.

I liked the business much; yet I was not blind to the risk that I ran did the Parliament prove the place M. de Monravel's. But my patron promised me in all solemnity that he would sustain me against all risks, and himself answer to the King for all that I did as being done in his name and by his express commands.

Thus reassured, I picked my men, and with the six of them in back and breast plates and pots of burnished steel, I rode out for Savigny without more ado, and preserving the utmost secrecy as to our destination.

I went by way of Juvisy, and had for my reward a glimpse of my lady coming out of the Church of St Jacques as we rode by. She was attended by an elderly waiting-woman, who came behind her at a respectful distance, and she walked with eyes demurely downcast and folded hands, as becomes a maiden fresh from her devotions; but the clatter my fellows made in passing caused her to lift her eyes. They met my impassioned gaze, and for a moment they were not withdrawn. Mayhap the ardour of my glance it was, mayhap the brave figure I cut in my glinting corslet and plumed hat: I know not which of these, but this I know-that into her eyes, which hitherto had never bestowed upon me but an indifferent, almost contemptuous look, if they had looked at all, there seemed to leap a light of interest. Her lips—surely 'twas not my enamoured fancy-assumed the faintest of smiles; a smile of kindliness methought it. The blood rushed to my head, and so far drowned my usual timidity that, bending low upon the withers, I doffed my hat in the courtliest fashion I was master of. Thus far did impulse bear me, but no farther. Draw rein I dared not, but passed on; and, growing presently conscious that my troopers' faces were all agrin, I swore softly to myself, and harshly bade them travel faster.

It is not my purpose to set down in detail how we took possession that very night of the Château de Savigny. The thing was accomplished with a simplicity rendered possible by the carelessness of the garrison and the unexpectedness of our attack. I turned all Monravel's creatures from the place, with the exception of an elderly dame who had charge of the kitchen, and whom we thought it convenient to keep with us. Four of my six troopers I sent back to Nogent, retaining but Barnave and Grégoire, for the place was of such strength that three men alert might hold it against an army.

Four days later an huissier sent from Paris by the Parliament presented himself at Savigny to demand of me that I should let down the drawbridge and deliver up the castle. I answered that I did not know him, and that I would obey nought but a written order from M. de Crecqui, who had entrusted his castle to my keeping. That black-coated rascal answered me with threats of the hangman; whereupon I bade Barnave open the postern beside the portcullis and throw a plank across the moat. This done, I invited the bailiff to enter. He came gingerly enough, for he was unaccustomed to such narrow bridges. Had he known what awaited him he had not come at all; for when he was midway across, the plank was suddenly tilted over, and he was flung headlong into the slimy water. With a rope we rescued him, and sent him, wet and sorrowful, back to Paris and his Parliament.

This outrage must have made a fine stir, for three days later Savigny was visited by no less a person than a councillor, who came with all the pomp of office and a guard of honour of six archers. He was prodigal in threats—so prodigal that, grown weary of them, I bade the plank to be thrust out to him; but, knowing what had befallen the bailiff, and deeming that I intended him a like affront, he grew purple with rage, and with a parting volley of threats, he rode off in high dudgeon. Had I been older it might have afforded me uneasiness to think

that I had derided the Parliament, flouted its commands, and insulted its ambassadors.

It was on the morning of the second day after the councillor's visit that Grégoire brought me word that a lady was at the gates demanding speech of the master of the place. Now, if that information caused me some slight astonishment, it was as nothing to my amazement when, upon looking out from the postern, I beheld the very lady that was mistress of my thoughts: the lady of Juvisy. The horse she rode was bathed in sweat, flecked with foam, and breathing hard.

'Are you the master of this castle, monsieur?' was her panted greeting.

'I am in command here, madam,' I answered timidly.

'Then, monsieur, of your courtesy, of your chivalry, I crave shelter. I am being pursued.'

'Pursued, madam?' I cried, touched already by the distress in her voice. 'By whom?'

'Oh, what does it signify?' she cried, glancing fearfully behind her. 'By M. de Bervaux, my guardian. For Heaven's sake, monsieur, protect me!'

What answer could I make any woman who thus appealed to me? What answer could I make to her of all women?

'Holà there!' I shouted. 'Barnave! Grégoire! Quick, let down the portcullis.'

Breathing a prayer of gratitude to the god of lovers for this signal favour, I went hat in hand to assist her to alight in the courtyard, the while a very torrent of thanks rained down upon me from her lips in a voice so rich and musical that I listened as one enthralled; and when presently she paused abruptly, I looked up to find her eyes riveted upon my face, and her brows knit as though she looked on something that was puzzling her.

'Surely, surely, monsieur,' she said at last, 'we have met before?'

I went red from chin to hair. 'Indeed—indeed, madam, I have seen you often,' I stammered.

'At Juvisy, was it not?'

'Yes, madam, at Juvisy.'

'Ah!' And with the utterance of that monosyllable, so kindly and so witching a smile lighted her face that I know not what folly I had wrought but that shouts sounded without at that moment.

Grégoire came up with the news that a party of mounted men stood before the castle.

'Monsieur!' cried the lady in high distress, 'you will not give me up? Pity me, monsieur! I am a poor defenceless maid, and there are those without who would force me into a hateful marriage for the sake of what little wealth I am possessed of.'

'Say no more, mademoiselle.'

'Ah! but, monsieur,' she broke in tearfully, 'you must tell them that I am not here. In your mother's name, monsieur, I beg you, pity and help me!'

'I swear they shall go hence without you,' I answered firmly; whereupon she caught my hand and kissed it, blessing me for a brave and noble gentleman—my lips envying my hand the while.

At length I bade one of my knaves call Catharine, the woman that had been left behind by Monravel's men, and to her care I consigned mademoiselle. That done, I approached the window and looked out. I beheld a very magnificent gentleman, bravely arrayed and well mounted, and with him two fellows whom at a glance I took to be servingmen.

'Holà, my master!' I shouted, 'what seek you?'

'I am in search of a lady,' he replied, with princely hauteur.

'Ohé! A lady? Has she fallen into the moat?'

'You are pleased to jest, Master Jackanapes,' quoth he, with a scowl. 'I am in search of the lady who has sought shelter in this castle.'

'Jackanapes in your teeth, you dog!' I answered.

'Answer me, sir,' he thundered, interrupting me.
'Are you harbouring a lady? I demand it.'

'Oui-da! You demand it? Monsieur, I would have you know that my name is Armand de Pontis, and that'——

'I am answered,' he broke in angrily. 'And you shall smart for it, you knave. I am the lady's legal guardian, and deliver her to me you shall.'

'If you stay there another minute,' I answered, losing all patience, 'I'll deliver you a handful of carbine-shot.'

'I shall appeal to the Provost,' he threatened.

'Appeal to the devil, sir!' I retorted; and, slamming the window, I left him to his own devices

As I turned I found mademoiselle standing behind me, her eyes alight with excitement.

'We have gained a respite, mademoiselle; but I fear that he will return, and the Provost with him.'

'What then, monsieur?' she cried in alarm.
'You will not abandon me to them?'

'Never, mademoiselle,' I answered resolutely. 'We shall fight this battle out together.'

To seal the bargain—and deeming that I had earned a right to this—I gallantly raised her hand to my lips.

'And I warrant you we will prove good comrades,' quoth she with an arch coyness that made me dizzy with hope.

Now, albeit M. de Bervaux was gone, he had left behind him his two servants on guard in the clearance before Savigny. It occurred to me to make a sortie and scatter them, and I mentioned this to Grégoire in mademoiselle's presence.

"Twere easily done,' said he; 'but it would avail us little unless'— His glance at mademoiselle completed the sentence.

'Mademoiselle remains here,' I answered, interpreting his glauce.

That evening a letter reached me from M. de Crecqui. He lauded in it my treatment of those whom the Parliament had sent to me, and urged me to stand firm and give way to no threats, since he would be answerable for all. He was on the point of setting out for Paris to lay the matter before His Majesty. He ended with some touching professions of friendship, and promises of future advancement did I continue in this matter to show myself as staunch and trustworthy as hitherto. That promise of his was a pretty thing to dwell upon, and with his letter for a foundation I built myself as glorious a 'castle in Spain' as ever sprang from the hopeful soul of an ambitious boy; and in that castle of my fancy dwelt I and Henriette de Chandora-for such, she had told me, was her name. I pictured myself a knight of romance, and her the lady I had rescued in her hour of need; and as the days sped by this pleasant fancy grew and absorbed my every thought.

M. de Bervaux returned that night with the Provost and twenty men-at-arms—half of whom appeared to have been enlisted from the peasantry of the neighbourhood; and I was now called upon to give up the lady I had kidnapped. 'Kidnapped' was the word the Provost used, and 'tis small wonder I was out of temper at it. I was discreet, however, and did no more than swear by my honour that I had kidnapped no lady. He persisted that I held her a prisoner in Savigny; and, since I would not grant him leave to enter and search the place, he despatched a messenger to Paris to inform the King and the Parliament of what was passing. That done, and with wild threats of using cannon against me, he encamped his men in the clearance before the castle, and sat down to besiege me.

Four days went by ere the Provost's messenger returned, and were I minded to set down in detail all that passed in those four days 'twixt mademoiselle and me, the thousand things we said, the million thoughts I kept for later utterance, I should fill a volume as copious as the Bible.

On the night before the messenger's return we were walking on the ramparts-she wrapped in a man's cloak, and trusting to this and to the darkness to screen her from any prying eyes of our besiegers. I stalked along, talking as only a man of twenty will talk when the stars are overhead, the air is warm, and the woman of his heart doth bear him company. She listened and answered, and was kind, and so the thing came about; and before I quite knew what had chanced I was on my knees holding her hand in mine, offering her myself and all that I owned, and bewailing that my offering was so poor a thing-in which, in all truth, I did myself no more than justice. She said me neither yea nor nay, yet from her kindly tone and the touch of her sweet hand upon my head I gathered hope, and promised to wait, as she besought me, another day. She cried out that I bewildered her; that she must think at least until the morrow. And so we parted.

The morrow brought a more imperious summons from the Provost and M. de Bervaux. The Provost had word from the Parliament that I and those with me were to be held outlaws and taken dead or living unless I could prove that Mademoiselle de Chandora was not in the château. The news staggered me. What was M. de Crecqui about that such a decree as this was passed? And then I bethought me that this matter of mademoiselle was a thing apart from the mere holding of Savigny against M. de Monravel, and beyond the pale of M. de Crecqui's influence. The fear of disaster loomed suddenly before me.

'What proof will satisfy you, Master Provost?' I demanded.

'None but a search of the château,' he answered firmly.

'I have already told you, sir, that M. de Crecqui, my master, has forbidden me to open the gates to any one.'

'Have a care how you trifle, M. de Pontis,' he cried. 'I am empowered by the Parliament to proceed to extremities if you withstand me. M. de Crecqui's affairs are nought to me. Unless you admit me before sunset I'll send to Juvisy for cannon, and talk to you with them.'

Here was a pretty situation! And what would M. de Crecqui say if Savigny were demolished by cannon? I went over to the northern wing of the château, where mademoiselle had her apartments, and having found her, I told her what had passed.

'There is but one remedy,' said she, with a sigh.

'That is?'

'To hand me over to my guardian.'

'Were I minded to do so vile a thing, 'twould be too late; for if the Provost can prove that I have detained you I shall certainly be arrested.'

'Oh monsieur,' she cried, wringing her hands, 'is it for such a reward that you have befriended me? What can I do—what sacrifice can I make to save you from the consequences of your generosity?'

'So that you love me'—— I began, when some one knocked. With an oath I strode to the door.

Barnave was there with a letter. It had been flung on to the ramparts with a stone attached to it from the eastern side, which was unguarded by our besiegers. Taking the package, I dismissed him, then eagerly tore it open. As I had already guessed, it was from M. de Crecqui, and dwelt at some length upon the charge which had been preferred against me.

'I more than half suspect,' he wrote, 'that this is a trumped-up lie of Monravel's, a pretext to gain admittance to the château and to overcome you. But the accusation is a serious one, and you must admit the Provost and one or two men—not more—to make their search. Keep close watch over them whilst they are in the place, and see that, as they enter and depart, your gates are not rushed. If by

any chance the story be true—which I cannot bring myself to credit—and you have a woman in the castle, we are all undone. I shall of a certainty lose Savigny, and as for you—may God have mercy on your soul!'

My heart sank at the last words, and in silence I handed the letter to Henriette. She took it, read, and fell to pondering with knitted brows. At length she looked up.

'If you were to get me secretly out of the château,' she said slowly, 'and then let the Provost make his search, would not the difficulty be overcome?'

'Ay, ma mie,' I answered, 'it would indeed. But how is it to be accomplished? The château is besieged.'

'On one side only,' she returned quickly. 'The eastern side is unguarded.'

'There are no gates.'

'But there are windows.'

'The lowest is thirty feet above the moat.'

'I might climb down a ladder.'

'Into the moat?' I asked. 'Child, the wall sinks sheer into the water.'

The information baffled her for a moment. 'I have it,' she cried presently. 'You have a ropeladder in the château?'

I answered her that we had such things, and thereupon she suggested to me that after nightfall I should descend by it from the lowest window on the eastern side, and swim the moat, bearing the end of the ladder with me; then, having landed, I was to hold it taut, so that it sloped clear of the water. Down this she would descend; and, once she had reached the ground, it would be easy for me to re-enter the castle in the same manner as I had left it.

'But you, mademoiselle!' I cried. 'Where will you go?'

'To the Carmelite convent at Bernault; it is little more than half a league distant, and I know the way.'

I still protested that the descent would be fraught with peril; but she made light of my fears, and so the matter was settled, and the determination taken to carry out this plan of hers after midnight—in the hours when nature should have set the vigilance of our besiegers at its weakest.

It wanted a little to two o'clock in the morning when, having assured myself that all was quiet in the Provost's camp, I made my way down to the courtyard by the light of a lanthorn. As I stepped into the quadrangle I came suddenly face to face with mademoiselle, who had been waiting for me by the door.

'Where are your men?' was the question wherewith she greeted me.

'My men?' I echoed. 'Why, asleep upstairs; and with a jerk of the thumb I pointed over my shoulder up the steps that I had just descended.

'And the woman Catharine?'

'Is asleep also, I imagine.'

There was a pause. Then, laying her hand upon my arm and bringing her face so close to mine that I could feel her breath upon my cheek, she said in a whisper, 'It had been better you had brought Grégoire to guard that door. I am afraid of that woman. I mistrust her. She has been watching me all day, and I have begun to fear that she is spying upon me.'

'Par Dieu!' I gasped, ''tis possible. She was a creature of Monravel's.'

'Hist! What was that?' And her fingers tightened on my arm.

'What?'

'Behind you, on the stairs. Did you hear nothing?'

'No,' I answered. Then, smitten by a sudden thought, 'Wait,' I said, and, stepping back, I softly closed the heavy oaken door, and locked it.

'Now,' quoth I, with a chuckle, 'she may follow us, but not beyond that door. She may knock or shout, but none will hear; the door is too solid. Come, mademoiselle!'

I drew her across the courtyard and through the narrow doorway leading to the eastern wing. We hurried up the flight of steps and along the corridor to the window upon which we had fixed. Softly opening it, I peered out. Nothing stirred; and, although the faintest of crescent moons hung in the sky, the night was dark enough to please and befriend us. Swiftly uncoiling the ladder, I made the hooks fast to the sill; then, drawing off my doublet and my boots, I set myself without more ado to climb down towards the water.

I had gone half-way, and hung but some fifteen feet from the moat, when of a sudden something gave way above me. It seemed to me that the thin streak of moon swept suddenly across the sky; nay, the whole firmament had shifted, and where it had been I now beheld the earth, then the still, black waters of the moat as I splashed into them.

Dazed by my fall, and understanding naught of what had chanced, but still clutching the ladder, I rose to the surface and spat the fetid water from my mouth, thinking that, albeit I was not drowned, 'twas odd I should be poisoned. Too bewildered to act other than by instinct, I struck out for land. I stretched out my arm to catch at something that might help me from the water, when suddenly I felt it taken in a grasp and found assistance, as unwelcome as it was unlooked for; for as I was dragged out I realised with a shudder that the splash of my fall must have drawn the Provost's people.

Lanthorns began to gleam, and men seemed to spring up around me as by enchantment. I stood up at last with a little knot of fellows surrounding me, and more than one mocking laugh smote my ear. Facing me I beheld M. de Bervaux, and by his side the Provost I had derided. Apprehensively

I glanced up at the window; but the darkness left me in doubt if mademoiselle were still there or not.

With a laugh, M. de Bervaux inquired what fancy it was had led me to bathe in the moat at such an hour; and I will not dwell upon the score of jests wherewith this was followed by these merry gentlemen. Sick at heart, dripping, and shivering with cold—in truth, very miserable—I was led round to their encampment.

From the dejected state I had been in before, I went beside myself with rage as, upon coming into the clearance that fronts the castle, I beheld what was toward. The postern stood open, and up a plank that was stretched across the moat the Provost's men were filing into the château. How had this thing come to pass? Who had opened the postern? Not Barnave nor Grégoire, nor yet Catharine, for I had locked them up in the northern wing of the building when I left it with mademoiselle. A light broke suddenly upon my mind, a light by which I saw things as they were; and in that hour I knew that I had been duped—the hooks of my ladder had not slipped from the sill by accident. I bethought me of M. de Crecqui, of his faith and trust in me, and a groan burst from my lips.

They took me a prisoner to Paris, and in my company went Barnave and Grégoire, whose glances I could not bear to meet. Them they set free; but me they flung into the Châtelet, and there I lay for a week, bitterly reviling myself and my fortunes, and yet more bitterly dubbing the fair sex the 'infamous sex,' with the gallows of Montfauçon looming sinister on my mind's horizon.

On the eighth day of my captivity my sour-faced jailer bade me arise and follow him, saying that Madame de Monravel was come to visit me. He ushered me into a room where I beheld the woman who had brought me to this sorry pass. Beside her stood he whom I had known as M. de Bervaux. From her first words I gathered not only that—as already I suspected—she was none other than Madame de Monravel herself, but also that the gentleman whom she had called her guardian was her guardian by right of wedlock.

I scowled fiercely upon the pair of them, whereupon she came forward with her sweet, scornful smile.

'Nay, not so glum, M. de Pontis,' she cried archly. 'I bring you news of your release and your free pardon for resisting the Parliament's authority. My brother, M. de Crecqui, has lost the Château de Savigny; but I think he recognises how desperate was his case, and I am sure that it will not be long ere he restores you to his favour. The Parliament would have made an example of you, M. de Pontis, but that I insisted upon your unconditional pardon. I owed you that, methinks,' she added slyly, 'for the sake—for the sake of Henriette.'

SINGULAR SERVICES IN LIEU OF RENT.



HE terms on which our ancestors were allowed to hold their lands seem often intentionally strange or even absurd; if the jester of the lord of the manor had been appointed as steward he could hardly have

suggested proceedings more ludicrous than some which knights and nobles had to perform to maintain their tenures. May it not, however, have been that in an illiterate age methods in themselves merely curious were found to be practically useful by way of impressing the memories of witnesses? Just as in comparatively recent times small boys were occasionally made to suffer during the annual perambulation of the parish bounds in order that in later years they might recall the fact that this or that spot, sacred to the memory of a flogging or ducking, was within the said bounds; so in many cases, when neither lord nor tenant could read or write, and when in leasing the land no deeds passed between the illiterate contractors, it may have been exceedingly useful to insist on the performance of some service by the tenant which every bystander would easily remember solely because of the strangeness of the service rendered. Thus a series of witnesses would always be provided to prove the right of the lord to his manorial acres as evidenced by the fact that some service had been rendered for them by the occupier. Of these curious land-tenures the bygone history of the county of Stafford affords several instances.

Lavish hospitality and frequent festivity took place at Tutbury Castle under the Dukes of Lancaster. The lords of this manor evidently had an original turn for devising terms for the tenure of their land, and they took advantage of the feasting at the castle in their contracts with some of their tenants. Sir Philip de Somerville, in the days of Edward III., held the manor of Bredeshall and Tatenhill by tenures of this nature. For the former he was to wait on the Duke (or, as he then was, the Earl) of Lancaster whenever he kept Christmas at Tutbury; Sir Philip was to carry his lord's dinner to the table on Christmas Day, and carve at dinner and at supper. Lodging was provided for him in the town by the Earl's marshal of the house, and at his own dinner the steward was to attend him. On St Stephen's Day, after dinner, he was at liberty to return home.

The service exacted for Tatenhill was more elaborate. On St Peter's Day (29th June) he was to hunt the wild swine in Needwood Forest. He presented himself at the castle, saying he had come to hunt at his lord's cost. Thereupon the steward provided him with a horse ready saddled and a hound, with two shillings and sixpence for

himself, and one shilling for his servant, and a further sum of fifty shillings, presumably for the expenses of the chase; and all the Earl's foresters were summoned to attend. Of the spoils of the hunt, a certain proportion was to be given up to the Earl's 'lardyner' for replenishing the castle larder; the rest Sir Philip might keep for his own use. On the 14th of September the horse and hound were to be returned to the steward, who was to provide the knight with dinner; and the latter was to depart, having first kissed the porter!

Sir Philip, taking a hint from the service required of him, exacted similar terms from a tenant of his own for the occupancy of a portion of the manor of Tunstall. For this, Hugh, son of Walter de Newbold, had to bring to him and his heirs every Holy Thursday four loaves of bread, on Christmas Day eighty hens, and on St John Baptist's Day (24th June) a chaplet of roses for the Wichnor Flitch of Bacon (of which more presently); he was also to dress the bacon ten times a year with flowers, and twice (on the Eve of All Saints and of Christmas) with ivy.

The domain at Tutbury was greatly esteemed for the opportunities which it gave of hunting in the neighbouring forests of Needwood and Duffield. John of Gaunt kept quite a retinue of foresters and woodwardens, for whom a special feast was made on the festival of the Assumption of our Lady. After the honour of Tutbury became merged in the dignities of the Crown, it was chiefly for its hunting that the estate was valued.

The influence of this local interest shows itself in the boar-hunting of Sir Philip de Somerville alluded to; it is also suggested by the curious use of a hunting-horn as an evidence of legal tenure. Such a usage has several precedents in other parts of the country. The Horn of Ulf at York Minster, and the Pusey Horn at Pusey House near Farringdon, are examples of ancient charter-horns; and others might be quoted. One connected by association with this county was found at Hungerford in Berkshire, where the possession of a horn was the guarantee of certain fishery and other rights and privileges granted to the town by John of Gaunt.

A Staffordshire example is supplied by the Tutbury Horn, the holder of which could claim the duties and dignities of clerk to the market, coroner, and escheator throughout the honour of Tutbury, and also the stewardship of the manors of East and West Leeke in Nottinghamshire. In the year 1679 the horn was described by Blount as 'a white hunter's horn, decorated in the middle and at each end with silver gilt,

to which also was affixed a baldric of fine black silk adorned with certain buckles of silver, in the midst of which were placed the arms of Edmund, second son of King Henry III.' Prince Edmund was the first Earl of Lancaster, and this assertion as to the arms implies that it was he who instituted the Tutbury Horn. It has been alleged, however, that the arms are of later date than this, and consequently that either the custom is also a later one, or that the arms are an addition to the original decorations of the horn. Thus writes Mr W. Carew Hazlitt: 'The first coat is quarterly France and England, with a label of fleurs-de-lis. Now, Edmund Crouchback had nothing to do with the arms of France, neither is there any instance of his bearing them at any time. Besides, in the French quarter the fleurs-de-lis are stinted to three, which was not done in England till the reign of Henry IV., or about that time. This coat, therefore, is no older than the age, and consequently must be the bearing, of John of Gaunt at the latter end of his time, or of his son Henry, afterwards King Henry IV.; probably of the former, and perhaps may be the sole instance now extant of his bearing the fleurs-de-lis so stinted.' Against this in part, and in defence of the earlier chronicler's account of the date of this custom, we may quote no less an authority in heraldry than Boutell, who says (English Heraldry, p. 123): 'In the year 1275, Edmund, first Earl of Lancaster, second son of Henry III., married Blanche of Artois, when he differenced his shield of England with a label of France, a blue label charged on each point with three golden fleurs-de-lis. Thus for the first time did the armorial insignia of England and France appear together upon the The assertion as to the use of same shield.' the arms of 'Modern France,' as they are called by heralds—that is, with three fleurs-de-lis only, arranged two and one-is apparently more correct, so that the date of the shields seems to be an arguable point.

The first holder of the horn of whom we know was Walter Achard, who held it in 1569, and from whom it passed by marriage to the family of the Stanhopes of Elvaston, and from them by purchase to Mr Samuel Foxlowe of Staveley, Derbyshire.

The Essex custom of the Dunmow Flitch of Bacon to be given to such claimants as, having been married a year and a day, could swear that they had never repented—this is well known; it is not such common knowledge that Staffordshire had a similar usage. This also was the idea of John of Gaunt. The village of Wichnor was granted by this lord of Tutbury to the aforementioned Sir Philip de Somerville on condition that a flitch of bacon was kept always hanging in his hall (except during Lent), ready for presentation to any wedded couple who should

appear there and take oath in the following form:

'Hear ye, Sir Philip de Somerville, Lord of Wichnover, maintainer and giver of this bacon, that I, A., since I wedded B., my wife, and since I had her in my keeping and at my will, by a year and a day after our marriage, I would not have changed for none other, fairer nor fouler, richer nor poorer, nor for none other descended of greater lineage, sleeping or waking, at no time. And if the said B. were sole and I sole, I would take her to be my wife before all the women of the world, of what conditions soever they be, good or evil, as help me God and His saints, and this flesh and all fleshes.' Two neighbours had then to take oath that they believed this to be truly sworn. To a freeman was to be given, with the bacon, a cheese and half-a-quarter of rye; a villain had to do without the cheese, but got the rye. Tradition avers that the prize was seldom claimed, and only thrice won. But the latter statement has all the appearance of a cynical joke, for it goes on to assert that the three lucky couples were a sailor and his wife who had parted on their wedding-day and had not met again for a year, a good-natured husband who had a deaf wife, and a pair who quarrelled so bitterly over the cooking of the bacon they had just received that it was taken from them again. claimants were not numerous is likely enough, for we find the better-known flitch at Dunmow was hedged about with so many safeguards that it was not specially popular; and here at any rate no record exists of the bestowal of the gift. After hanging undemanded for a great many years, it is said that a wooden imitation was suspended in the hall, to save the trouble of the periodical changing of the flitch.

The king's tenants in Staffordshire were generally required to perform some duty more in accord with the traditional feudal usages. Lord Stafford held of King Edward II. the manors of Stafford, Madeley, and Bradeley, by 'barony,' which meant in this case that so often as the monarch waged war in Scotland or in Wales the tenant was to find three men and horses fully equipped for the campaign, and to maintain them for forty days. Similarly, John de Peiton held the manor of Peiton of Edward III. by grand sergeantry-'to wit, by the service of one man, armed with an aketon, a habergeon, a steel cap, and a lance, in the king's army, when he was engaged in a war with Wales.' The habergeon was a short jacket of chain-mail, and the aketon (acton) a coat of quilted leather worn underneath it, to keep the body from being chafed or bruised by the mail. Richard Littleton (or Lyttleton), by right of his wife Alice, daughter and heiress of William Wynnesbury (or Winesbury) of Pillaton Hall, Staffordshire, held a messuage and other property in Huntingdon, in the same county, by grand sergeantry, which in other instances meant the keeping of 'the Hay—that is, the park—of Tedesley, in the forest of Cannock.' This Richard Littleton was the second son of the famous Sir Thomas Littleton, author of the treatise on Tenures, a book which, though published in the middle of the fifteenth century, is still, through the commentaries thereon of Sir Edward Coke, a standard work. Sir Thomas was the founder of two noble houses—Lord Lyttleton, Baron Frankley, descended from Sir William, his eldest son, and Baron Hatherton from Richard above named, the second son; though in neither case in direct male descent throughout. Teddesley Park near Penkridge is still one of the seats of Lord Hatherton.

Simon de Rugeley possessed in the reign of Edward III. the right of fishing in a pond owned by the Crown near Stafford, his acknowledgment being that whenever the monarch came to the town Simon was to hold his stirrup on his first mounting his palfry. At a later period a steward of a more practical turn of mind let this 'stew' to Ralph de Waymer on condition that when the king himself should please to fish there he should keep all the pike and bream that he was fortunate enough to catch, Ralph having all the other fish that were landed, and paying besides the sum of half-a-mark at Michaelmas.

Another tenure of a practical kind was that of the manor of Eccleshall, held by the family of Broughton of the Bishop of Lichfield. The service in this case consisted in finding fourteen men at the chase of Padmore thrice a year for three days; providing two ploughs for two days at a time, in winter and again in Lent, to plough any part of the demesne that the bishop pleased; and fourteen men to help in harvest-time, or in lieu thereof to pay five shillings and ninepence; and, finally, keeping ward at Eccleshall Castle for forty days at his own cost.

As an illustration of the absolutely absurd services sometimes required, no better example could be found than one observed at Hilton so late as the reign of Charles II. Once every year the lord of the manor of Essington was compelled to bring a goose to Hilton, and to drive it round a room there under the following circumstances: A hollow brass figure about a foot high of a man kneeling upon his left knee, known locally as 'Jack of Hilton,' was brought forth and filled with water through a hole in the back, which was afterwards plugged up. 'Jack' was set on the fire, and as soon as the water began to boil steam issued in a fine jet from a pin-hole in the mouth; and so long as the jet continued the lord of Essington had to drive his ungainly bird round the chamber. At the end of this edifying exhibition he or his bailiff presented the goose at the table, and received a dish for his own dinner in return. The dinner was certainly well earned.

With an account of a more poetic custom we will close this article. Roger de la Zouch, lord of the manor of Tonge, anciently granted some of his lands and woods at Norton and Shaw to Henry de Hugefort, on condition that if he, Roger, or his heirs were at Tonge on St John Baptist's Day, a chaplet of roses should be brought to him; if he were absent the flowers were to be placed about the statue of the Blessed Virgin in the church. This was done annually until the Reformation, when the statue was destroyed; the tenant afterwards placed his wreath round the neck of a figure representing one of the Vernons, on a tomb hard by, and until recent times the custom continued to be observed in this way.

BY THE WESTERN WAVE.

YE that in sultry cities pent,
Amid the hum and heat of strife,
For merest living toil intent,
And lose the immediate good of life;

And whosee'er with sorrow dwells—
Some memory of a wounded Past,
Which mars the Present, and foretells
A loveless Future overcast:

Come ye, where in sunsets golden, Full upon the western shore, From the New World to the Olden Floats the Atlantic evermore;

Where the vaporous sea lies gleaming, Indigo and blue and green, Headland after headland dreaming, Faëry, in a mist of sheen;

Where, immingling sweet together On the seaward-sloping chine, Yellow gorse and purple heather Their rich harmonies combine;

Where the waves, as breezes blow them, Wrinkling shoreward, glistering bright, Flicker on the sands below them Traceries of limpid light;

Where the ripple fondly lingers, Curving, creaming up the strand, Thrusting little foamy fingers Forward on the level sand,

Then, retiring, draweth after
Clouds of shimmery glittering grain,
But to meet in quiet laughter
That which cometh next in train,

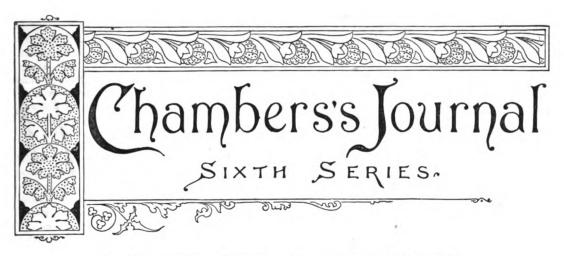
So for ever, ever blending

Bbb and flow that never cease:

Come ye here, in secret wending,

Whispering softly, 'Here is peace.'

C. H. ST L. RUSSELL



A TRANSANDEAN ADVENTURE.

IN THREE PARTS .- PART L



HEN I made up my mind to return to Europe from the west coast of South America, in the month of February of the year 18—, a friend in Valparaiso suggested that, as the passes of the Cordillera were open at that

time of the year, I might avoid the monotony of six weeks at sea by travelling overland to Buenos Ayres, and thence by steamer to Southampton.

Tempted by the novelty of the idea, being then a young man and eager for anything in the shape of an experience, I did eventually decide to forgo the comparative comfort of life on board a P.S.N. Company's liner for the manifold hardships of a week's ride on muleback—nights spent for the most part on mountain-sides, and living chiefly on charqui (sun-dried beef).

Nowadays the journey across the Andes is accomplished with comparative ease and, for most of the way at least, in comfort; but when I made the journey the construction of the Transandean Railway had not been commenced. Consequently, to go from Los Andes, the farthest point reached by rail on the Chili side, to Mendoza in Argentina was somewhat of an undertaking.

After five days of hard riding we had accomplished the greater part of the journey, and towards evening our troop of pack-mules was slowly but steadily plodding along the track which climbs upwards after leaving the valley of the river Mendoza at the point where that stream turns south almost at right angles to the easterly course hitherto followed. The trail continued almost due east; and, after crossing a range of stony bluffs, we descended into the Uspallata Valley. The arriers (muleteers) informed me that an Englishman owned an estancia in this valley, so I resolved to tax my countryman's hospitality to the extent of a night's lodging.

The view which greeted me on reaching the crest of the hill was so superb that I paused for a few moments to admire it. The sun had already disappeared behind the high peaks of the Andes to the

west; the valley in front lay in deep shadow; but a range of hills on the far side of it was still bathed in the crimson glow. The tinkle of the madrino's (bellman) bell could hardly be distinguished when I urged my mule down the flinty path just trodden by the troop. The trail presently landed me on a comparatively flat road, with, on one side, the refreshing verdure of fields of alfalfa.

I could make out the whereabouts of the packmules by the cloud of dust they were raising, and I was on the point of putting my animal at a trot in order to overtake them, when I was arrested by the sound of cantering hoofs behind, and a moment later the horseman checked his animal into a walk alongside mine.

In spite of the sombrero and poncho worn by the rider, I could tell at once that we were countrymen. We nodded, and each regarded the other before speaking.

'English?' he asked laconically.

'Yes,' I answered.

'Come from the other side?' he inquired again as his glance passed from myself to my saddle and mule.

'Yes. Do you live in this district?' I asked in

'Yes; this is my place, and yonder is the house,' he said, pointing, with a wave of his whip, towards a clump of trees amid which the roof of his house appeared. 'You may as well put up there for the night,' he added in his hearty English way.

'I shall be very glad to do so,' I said.

'Do. Is that your troop ahead? Then let us overtake them and direct them to the corral.'

We cantered after the troop without further comment, and ten minutes later I followed my host into a low-ceilinged room opening off a wide veranda.

'Sit down, sir,' he said, pushing a chair in my direction. 'May I ask your name? Burton! Well, Mr Burton, I hope you'll make yourself at home. My name's Crawford, and this place is called The Laurels.'

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As he spoke he went to the sideboard, and thence produced a bottle of whisky and two glasses. 'Help yourself,' he said, removing the cork from the bottle.

That was how I met Richard Crawford, little thinking that events would happen within the next few days which were destined to make us fast friends for life.

What a blessed comfort it was to bathe and get into clean linen after the five days' dusty ride! The bedroom into which my host led me was comfortable in a plain, clean, tidy way: clean-scrubbed boards underfoot, with a few dressed skins here and there, the furniture of white deal for the most part. I could tell at a glance that a woman's taste and deft fingers had been at work there. A square of spotless linen covered the dressing-table, upon which a few odds and ends were placed with that elaborate care to imitate carelessness which only a lady can manage.

My conjectures as to the personality of the lady in question were put at rest the moment I entered the sitting-room. Crawford introduced me to his sister, a tall, dark girl. Her face was of that striking cast which often causes so-called pretty women to fade into insignificance on being brought in contact with it. Her manner was so perfectly natural that restraint of any kind, even upon being first introduced to her, was at once dispelled. No laboured or studied effusiveness was forced into her welcome, and yet my mind was at once relieved of that dread of being regarded as an intruder which, under the circumstances, I could hardly do other than entertain. Before the evening had come to an end I was thoroughly at ease with my hospitable host and hostess.

First impressions are, naturally, instinctive, and instinct is seldom at fault. I experienced a liking for Crawford and his sister from the moment I met them. They were, above everything, natural, and so they conveyed the impression of being true; and that they certainly were, as I have reason to know.

Long after Miss Crawford had retired, her brother and I sat chatting as we smoked. The night was balmy and still, and so little suggestive of danger that a suspicion of what was about to happen did not for an instant enter our thoughts.

It was after a pause in the conversation that I referred to the object of my journey and my proposed movements on the following day.

'I intended asking you,' said Crawford, 'if you have heard that another revolution has just broken out in the province of Mendoza,'

'Never! I exclaimed. 'Nothing very serious, I hope'—as visions of an interrupted journey and all it signified passed through my mind.

'Well,' replied Crawford, 'nothing serious enough to endanger the existing Government, I think; but sufficiently so to cause serious trouble in the locality. It seems that the governor of the province, Don Juan Elgaresto, caught ten men of the revolutionists and had them shot. That occurred two days ago, and they say that the town is in a perfect ferment. In fact,' he went on, 'if you take my advice, you will stay here for a few days until we see how the land lies. We hear all kinds of rumours, one being that the revolutionists have cut off telegraphic communication with Buenos Ayres, and have blown up several bridges on the railway.'

Crawford's news, if correct, threatened to disarrange the programme which I had marked out for myself. I had no desire to be cooped up in a town where a state of anarchy might declare itself at any moment. The risk of so undesirable an issue induced me to act on Crawford's suggestion and await developments before leaving the comfortable quarters he so kindly placed at my disposal.

I was on the point of imparting my decision to Crawford in order to accept his kind invitation, when my companion gripped my arm with one hand, while with the other he pointed towards the far side of the garden, where a clump of young trees and shrubs cast a patch of shadow.

I saw the shape of a sombrero for a second between the masses of foliage. Crawford stooped down and bent forward, the better to watch the movements of the lurking figure, when at the precise moment that he did so a spurt of light was followed by the shock of a report.

This happened so unexpectedly that neither of us moved for a moment; nor did we realise at once that we were being made a target of. Then we both sprang from our chairs, and I followed Crawford as he ran across the garden. The ground was unfamiliar to me, and before I had taken many paces I found myself sprawling over some obstruction. Before I could recover myself, Crawford was bending over me under the mistaken impression that I had been shot.

'Good God, Burton! are you hurt?'

'Not at all,' I said, feeling particularly ridiculous as I rose to my feet.

'Oh! I thought you were shot,' he said.

We searched the garden, but without result. Whoever fired the shot had made good his escape. Then we returned in silence to our seats, and I suppose we remained in our former positions for another twenty minutes, more through backwardness to admit that either of us felt nervous than the desire to be sociable. The spell of the moonlit night was broken, and yet we lingered.

'Have you any idea who your well-intentioned friend may be?' I asked Crawford.

'Well,' he replied—somewhat reluctantly, I thought—'the motive I can guess at; but as for the individual who fired the shot, frankly speaking, I haven't the least idea who he can be.'

'But surely the motive ought to suggest the actor,' I hinted.

'Not necessarily,' he answered. 'But look here, my dear sir, I'm sorry that you should have been put out by such a thing having taken place here. I must really apologise.' This he blurted out as

though the necessity of it had just struck him. 'Perhaps we'd better turn in,' he added. 'Let me show you your room.'

After lighting my lamp, Crawford hesitated for a moment as though on the point of speaking. Then he said, 'This room was my own bedroom up to last night; but as my sister occupies a room at the other end of the veranda, and felt rather isolated there, I have moved into the room alongside of here.'

'Ah! yes,' I answered, at a loss to understand the necessity which induced him to make this lengthy explanation.

'Yes,' he went on. 'And perhaps—that is, it might be as well that you should bolt your door before turning into bed. The times are a bit unsettled just now, and it is best to be on the safe side. Well, good-night.'

'Good-night,' I returned as the door closed.

'Curious business,' I thought. 'I wonder who the enemy is, and what grudge he has against Crawford.'

Before putting out the light I acted on Crawford's advice to bolt the door.

I dropped off to sleep almost at once; and I suppose it must have been two or three hours later when I awoke to find myself perspiring profusely. The window stood wide open as I had left it on turning in; it, of course, was barred, and in addition was covered with stout wire-netting. The night had turned sultry, and I longed for a breath of air to cool the stifling heat of the room.

I was on the point of rising in order to throw open the door, when my host's words of warning occurred to me, and I lay down again. But all attempts at sleep were futile in that atmosphere.

At last I threw discretion aside. Air I must have, at whatever cost. I quietly unbolted and opened the door and stepped on to the veranda. I was rewarded by a faint breath of air, and after enjoying its freshness for a few moments, again lay down upon the bed.

I awoke once more, and this time with an instinctive consciousness of danger at hand. A man's figure, just distinguishable in the twilight of my bedroom, seemed at first to be standing outside and looking in through the window; but in an instant my awaking senses told me that he was inside the apartment, and not a yard from where I lay.

The sensations I felt on being thus awakened were so unnerving that I lay in a state of breathless suspense, my eyes riveted upon the figure which now seemed to be actually bending over me. I knew that my revolver lay on the chair at my bedside; but I dared not move an inch. I felt that if the intruder was bent on murder the first movement on my part would only precipitate matters.

The suspense became almost unbearable; I felt that if I remained without moving for another minute my heart would cease to beat. A ray of light cast by the moon, which was nearing the horizon, filtered through intervening foliage, and

lighted for a second upon the face bending over me. The features were photographed on my mind's eye with indelible clearness.

At that moment the spell which held me was broken by the sound of a door being opened at no great distance. I heard a voice call, 'Carlos!'

Then the figure at the bedside straightened and crept stealthily to the door of my room.

I recognised the voice that called: it was Crawford's, who at that early hour of the morning was rousing a servant. Again it broke the silence, this time with a variation of the same name, 'Carlitos?' with a slight interrogation in the voice.

Although my ears drank in the sound, my eyes watched every movement of the man in the room. He stood for a moment in the doorway, his head bent slightly forward, the rays of moonlight flickering upon him; then he slid out of sight.

Until he vanished I had lain all eyes and ears. That which put movement into my limbs was the glint of a steel blade upon which the moonlight twinkled as the figure turned to go.

To rise from the bed and follow the cat-like movements of the lurking intruder was a matter of impulse. His unshod feet made no noise, nor did mine.

I saw Crawford standing in the yellow moonlight at the far end of the veranda. 'Carlos!' Impatience was conveyed along with the imperative call.

'Señor!' The response came faintly from a distance.

The crouching figure in front of me was within a few yards of Crawford, who, intent upon listening for the response to his call, was altogether unconscious of the danger which threatened him. The would-be assassin was unaware of my presence close behind him, just as Crawford was of the presence of either of us. I saw the arm and weapon half-raised before I hit out with all the weight and goodwill at my command. The force of the impact sent my victim reeling along the veranda, and he lay a motionless spread-eagle where he fell.

'I say, Crawford,' I remarked to that astonished individual, 'is this a private lunatic asylum?'

'Hullo, Mr Burton, what have we here?' he said coolly as he stepped up to where I stood looking down at the man I had hit. 'By Jove!' he gasped when he saw the face beneath him; 'Don Diego Costa, by all that's incredible!'

After uttering these words, he stood looking from me to the prostrate man at our feet.

'Then he is not an inmate of your establishment?' I asked.

'No, no! But please explain the situation, Mr Burton. How did this happen?'

I informed him of my unpleasant awakening, and of the actions of the man he recognised as Don Diego Costa. In proof of my words, I picked up and handed to Crawford the knife which had dropped from the man's hand when he fell.

By this time the dawn was appearing, and Costa, after a movement of the limbs, opened two lack-lustre eyes and regarded us vacantly.

Crawford had thrown the knife into a shrub close by. 'Say nothing,' he whispered in an aside.

'Como esta ahora, Don Diego?' ('How are you now, Don Diego?') he said as he bent over the dazed native. 'It seems there has been an accident,' he went on. 'You must have fallen and hit your head against this post, I think. Can you rise now?' he asked as he assisted him to his feet.

Don Diego's expression of suspicious astonishment almost upset my gravity. I managed to keep my countenance, however. I saw his eyes peer furtively over the ground, and knew what he was looking for—namely, the knife which Crawford had thrown out of sight. The situation evidently puzzled him. He suspected our intentions towards himself, yet could not divine the extent of our knowledge regarding his movements before unconsciousness had so suddenly overtaken him. I saw a drop of blood oozing from his ear, and presently his hand went up to the spot I had struck.

'Ah! you have hurt your ear,' said Crawford. 'Come inside and have it bathed. And you must take something to pull you together.'

The bewildered native cast a malignant look in my direction before he followed Crawford, who led the man to his own bedroom. Carlos was sent to fetch hot water and spirits. My host was evidently bent upon heaping coals of fire on the head of the man who had so recently attempted to murder him.

PART IL



RETURNED to my room, where, as I dressed, I pondered over the strange occurrence of the morning.

Crawford's forbearing conduct was to me inexplicable. Not one man in a thousand, I reflected, would have shown the calm disregard of danger and the cool contempt towards an unscrupulous enemy which Crawford had displayed. That he would eventually settle accounts with the native I did not doubt. My host, I felt sure, was not the man to allow two consecutive attempts on his own life to pass without requital.

The longer I thought over the affair the more mysterious did it appear. The conclusion I arrived at was to the effect that Crawford had every right to treat his enemies as he saw fit, and that, without any doubt, he must have good reasons for acting as he did. In any case, I concluded that in a day or two I should have taken my departure from The Laurels and said adieu to the inmates thereof for all time.

I was hardly surprised to learn from Crawford, at the breakfast-table, that Costa had taken his departure. Curiosity urged me to question my host, but the manner in which he referred to the morning's visitor clearly showed that he wished to prevent any knowledge of his narrow escape from reaching his sister's ears. Besides, I resolved that he should be the first to volunteer information, not I to seek it. This on account of the evident reluctance with which Crawford had answered the questions I put him with regard to the previous night's affair.

The two succeeding days passed very agreeably. Crawford lent me a horse, and Miss Crawford and he were kind enough to plan excursions in order to show me some of the surrounding country. On the third day, however, I was forced to announce my departure. To have delayed any longer would have been to have run the risk of losing my steamer at Buenos Ayres. I must say it was with great reluctance that I left, and I thought I detected a note of genuine sorrow in Miss Crawford's voice as she bade me good-bye.

Often since that day have I blessed the seemingly unfortunate chain of circumstances which brought us together again within a few days.

Upon deciding to stay for a few days at The Laurels, I had settled accounts with the owner of the troop I had travelled with. Crawford undertook to find the means of reaching Mendoza, and he now lent me a horse and instructed one of his peons to act as guide.

Two days' travelling brought us within sight of Mendoza, where further unpleasant experiences awaited me.

Towards evening we were within an hour's ride of the town, after having toiled across the arid, sun-baked plain over which stretched the road from Chili. Clumps of trees and vineyards, the latter enclosed by thick adobe walls, announced that we were within the irrigable area on the outskirts of the town. I had just distinguished church spires and cupolas appearing amongst the trees, when a cloud of dust ahead of us attracted my attention.

'Soldados!' ('Soldiers!') said the peon.

Soldiers they proved to be, and rapidly approaching us. We turned our horses to one side of the road to allow the squad to pass; but at the word of command, given by a young officer who rode alongside his men, the party came to a halt across the roadway, effectually blocking our passage.

The officer now approached and addressed me. 'De donde viene, señor ?' ('Where do you come from, sir ?') he demanded.

- 'From Chili,' I answered in Spanish.
- 'I must beg that you will accompany me,' he said, with native politeness.
 - 'But why, señor?' I asked.
- 'I have orders to patrol the approaches to the town, and convey new arrivals to the juzgado for examination.'
- 'Bien, señor; iremos?' ('Very well, sir; shall we go?').
 - 'Vuelta por la derecha-al trote' ('Right-about

wheel—trot'), were the words of command, and we proceeded towards the town with an escort of ten mounted soldiers on each side.

Adobe huts and boundary walls were passed, and soon we were clattering over the cobble-stone pavements of Mendoza. We entered the town by a continuation of the principal thoroughfare; but before reaching the central part we wheeled into a side-street, and after passing several blocks of houses, our escort drew rein in front of an open doorway, over which hung a shield bearing the Argentine coat-of-arms and a plate with the legend, 'Comisaria del 5° Seccion' ('Police Office of the 5th Section'). Here we dismounted, and were led into a patio or courtyard. Several individuals grouped together were evidently in a like situation to our own. We were instructed to await our turn by the officer who had escorted, or shall I say arrested, us.

A most tedious and aggravating delay occurred before my turn came to be ushered into the official presence of the *comisario*. At length, however, the truculent-looking native policeman accosted me.

'Venga!' ('Come!') he ordered.

Following him, I was shown into a plainly furnished room, where the *comisario* sat at a centretable on which two revolvers occupied prominent positions.

The inimitable air of aggressive authority with which the *comisario* surveyed me was, I presume, calculated to reduce me to a proper state of nervous pliability.

'Su nombre, señor?' ('Your name, sir?') he demanded.

'Tom Burton,' I replied.

Here followed a lengthy cross-examination, of which my family history, movements during the past month, and probable movements in the future formed the subjects. I answered every question with becoming docility, determined that I should supply no possible excuse for detaining me. My replies were carefully noted, and I was ordered to retire to an adjoining room.

It was useless to inquire the reason for another hour spent in waiting. Darkness was setting in before I was allowed to depart.

Upon inquiring for the peon who had accompanied me, I was informed that he had been ordered to return to The Laurels without delay, and that he had departed along with the horse which Crawford had lent me. My saddle-bags were delivered by the soldier on guard; and slinging these over my shoulder, I stepped into the street. I paused in order to take my bearings. I knew the direction from which we had approached the comisaria; and judging from this, I set off in the opposite direction with the intention of reaching the centre of the town, where a hotel might be found wherein to lodge for the night.

I had traversed the street for several blocks, when the sounds of galloping horses coming in the opposite direction brought me to a standstill. The street in my immediate vicinity was deserted, and the rapidly approaching sounds echoed loudly. A skirmish of some kind seemed about to take place. Two shots fired in rapid succession were accompanied by a volley of Spanish oaths from a horseman who came clattering up the street, and shouts at no great distance showed that he was being chased.

Instinctively I shrank into the shelter of a doorway to escape notice until pursuers and pursued should pass by. Happening to lean against the door, I was surprised to find it yield to the weight of my body. The uproar in the street was increasing. Several men on horseback had ridden up in the same direction as I had come; and on these meeting the pursuers whom I was avoiding, a scrimmage ensued not twenty yards from the doorway in which I stood. Any port in a storm, I thought. So, stepping across the threshold, I closed the door between myself and the combatants, who seemed to be drawing nearer to my hiding-place as they fought. I now deemed it expedient to shoot the bolt with which the door was furnished, before turning to inspect my surroundings.

The passage in which I stood was lit by a swinging lamp, and led to a paved patio. Doors opened off this courtyard into the rooms which surrounded it. I was on the point of clapping my hands in order to attract the attention of the householders, when I heard a fumbling at the street-door which I had just bolted. Some one was evidently trying to push it open, and I heard a whispered exclamation in Spanish, 'Caramba! The door has shut itself. Have you got the key? Quick! quick! They are coming!'

Here was a predicament indeed. Having entered the house without so much as a 'by your leave,' I had apparently shut the lawful owners out of their own domicile. I hesitated for a second only, then hastened to draw back the bolt and open the door. As I did so an oath from those seeking an entrance was followed by shouts from others pressing in pursuit. I had barely unfastened the door when it was burst open and two figures shot into the passage.

'Shut the door! Shut the door!' they shouted.

I pushed with hands and knee; but the effort only served to close the door as far as the point of a bayonet inserted between it and the frame would permit; then with a crash it was forced open, and men tumbled across the threshold.

The impetus with which the door flew open forced me back against the wall, and I might possibly have escaped notice, shut within the recess thus formed, had not one of two struggling men, in seeking a support, caught hold of the edge and dragged the door forward.

Six men had followed one another into the passage before the door was thus swung to; and so, between the seven of us, we caused a very pretty hubbub in the narrow entrance.

To get clear away from this pandemonium was

now my only object; but, jammed as I was in the corner of the passage, and hemmed in by the six swaying bodies, escape seemed impossible. I saw the flash of steel, and the agonised shriek of a wounded man rang in my ears.

In desperation, I attempted to break away from the involuntary part which I was being forced to play in the deadly struggle; but I was not to escape so easily after having appeared to take part in the tight. I remember trying to force my way between the wall and one of the combatants; but even as I thought I was clear the shock of what must have been a stunning blow on the head deprived me of my senses.

When consciousness returned my first sensation was that of deadly sickness. All the world was swinging, swinging up and down, then round and round, and time was marked by rhythmic beats. It dawned upon my dizzy brain that I was being carried along. The tramp of marching feet and the movements of those who bore me showed that we were proceeding at a steady pace. This fact I managed to grasp; then I closed my eyes with the conviction that events had reached the point at which self-responsibility of any kind ceases, and that, come what might, the issue must be left in other hands than my own.

When next I became aware of my surroundings, the choking sensation of raw spirits being forced down my throat braced me into something approaching alertness. I heard a voice which sounded far off speaking in Spanish:

'No, he will not die yet. It might be better for the poor devil if he did. I'm afraid he will live to be shot along with the others.'

A harsh chuckle in another key followed this speech; then receding footsteps and voices growing fainter showed that the speakers had gone.

I pondered vaguely as to who the subject of this conversation might be. 'He will live to be shot along with the others:' the words might apply to some red-hot revolutionist, I thought.

I heard a door bang and a bolt being pushed intoplace; then I raised my head and looked about me.

I lay on a catre, or trestle-bed, which was the only piece of furniture in the room. Daylight streamed through a small barred window high up in the wall, and partially lit up the cell-like room in which I lay. The brain of one just regaining the use of reasoning power is slow to grasp a new situation, and therefore it was only after a considerable interval that the bare stone walls and barred window conveyed to my mind the conviction that I was occupying a prison-cell. When the significance of this fact was forced upon me I attempted to rise; but the effort brought back the horrid sickness, and I sank back once more. Putting my hand to my head, I found that it was bandaged. Like a dream, the recollection of the struggle in the passage returned, and then it faded again as sleep overcame

HARD-WEARING SUITS.



OTWITHSTANDING the presentation of the Dymoke suit of armour to His Majesty, the wearing of coatsof-mail has not caught on in fashionable circles, perhaps because the price of a well-hammered suit runs into

several thousands of pounds. For instance, the armour of the King's Champion, which dates from 1585, was sold by the Dymoke family for one thousand four hundred pounds in 1887, and was afterwards purchased by Mr Spitzer for between four and five thousand pounds, a sum very few would feel justified in giving for a single suit of clothes, however hard-wearing they may be.

Although a suit of armour is not considered a desirable substitute for a mackintosh, about half a dozen years ago an individual strolled into the court then presided over by Lord Brampton (at that time known as Mr Justice Hawkins) and Mr Justice Bruce, and asked for protection. The attire of the petitioner, a gentleman hailing from the learned city of Oxford, suggested that he was not altogether certain of securing the object of his quest, and so had prepared for the worst; for, in addition to the ordinary male habiliments, he wore a black gown, a mortar-board cap with bunches of variegated

ribbons hanging at the corners, and (strangest of all) a seventeenth-century coat-of-mail. It appeared that a certain Metropolitan magistrate had styled the armour-wearer a public nuisance; after which, for reasons best known to himself, he had gone in fear of his life. Hence his request, which the learned Judges did not see their way to grant.

In addition to Constantine von Braun-a distinguished Continental colonel assisting the Boers, who, when captured during the operations on the Tugela, was wearing an oilskin coat with steel netting-there are, if report speaks true, other people who wear armoured underclothing in self-defence and for better reasons than the afore-mentioned solicitant of legal protection had. For example, it is reported that the Czar has worn a mail-shirt of steel and nickel ever since his life was attempted by the Odessa Nihilists. That shirt cannot, during hot weather, be less irksome than the hair-shirts of medieval times; but it is guaranteed to turn a knife, and might turn a bullet if its range were not too short, as the hard-wearing garment donned by Prince Bismarck did when Blind made his attempt upon the Chancellor's life in 1866. The Bismarckian undershirt was the invention of a young Hungarian magnate who had allowed his estates to remain

uncultivated in order to avoid the payment of any taxes; and the price he required for the article was simply the defeat of the Austrians. That this was paid in full very shortly afterwards is now a matter of history. In addition to their metal garments, according to information freely circulated for sufficiently obvious reasons, both the Czar and the Kaiser William never go anywhere without a small but serviceable revolver within easy reach. The Czar's weapon, it is said, was presented to him by his mother, and when he is out driving it is kept in a pocket in the carriage. The Shah of Persia relies in case of emergency upon a long jewelled dagger; and the Emperor of China carries three knives concealed about his person, which is a somewhat dangerous practice.

At the famous Eglinton tournament, in which the late Emperor of the French figured, it was found, when the distinguished competitors came to try on the armour of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, that the nineteenth-century man could not get into it on account of his larger proportions; nevertheless, it would seem that the price of armour has not increased in a like manner, for there is a warrant in the State Paper Office ordering three hundred and fifty pounds (a sum equivalent to about two thousand pounds at the present day) to be paid for 'one rich armour fairly gilt and graven' for Henry, eldest son of James I., and this price would obtain to-day.

To those who think of creating a sensation in Bond Street or of inviting a few nouveaux riches to their shooting-parties, a price-list of ancient armour may be of interest. A short time ago, at the Zschille sale, a damascened casque with decorations in relief in russet iron fetched three hundred pounds, a breastplate of russet steel one hundred and eighty pounds, and a shield of bright steel the same sum. On another occasion one hundred and ten pounds was given for a three-quarter suit of armour of bright steel, and a similar suit of blackened armour went for sixty pounds. Further, at a sale at Christies' some little time ago a cap-à-pie suit of German armour dating from the sixteenth century fetched two hundred and fifty-two pounds, and a three-quarter suit of fluted armour of the same date and nationality one hundred and twenty guineas.

The Earl of Ashburnham's collection, one of the finest in the United Kingdom, has been valued at thirty-five thousand pounds, a sum which would in days of yore have paid for nearly one hundred medieval suits of 'overalls,' the most elaborate trousseau ever collected. In view of the fact that at the celebrated Bradley-Martin fancy-dress ball in 1897, Mr Belmont, of New York, sported a costume of the time of Henri IV., and over a suit of black

velvet wore a complete outfit of armour, inlaid with gold, valued at two thousand pounds, and, in addition, the order of St Esprit in jewels and a jewelled sword; and that a similar suit, the property of Mr Morgan Williams, exhibited at the Art Metal Exhibition in the Royal Aquarium the following year, likewise chased and gold inlaid, was insured for the same amount, it is obvious that only the most wealthy can indulge in such elaborate and extraneous adornment. Therefore, in the event of hard-wearing ulsters of mail coming into fashion for the approaching winter, the ordinary frequenter of the 'tube' can never hope to don such expensive trappings.

About five years ago, if reliance can be placed on the statement in a Transatlantic publication, a like number of American millionaires secured from Sheffield steel vests and coats warranted to secure to them immunity in ordinary cases of attempted assassination. The armour was of chain-mail so light that the wearers declared that after a week or two they became quite accustomed to it, and felt it no encumbrance; nevertheless it was sufficiently strong to turn a dagger or sword thrust. It is said that similar garments of mail were donned by quite a large proportion of our most prominent politicians at the time of the troubles in Ireland. However, probably nobody, even in the blackest days, went to the same extreme as Macready to accustom himself to his strange habiliments. It is said that the actor went to bed during the intervals of the rehearsals of Henry V. clad in the armour he was to wear in that play.

It is quite within the bounds of possibility that an ordinary cash-tailor, if requested to measure a client for a suit of mail of the latest cut, would express at least a modicum of surprise. However, a Glasgow firm, Messrs Edward & Son, goldsmiths and silversmiths, completed such an order within the last six years for one of the minor Indian princes, the Matra Rana of Oodeypore. This order -which would have rejoiced the heart of Mr Paul Hardy the eminent black-and-white artist, who is, we believe, the only amateur armourer living-was for a suit of armour consisting of helmet, cuirass, buckler, and gauntlets made of virgin silver, with the edges finished and decorated with twenty-two carat gold-a species of attire hardly conducive to comfort in a tropical climate. When decked out in all these, the Matra Rana would look quite as imposing as the Arch-Druid of Wales, whose luxurious costume, as presented by Professor Herkomer some six or seven years ago, comprised a flowing robe of pure-white crape, a wreath of oak-leaves worked in copper by the professor himself, and a carved breast-plate of gold that cost seventy pounds.



JACK NORMAN'S LOVE AFFAIR.

CHAPTER III.



WEEK before Christmas, Evelyn was seated near the window reading to her mother by the fading light of a December afternoon, when the gate clicked sharply. She looked up and started. Her brother Richard

was approaching the house. A sudden sense of disaster smote her. He was expected a week later to spend his Christmas with them. What brought him now? Was he in fresh trouble? But he stopped as he caught sight of her and waved his hat gaily. His look was cheerful, his face one broad smile. Somewhat relieved, Evelyn told her mother who was without, and went herself to let him in.

'Why, Dick,' she said, 'this is a surprise. You're down a week before your time. Surely your holidays have not begun already?'

'No,' he laughed. 'I've come down to tell you some news.'

'Good news, I hope,' said his sister.

'Good for me, I assure you,' laughed Dick. 'And it will please both of you as well, I know.'

For a few minutes the news awaited its turn while greetings were exchanged with his mother and a dozen questions asked and answered upon points of personal welfare. Then his mother said, 'And what is it you have come to tell us, Richard?'

The young fellow was standing on the hearthrug before the fire. He struck an attitude and bowed.

'Ladies,' said he, 'you behold before you the St Petersburg agent for the well-known, old-established, and highly respectable firm of Norman & Son.'

'St Petersburg!' cried Mrs Boyne in astonishment.

'There's nothing to worry about, mother,' he cried. 'I shall often be in England. I shall see you just as much as I do now. And I can tell you it's a tremendous move up for me. Why, the man who has been representing the firm in St Petersburg up till now has been with the Normans nearly thirty years, and is reckoned to stand in importance next to the chief-clerk. I hop over half-a-dozen heads.'

And why is he leaving St Petersburg?' asked Mrs Boyne.

'Chest not up to the mark,' replied the young man, tapping his own; 'feels the cold dreadfully. I'll be all right there. I'm strong as a horse. He's coming back to manage the country department in the office.'

'But is it not a post of much responsibility?' asked his mother.

'Rather,' said Richard. 'We do a tremendous trade with Russia. I shall have to work and keep

my wits about me; but you can depend on it I shall do my best to prevent the firm from being sorry they tried me.'

'And why are you chosen before your companions?' asked Evelyn.

Richard laughed. 'I should like to say that the eagle eye of my employer detected my wonderful value,' he chuckled. 'But I'm afraid it wouldn't go down with you. You'd soon stick a needle into that windbag style of doing the bounder. The truth is, I owe it all to Jack Norman.'

'Jack Norman!' murmured Mrs Boyne, whose tone implied that she thought the use of the name rather disrespectful.

'That's all right, mother,' replied Richard, laughing easily; 'there's nothing else to call him. He was christened Jack, as was his father before him.'

Evelyn was grateful for the deepening dusk. The sudden round utterance of the name had sent the blood whirling through her heart. She felt the hot tide mount and dye her cheeks ere she could drive it back.

'Let me see: that's the junior partner, isn't it?' asked Mrs Boyne.

'In name he is,' replied Richard. 'In point of fact he's the firm. The old gentleman comes to the office now and again; but the young one's at the helm. And a splendid fellow he is. Everybody likes him. He hasn't a scrap of side about him. But what am I talking about? You must know him. He was down here at his sister's pretty often, I heard, last summer.'

'I never met him,' replied Mrs Boyne. 'It was one of my bad times. But Evelyn met him several times at Mrs Hope's.'

'Then you missed knowing a first-rate chap and a thorough gentleman, mother,' said the elated Richard.

'But why should he single you out?' pursued Mrs Boyne.

'My luck, I suppose,' laughed Richard. 'I only know I found him giving me all sorts of tips about Russian methods and Russian money, and setting me to handle the Russian invoices until I had our work in that branch at my finger-ends. And now I can see he was quietly training me on to take Marshall's place.'

Evelyn sat silent in the dusky room while the glad youth prattled away, putting his hero every moment on a loftier and loftier pedestal. A horrid suspicion began to grow upon her. Her heart began to throb tumultuously. Where was the truth? What was the truth? She clenched her hands, and wondered what had become of the self-control which was second nature to her. She burned to ask Richard there and then why he told now so

different a story from that he had told her by the garden-gate in the lane. But nothing could be done until her mother retired for the night. That time came at last. Evelyn did not lose an instant after she had seen her mother comfortably settled in her own room. She sought her brother with eager step. She found him in the hall lighting a cigarette. It was not late, and he was about to step out to see an acquaintance who lived near at hand. He paused and looked round inquiringly as his sister glided swiftly up to him.

'Dick,' said she, 'you told a very different story about Mr Norman when you came down here in the summer—the time you were in difficulties about some money.'

'About Jack Norman?' said he wonderingly. 'What on earth do you mean, Evelyn? I don't remember telling you anything about him.'

'What!' she said in a low, deep voice; 'you don't remember telling me that it was he who led you into gambling, and caused you to sink into debt so that you were obliged to take money from us to free yourself?'

Richard smiled and wagged his head gently. 'You've made a mistake, Evelyn; altogether a mistake. It is perfectly impossible that I should have brought his name into the matter. Why, it is he who has cut me off from going with the fellows who used to get me into fixes. There isn't a steadier chap in the world.'

Evelyn stayed no longer. She moved swiftly up the stair towards her own room. Richard laughed and struck a match for his cigarette.

'You can dismiss that idea,' he called airily after her; 'it's simply preposterous. He's a thousand miles from that kind of party.'

Evelyn made no reply. She saw it all. Weak, slippery Dick had caught at a substantial name to prop his downfall, to excuse his slide into the ditch, and then entirely forgotten upon what shoulders he had flung the blame.

Evelyn's cheek burned with a bitter shame to think that her brother's lie should have hurled her into such an *impasse*. She had treated with bitter scorn and contempt an honest man who loved her and whom—she loved. She did not attempt to disguise the truth from herself now. The cup of happiness had been at her lips, and it had been dashed aside; but of herself she thought nothing. Her heart was filled with sheer pity and grief for the pain she remembered so well in Jack Norman's clear, brown eyes.

Early in the ensuing spring Dorothy fell ill. It was a kind of low fever which attacked her, and she sank and sank, until Mrs Hope and Evelyn, who nursed her, sat for days in terror that she would slip from their hands into the grave. The roses faded from the exquisite curves of her plump cheek, and the plumpness followed the roses. It was a gaunt little face with great

hollow eyes which looked bravely up at them from her pillow, and the two women bent over her and fought for her life with a common passion of love and devotion which brought them near again. For it would be idle to deny that their friendship had not been as close for some time after Jack Norman's rejection. Mrs Hope had, by one of those mysterious intuitions which enable women to suspect how such affairs have gone, assured herself that her brother's rejection had been of such a nature that he felt further trial utterly hopeless, and that his attempt had left him bruised from head to heel. She did not learn it from Norman; whimpering was not in his line. But her sisterly heart was sore for him; and, though she was bound to acknowledge that the matter was one entirely for Evelyn to decide for herself, she had held it against Evelyn a little in her heart.

But the child's passion for Evelyn had never waned; and upon falling ill Dorothy had begged hard for Evelyn to be with her.

Thus Evelyn had spent night after night watching with Mrs Hope, and the shadow that had lain between them passed. At last a most happy and fortunate morning came when the doctor heaved a sigh of relief.

'You've pulled her through,' he said cheerfully. 'It has been touch and go with her the last three days, though I needn't tell you that, and now you've turned the corner. She has been saved by sheer nursing and care.'

A week later the little invalid sat up in bed. This was a great event, celebrated with much joyousness.

'Do you know what I missed when I was ill, mother?' said she.

'No, darling,' replied Mrs Hope. 'What was it?'
'I missed my uncle Jack dreadfully. I should like to have him as well.'

'But he is still in Russia,' returned her mother. 'He couldn't come. If he had been in London he would soon have been here.'

'Oh, I know that,' said the child.

'But after he knew you were ill he sent telegram after telegram asking for the latest news. Fancy sending all across Europe to ask how a little girl was!' said Mrs Hope in a tone of gentle raillery.

'He would have sent across the world, I know,' said Dorothy, her weak voice taking its old firm tone for a moment as she vindicated her idol.

Mrs Hope laughed. 'I believe he would,' she said.

Nearly a week passed, and Dorothy grew a little stronger. Then there came an evening when Evelyn had run in for an hour. Her mother had not been so well the last few days, and her presence at home had been called for almost constantly. Dorothy had talked with her a while, then fallen asleep holding her hand. Into the quiet room came

the faint echo of a gentle pull of the bell at the front door.

Suddenly the child woke with a convulsive start, and clutched Evelyn's hand tighter still.

'That's my uncle Jack,' she cried; 'he's back from Russia. He's here. He's come to see me.' And she turned and fixed her eyes on the door with an eager look.

At the very thought of such a meeting Evelyn's soul shook within her. But it was impossible. She had heard no word of his return; she was sure that no word of his return could have come. Nothing would have prevented the child from speaking of it in the talk they had had before she went to sleep. Yet of a surety Mrs Hope was coming upstairs talking to some one, and that some one of a heavier tread. The doctor, without doubt. The door opened, and Mrs Hope came in gaily.

'Now, Dorothy,' she said, 'guess who is behind the door?'

'I don't need to,' cried Dorothy eagerly. 'It's my uncle Jack: I know it is. I knew it when he rang at the door.'

A tall figure stepped in, crossed the room with two or three long strides, and knelt by the bed. The child grasped him with a passionate hug.

'You dear old uncle Jack!' she cried.

For a few moments Jack Norman had eyes for nothing else than the poor, worn little creature who looked like the pale ghost of his little favourite. He had seen some one else there, but had not looked closely. A nurse, perhaps. But of a sudden some perception seemed to seize him. He looked up swiftly, and there he saw the face which never for a moment had been out of his thoughts since last he saw it, pale and proud, and set like flint against his hopes. He started, murmured an apology that he had not seen her before, and half-extended his hand, then seemed to check himself and wait for her. Evelyn gave him her hand, then rose as if to withdraw.

'No, no, Miss Boyne, don't go yet. I want to talk to you ever so much,' cried Dorothy. 'You know when you came you promised to stay till eight, and it's twenty minutes to, yet.' She stretched out her small, feeble hand and caught Evelyn's, and held it tightly. 'Sit down,' she implored; and Evelyn sat down again. There was a tap at the door, and a servant's voice inquired for Mrs Hope. She went away, and left the three together. The child lay contentedly, holding a hand of each.

'Do you know what I intend to do when I get better, Uncle Jack?' said she.

- 'What is it? Tell me,' said Norman.
- 'I intend to marry you.'
- 'Is that so?' murmured Norman softly.

'The last time grandpapa was here I heard mother say to him that she knew you would be much happier if you were married. Would you like to get married, Uncle Jack?' 'Well, a number of people try their luck that way, and a good many seem satisfied,' he replied, a fine healthy blush creeping up his brown cheek.

'Do you know what gave me the idea of marrying you?' went on the child. 'It came into my mind one day after Miss Vine, my governess, had been reading to me some stories from a history book. There was one about a little girl who married a king when she was eight years old. Which king was that, Uncle Jack?'

'Let me see,' said Norman, groping mistily in his memory for historical details; 'that would be Richard the Second, I fancy.'

'The king had had a wife before, but she was dead,' said Dorothy.

'Wasn't the little girl a French princess?' said

'Yes, a French princess; I remember that,' cried Dorothy.

'That fixes it,' replied Norman; 'Richard the Second it was.'

'Well,' went on Dorothy, 'I shall be old enough now in less than a year, and then we can be married too, and I can take care of you—can't I, Uncle Jack? Isn't it a good idea?'

'It's very original indeed; very original,' said he gravely.

'How do you live now, Uncle Jack; and how do you like it?'

'I live in chambers,' he replied, 'and I don't like it at all.'

'Why not?'

'Oh, it's pretty desolate.'

'But we should have a house, shouldn't we?'

'A house is the correct thing, certainly,' he returned.

'And then I shall make everything snug for you when you come back from those long, cold journeys you take,' said Dorothy. 'What do you like to eat, Uncle Jack? Are you fond of beef-steak?'

'When the steak's good,' said Norman, 'and there's plenty of it, and a man's hungry, there's nothing better.'

'And when you ring at night, I shall be ready to run and let you in. And I shall give you a big kiss, and help you to take your coat off, and then we'll go to the dining-room, where everything will be ready. And you'll tell me all about the strange people you've seen that day—what they said to you, and what you said to them; and I shall tell you how things have been at home. Oh, we shall be so happy!' sighed the child.

Ah, poor Jack! His domestic ambitions were of the simplest order, and the picture the little artist drew went to the core of his bruised heart. And there across the bed, listening with pale face and unsmiling eyes to this prattle, was she whom he loved with every fibre of his heart and soul, she whom it would be heaven to him to

give the place the innocent child was planning for herself.

It was no wonder that when Dorothy stopped speaking, and lay back on her pillows smiling at

them, there was a strained silence in the room. Neither of the elders could say a word. The rattle of the door handle, followed by the appearance of Mrs Hope, was an intense relief to both.

OIL-FIRES IN AMERICA.



HE operations at the extensive oildeposits in the south-eastern part of the United States have resulted in the valuable discovery of the best means of preventing and extinguishing what are known as oil-fires. The

Spindle Top district, where the principal oil-producing wells have been located, may be considered the most inflammable section of the earth's surface. On its limited area nearly a thousand wooden derricks have been erected to support the piping through which the oil is conveyed from the deposits. The derricks—constructed very closely together, owing to the limited area—are saturated with petroleum; and the smaller structures, such as the engine-houses, also built of wood, are in the same inflammable state. It may seem somewhat strange, but it is true, that in some places the soil will burn more readily than peat, for instance; it has been known to ignite merely through the dropping of a spark from a workman's pipe, and a lighted match will frequently cause a flame to shoot up a foot or more from a bare spot where the soil is saturated with waste fluid. In holes dug to a depth of four or five feet, oil which had percolated through the surface has been found at the bottom.

To clearly understand the situation it is necessary to give these and other details. The large quantity of oil which issued from some of the wells first bored is generally known. Some of the 'gushers,' as they are termed, probably discharged more oil than any other wells that have yet been sunk. The various estimates made by petroleum-experts of the quantity which issued from single wells in twentyfour hours ranged in several instances from fifty thousand to sixty thousand barrels. As a proof of this it may be stated that the oil was frequently forced by the pressure of natural gas and other causes to a height of over a hundred feet. When the first wells were 'brought in' the drillers had made little or no preparation for storage, and for days the oil from some of the larger openings was thrown into the air and fell over derricks and other erections, saturating large areas. As a number of the principal wells were allowed to throw out their contents at different times during several months for exhibition purposes, an enormous quantity, aggregating millions of barrels, was wasted.

The means provided for securing the oil after the abundance of the yield was realised were both crude and limited. Open ditches were excavated in the prairie to convey it into mere earthen tanks, which

were uncovered. These ditches varied from one to several miles in length, and in its passage from the wells to the reservoir much of the oil worked its way through the bottom of the ditches; and the banks of the reservoirs, merely lined with the prairie soil, soon became saturated. When piping and metal tanks were constructed the work was done so hurriedly that large quantities of the oil leaked through the imperfect joints, and in many cases could be seen issuing from the sides of the tanks and running down their surfaces. Many of the tanks were uncovered and unprotected from lightning, which has caused several of the largest fires. Under these circumstances it is not strange that the district has been the scene of several great oil-fires; and as at first it was found utterly impossible to extinguish them, they literally burned themselves out.

Realising that some plan must be adopted to cope with the fires, the owners of the wells isolated the larger tanks by throwing up walls of earth round them to a height of five or six feet, and made them more compact by covering their surfaces with sods. A large force of men were employed as day and night patrols, and shovels and other implements were placed at convenient points for the purpose of throwing earth upon the flames as soon as possible, thus checking the fire before it had obtained too much headway. The first attempt of this kind, however, was futile. The flames spread so rapidly that the men barely escaped with their lives; while on another occasion nearly twenty men were hemmed in by the line of fire and perished. It was thus evident that some more effective means must be adopted, and the application of steam was suggested. This was tried in extinguishing a fire which had been burning for a week on the edge of the district. An engineer employed at one of the pumping-stations believed that if a jet of steam were applied with sufficient force it would smother the fire; but the problem to be solved was how to apply it. It was decided to make the experiment on this fire, and a number of portable engines used for boring wells and other purposes were placed as near the fire-line as possible with safety, with a little space between each engine. To each boiler was attached iron tubing which led to a central conduit of suitable dimensions, and screwed into openings therein. The conduit was laid to a point as near the flames as the heat would permit, the joints being carefully caulked with lead and oakum to prevent leaks. At the end of the conduit nearest the fire the opening diminished somewhat, like the nozzle of a hose-pipe.

The nozzle was propped upon a bracket and directed so that the jet would strike the flames squarely. As soon as the pipe-line was completed, supplies of water and fuel were brought up to the engines and the furnaces lighted. When the pressure of steam was sufficient, the valves in the pipes connecting with the conduits were turned on and the steam allowed to pass through the line. Altogether about one hundred and fifty horse-power was represented by the boilers utilised, which furnished a jet of such force that it literally blew out or smothered the flames it came in contact with, apparently forcing a way through the fire for a distance of fully fifty feet. As the jet was applied where the fire was at its height, several hours elapsed before the flames were greatly diminished; but they were entirely extinguished where the steam-jet came in contact with them. Steam was then shut off until the pipe-line

could be moved and the jet aimed at another section. Thus the work continued for over ten days, until it was demonstrated that this was by far the most effective extinguisher. When the heat had been so far reduced that the gangs of workmen could approach near enough, earth was thrown upon the flames, which helped to extinguish the fire.

Since then the steam-jet has been used at a number of fires in the Texas field, and each time with success. A fire occurred in what is known as the Jennings oil-producing district in Louisiana which could not be subdued by the use of earth. Then the old boilers in the vicinity were requisitioned, and the plan described was put into operation, with the result that a portion of the field was saved from destruction; for had the fire continued probably every well in the district would have been destroyed.

LONDON LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.



Y any one who can call to mind what the London of 1851—the year of the Great Exhibition—was like, and who has some present acquaintance with it, the changes that have been brought about be-

tween then and now, not merely in its external aspect but in numerous other respects, must be acknowledged as many and remarkable. It is not, however, our purpose to point them out or dwell upon them here, but to give a sketch of life in the Metropolis as it was in the eighteenth century, leaving the reader to draw the comparison. As historic time is reckoned, the period covered is only a very brief one; but never before, probably, was so marvellous a transformation wrought in the conditions of existence in a great city as during the years in question.

In these later days, when express trains run daily and nightly between the Metropolis and every quarter of the kingdom, it is difficult to believe that not quite a century and a half ago a slow, lumbering vehicle known as 'The Machine' occupied two days in the journey between London and Bath, carrying fourteen outside and ten inside passengers, in addition to the guard and driver, the charge being twenty-five shillings. It was held to be remarkably fast travelling when the journey from London to Newmarket or Norwich took no more than twelve hours by the 'light machine or two-end coach, carrying four inside passengers only.' Well-to-do people intending to travel any considerable distance in a post-chaise often advertised for a companion to share the expense and diminish the danger. In those days Edinburgh was nearly as far removed from London in point of time as New York is now.

During the first half of the eighteenth century a single post-boy, travelling three times a week,

sufficed to carry the whole of the letter-bags between London and Leicester, Loughborough, Nottingham, Derby, and Ashbourne. After the year 1755, however, postal communication was accelerated, and letters were conveyed on six days instead of three to many of the chief towns of the kingdom.

The population of London in the year 1756 was computed as being about seven hundred thousand souls—that is to say, little more than an eighth of its present sum total. At that time, and for long afterwards, the streets were abominably dirty, and very insufficiently lighted with a miserable array of oil-lamps. An open kennel flowed down the middle of most of the streets, which were paved with round cobbles, as were also the sidewalks, which were only marked off by a series of unsightly posts. Huge signs, many of them elaborately gilt and carved, hung from the front of every shop, tavern, and eating-house. writer remarks that 'golden periwigs, saws, axes, razors, trees, lancets, knives, salmon, cheese, black men's heads with gilt hair, half-moons, sugarloaves, and Westphalian hams were repeated without mercy from the Borough to Clerkenwell, and from Whitechapel to the Haymarket.'

Gaming, it is safe to assert, was the crowning vice of the eighteenth century. All classes, from the duchess to the chimney-sweep, were infected by it. Horse-racing, cock-fighting, and betting of every description, together with cards and dice, formed the chief occupations of a large proportion of those in the highest ranks of life. Every fashionable assembly was made an excuse for indulging in the prevalent vice. When a lady received company, card-tables were provided for all guests, the games most in vogue being brag, basset, ombre, hazard, commerce, or spadille. The stakes at those mixed assemblies would be re-

garded in these days as ruinously high, and the consequences to the losers, especially when, as was not infrequently the case, a lady lost more than she durst confess to her husband or her father, were often of the most lamentable kind.

The deepest play, however, took place at the proprietary clubs—White's, Boodle's, Brookes's—the lowest stake at the latter being fifty pounds, and it was no uncommon event for a member to lose or win ten thousand pounds at a sitting.

During the latter half of the century gaming in private houses became somewhat less common than heretofore, its place being taken by other amusements which came into vogue about this period. The fashionable dinner-hour being three or four o'clock, ample time was left for a long evening's entertainment. Leaving out of account the theatres and concert-rooms, the chief places of resort for people of fashion, or for those who aped at being thought such, were Ranelagh, Vauxhall, Cornelys', and the Pantheon. Of these the most celebrated was the first-named, which was situated at Chelsea; and no country cousin deemed his or her visit to London complete without having spent at least one evening there.

A large orchestra occupied the middle of the Ranelagh grounds; but, generally speaking, the music discoursed there seems to have been very indifferent. The general company, as may be imagined, was of a very mixed character. Here clergymen, statesmen, authors, philosophers, and fine ladies rubbed shoulders with country bumpkins, city tradespeople, apprentices, women of doubtful character, and highwaymen and thieves. 'What are the amusements of Ranelagh?' asks old Matthew Bramble. 'One half of the company are following one another's tails in an eternal circle, like so many blind asses in an olive-mill, where they can neither discourse, distinguish, nor be distinguished; while the other half are drinking hot water, under the denomination of tea, till nine or ten o'clock at night, to keep them awake for the rest of the evening. As for the orchestra, the vocal music especially, it is well for the performers that they cannot be heard distinctly.' A caustic picture, truly! The Gardens were open at an early hour, and the price of admission, which was half-a-crown, included breakfast for such as went in time to partake of it.

Vauxhall, on the Surrey side of the river, might be termed a debased Ranelagh. Although frequented by numbers of fashionable and well-to-do persons, including citizens with the female members of their family, it was the scene of drunkenness, riot, and profligacy such as now-adays would not be tolerated for a week.

Persons of quality found other sources of amusement at Almack's, Cornelys', and the Coterie. The main attraction of the first-named was the high play which went on there. Mrs Cornelys kept a house in Soho Square, ostensibly of a very exclusive character, but its reputation was more than questionable.

It was at the Coterie, however, that the open license of manners was exhibited in its most flagrant form. It was a mixed club of ladies and gentlemen strictly confined to persons of the highest fashion. The number of its members was limited, the rule being that the gentlemen should ballot for the ladies and the ladies for the gentlemen. Such a state of things, so open and unblushing, was almost too much for even the coarse taste of those days. Virulent lampoons and satire in its grossest forms assailed the Coterie and its frequenters, and nowadays it seems hard to understand how any woman with a shred of reputation left her, or any remains of self-respect, should have allowed herself, or have been allowed by those who had control over her, to become a member of any such discreditable association. It was during the time the Coterie was in full swing that the degradation of the morals and manners of so-called good society, so far as the eighteenth century was concerned, may be said to have reached its lowest depth.

Private balls when much crowded were called 'drums,' and a drum on a large scale was commonly termed a 'squeezer.' A satirist of the time writes: 'A riotous assemblage of fashionable people of both sexes at a private house, consisting of some hundreds, is not inaptly styled a drum from the noise and emptiness of the entertainment. There are also drum-major, rout, tempest, and hurricane, differing only in degree of multitude and uproar, as the significant name of each declares.'

That clandestine marriages, although often fulminated against by those in authority and declared to be illegal, should have been of daily occurrence can scarcely be wondered at, considering the facilities placed in the way of those who chose to take advantage of such a state of things. After having been a crying evil for a number of years, the notorious Fleet marriages—the fees derived from which had so long helped to replenish the pockets of a number of the biggest varlets unhung - were at length suppressed; but even after this such marriages continued to be celebrated in the Savoy Chapel, as constantly recurring advertisements in the newspapers of the time amply prove. Still, in one instance at least, the law, dilatory and semisomnolent with reference to many matters as it generally was, did come down with sledge-hammer force. Thus, under date of December 1755, we read: 'John Grierson, the clergyman of the Savoy Chapel, being convicted of clandestinely marrying a couple, was sentenced to be transported for fourteen years. It is said that he married one thousand four hundred couples in the same manner and place, whose marriages, by this verdict, are null and void.'

To us it seems a curious whim on the part of

our ancestors of the eighteenth century that in their marriage announcements they should so often choose, and with such seeming complacency, to enlighten the world with regard to the amount of fortune received with the brides. Here are two cases in point: 'Mr James Coutts of Jeffry's Sq., merchant, to Miss Peagrum of Knightsbridge, £30,000.' 'W. Smith, gentleman, of the 2nd Troop of Horse Guards, to Mrs Ann Gardiner, a maiden lady, aged, 'tis said, near 70, with a fortune of £20,000.'

A woman of fashion of the eighteenth century, if contemporary accounts may be relied upon, was a being of a far more artificial and unreal kind than her descendants of to-day. The novels of the period, almost without exception, depict her as a mawkish, insipid creature, without ideas or individuality. A cup of chocolate in bed was the usual mode of beginning the day, after which a few favoured visitors were admitted, when the latest bit of scandal in high life was discussed and the day's programme settled upon. Sunday evening was especially devoted to card-parties, the ordinary week-day amusements not being then available. A favourite occupation was to attend at auctions and bid for 'a heap of Oriental baubles, Chinese nicknacks, cockle-shells, and butterflies.'

However, that which engrossed far more time and attention than anything else was dress, a subject which here we can do little more than touch upon. The hoop was almost universally worn, and we are told that those of oval form measured from end to end about twice the height of the wearer.

Sometimes the hair was braided; more often it was adorned with a sprig of spangles or artificial flowers. Hats were much worn, varying greatly in shape and size from time to time, as is their custom still. But the most detestable fashion of all was that of arranging the hair with paste and pomatum so as to form a huge towering mass on the crown of the head. In a novel of the day we are told that 'a head properly made up with pins, paste, and pomatum will keep a month very well;' and, further, that 'Lady Lazy dresses her hair but once a quarter. 'Tis true we are enjoined to lie in one position, which, to be sure, is an inconvenience. Last night I went to bed somewhat earlier than usual, and was consequently restless; so, happening to turn on one side, deranged the right wing a little, but Betty has raccommoded it passablement bien.

Still worse, however, than this dirty and abominable fashion was the use of paints and pigments, which was common among all classes. Women of the lower orders had to content themselves with a sort of cheap rough-cast for the face. Those pertaining to the middle class painted in size or oil. Among those still higher in the social scale a sort of fine mask of stucco or plaster of Paris was the rage, which would last as long as the

'coiffure' and 'withstand the collision of a gentleman's lips;' but for the crême de la crême there was 'a transcendent and divine pearl powder with an exquisite varnish superinduced to fix it.'

If the fine lady of the eighteenth century, as sketched by her contemporaries, does not present herself to us in a very attractive guise, the beau, or fine gentleman of the same period, fares little or no better at the hands of the same caustic observers. Perhaps no more vapid or inane being ever existed. Everything was done for the sake of effect, and all his actions regulated by some imaginary standard of fashion. The chief things expected of him were to drink deep, swear lustily, ride well, use an eyeglass, and be able to shoe his own horse. If he lisped and affected to be purblind and partially deaf he was looked upon as 'quite the thing.' Everything French was voted comme il faut and slavishly copied. A first-rate 'buck,' when he had made the grand tour and had learned by heart the genteel oaths of half the Continent, was entitled to be called

Visiting at a country house, one of these same 'stags' complains that 'not a drop of Benjamin wash nor a dust of almond powder could be procured there, nor, indeed, in all the parish, and I was forced to wash my hands with filthy washball, which so ruined their complexion that laying in gloves will not recover them this fortnight.' Further, there was no pomatum for his hair, nor was there either snuff or smelling-salts to be had.

However contemptible the 'beau' and the 'buck' might be, as a rule they harmed no one but themselves. But the so-called 'blood' was a being of a different quality, a brute at once vicious and mischievously savage. Here is a description of one of them with some of the grosser traits left out: 'He is a "blood" of the first-rate. Sherlock has instructed him in the use of the broadsword, and Broughton has taught him to box. He is a fine gentleman at assemblies, a sharper at the gamingtables, and a bully at casinos. He has not yet killed his man in the honourable way, but he has gallantly crippled several watchmen and most courageously run a drawer through the body.'

The following is a young Templar's account of a night's 'frolic:' 'Sunday.—Past four o'clock afternoon—got up immensely sick—at "Shake-speare's Head" till five this morning—four dozen claret and eight bowls of punch. Burnt our hats and wigs by general consent. Tossed empty bottles out of window—demolished two pier-glasses, six china bowls, twenty-three wine-glasses, one table, and seven chairs. Sallied out in a body—set the watch-house on fire—carried to the round-house—from thence to Justice Fielding—gave bail.'

The middle classes of London vied with those above them in luxury and loose living. Dressed in the extravagant fashions of those days, well-to-do tradesmen and citizens, with their wives

and daughters, enjoyed the pleasure of jostling lords and ladies at Ranelagh and Vauxhall. To come a step lower in the scale, the town and its suburbs abounded in places of entertainment where shopkeepers and apprentices, together with their womankind, could disport themselves after their own fashion, or do their best to emulate the vices of their betters. A favourite place of this kind was Belsize House in the Hampstead Road, in the gardens of which tea, coffee, and other refreshments could be had, enlivened with music, from seven in the morning, with the advantage of having the road patrolled after dark by a dozen 'lusty fellows,' so that late stayers need not adventure homeward in fear and trembling.

It was not till the middle of the century was well past that any really effective steps were taken to deal with the numerous robbers and thieves with which the streets of the Metropolis and its suburbs were infested. Such was the contempt of those gentry for the constables and other guardians of the public peace that they would ride into Hyde Park in the dusk of evening, tie their horses to the rails, and make their way into the town on foot to stop sedan-chairs and unarmed pedestrians. A stage-coach was stopped at an early hour one morning in Charles Street, Mayfair, and the passengers robbed of their money and watches. In June 1755, as 'John Goodyear, Esq.,' was returning to his house in a chair about midnight, he was stopped by two footpads in Berkeley Square. He swore he would not be robbed, and ordered the chairmen to open the door. While this was being done one of the rogues shot the hinder chairman and killed him on the spot.

In October of the following year the Hon. Captain Brudenel was stopped in his chair at the same place. But the captain got out, drew his sword, and being followed by one of the chairmen and a watchman, set out after the two rascals, who had taken to their heels. In the result one of them was run to earth in Albemarle Mews, where he shot the watchman through the lungs, but was himself run through the body by the captain.

No unprotected person could go a mile out of town even in the daytime without running the risk of being waylaid. In the suburbs, so wide-spread was the feeling of insecurity that the inhabitants of Kentish Town subscribed for a patrol during the winter months to keep open the communication with the town. Much later still the Angel Inn, Islington, was the meeting-place of merchants and others returning home in the evening from business, whose only chance of safety

lay in forming themselves into a caravan for mutual protection. A well-dressed man or woman could not traverse the streets without risk of personal insult or injury. Carmen and hackneycoach drivers regarded it as excellent sport to splash decent people from head to foot; and when a terrified female or a bewildered stranger slipped or was hustled into the kennel the accident was hailed with shouts of delight. Yet, to make one's way through the streets in a conveyance was hardly a whit less disagreeable. Carriages and chairs were constantly coming into collision or being upset, and thieves were always ready to take advantage of the confusion, which in many cases they had themselves originated for their own purpose; while the ears were stunned by a storm of oaths and abusive altercations from the drivers, chairmen, and others.

Nothing tended more to brutalise the manners of the lower classes than the excessive rigour and savage penalties of the criminal law. When two lads could be hanged for stealing a purse containing a couple of shillings and a brass counter, it might well be said that the statute book was written in blood. Every jail delivery at the Old Bailey furnished the populace with excitement of the most odious and demoralising kind. often half-a-dozen poor wretches were sentenced to death at a single session. Those who had incurred the last penalty were drawn through the streets, seated on their coffins, to the gallows at Tyburn. By the mob those periodical processions were regarded in the light of a pleasant and stimulating spectacle. If the condemned man happened to be somebody notorious in the annals of crime, the cart in which he sat, manacled, but in full dress and with a nosegay in his hand, would be decorated with garlands and ribbons as though it were a triumphal chariot, while an admiring and applauding crowd would keep him company the whole way and not disperse till they had seen him comfortably 'turned off.' These grand exhibitions were varied with the minor diversions of the pillory and whipping at the Which of the two was the more cart's-tail. cruel and disgusting it would be hard to say. Those whose punishment was the pillory not infrequently lost their lives, without reference to the quality or degree of their guilt, owing to the ill-usage to which they were subjected at the hands of the mob. The practice of tying wretches of both sexes to a cart and dragging them halfnaked through the streets, shrieking under the lash of the executioner, was not, one is ashamed to have to record, abolished till comparatively recent times.



A RARE AND VALUABLE BOOK.



NE of the most notable books ever issued in the United States was recently produced for private circulation principally among the friends of the gentleman who arranged for its production. It is

a history of the manufacture of the wonderful Oriental pottery which has interested connoisseurs in the Old World and the New; and it is noteworthy that the edition of only five hundred copies cost nearly ten thousand pounds. When Mr William T. Walters, who founded the famous Walters Gallery of Fine Arts in Baltimore, died recently, few even of his intimate friends knew that for fifteen years he had been preparing this book, with the assistance of artists, linguists, and ceramic experts selected from all parts of the world. These included Dr Stephen W. Bushell, C.M.G., late physician to the British Legation at Peking, who for many years devoted himself to studying Chinese ceramics at Peking, and is considered the great authority on the Chinese branch of the art. Dr Bushell prepared the text, assisted by Sir Wollaston Franks, of the British Museum. For several years four artists were employed in drawing the vases and other specimens of Oriental pottery in Mr Walters's collection in Baltimore, which is one of the richest and rarest private collections in the world, and includes the Peachblow vase, less than eighteen inches high, which cost three thousand six hundred pounds. But besides these, half-a-dozen artists worked several years in Europe making fac-similes of the choicest specimens for the same purpose. Each illustration was finished in water-colours. Then the question of reproducing them was taken up. It was necessary to lithograph these illustrations, and they required the most exquisite preparation and finish. European and American masters of the art were asked to submit samples of stones, and twenty firms in Paris alone made offers for the contract; but it was given to an American company. The expert designers and mechanics of this establishment, among the largest in the world, devoted their energies to the preparation of the plates for the last nine years; and to give an idea of the magnitude of the task it may be stated that no less than fifty lithographic-stones were sometimes required for a single illustration, some of the stones being atoms in size, yet perfectly polished and rounded, and fitting with minute exactness. The book is an imperial folio, eleven inches long by thirteen inches wide. It contains one hundred and sixteen coloured plates and four hundred and thirtyseven black-and-white half-tone engravings; and the lithographs alone required two thousand stones, which, if piled on each other, would be three hundred feet high. The vast amount of labour required in preparing these stones can hardly be conceived. The lithographic-works are at Roxbury, Massachusetts; and this book is considered the firm's greatest achievement. In order to reproduce the marvellously delicate lines traced on much of the Japanese ware the most accurate measurements had to be made and every precaution taken as to colouring. Yet such is the excellence of the artists' work that even the transparent quality of some of the porcelain is imitated in such a manner as to produce a fac-simile that is really marvellous, and one can scarcely realise it is only a pictorial representation. The tints of many specimens are of a remarkably delicate shade, and all the water-colours had to be mixed with infinite care to reproduce the creams, blues, opalescents, &c.; but it was accomplished, and the expert in ceramics can trace in this book the grades of work in Japanese, Chinese, and other Oriental ware, some of it done a thousand years B.C. The principal idea Mr Walters had in view in creating this wonderful book was to produce a thoroughly reliable authority on the study of ceramics. In spite of the many books on pottery already published, not one is considered to be above criticism, as the study presents so many perplexities. Professional critics in America and abroad, however, acknowledge that this work is high above all other efforts. By the use of its illustrations it is believed that thousands of pieces supposed to be genuine will be detected as frauds simply by comparing them with the colouring and design of the genuine articles.

OCEAN VOICES.

When the dusk of evening slowly
Falls o'er hill and vale and shore;
Sitting lonely, listening sadly,
To the ocean's ceaseless roar.

When the dusk of evening's creeping, Mingling in the ocean wave, Songs of triumph, sounds of weeping, Are the requiem of the brave.

Sometimes in the burning noonday, Idly watching by the strand, I can hear the rippling wavelets Singing softly to the sand:

Sometimes softly, sometimes sadly, Whispering the grand old song; But their secret, few can guess it— Only those who love them long.

Oh, what voices intermingle
In the waves that beat the abore!
Telling of the ages vanished,
Of the days that are no more.

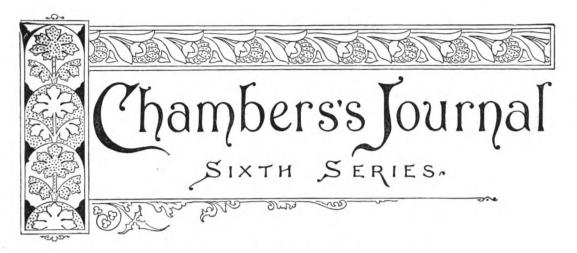
Now the sun in glory setting,

Now the dusk creeps o'er the sky,

Louder, louder sound the voices

From the days that are gone by.

MARJORY ANGUS.



A CH'RISTMAS CRACKER.



H! a pair of seedy old maids. Poor things!' These were the words we heard a happy bride whisper to her lover-husband on Christmas Day, just a year ago, as they stood near us waiting for the train to

start: they on their honeymoon-trip; we on a pleasant, novel journey too, had they only known it, and not the pitiable objects they imagined us to be. Indeed, we were striking examples of the old adage, 'Appearances are often deceptive.'

'A pair of seedy old maids' we were in truth: small, wizened, limp, shabbily attired, all brightness and energy well-nigh squeezed out of us by the life of a daily-governess—a life we had led amid the smoke and din of a great city for twenty long years.

'Ah! poor things! A pair of seedy old maids.' We glanced at each other as we heard the words, and sighed; but the next moment we were both smiling, because our hearts were positively light that day, and with good reason. We had each been presented with an annuity of fifty pounds! This great kindness had been bestowed on us by an angel who has the good sense to do the kind acts prompted by her tender heart while she can still look on and see the happiness it is in her power to dispense.

We had no sooner been assured of our good fortune than we resolved to escape from city life, which had no charm for us since youth had fled. Where were we going? We had settled all that. We had, for a good many years, set our hearts on a certain thatched cottage in a quiet village which the railway had passed by. It was clothed with ivy, roses, and honeysuckle; had a small garden in front and behind; and-I tell the truth-the rent was only seven pounds. This paradise-for such it was in our regard-was very close to the village though not in it; it was also very near the manse; and these were very great advantages to us lone females, who might have eerie feelings on occasion, having no one of the stronger sex on the premises.

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We had been living in two rooms in town, furnished with our own belongings, including a fairly good piano. We did not, therefore, require much additional furniture; but for the odds and ends that were necessary we had a little store of savings which enabled us to provide them, and still have a few pounds over in the savings-bank.

We had been saddened for many years by the dread of approaching old age, inability to work, and the thought of what should become of us if overtaken by illness. We never mentioned this horror that weighed down our spirits; but each knew quite well whenever it was uppermost in the other's mind, though we uttered not a word to each other on the subject. These distressful imaginings we had now cast behind us for ever, and the relief was unspeakable.

Oh, the joy that filled our hearts inside the wizened environments! Well-to-do mortals, who have every wish gratified, cannot imagine it. This happened a year ago, and what have twelve months of our new life done for us? Upon my word, if you had known us then, and could see us now, you might have some difficulty in recognising us. We are round and ruddy, plump and rosy-a desirable condition for elderly women; much better than sickly pallor and wrinkled scragginess. As for my sister Jane, she looks quite sweet and fresh now. I had this feeling in my own mind, and it was confirmed when I heard Kirsty MacBride, one of the villagers, whisper to her neighbour the other day as we passed them, standing at their doors with their babies in their arms: 'The wee ane's rale bonny noo, since the colour's come back to her cheeks.'

Our hands may be slightly red and rough at times; how can they miss, healthily employed as they are? They dig and weed, tend poultry and carry water, besides doing housewifely duties too numerous to mention. Still, these well-used hands are not very coarse, because we are careful of them. We work with gloves a great deal, and we use that wonderful softener glycerine, and that healthy cleanser, borax.

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Nov. 28, 1903.

I must confess that we had rather a hard time before paradise was evolved out of chaos, as we did most of the papering, painting, stencilling, and general ornamenting of the cottage ourselves. The winter season, too, made things all the harder; but we were bright and cheery through it all, being freed slaves, with no carking care for the future.

We are in beautiful order now, and would not feel 'put about' though our gracious Queen were to honour us by a visit. We keep up dainty ways of dressing and manners; for when we started this new life we made a vow that we would not become dowdies nor gruesome frumps, and have kept it. To help us in this endeavour we have an appetising little dinner every evening after our work is over, and dress for it.

And now for a few words regarding our neighbours. We have made heaps of friends already, and we have found them hearty, sympathetic, and warmly hospitable. As for the family in the manse, words fail me when I attempt to make their kindness known. Our garden has been stocked from theirs with an endless variety of growing things, from cabbage-plants to infant laburnums, besides all manner of lovely flowers, old-fashioned and new. We seldom leave these generous friends, indeed, without being laden with spoils; and more often than not one of the kind inmates has helped to carry the load, which was thought too heavy for us. It goes without saying that these good friends find great pleasure in doing all these kindnesses, for what delight is finer than that of the unselfish giver, who expects no return save regard, or, better still, affection?

I must not forget to mention that my sister Jane has three pupils—all farmers' daughters—for piano lessons. The fees yield in all twelve pounds a year, a large sum to us, and enable us to have a visitor for a day or two now and again. We know more than one hard-wrought friend who gladly comes to us at the week-end for quiet and recreation.

And now I have to divulge the object I have in writing this paper: it is to try to induce some kind souls who have more money than they absolutely need to follow the example of our beloved friend and benefactress, and pension off, by annuities preferably, some aging women who have worked themselves out, and are shrivelled up and weary. If I can persuade even one individual to act in this way, what a delight it would be to my sister and me!

There are many pretty cottages to be had in outof-the-way country villages, at very low rents, which could be done up into marvels of comfort and elegance by deft-handed and refined gentlewomen.

Such as we can be of use, too, in these remote, sleepy places. We show what can be done with little, and we lend a hand here and there. We even took charge of the school for a few days when the mistress fell sick. We do a bit of sewing for the poor, worn mother who is nursing her cross-tempered fourth, sixth, or seventh baby night and day; and we read to old Joe Pringle and blind Betty Cricket. What do we read? Sometimes the Old or New Testament; at other times fairy tales and other equally light literature. Yes, we can help in many ways, and give ourselves pleasure at the same time.

As a cheery finish up, I shall now tell what happened the other night. We had a call from our clergyman and his sister; they are both elderly and unmarried like ourselves, and, as I have stated, delightfully sympathetic neighbours. They came to offer Jane the post of organist in the church at a salary of fifteen pounds a year. 'True, it is only an American organ,' said Mr Macgregor, 'and rather humdrummy at present; but under your touch, Miss Jane'-- Then he stopped. I felt as if for the moment a shadow of a boyish blush might have been seen had any of us dared to glance at him; but we all sheepishly looked at the carpet, and the sentence remained unfinished. Then followed an awkward pause; but it was a very short one, for I gathered myself together smartly, and, to appearance, said quite coolly, 'Of course, Jane, you accept our kind friend's offer?' But it was evident that I had put my foot in it this time, for now it was Jane's turn to blush, not at all in an imaginary way, and rather unbecomingly for her age, as I thought. However, she managed to stammer out, 'Gladly.' This fifteen pounds will be quite a little fortune to us. We can now have one of the village children morning and evening to run our errands and do our roughest work; and this, though I may have given an impression to the contrary, will be, I must confess, a mighty relief.

I shall now say 'good-bye,' wishing any friends who may read this A Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year: in other words, great happiness. Above happiness I place blessedness; and, to gain this, I wish for our friends renewed goodness of heart to prompt the kind word, the cheery smile, and the helping hand.



JACK NORMAN'S LOVE AFFAIR

CHAPTER IV.



URING the spring Jack Norman ran down constantly to see his sister and niece. It is true that he managed to catch a glimpse of Evelyn as well at times, and this was of much comfort to him, despite his hopelessness.

As for Evelyn, she passed the unhappiest time of her life. The situation was simply desperate. Her own fine simplicity of nature had caused her at once to accept and believe her brother's story; but on looking back she reproached herself. She should have sifted it. She had learned before, unhappily, that Richard could not implicitly be trusted. Yet how sift it? At the moment she had nothing in the world to rest upon save the account which Richard himself had furnished of his temptations and his tempter. What more natural than that the sister should be hot against the man who was dragging her brother and finally themselves down to ruin? Day and night she turned the matter over and over, and saw nothing, whichever way it was looked at, save a wretched, hopeless muddle.

On a warm, sunny afternoon in late spring Jack Norman arrived at his sister's house, and found her seated at an open French window looking out to the garden, now full of the tender green of new leaves and the glory of spring flowers.

He sat down beside her, and leisurely extended his long legs.

'Looks cheerful after the bricks and mortar,' said he, nodding at the riot of spring sweetness without; then he suddenly started and moved in his chair. His sister knew well what that start meant, for she was aware that Evelyn and Dorothy were in the garden. She raised her eyes and saw them passing a gap in an espalier-lined path. She drew a few long, thoughtful stitches at the work in her lap, then resolved to say what was in her mind.

'Do you remember, Jack, coming down here last autumn one Saturday afternoon, and we were talking of Evelyn Boyne?'

He moved uneasily in his chair, and said, 'Yes,' but not frankly, not willingly. His sister knew the wound was green as ever and hurried on.

'You know we had an idea, Jack, that Evelyn Boyne seemed to have something against you. Well, I am now perfectly certain that she had. I should not be so sure if I were not just as certain that, whatever it was, it has gone. She has found it was a mistake.'

Norman's restlessness had vanished. He was now listening eagerly and intently.

'Of course I know nothing save what I can glean from her manner,' went on Mrs Hope. 'Evelyn is a hundred leagues removed from the girl who talks about people and lets you peep into her heart; she is far too proud and delicate. But

there is something different about her with regard to you. It is not to be openly perceived; that would be impossible. Only another woman, perhaps, could divine it.'

'It must be so,' murmured Norman, not very hopefully. 'I have seen no change in her.'

'Poor dear, dull, old Jack,' laughed his sister.
'How deliciously wooden a man is! A girl has to fling herself into his arms before he can see that she has a penchant for him. Not, of course,' she went on, 'that that remark is to be applied to the present situation. I only spoke on general principles.'

'Just so,' said Jack. He tried to keep his tone dry and matter-of-fact; but in truth his heart was surging wildly. He still loved Evelyn so deeply, so whole-heartedly, that even his sister's guarded hints as to her mere change of manner stirred him deeply and set his wild longings once more aflame.

At this moment their conversation was interrupted. Dorothy came into sight alone, and sauntered towards the window at which they sat. She raised her eyes and saw Norman. Her saunter was changed at once for a flying run, and in she came at full speed.

'And where is Miss Boyne?' asked her mother.

'She has gone home,' said Dorothy. 'Their maid came to the garden-gate and said she was wanted to give some orders.'

In the evening Norman and his sister went for a walk.

'We'll take a turn along the river,' said Mrs Hope. 'I don't think you've been that way, and it's very beautiful. There's a spot where it winds under a very old single-arch bridge that's worth going a long way to see.'

At the foot of the heathy slopes upon which the village was built, a chalk-stream ran—a river with still, gliding flats and merry pebbly shallows, bordered by willows and tall hazel-thickets.

In the golden May evening the walk by the river was beautiful indeed. The crystal stream wound by reed-bed and tiny eyot, by pollard oaks where blackbirds fluted, by willows with polished, shining stems mirrored to the last of their numberless twigs in the clear flood below. Presently the river ran through a wood; but the smooth, easy path still continued along one side.

'How lovely it is!' said Norman. 'One would have thought a number of people would be out to enjoy such a stroll as this on such an evening.'

'It isn't often I meet any one,' replied his sister.
'The country-people proper rarely take a walk for a walk's sake, and the river winds so that the path is never used as a thoroughfare. There are a score of nearer ways.'

"With here and there a lusty trout, and here and there a grayling," quoted Jack Norman, marking a huge rise under a willow on the other side of the stream. 'I say, Alice,' he went on, 'there are some thumping fish in this river. Is it easy to get a day on it?'

His sister did not answer him. While he had stood to watch the leaping trout she had walked slowly on a dozen yards or more. Now she turned and came swiftly towards him.

'Jack,' said she, 'I'm going back.'

'Oh,' said Norman, 'all right. But where is that bridge of yours? I thought we were to go as far as that to drink in its beauty.'

'Now you shall go that far,' said his sister, 'for making fun of me. But you shall go by yourself. It isn't a long way: not more than a quarter of a mile.'

'I don't know that I'll trouble,' he replied.

'But I know that you will trouble,' she cried. 'You are to go to that bridge, Jack, touch it, and come back.'

'Look here, Alice,' said he, 'what's in the wind? There's more in this than meets the eye.'

'Jack,' said she, laying her hand on his arm, 'will you, as a favour to me, go to that bridge and back while I stroll homewards?'

'And you won't tell me why you want me to do so?'

'I won't. I'll only ask you to trust me and go.'

'Oh, all right,' said Jack; 'anything to oblige a lady. How far do you say it is?'

'Not more than a quarter of a mile.'

'Very good,' said he, grasping his stick in the middle and squaring his shoulders. 'You move on gently, and I'll catch you up in a few minutes.'

'You needn't hurry,' said his sister, with an enigmatic smile.

Away strode Norman, and was out of sight in a moment round that bend of the path at which his sister had paused. A hundred yards farther was another sharp turn. Norman wheeled round it and pulled up dead.

'Alice had seen her! Alice had seen her!' he murmured to himself. Quietly walking before him was a figure which every fibre of his being thrilled to recognise. As he stood and stared Evelyn disappeared round the next bend. Jack Norman moved slowly on. Should he step out and join her? He remembered how he had done that once before, and his soul shivered within him at the recollection. Perhaps, however, she would pass the bridge before he reached her. He walked on, and his nerves jumped when he found himself within twenty yards of her. She had halted near a gravelly shallow to watch a shoal of minnows flashing to and fro in the crystal water. At the sound of the step on the path she looked up; their eyes met. It would have been hard to say at that moment which was the paler. Norman walked up; she gave him her hand, and the ordinary salutations of acquaintances passed.

'I was going up to see a picturesque bridge of which my sister spoke to me,' said Norman.

'Oh, yes,' replied Evelyn, 'it is a little farther on. I am going that way; I will show it to you.'

'You are very kind,' he said; and they walked on side by side, for the first time since they had known each other.

'Let me see; your brother hasn't been home since he first went to Russia, has he, Miss Boyne?' asked Norman.

'Richard?' replied Evelyn. 'No; but he writes in the highest spirits, and seems to like his work.'

'He's doing it very well,' said Norman; 'and you'll see him next week. We wired to him yesterday to come over for three or four weeks. Things are very slack now in St Petersburg, and we want him at hand to deal with a number of questions and papers not easily to be handled by post.'

'It will give my mother great pleasure to see him,' murmured Evelyn.

'Naturally,' replied her companion; 'and he well deserves a holiday. He has quite surpassed our expectations. He has done wonderfully well.'

This praise of Richard from the lips of a man whom he had so cruelly wronged stirred Evelyn deeply. It was more than she could bear, and she stopped unconsciously, her hand clenched upon her bosom—her favourite gesture when greatly moved—her dark eyes burning with a wonderful lustre in her pale face. A score of thoughts went through her mind at once, and each one ended with a hopeless sigh. Nothing could be done; nothing could be said. It was impossible; but how bitterly cruel was the tangle! In an instant the Gordian knot was cut.

Jack Norman had paused also, and marked the play of emotion on the beautiful face. He saw that she was stirred, but why he could not divine. Then he, too, was seized and shaken by an overmastering impulse.

'Miss Boyne,' he began in a low, troubled voice, 'I hope you will not consider me importunate; but may I beg of you to listen to me for an instant?'

'Oh!' said Evelyn swiftly, 'it is not you who should beg of me.' Then she stopped; the words had slipped from her on the impulse of the moment, the cry of her sore heart. But Jack Norman stepped nearer, his brown eyes kindling, the colour coming and going on his handsome face.

'If possible,' said he, 'I love you more than I did last autumn. Oh, believe that!'

He marked the lovely wave of colour which flooded her face, and his heart began to beat tumultuously. The face which his memory had enshrined as cold and pale and proud was now glowing and sweet and tender.

'Evelyn! Evelyn!' he cried, 'is it possible that you have learned to care for me?'

'I cared for you then,' she murmured brokenly; 'but I had been misled. I will tell you—I'——

'Tell me nothing, dearest, sweetest,' said Jack Norman as he took her in his arms. 'I know all I wish to know: that I am the happiest and most fortunate man in all the world.'

THE END.

MOMBASA.



OR the benefit of those—and their name is legion—who do not know anything about Mombasa, I may state that it is a town on an island of the same name, situated about one hundred and forty miles north

of Zanzibar, on the east coast of Africa. Being the starting-point of the famous Uganda Railway and the capital of the British East Africa Protectorate, it is rapidly increasing in importance. Possessed of two fine harbours—Mombasa and Kilindini—and being the natural outlet for Uganda as well as the British East Africa Protectorate, it is probable that in the near future Mombasa will be the most important seaport on the east coast of Africa.

It was on the 25th of July 1900 that I found myself entering Mombasa harbour on board the German mail-steamer *Reichstag*. After the oppressive barrenness of the desert around the Suez Canal and the dreariness of Aden and Cape Guardafui, Mombasa looked a little heaven in the early morning light. The white line of surf breaking on the coralreefs extended as far as the eye could reach, and on shore the dark-green of the coco-palms reflecting the sun's morning beams looked wonderfully beautiful. Such must it have looked to Vasco da Gama and his mariners when, centuries ago, they landed for the first time to obtain fresh-water and fruit.

Entering Mombasa harbour, the steamer passes close under the British Consulate and Government officers' bungalows; and my spirits rose at the civilised look of the place. I had expected to see a few broken-down 'iron shanties;' and, behold, trim coral-built bungalows with flower-gardens in front! It was only when we reached the anchorage and the dense mass of the native village displayed itself to my gaze, and the steamer became the centre of a howling mob of Swahilis in boats of every description, from the prehistoric dug-out to the trim four-oared gig, that thoughts of the fate of Captain Cook and other voyagers began to rise within me. Truly, thought I, this must be the 'Heart of Darkness.' The frankness of the boatboys with whom I negotiated the transport of myself and baggage to the landing-stage soon reassured me, however; and I made many a firm friend and spent many a pleasant day among these Swahilis before I was escorted, with something of an ovation, three years later to the steamer which was to bring me home to Bonny Scotland.

The European population of Mombasa numbers about eighty. While by no means unhealthy, the excessive heat makes the climate trying to Europeans, especially to the female sex. Yet the number of ladies is continually increasing, while smart perambulators with dusky ayahs in charge are becoming quite a feature of the scene. Here, as everywhere else, the Britisher keeps himself in

'form' with games; and cricket, football, and tennis are indulged in after business hours. Those inclined for more profitable sport can shoulder their shot-gun, and, crossing over to the mainland, have a good time among the pigeons and guineafowl that frequent the *shambas* of the natives. Altogether, despite the heat, life in Mombasa is very pleasant, and would be much more so were the white people more sociable and less bent on making caste distinctions. The Government officials especially pose as the aristocrats, and that in a population of eighty!

The greater part of Mombasa is, of course, occupied by the natives. To give anything like an adequate description of the village or town would be impossible. Picture a conglomerate mass of wattle-and-mud huts thatched with dried cocopalm branches (makuti), set down without form or symmetry, and narrow alleys winding in and out among them. Plentifully dispersed all over the village are coco-palms, mango-trees, and banana-plants, which give it a very picturesque appearance when seen from a distance. In hot weather the shade afforded by the projecting roofs of the huts is most welcome; but during the rainy season each roof becomes a waterfall and each alley a roaring torrent.

Every Eastern nation seems represented in the crowds that throng the passages of the village, and the diversity of languages one hears spoken at the same time suggests a second Babel. The Swahili, of course, predominates, and there is a liberal sprinkling of up-country tribes. Here may be seen a stream of Wakamba warriors walking along in single file (from being accustomed to narrow paths), their arms and legs covered with brass wire, strings of beads round their necks, and heavy ornaments depending from their ears. Or we may see a Wanyika family coming in from the mainland to sell the produce of their shamba or exchange it for the much-coveted brass wire or glass beads with which all tribes love to decorate themselves. First walks the paterfamilias, glancing furtively from side to side, a stout stick in his hand denoting that he is the equal of friend or foe. After him comes the mother, wearing in addition to ornaments a sort of prehistoric kilt, and carrying a large basket of fruit on her head. Generally there is a naked baby strapped to her back, who amuses himself by digging his face into his mother's perspiring back. Next comes the family, ranged according to age, each with a basket of produce poised on the head and all gazing wonderingly at the sights of this busy mart. Washiris ply busily from house to house their water-carrying trade. Here is a system of water-supply reduced to simplicity itself, two kerosene-tins suspended from a long pole being all the Washiri's stock-in-trade. India, too, is well represented. Punjabees, gentle and woman-like Bengalees, and servile, shopkeeping

Banyans—the latter the sport of the more manly and independent Swahili—are all to be seen pushing their fortunes in this the America of the Indian.

Constant intercourse with other nations has raised the Swahili much above his up-country brethren in intelligence. He at least has learned that the day of the foray and of reaving is past for him, and that henceforth he must earn his bread in the sweat of his brow. Like a true Mohammedan, he bows to the inevitable, and a more cheerful and willing worker would be hard to find. Like all Africans, he is fond of dress; and, to his credit be it said, he delights in cleanliness. His dress consists of a piece of cotton with coloured border (kanga) wrapped round his loins, a singlet, and over all a flowing white robe called a kanzu; on his head he wears a white embroidered cap (koffia). A showy pair of sandals and a walkingstick of white Bokara wood complete the outfit of the Swahili beau. The female taste runs strong on colour; and-tell it not in Gath!-fashion, though confined to the pattern of her cotton lesso, rules as strong in Mombasa as in any European city. The lesso consists of two pieces of print cotton, one wrapped round the body and tucked under the armpit, the other thrown loosely over the head. Large ornaments made of coloured paper are stuck in the lobes of each ear; and armlets, anklets, strings of beads, and nose-rings put the finishing-touches to the adornment of our dusky belle. She is vain as a peacock, and, though not beautiful according to our standard, looks decidedly handsome as she walks along with a swinging, erect gait. As our eye follows her we are tempted to compare her very favourably with our own puny town-bred girls; but suddenly disenchantment comes. Our Queen of Sheba squirts an avalanche of chewed betel-nut out of her mouth, and we recognise that there is no inward grace.

The patriarchal Arabs, in their magnificent robes and coloured turbans, lend richness to the scene. The Arabs are the aristocracy of Mombasa, and are the chief property-owners. Their haughty bearing, as they walk along the streets, conveys the idea of supreme contempt not only for the natives but also for the grubbing Mzungu (European), with all his ways and institutions. They are profoundly religious, and divide their time between visiting the mosques and entertaining each other to coffee. Their greetings are most profuse. When they meet there is a regular round of hand-shaking, handkissing, and pressing of hands to hearts and foreheads. The stereotyped greeting is: 'How are you, sheik?' 'Well.' 'What news?' 'Good; better than ever before, praise be to God!' ('Praise be to God! El Himd, el Allah!'). What scenes have not some of these old sheiks witnessed in Mombasa before the establishment of the Pax Britannia! What stories could they not tell us of safaris (journeys) into the interior after ivory—black and white! It is no longer profitable to go long journeys in search of white ivory, nor may 'black ivory' be brought to be sold into slavery in the public auction at Mombasa. And so the Arab, his occupation gone, resigns himself to leisured ease, and, whatever may be his opinion of the new régime, submits to kismet (fate).

Mombasa affords a splendid market for the produce grown in the surrounding country. The native bazaar (suka) is an interesting spot. It is a raised square made of concrete and covered in by a makuti roof supported on poles. Here all manner of commodities are exchanged or sold. The merchants squat on their hunkers beside their goods, and haggle leisurely with would-be customers in the most approved Eastern fashion. They cannot understand the European method of having a fixed price for an article. I have sometimes heard the remark made by a merchant who refuses to pun gusa (reduce) his price, 'Dusturi yango kama Mzungu-mano mmoja' ('My custom is like the English-one price'). Fruit is the chief article of commerce; and great baskets of oranges, mangoes, pine-apples, and bananas are ranged in tempting show. Streams of natives arrive with great baskets of fruit, tobacco, Indian corn, &c., and depart with beads, calico, and brass wire for adornment. The salubrity of the bazaar is much impaired when some lucky fisherman captures a shark. Sundried shark is counted a great delicacy—the 'higher' the better. But salubrity is hardly a word to apply to an African native bazaar; and, despite its interest, the European visitor feels instinctively drawn to windward.

Apart from native products, the trade of Mombasa is chiefly in the hands of Indians, who are ousting the less quick-witted Swahili from all profitable employment. With the British Government encouraging the immigration of Indians, it looks as if the poor African is destined to go to the wall.

The standard of morality in Mombasa, as in all Mohammedan communities, is very low. It is notorious that uncivilised communities deteriorate when brought into contact with whites. Mombasa is well blessed with missionaries; but their labours are not much appreciated either by blacks or whites. The blacks thoroughly despise mission 'boys,' and the whites hold that a mission boy is a boy spoiled. Though strongly biassed in favour of missionaries when I landed in Mombasa, my experience leads me to prefer the most unsophisticated inland savage to some of the finished product of the mission-schools. An abundant and magnificent field for missionary effort lies in the training of the negro to work, as is being done at Lovedale and on Lake Nyassa under Dr Laws. To teach the rudiments of agriculture to a people who depend on the bounty of nature for their sustenance is surely as much a Christian duty as it is a noble work.

A chance for a millionaire! That is what British East Africa offers at present. What could not be done with a modest one hundred thousand pounds!

MOMBASA. 823

It may soon be too late, for once the dividend-seeking syndicate becomes established in the land the negro is looked upon as a beast of burden. Certainly we would look for a dividend on the invest-

ment of our one hundred thousand pounds, only the dividend would be made subservient to the moral welfare of our negroes. Perhaps, after all, the philanthropies which yield dividends are the best.

A TRANSANDEAN ADVENTURE.

PART III.



HEN I awoke my head felt lighter and I had regained full possession of my senses. The door of the cell stood open, and an attendant in uniform held a bowl of caldo (a kind of beef-tea) in his hand.

'Drink!' he said, holding the bowl towards me.

The savoury steam arising from the soup was appetising, and I drank the grateful stimulant with gusto. Feeling considerably revived after taking this nourishment, I ventured to question my jailer.

'Tell me where I am, if you will,' I said in Spanish.

'Esta preso' ('You are a prisoner'), he replied curtly.

'Why? For what reason?' I asked.

'If you don't know I cannot tell you,' he answered gruffly. 'Don't speak any more,' he ordered as he left the room, closing and bolting the door as he did so.

For two days and nights I saw only this individual, who brought me food at regular intervals. He would make no reply to the questions I put to him, so I gave up the attempt to get information.

The morning of the third day, however, brought a variation to the miserable inaction and suspense of my confinement. I was now able to dress myself and make my own bed; and having just accomplished these duties, I heard the tramp of approaching footsteps, the bolts were shot back, and an officer in uniform entered, along with two soldiers. My right wrist was handcuffed to the left wrist of a soldier, and I was ordered to march. Along with four other prisoners I was thus ignominiously led through the streets of Mendoza.

Those who have visited that town will remember its avenue-like streets, with rows of fine trees meeting overhead. To this day I cannot see streets thus garnished without a feeling of ignominy at the recollection of that public parade.

The file of soldiers which hemmed us in prevented the rabble from approaching closely. Some of my companions in distress seemed to be on the outlook for friends amongst the crowd; but no time for the interchange of signals was permitted by our guards; we were hurried along without a moment's delay.

Just as we turned a corner leading from one street to another, a man on horseback paused and glanced at us from his elevated position. I recognised Crawford in an instant, but no sign of recognition lit up his features. A look of pity was in his eyes, and he was on the point of turning his

horse's head in order to free himself from the crowd when I called to him.

'Crawford! Crawford!' I cried, waving my free hand to him.

'Callate!' ('Shut up!') said one of the soldiers as he brought the flat of his sword across my shoulders.

I did not resent the blow. I saw that Crawford had heard his name pronounced, and a moment later he caught sight of me. His lips moved, and a look of blank astonishment and dismay spread over his features as he recognised me.

Then I lost sight of him as the crowd thickened, and the soldier to whom I was handcuffed dragged me roughly with him. Here I became aware that we were passing through an arched gateway; and when the last of our escort had passed, the iron gates clanged behind us, the crowd remaining outside.

The knowledge that Crawford had recognised me changed despair into hope, and braced my languid body with new life. I knew Crawford's character sufficiently to feel certain that he would move heaven and earth to relieve me from my predicament.

The courtyard in the middle of which we were drawn up gave entrance to an imposing building which, I learnt from the whispers of my fellowprisoners, was the dwelling-house of the Governor of the province, Don Juan Elgaresto. The name was familiar to me, and I suppose that Crawford's recent appearance helped my memory to recall our conversation at The Laurels, when he told me that this very man had caused ten men to be shot as revolutionists. So the same harsh individual was, I felt sure, about to judge me and probably to pass sentence of death upon me for an imaginary offence. Had I, then, been taken prisoner as a suspected revolutionist? If so, who was there to prove my innocence? Crawford. Yes, he was the one and only person with whom I could claim acquaintance.

These reflections were cut short by my guard, who ordered me to accompany him. We fell into line along with the other prisoners, and filed up the broad steps leading to the entrance-hall of the building. The place fairly bristled with sentries carrying rifles with fixed bayonets.

From the marble-paved hall where we halted I could see, beyond an arched doorway, the magnificently furnished room into which the first of the line of prisoners was being led. The Governor, I presume, sat there in state to pass judgment upon us revolutionists. What the verdict and sentence

would be there could be little doubt. I, at least, had been taken apparently red-handed along with others who might or might not be bona fide revolutionists for all I knew.

'Sera fusilado' ('You will be shot'). These words, pronounced in a loud, harsh voice, sounded through the hall with unmistakable clearness. The sentence of death was pronounced upon the leading prisoner, and the words, uttered in a merciless tone, caused a quiver of consternation to pass along our line. The same pitiless voice uttered the same death-dealing sentence as each of the four prisoners who preceded me was halted in the centre of the room in order to hear the recital of the crime with which he was charged, and the inevitable sentence of death awarded.

When I stood on the spot just vacated by the fourth doomed wretch, there was a hitch in the proceedings. The clerk, who had already commenced to recite in a sing-song voice the usual damning list of evidence, was silenced by the Governor, who then leant his ear to be whispered into by an officer in uniform. The pose of the figure was familiar to me, and when I caught sight of the face, memory took me back to the veranda at The Laurels in the dim light of early morning, and the figure of this man leaning on Crawford's arm.

Diego Costa it was who whispered into the Governor's ear. As his lips moved his eyes cast a side-glance in my direction, and I knew that the blow which I had dealt him was being repaid.

I watched every facial movement of the Governor and Don Diego Costa, and saw my fate written there as clearly as though a sheet of paper bearing my sentence in black and white had been held before my eyes.

The words and gesticulations of the officer were received by my judge with various exclamations and changing expressions, until at length the stern, relentless eyes were glued upon me from beneath bushy eyebrows drawn into a fixed frown.

'Enough! enough!' he exclaimed impatiently. 'No more evidence is required.'

The officer saluted and retired behind his superior's chair; the latter immediately waved a signal to the clerk, who proceeded to intone the charge against me. I translate it, as far as I can remember, as follows:

'Tomás Burton [Thomas is my Christian name, but how I hate the Spanish equivalent!], you are found guilty of having unlawfully taken up arms against the Government of this Republic, and of having opposed by force of arms the representatives of the fisco in the discharge of their duty, thereby causing the death of one of its officers. This town having been declared in a state of siege, his Excellency the Governor of the province, Señor Don Juan Elgaresto, will judge and pass sentence upon you.'

A pause meant to be impressive here ensued, and I deemed it an auspicious moment for protesting my innocence.

'Con el permiso de su excellencia'—— ('With his Excellency's permission'——) I began.

'Silencio!' exclaimed the overbearing voice of the Governor. Then, after another interval: 'Tomás Burton, I understand that you are a foreigner. Is that so?'

'I am English,' I hastened to answer.

'Ah! you are an Englishman, and as such you no doubt consider that you are at liberty to do as you please the world over. But I am about to make an example—an example which I sincerely hope may prevent any of your countrymen or other foreigners from mixing themselves up with the political questions of the Republic. You are not the first of your countrymen who have taken part in revolutions against the rulers of this country; but I shall make certain that this will be the last time that you at least will do so. Tomás Burton, you are condemned to be shot.'

It was no more than I expected, and, curiously enough, the condemnation produced no effect upon me. I even smiled as I thought of the ridiculous manner in which Dame Fortune had chosen to thrust me into my present undeserved predicament. No doubt the Governor felt fully justified in condemning me to death in view of Costa's statements, along with the circumstantial evidence as testified by my captors. To have taken part, apparently a voluntary part, in the fight between the police and the revolutionists, and to have been knocked on the head by one of the former, was without doubt sufficient in the Governor's eyes to brand me as a red-hot rebel.

I remember the remainder of that afternoon performance as though I had witnessed a play from the stalls of a London theatre: the scenes were so real, and yet they seemed to lack reality; just as a very realistic piece of acting, while it enlists the sympathies and thrills the sensibilities of an audience, fails to persuade the onlookers that a tragedy in real life is actually taking place. On looking back even now, I can hardly realise that I took any active part in the proceedings after leaving the Governor's house. The conviction that I was an onlooker is so firmly rooted in my mind that a feeling of pity for the five doomed wretches being led out for execution rises within me as I recall the various scenes in the play. The reader will make allowances, therefore, if I merely sketch an outline, without filling in all the details, of that afternoon's series of changing pictures.

A fatiguing march over cobble paving-stones beneath arches of greenery, to the accompaniment of the tramp of soldiers and the jingling of their accoutrements, and in the background a crowd of people—supers, as it were, in the massing of the scene. My overtaxed brain refused to grasp the reality of passing events. Only the impression of endless streets of overhanging foliage, and underfoot those water-worn, rounded boulders that wrenched one's ankles at every step. I longed to sit down when we halted in an open space, and the

sound of running water which gurgled in an irrigating ditch close by made me long to remove boots and stockings and plunge my aching feet in the cool liquid. When my wrist was freed from that of my guard I took a step in the direction of the stream, but was seized at once, and my hands were fastened together behind me. This annoyed me, and I spoke sharply to those who handled me.

I was then placed standing at one end of the line of prisoners. The officer in charge gave some brief words of command, and five soldiers drew up in line in front of us, with their backs turned to us; another word of command and they marched forward, the officers with drawn swords alongside. At a distance of perhaps fifteen paces from where we stood, the soldiers halted and wheeled round to face us, each with his rifle at the shoulder.

The performance interested me. I admired their way of moving and the precision of their actions. But when they became motionless my gaze wandered across the open space in which we stood to where a cloud of dust announced the approach of a man on horseback. He drew nearer every moment, and I could make out that the horse was going at a

furious pace.

The five soldiers were handling their rifles. I could hear the sharp click of opening breeches, and the snap as they closed again. The officer stepped to one side as he gave an order, and I saw five rifles pointed in our direction. But my attention was again arrested by a shout on our left; it came from the man on horseback, who was wildly waving his hand. The officer heard the shout and turned his head. I saw Crawford's face as he slid from the saddle and handed the officer a paper; it was white, and excitement shone from his staring eyes.

They—Crawford and the officer—walked in my direction; my hands were unbound; the officer said something to me, and smiled. Then Crawford took my arm and led me away.

Thus far and no farther does the recollection of my experience extend. The remainder is a blank, until I awoke in another world. So it seemed to me at least.

The delirium of brain-fever had been creeping over me all through the day of my trial and the execution I had narrowly escaped. Crawford had barely succeeded in rescuing me, when the collapse of both mind and body reduced me to a state of insensibility. Upon recovering the use of my faculties the worst part of a long illness was over, and the care which Crawford and his sister bestowed upon me was so conducive to recovery that within a few weeks I was declared convalescent.

Only then was I able, with Crawford's assistance, to pick up the threads of the web of conspiracy in which I had unwillingly become entangled.

To begin with, the motive for Diego Costa's two attempts on Crawford's life must be made clear.

My friend had two reasons for wishing to hush up the affair. One of these was the fact that Crawford was personally acquainted with the members of Don Diego's family, and was virtually engaged to be married to Don Diego's sister. although the engagement had not been publicly announced. The other reason is interwoven with the motive which induced—perhaps I should rather say compelled - Don Diego into attempting the assassination of Crawford. It appeared that a secret revolutionary society existed in Mendoza, of which Don Diego Costa was an important and active member. By a most unfortunate accident, the existence of this society became known to Crawford on the death of one of his peons. The man was dragged by his horse while out on the rodeo or round-up of cattle, and was so seriously injured that death ensued shortly after he was brought back to the estancia. Before he died he confessed to Crawford that he belonged to the secret society, and also revealed the fact that the assassination of the Governor formed part of the plot by which the revolutionists hoped to eventually overthrow the existing Government.

These secrets weighed heavily on Crawford's mind. He was undecided at first what to do. To communicate direct with the Governor would mean to mix himself up in political matters, which might lead him into endless trouble. So, finally, he resolved to consult Don Diego Costa, and allow him to act as intermediary in order to save the Governor's life. Not for an instant did he imagine that Costa, who occupied an influential post on the Governor's staff, could belong to a body of men whose object was the death of Elgaresto.

Don Diego received the confidence; but as a matter of course, being a sworn member of the society, he was forced to abuse it, and Crawford now unconsciously occupied a position of extreme peril.

Alarmed by the arrest and execution of the ten men shot by order of the Governor, the secret society resolved that the risk of the exposure of their plot by Crawford must be prevented at all hazards. Consequently a meeting was called; and lots being drawn, the carrying out of Crawford's assassination fell to the lot of Don Diego Costa. To refuse the task could only mean death to himself and the short postponement of Crawford's assassination; to perpetrate the crime would be to kill his sister's fiance. We know the path he chose, and also the failure of the two attempts.

When charged by Crawford with the premeditated crime Don Diego confessed everything; and upon Crawford assuring him on his word of honour that no further steps would be taken to expose the existence or plots of the society, Don Diego swore to do all in his power to prevent any further attempt on his friend's life, and to warn him of any new danger that might threaten him. Towards myself Don Diego nursed a bitter hatred, and resolved to be revenged should opportunity offer, for the blow which I had dealt him. On seeing me brought before the Governor charged as a revolutionist, he whispered into the Governor's ear the false evidence which contributed towards the sentence of death, from which I had a narrow escape.

When Crawford saw me led into the Governor's house for trial he suspected treachery of some kind; and having by the merest chance encountered Don Diego as the latter left after sentence had been passed upon us, he threatened to expose all he knew to the Governor unless I were immediately reprieved and released. How Costa managed to

do it does not materially affect the issue. Certain it is that my reprieve was signed by the Governor, and handed by Don Diego himself to Crawford, who arrived upon the scene of the execution just in time to save my life.

As this is no love-story, I shall not enlarge upon Miss Crawford's skill as a nurse, nor upon the double wedding which took place before my wife and I left Mendoza *en route* for England and our honeymoon.

APPOSITE TEXTS.



ESPITE the long-windedness of old sermon-writers, their adventurous thoughts and hazardous expressions that would astonish the more refined congregations of to-day, a fund of quaint entertainment lies buried in

their expositions, resulting not only from oddity, but from ingenious originality and conceit; and their exhumation will afford considerable diversion to a curious reader.

In the days of good Queen Anne, the Duke of Ormond, when on passage to take up the duties of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, was driven by contrary winds upon the then almost barren island of Ila. The only domicile with tolerable accommodation was that of the poor curate of the island, where the Duke received every hospitality. At breakfast on the morning of his departure he inquired of his host, whose name was Joseph, what the living was worth. 'Only twenty-two pounds,' he replied. On leaving, the Duke made the curate's wife a handsome present, and promised to do something for the husband's advancement. After waiting with anxiety a long time for the something promised, Joseph resolved to cross to Dublin on the first opportunity, and endeavour to obtain the Dean's sanction to his preaching a sermon in the cathedral where the Lord-Lieutenant and his suite attended. This, after the necessary inquiries, being granted, the curate mounted the pulpit, choosing this remarkable text: 'Yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph, but forgat him' (his Grace's name was Butler). To make a long story short, he preached such a tactful sermon that it resulted in his preferment to a living of four hundred pounds a year.

The author of *Tristram Shandy*, in the company of three or four brother-clergymen, was relating a circumstance that happened to him at York, after preaching in the cathedral. An old woman, who had been sitting on the pulpit-steps, stopped him as he came down, and begged to know where she should have the honour of hearing him preach the next Sunday. Sterne, having mentioned the place, found her seated in the same position as on the previous Sunday, and she repeated her question. He told her he was to preach the following Sunday four miles out of York; and, strange to say, she was

there too. 'On which,' Sterne said, 'I took for my text these words, having expected to find my old woman as before: "Because this widow troubleth me, I will avenge her, lest by her continued coming she weary me."' One of the company immediately replied, 'Why, Sterne, you have omitted the most applicable part of the passage, which is: "Though I fear not God nor regard man."' This unexpected retort, it is said, silenced the wit for the remainder of the evening.

Coming down to more recent times, an unpleasant experience befell the Rev. Thomas Smith, vicar of Walkley, Sheffield, who, some years back, read in the local paper the announcement of his own death, supplemented by an appreciative notice of his career. The following Sabbath he discoursed upon the early portion of Ezekiel xxxvii., commonly known as the 'dry bones chapter,' selecting from it as his text the words, 'Can these bones live?'

During the memorable siege of Kimberley—in the defence of which the writer's son played his part—when provisions were at a very low ebb, some sound advice was proffered from the pulpit to the unfortunate inhabitants of the Diamond City concerning the necessity of husbanding their slender resources, the text expounded being John, vi. 12, 'Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.'

In time of any great national or mundane upheaval, the cause thereof very naturally forms the subject-matter of much pulpit discourse, for which a concordance has to be consulted for the furnishing of an appropriate text; as on the day appointed for mourning our late beloved Queen almost every verse, from the tenth to the thirty-first, of Proverbs xxxi. was requisitioned as a text.

The Jesuits entertained a cordial hatred for Galilei (better known by his Christian name Galileo), as he had joined the party by whom they had been expelled from Padua. The progress of his astronomical discoveries was, therefore, reported to the Inquisition at Rome as dangerous to religion, and he was openly denounced from the pulpit by Caccini, a friar, who is reported to have taken as his text: 'Homines Galilei, quid statis in cœlum spectantes?' ('Men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven?')

The moral and religious objections adduced against the introduction of inoculation operated most perniciously in prejudicing the masses. A furious pulpit warfare was waged in many churches. On 8th July 1772 a scathing sermon was preached against it by the Rev. Mr Massy, in St Andrew's Church, Holborn, on Job, ii. 7: 'So went Satan forth from the presence of the Lord, and amote Job with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown;' in which he depicted the devil as having first put inoculation into practice upon Job. This diatribe called forth the following epigram in the Monthly Miscellany:

We're told by one of the black robe The devil inoculated Job; Suppose 'tis true what he does tell, Pray, neighbours, did not Job do well?

The cause, however, had many able and zealous advocates, one of whom was Dr Maddox, at that time Bishop of Worcester, who delivered a very telling and excellent discourse in its support from Luke, vi. 9: 'Is it lawful . . . to save life, or to destroy it?'

Outside the pulpit the clever adaptation of a text has, without in any way sullying the dignity or solemnity of religion, repeatedly served a wholesome purpose and driven home many a useful lesson. 'A verse may find him who a sermon flies;' and, as Burns wrote in his 'Epistle to a Young Friend,'

Perhaps it may turn out a song, Perhaps turn out a sermon.

Edward Young, author of Night Thoughts, when vicar of Welwyn, paid a visit one afternoon to Archbishop Potter's son, who was rector of Chiddingstone, near Tunbridge. The roads in the neighbourhood of the rectory were wet and miry; and when Dr Young, after some danger and difficulty, arrived at the house, he inquired whose field it was that he had just crossed. 'Mine,' answered his friend. 'Truly,' said the poet, '" Potter's field, to bury strangers in."'

A curious old volume, Elegant Anecdotes, calculated to Inspire the Minds of Youth with Noble, Virtuous, Generous, and Liberal Sentiments, by the Rev. John Adams, A.M., is responsible for the following: 'A very young clergyman, who had just left college, presented a petition to the then King of Prussia, requesting that His Majesty would appoint him dean in a certain city where a vacancy had just occurred. As it was an office of much importance, the king was offended at the presumption and importunity of so young a man; and, for answer to the petition, he wrote underneath, "2 Sam. x. 5," and returned it. The young man eagerly examined the quotation; but, to his great disappointment, he found that he was advised "to tarry at Jericho until his beard was grown." The Rev. Mr Kletochke, chief chaplain to part of the Prussian army, requested, in a memorial, that the king would grant him the right to appoint all chaplains to the regiments under his care, and endeavoured by many arguments to prove that this right more properly belonged to him than to the commanders of the several regiments. The king, in answer, wrote under the memorial, "Your kingdom is not of this world."

Some, by a happy witticism, have made a lucky hit and secured a big prize for themselves. Of such was a clergyman named Mountaigne-sometimes, as in the Clergy List, spelt 'Monteigne'-who was private chaplain to James I., and on very intimate terms with His Majesty. The bishopric of London fell vacant; and so equal were the conflicting claims of the various candidates that the king was puzzled whom to select. He confided his perplexity to his chaplain, who tendered this ready and witty advice: 'Sire, the Scripture will tell you how to act, for doth it not say, "If ye have faith, and shall say to this Mountaigne, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the See, it shall be done"'? The king was so pleased with this apt and arch suggestion that he acted upon it, and Mountaigne was made Bishop of London.

Dean Swift once put a text to very practical purpose. 'In 1722,' so runs the story, 'there being a scarcity of copper coin in Ireland, George I. granted to William Wood a patent-right to coin farthings and halfpence to the amount of one hundred and eight thousand pounds. The grant was made without consulting the Lord-Lieutenant or Privy Council of Ireland, and had been obtained by the influence of the Duchess of Kendal, one of the king's mistresses, who was to have a share of the profits. It was, in fact, an infamous job. The Irish Parliament expressed their dislike by a remonstrance, of which no notice was taken, when a voice was heard which apparently arose from one of the trading class. A letter was published signed "M. B. Drapier [draper], Dublin," and was followed by other five or six. The effect of these Letters is known. All Ireland was roused. No one would touch the contaminated coin. A reward of three hundred pounds was offered for the discovery of the author of the Drapier's fourth letter. A bill against the printer was about to be presented to the grand jury, when the Dean addressed to them Some Seasonable Advice; and the memorable quotation from Scripture was circulated, "And the people said unto Saul, Shall Jonathan die, who hath wrought this great salvation in Israel? God forbid: as the Lord liveth, there shall not one hair of his head fall to the ground; for he hath wrought with God this day. So the people rescued Jonathan, that he died not." The grand jury wrote "Ignoramus" on the bill, and Judge Whitshed could only vent his rage by dismissing them. Ultimately the patent was withdrawn, and Wood was compensated by a grant of three thousand pounds yearly for twelve years. After this Swift's popularity was unbounded. The Drapier's head was painted on signs, engraved on copperplates, struck on medals, and woven on pocket-handkerchiefs.'

Richard Watson, Bishop of Llandaff (1783-1813), a

clever politician, but a disappointed man, relates in his autobiography a passage of arms which, though not embracing any Scriptural passage, is cognate and decidedly good. The Prime-Minister, to whom he owed his advancement, expected him to support the Government in the House of Lords, but on a certain occasion Watson wrote: 'I do not consider it consistent with the Christian religion to support such a measure.' 'And I,' the Minister replied, 'do not think it consistent with the Christian religion that the first thing a newly appointed bishop should do is to forget his maker.'

'There can be no pleasantry where there is no wit; no impression can be made when there is no truth for the foundation,' wrote Dryden; yet this concluding sample possesses certain force, though resting upon very rickety groundwork. It is said that a well-known ministerial educator was in the habit of testing the ability and self-possession of the theological students under his care and instruction by sending them up into the pulpit with sealed envelopes in their hands containing the text of the sermon or address each one was to deliver on the spur of the moment. On one of these occasions the student, on opening the paper, found this subject and direction given to him: 'Apply the story of Zacchæus to your own circumstances and your call to the ministry.' And the student promptly delivered himself in the following way: 'My brethren, the subject on which I have to address you to-day is a comparison between Zacchæus and my qualifications for the pulpit. Well, the first thing we read about Zacchæus is that he was small of stature; and I never felt so small as I do now. second place, we read that he was up a tree, which

is very much my position now; and, thirdly, we read that Zacchæus made haste to come down, and in this I gladly and promptly follow his example.'

Whilst tens of thousands of anxious preachers all over the empire were lately preparing their Coronation orations, it may still be well to remind them that it is possible to lose the prospect of preferment through choosing an inopportune text. The grandfather of Sheridan the dramatist was an Irish divine who enjoyed the friendship of Dean Swift. He was on the fair road to promotion when he ruined his chances by the text he chose on the anniversary of the accession of the House of Hanover. He spoke from the words, 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'

Dr Charles Riley, the Anglican Bishop of Perth in Western Australia, is a chartered humorist, and an amusing anecdote he told at a recent banquet has not hitherto been recorded. On his first arrival in his Australian diocese, nine years ago, he determined to visit his clergy incognito, and attended the service at a country church. To his utter discomfiture, the rector announced the text, 'And when they saw him they besought him to depart out of their coasts.'

The old-fashioned fox-hunting parson is rapidly becoming extinct, but a few clergymen still share the pleasures of the chase. Among them is the Rev. Arthur Standidge, rector of Bradfield, Berks, who is a follower of the South Berks hounds. A short time ago the master and some members of the hunt rode over to divine service at Bradfield Church, when Mr Standidge preached from an appropriate text (Song of Solomon, ii. 15), 'Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines.'

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE STEEL INDUSTRY.



a recent address to the Iron and Steel Institute, Mr Andrew Carnegie gave a very interesting review of the progress of iron and steel metallurgy in America during the past thirty years. In that comparatively short

period the blast-furnace product at Pittsburgh increased more than six times, while the rail-mills could show a like progress. The work which used to occupy a week can now be done in a day, and there have been made and sold without loss hundreds of thousands of four-inch steel billets at three pounds for a penny! Cassier's Magazine points out that in order to make that three pounds of metal at least ten pounds of materials were required—namely, three pounds of coke, mined and transported sixty miles to the works; one and a half pounds of lime, which had to be brought one hundred and fifty miles; and four and a half pounds of ironstone, mined at Lake Superior, nine hundred miles away

from Pittsburgh. It is believed that steel at this low figure is a thing of the past, and that as the present source of ore-supply becomes exhausted prices must go up considerably. There are vast deposits of the ore in Utah and in South Carolina; but these may be regarded as inaccessible districts. The supplies of ore within reach will last, at the present rate of consumption, for about sixty years.

CONCRETE BUILDINGS.

Concrete is coming more and more into use for construction purposes. At the monster harbourworks at Dover, the bricks employed are represented by concrete blocks weighing each about fifty tons, the outer surfaces of which are faced, for appearance' sake, with granite. Concrete has also been largely employed of late years in the construction of houses, and quite recently the material has been used in a machine which will turn out hollow bricks of any desired form and pattern. A house built of these bricks looks as if built of stone, but is far cheaper; while the hollow

spaces in the material tend to ensure warmth in winter and coolness in summer. The moulds are made with removable sides, so that each block as formed can be removed to be dried. The whole process is illustrated by photographs, including one of a house in course of erection, which are published in a recent issue of the Scientific American. It is said that many houses have already been built on this principle, and that they give such satisfaction that they are likely to be followed by others.

PAPER CORKS.

It would seem a difficult matter to provide an efficient substitute for cork as a stopper for bottles, so admirably does this description of bark fulfil the purpose. The glass marble which is kept in position by the pressure of the gas in mineral-water bottles answers the purpose of a cork, but comes under a different category. If it had not been invented the demand for the natural product would have possibly been greater than the supply. Indiarubber corks are occasionally met with in bottles containing chemical preparations; but they are expensive luxuries. The only cheap substitute for cork as a bottle-stopper is paper, but this has not come into extensive use. Paper corks are not new, the first ones manufactured having been made by running pulp into moulds and afterwards drying the 'corks' so made, and dipping them into paraffin-wax or some preparation of the kind to prevent absorption. A more recent method is to roll the paper on a rod, like a firework-case, afterwards cutting it into lengths, pressing it to form in a mould, and finishing it with a wooden core. It is said that these paper corks are made in America, Japan, and China in large quantities; but they are certainly seldom seen in Britain. They would evidently require a new type of corkscrew to draw them from the neck of a bottle.

THE OCTOPUS.

Mr Martin Duncan, lately lecturing at the London Camera Club on the octopus and the cuttle-fish, told how he had carried out some interesting experiments with these creatures in a specially constructed tank of sea-water. Wishing to test the truth of the many stories which have been told of monster cephalopods dragging human victims to the sea-bottom, he placed in the tank with an octopus a doll of the same specific gravity as a man, and baited it with a crab. Attracted by this tempting morsel, the octopus made for the figure, seized it in its powerful arms, and tried to drag it under water without success. It then urged its body towards the edge of the tank; and, holding on to the glass with some of its arms, it dragged its prey beneath the surface, and crushed the crab-shell with its powerful jaws. Mr Duncan believes that this experiment affords a conclusive proof that the octopus can only drag its victims far below water near rocks to which it can attach its suckers. There is one spot in the Bay of Naples where these creatures grow to a large size, and now and again a fisherman is reported missing. It is believed that such disappearances are due to the unfortunate men being caught by the leg by a concealed octopus and dragged under water. In the case of such a repulsive and powerful creature as the octopus it is difficult to separate fact from fiction.

ARTIFICIAL PUMICE.

Natural pumice is so common to volcanic eruptions that after such outbursts the surface of the adjacent seas have been covered for miles with a mass of the floating stones. The material is a kind of glass (obsidian) which, while in a molten state, has been rendered porous by the expansion of gas or steam in its substance. This familiar stone has always been useful in the arts; but it is not a reliable compound, for it will vary both in grain and hardness sometimes in the same piece. This has suggested the introduction of an artificial stone which is designed to answer the same purposes as natural pumice without its faults, and the new product is now being made for the markets of the world at Bietigheim, in the valley of the Enz. Its constituents are sandstone and clay, and there are no fewer than ten different grades of the stone manufactured. There is a hard and a soft kind designed for the leather, waxcloth, felt, and wood industries; another kind for stucco-workers and sculptors; a soft, fine-grained variety for polishing woods and for tin goods; another kind suitable for the treatment of lithographic stones; while other varieties of the new product are fitted for various duties. We are indebted to the London Chamber of Commerce Journal for these particulars.

ALUMINIUM WIRE.

The results of some interesting experiments which were designed to test the suitability of aluminium as a conductor for electricity on overhead lines were given to the engineering section of the British Association by Mr J. Kershaw. Aluminium in the form of rod and wire was procured from different firms, and was submitted, together with samples of galvanised iron wire, and copper and tinned copper wire, to atmospheric exposure for three months in two different localities in Lancashire. All the samples of aluminium gained in weight, and they were all pitted and corroded, especially on the underside where the raindrops had collected and dried. The rods did not suffer so much as the wires, and the author therefore assumes that in the operation of drawing aluminium undergoes some physical change. The conclusion arrived at from these tests is that aluminium is not a satisfactory substitute for copper in bare overhead transmission lines or for electrical work which involves exposure to the atmosphere near the sea.

A NEW VILLAGE.

A scheme is under consideration at Foyers in Inverness-shire which will meet with the approval

of all lovers of the picturesque. It will be remembered that a few years ago the British Aluminium Company established a factory there in order to harness the famous falls to their dynamo machines. They encountered much opposition; but the works were established, and the dire consequences predicted have been no more heard of. The company now wish to provide houses for about three hundred workpeople; and, instead of at once running up some cheap barracks which would be a blot on the beautiful scenery, they have expressed the intention of putting the scheme into the hands of a committee or syndicate which will take care that the cottages erected are in harmony with their surroundings. Artists will be consulted with regard to the designs and situations of the houses, and there is every hope that a beautiful village will be the result. Something of the kind has been done in a few other localities; but the general model of a modern cottage is that of a brick box with a slate roof, which is remarkable for its hideousness.

A GARDEN CITY.

A still more important project is that of a company which has acquired an estate of nearly four thousand acres in Hertfordshire, which includes two villages and part of a third. Upon this estate it is intended to build a town, the population of which would be limited to thirty thousand inhabitants, while the greater portion of the land will be reserved for agricultural purposes. The general idea of the scheme is to encourage agriculture, to tempt people back from the cities to the land, and to invite manufacturers to establish works there, where their employés can live in good houses at a cheap rate. Such a town would be a valuable market for the farmers round about. It is believed that if this praiseworthy intention can be carried out it will help towards the cure of many evils which we have at present to deplore. Workmen's dwellings, which have done so much good, and which can be made to yield a safe dividend of 5 per cent. on the capital invested, show how schemes for the public benefit can be made quite self-supporting.

SOLID MILK.

There is a tendency nowadays to compress all kinds of things into small bulk, and many drugs and foods are now supplied in this form. The familiar picture of the ox mourning the remains of his brother which are contained in a small bottle of fluid extract may soon be followed by that of a cow gazing with interest at a packet of dry milk, for this recent product of the dairy is an accomplished fact. Milk-powders are produced by passing fresh milk over a heated surface, so that its contained water is immediately evaporated, leaving a solid residue which can be ground in a mill or between rollers. This residue contains the solid constituents of the milk, the heat taking nothing from it but its water; and, being soluble, the liquid state can at once be restored. Our dairies

must be careful at the outset to produce a solid milk of the best possible kind, for this new process is sure to be taken up by other countries, who will endeavour to flood our markets with similar preparations. Milk depends for its excellence on good pastures, and those of Britain are of the best.

CHINESE GUNMAKING.

We have many of us been apt to regard Chinese military methods as almost beneath contempt, and there is a general impression that most of their weapons of war are of an obsolete pattern. But it would appear from a recent letter from a traveller which was published in the Civil and Military Gazette of Lahore, that the Chinese are not standing still, as so many imagine them to be. He visited a great Chinese arsenal, some way beyond treaty limits, where rifles and guns of all sorts, up to monsters of forty-five tons, were being made. The factories covered many acres of ground, and they were turning out these weapons, including machineguns perfect in design and construction, by the hundred. All the hands were Chinese; but they had a couple of Englishmen directing their movements. The writer of the letter asks the question, 'If these men can make the guns, why may they not work them some day?' Some day, no doubt, they will do so; but many things in the country must be reformed before the people can be educated up to fighting for it; before, that is, they acquire the virtue which we know as 'patriotism.'

FORESTRY IN GERMANY.

In a Foreign Office Report the British consul at Stuttgart calls attention to the great trouble and expense devoted to instruction in forestry in the German Empire, nearly one quarter of which is covered with trees; and he shows how well the outlay has been repaid by the results achieved. The beautiful mountain-fir, or Scotch pine, is the most widely cultivated of any tree, and it is chiefly found on the plains of north-eastern Germany. The oak finds favour on the lower Rhine and in Westphalia, the beech in Pomerania, the pine in central Germany, while the elm, ash, beech, oak, and birch are grown everywhere in low-lying localities. Würtemberg, which has a million and a half acres of forest land, showed in 1900 a profit of nearly a million and a quarter sterling, or about sixteen shillings per acre. It is being asked, 'When will adequate attention be given to arboriculture in Britain ?

MIRAGE.

Stories of mirage in connection with desert places are familiar enough to all readers, and these stories are mostly to the same effect. The thirsty traveller sees before him a lake in which palms and other objects are reflected; but when he attempts to approach its margin to drink he finds that it is an optical illusion. The recent unseasonable weather has not unnaturally led to strange appearances. Waterspouts have been reported in the

English Channel; hailstones of unusual size have fallen in various parts of the country; but perhaps the most remarkable atmospheric vagary of all is the apparition of a mirage at Putney, a prosaic metropolitan suburb. A cyclist came upon this wonder one Sunday morning, seeing in the High Street what he believed to be a lake, in which the dresses and sunshades of the ladies leaving church were gaily reflected. He attributed the unusual appearance to floods, and was considering the best method of wading through the water, when he discovered its aeriform nature. We may mention that some time ago a very interesting account was published of an artificially made mirage. The apparatus consisted of a sheet of iron covered with a layer of sand, and warmed from below with gasburners. An appropriate background, the details of which were refracted by the layers of heated air, completed the ingenious arrangement.

DEFACEMENT OF NATURAL SCENERY.

The charge has often been brought against this country that in its zeal for missionary enterprise abroad it is apt to forget the work of reclamation at home. We are reminded of this taunt when we read of the protest which is being made against the building of a girder bridge across the Zambesi river in far-off South Africa. The railway company are making preparations, we are told, to carry 'an unsightly, spidery lattice-work of iron girders' just in front of the Victoria Falls, which are considered by many to be the most beautiful piece of scenery in the whole wide world. The only reason that can be discovered for what is rightly regarded as an act of vandalism is that the directors of the Chartered Company at home have no idea of the beauties of the district and of the dangers of leaving everything to the engineers and contractors on the spot. We fear that in business matters little attention is given to such questions as this, otherwise we should not have to deplore the ruin of so many beauty-spots in our own fair land. However, the intention is a praiseworthy one; and, although few of us are destined ever to gaze upon the Victoria Falls, we wish their advocates success in the endeavour to preserve their natural beauties unimpaired.

AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENTS.

The man who could make two ears of corn grow where only one grew before did better work, according to Swift, than the whole race of politicians. If this be true, those who are endeavouring to increase the yield and improve the size and quality of our cereals and other farm products must be equally deserving of honourable mention. Dr John H. Wilson, lecturer on agriculture at St Andrews University, has lately exhibited to a party of farmers the results of certain experiments in which he has been engaged for some time. By crossing one fine variety of Swede turnips with some other kinds he has been enabled to produce an exceptionally large and well-shaped root. Similar promising results

have been attained by crossing Swedes with yellow turnips. The successful results of crossing different kinds of wheat were also shown; but perhaps the most interesting exhibit was a plot containing twelve thousand plants of oats, the produce of eleven plants which attracted a year ago much attention because of their splendid appearance. The seed had been selected and sown one by one by hand. It is gratifying to note that experiments of this nature, which have proved of such value in Canada, are being carried out with so much promise of success under the auspices of Dr Wilson in the mother country.

LHASSA.

One of the most interesting of forthcoming travel-books should be that of M. Zvbikoff, a Russian subject who has penetrated to the sacred city of Lhassa, and returned with an immense number of photographs and drawings. Since Huc and Gabet were expelled early in 1846 there has been little reliable information received about Lhassa. The explorer is a Buddhistic Buriat of the Baikal region and a graduate of the University of St Petersburg, and it was because he was a Buddhist and familiar with the language that he entered the country as a lama. The population of Tibet, which has been stated as thirty-three millions, Zybikoff alleges is not more than a tenth of that number, and is decreasing through disease, smallpox, and the large number of celibate priests. Lhassa, he believes, has about ten thousand regular inhabitants, is an important commercial centre, and the traders are mostly women. The town has a picturesque location on the southern slope of a mountain, with luxurious gardens to west and south. The temple of Buddha in the centre is one hundred and forty feet square, three storeys high, and has three gilded Chinese roofs. It contains the gigantic bronze statue of Buddha, which has a hammered-gold jewelled head-dress, in front of which burns a sacrificial fire fed with melted butter. As many as one thousand priests engage in religious processions to this mountain. Since the fifteenth century all power, civil and spiritual, has been nominally in the hands of the Dalai Lama, but China maintains a Manchu resident and an army. Labour is badly paid, little more than a penny a day, and the morality of the Tibetans is low.

OLD SCOTTISH CLOCKMAKERS.

We all look at the clock, but seldom give a thought regarding the capable and clever hand and brain that put it together, so that it has become an heirloom in the family for two or three generations. Mr John Smith enables us to be a little more intelligent, at least as far as Scottish work is concerned, by his compilation, A Handbook and Directory of Old Scottish Clockmakers from 1540 to 1850, published by Mr W. J. Hay, John Knox's House, Edinburgh. Some of the case-clocks by famous makers are illustrated, including one in marquetry case by Thomas Gordon (1703-43); another, in

marquetry case, by Andrew Brown (1675-1711), the property of the Faculty of Advocates; another, in oak case, by James Cowan (1760-81), the property of the Society of Writers to the Signet, Edinburgh; and one in painted case by James Howden (1775-1809), the property of the Society of Antiquaries, Edinburgh. A picture of Parliament Square in the eighteenth century, the centre of the clockmaking industry, shows the shops clinging like barnacles to the outside of St Giles's Church. We learn from the Introduction that during the sixteenth century the use of clocks and watches in Scotland was very limited; these were only to be found in large towns and in various abbeys and cathedrals. middle of the seventeenth century clockmaking was recognised as a branch of the locksmith's art, and clockmakers were members of the various Hammermen's Incorporations. After 1700 Scotland improved in this industry, and good work was done well into the nineteenth century; 'but the practice of importing movements and parts of movements. and merely putting these together, arose, so that by 1850 or thereabouts the trade declined.' This and the cheap American importations combined to extinguish the industry. Since 1880 the value of case-clocks has increased, although Mr Smith warns purchasers against those which have been decorated in a style that does not belong to the age in which the clock was made. There are nearly nine hundred entries; but it will be quite possible for the reader to add to the number. We see no mention of Symington, of King's Kettle, Fife, son of William Symington, engineer and pioneer in steam navigation, whose grandson is with a watchmaker and jeweller at Oban.

1703-1903.

Vanished are the airs and graces,
Patches gone, and curled peruke;
Yet time-honoured Pump-Room faces—
Whether roue, lord, or duke,
Lounging rake or politician,
Littérateur, and the rest,
Plebeian, coquette, pale patrician—
Fascinate us in their quest.

For fine foibles ever yearning,
Students only à la mode,
Through days of dilettante learning
When blue-blood at Bath abode;
Courtly dames in Watteau dresses,
Gallants gay with ogling air,
Powdered wigs and falling tresses,
Strange old smiles the wearied wear.

Smirking from forgotten fashions,
Phantoms now of long-past days,
Gilded shades of olden passions
Glide like lights through evening haze.
Wistful glances are directed,
Natheless, by our lingering gaze,
When Time's pages show dissected
These unreal yet fragrant ways.

Lyric days in England's story,

Rase with elegance arrayed;

Though the rouge lent fame sans glory,

Twas not all a masquerade.

Men they were and women, fated

With old Time a part to play,

To Pageantry and Pleasure mated

Till the last Shade crept their way.

ROBERT W. BUTTERS.

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CHRISTMAS 1903.

IYVINDA.*

BY EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD,
AUTHOR OF 'PHRA THE PHORNICIAN,' ETC.

CHAPTER L



HUNDRED aurei for her alive, or fifty dead,' cried Aulus Atticus, our master of the horse, clapping his silver cup down so angrily on the table that the Rhenish wine sprang out and ran to the floor in a red pool. 'A hun-

dred aurei from the public chest to the man who will bring us this Pictish she-cat bound, or her head, it matters little which. Gods! are we to be thwarted in our marches and have all the country stirred up like a hornet's nest by another Boadicea? I tell you, sirs,' he said to us who sat in our dinted armour at mess that night with him, playing at luxury on poor soldiers' fare-'I tell you this northern witch, this Iyvinda, daughter of Galgacus, is at the bottom of all the opposition to us. It is she that has fired these sluggish northern churls with most inconvenient patriotism and mended their jealousies with her magic tongue. It were better for Rome that she were dead than any five thousand of her countrymen; and as a good soldier I vow I would go fifty miles to-morrow to see her burnt.'

We laughed, and shaking our heads, looked

The scene of this story is laid in and around the estate of Delvine or Inchtuthill, Perthshire, which the writer assumes is the site of the battle of Mons Grampius between Agricola and the Caledonians. This is referred to in a monograph by Sir Alexander Muir Mackenzie, entitled Memoirs of Delvine (Perth, 1903).

into our wine-cups. It was not that we did not covet the helmetful of gold Aulus offered, since pay was scarce and everything that made life pleasant in these northern wilds was worse than costly. But the daughter of Galgacus! Again we laughed, and, laughing, looked at the fine, sunburnt fellow at the head of our table. He might as well have asked us to bring him one of the goddesses from Mount Ida!

'Come, Flavius,' he said presently, turning to me, a centurion in his command, 'you were ever reckoned a lady's man. Your brass still glitters when ours is green with the mildew of these hills; never was battle set so early but you found time to crimp your hair for it; and, above all, you have more knowledge of the barbarous speech of the rascal Caledonian tribesmen than any of us. What do you say? Could you not get sight of this lady somehow, and having bedazzled her with your presence, lure her to secret tryst where a handful of our fellows might pounce on the lovely prize? 'Tis a wild fancy, no doubt; but you have wit to plot and pluck to venture, if any have.'

Could I? I shook my head; and yet—and yet! That golden blood-money dazzled my fancy. Jove! how much it would buy! And then again, if by some desperate luck I succeeded, promotion was certain—quick promotion, such as I might hope in vain for any other way. No, it was impossible. Who was I, Flavius Quintillus, a poor soldier of fortune in the army

of Agricola, Roman legate in Britain, to snatch this northern wild-cat single-handed from her nest? And yet! Atticus had somehow fired my fancy; I could not shake the idea off. All that night after we had gone to rest I thought about it; it haunted my dreams, dogging my waking fancies; and, to be brief, ere the second day was out I had made up my mind to go on the quest.

'No, no, Flavius,' said Atticus when he heard my decision; 'it was only a foolish suggestion of mine, born of the third wine-cup. It would be sheer folly, and just throwing away a good officer. Let us hear no more of it.

But I was determined, and in the long-run he had to give way, for luck was on my side. Two ambassadors from the Picts, who had come in to us about an exchange of prisoners, were returning that day, and, as it chanced, hoped to fall in with our gentle firebrand, 'out hunting,' they said, in the woods beyond the Tay. We guessed, though, that that hunting had more to do with us than boar or beaver. Now, could I go with them, half the difficulty were solved. Atticus saw that, and, loving dangerous quests himself, at last fell in with my wishes.

So, behold me, an accredited envoy in turn, sallying out next morning with those returning ambassadors, bedecked from head to heel, my black hair curled, my brass glinting like water, a brave steed below me, and the vainglorious heart of a boy in my breast. Never had larks sung so gaily; never had scabbard made pleasanter music on stirrup-irons, or wild moorland breezes tasted so sweet. And between then and now the gods made a man of me, taught me in a few short days the splendour of hope and the dignity of patience, and the bitterness of a black disappointment which will ever be cherished amongst the dearest and sacredest things of my existence.

Nothing I knew or cared for that as we stretched away into the rolling pine-clad hills. Of fear I had none; of remorse at the object of my errand none. Why should I hesitate to entrap if I could, by fair means or by foul, this she-cat who annoyed and thwarted us when all Caledonia lay at our feet? A sour, lean virago I pictured her, all fire and spleen, whose spiteful tongue wagging up and down the country put the tribesmen into heart against us; it would be a blessed thing to send the soul of such a drab to rant in Hades if it might anyhow be managed; and if not, why, I could but come back as I went, safe in my guise of friendly negotiator.

So on we rode, and at noon fell in with some wandering pedlars coming down to the coast, and from them heard the chieftainess had been out to the west a fortnight since, and was now passing home by easy stages with but a slight following. She was lying that night not six miles ahead, those fur-wrapped hucksters said, and I vowed a stone altar to Mercury, patron of

thieves, on the spot if my errand should turn out as well as this seemed to promise.

We lost our way once; and, somewhat tired and travel-stained, it was nightfall before we came in sight of a cluster of Pictish huts in a forest glade, with many fires about them, as though more were in the village than it was meant to hold. Then, perhaps, my errand did look more serious than it had done by sunshine; but there was nothing for it now save to push boldly on. So, trotting ahead down the slope, we were within the circle of the fires before any knew of our coming.

Truly it was the wild-cat's nest! Every hut was full to overflowing of Pictish folk, and all outside they were trotting to and fro, busy over the evening meal, or tending to their mountain ponies, near a hundred of which were tethered about; while chariots stood unhorsed in one place with their war-scythes off and strapped along the shafts, arms were piled against lichened rocks, brass-centred bucklers lay around, and under neighbouring branches hung deer carcasses from which cooks were busy hacking supper-steaks. Truly had I got into the thick of them; and putting the best face on matters that might be, I dismounted. Striding up to a big fellow standing with his back to me as he leisurely ate some roasted meat from a spit, I clapped him on the shoulder and called out, 'Hullo, comrade!'

That bulky savage jumped at my salutation a foot high in the air; then, seeing my Roman armour, and still holding spit in one hand and meat in other, glared at the forest around and up at sky to see if any more of my kind were dropping thence.

'Comrade,' I said, 'I have come to see your chieftainess, Iyvinda. Is she here with you?'

'Iyvinda?' growled the fellow, with a look of gaping stupidity.

'Ay, Iyvinda,' I said; and to and fro for a minute we bandied the name without getting any more forward.

Meanwhile, as you may guess, others had come round, a wide staring ring of barbarian faces, most of whose owners had never looked on a Roman before; and one ugly rogue, constituting himself their champion, set himself in front of me and came slowly forward, rolling his eyes, raising and lowering his body, and drawing his sword inch by inch in a most warlike way.

Before he could do any mischief, however, a third thrust himself between us, a man of much better appearance; and waving the others back, he turned and said:

'Forgive them, stranger; that first one is a fool by nature, just as this other is a cut-throat by profession. You are a Roman?'
'May Heaven never ask you any harder riddle,

sir,' I answered.

'And either a madman to come here alone, or a messenger claiming the protection of that name.' Christmas Number.

'A messenger, good friend, and here are my sponsors,' I said as those who had come with me rode up. These coming made all things plain; and after a few words with them, my new friend told me, to my delight, the chieftainess was there, 'in yonder long barn of turf and timber, supping with her friends.' Then, signing to me, he forthwith led the way through the scattered camp fires. Near the door he suddenly turned and asked me simply, 'Has your general sent you to say he will surrender?'

'No,' I laughed; 'he has not come quite to that; but so much I may say, that his errand is

friendly. And now to the lady.'

He led me on without another word, across the clearing, through a group of wondering guards, up a couple of solid oak stairs, and so into a great, low chamber such as might be used for storing food in peace-time. Now there were rough tables built of turf down the sides, at which many men sat eating, their shields and spears and furs hanging behind them on pegs driven into the walls. In the centre were servitors hurrying here and there with drinkinghorns or wooden trenchers of smoking venison. Across the top was another table with half-adozen men of better degree-and one woman! They were talking eagerly amongst themselves, and so great was the clamour of the menials, and so thick the haze from the spluttering torches fixed about the hall, that none noted me until I was standing, arms folded, in respectful silence before the daïs.

Then the woman looked up and saw me, and the others saw me, and silence fell on every one. The meat stopped half-way to the mouths of the astonished guests; the wondering servitors stood atrip, the gravy trickling from their tilted platters to the sandy floor; the very torches seemed to cease their splutter for the moment. And then the princess—for I could not doubt it was she whose name was known wherever the Roman tongue was spoken—rose and wonderingly asked of my guide:

'A prisoner, Uf?'

'Daughter of Galgacus,' he answered, bending low, 'a free man till you wish otherwise, and

new come into camp.'

'He ought to be an honest ambassador who arrives so trustfully,' said the princess; and coming down from her table, she approached within a couple of yards, and there stood unabashed, looking as gravely at me as I looked at her in turn.

By Venus's self, never was such a contrast to what I had imagined! Graceful with the suppleness that comes of constant exercise in the open air, that lady wore a dress of darkgreen fabric not unlike that of our own women, but closer fitting. On her feet, and reaching to her knee, were buskins of fine brown fur, cross-laced. About her middle was a belt beautifully worked with native gold, a wallet hanging on the 1903.

right and a dagger on the left. Round her neck was a necklace of amber plates and beads, while a string of amber threaded on green flax bound up the loose coils of her ruddy hair. She was of middle stature, and mayhap twenty-five years of age. Never did a more keen or trimly damsel step on heather, I thought in our first moment of acquaintance; but it was her face that moved me. Never before had I seen a countenance of such mingled sweetness and dignity; never one that could change so quickly or be so eloquent of the keen mind and brave heart that burnt within. Even at that first moment of our introduction I felt its magic; and now that it is a memory-now that I can recall it tender with woman-love, flushed in pride, stern-set in anger, or white with coming death—it is to me like some beautiful book to which one turns and turns again, ever marvelling lovingly at the bitter sweetness of a story that promised so much yet gave nothing but a splendid disappointment.

The world was a little different to me from that moment, and I started guiltily when the lady, breaking the silence, said:

'Your message is not urgent, Roman?'

'It can wait, madam, your pleasure.'

'Why, then, let it, and come and sup with us; there are few messages that do not sound better after meals than before.' And taking me by the hand in the simplest way, she led me to her table and made room for me between her and a brother, a brave-looking boy of seventeen, who welcomed my coming with no great goodhumour.

Such a meal we had! Never shared I one living longer in my memory. Never came heather-reared venison from embers tasting better than the meat from the spits of those wild-wood cooks; never were drinking-horns deeper than those which they filled to the silver rims for me, the friendly enemy, that night. Never was upper air fuller of barbarian songs than in Iyvinda's shed that night; never was lower air made more dulcet to me than by her quick, incisive talk, her shrewd questions and ready answers. We talked and drank till half the thanes were sleeping where they sat, and all the camp without was hushed in silence; and then the lady, after the courtesy of her country, rose and kissed the stranger upon the cheeks, and sent him in charge of her brother to lodgment outside, mind dancing with strong mead, heart pulsing with a new-born fancy, and senses all in a tangle.

The camp was astir next morning by the time the level sun threw a golden web of light over the forest lawns, and the chieftainess sent for me in the midst of the bustle.

'Quintillus,' she said—for I had told her my name overnight, and it sounded wonderfully pleasant on her tongue—'to-day the greater part of these men you see with me turn home; they are but a convoy come so far from civility. My brother and I, with but the handful left, travel slowly on to my father's town upon the big river. Now, what say you to coming at least part of the way with us? Your errand done, and nothing urgent, our company will save from chance annoy upon the road; and-and,' she added, hesitating a little and blushing slightly, I thought, though may hap it was only the red of sunrise coming in at the door—'and in truth I am very eager to hear more as we ride of that city of yours men say is built on seven hills, of your great men, and of your women-how they dress and bind their hair; you remember you told me nothing of that last night.' Then she suggested we might afterwards sleep that evening in a glen near a tall menhir all the British knew, and not fifteen miles as raven flies from where Atticus lay camped with the front of our invading army.

Here was a chance! At once the scheme I had made flashed back upon my mind. The princess herself had baited the trap. To hesitate now was to lose her for good and all. I would go with her for certain; and when so much was settled, hot on my purpose, I went out and presently spoke privately to a campfollower, a pedlar who dealt in Gaulish trinkets --a low, mercenary-looking rascal suited to my purpose—asking him if he would secretly take a message for me to the legions. At first he demurred, guessing that were dangerous which must go covertly; but when I offered as recompense a handful of gold pieces, 'more than ever he was like to see else in the rest of his greedy life,' his yellow eyes blinked, and he said he would venture. So him I took into a thicket, and there, tearing off the unused margin of Agricola's pass, scrawled a hasty line to my fellow-conspirator, telling him how things were, of the lonely halt that night, and ending by saying if he could bring a score of swords up in hot haste and ambush us, the prize were ours. That missive the pedlar hid inside his dirty legging; and ten minutes after, his pack upon his back and astride of his ragged pony, he had slipped away southwards down the hillside.

We, too, started before the sun was clear of the pines, Iyvinda with her brother and I, on either side and behind us a scanty dozen of riders. The lady was blithe as a lark, witty and keen and clever—all the woman for the nonce—and making the gray old rocks echo to her honest laughter as we rode down the narrow forestroads, and now singing a verse or two of song in her own harmonious tongue, or reining close up to chat with me about the wide world beyond her native hills that interested her so greatly: a splendid girl, ruddy and brave and strong, linking a man's ardour with a woman's tender-Gods! if she were mine, as I hoped she might be, not all the world should take her from me; to win her was the first thing, I

argued with myself, and then a hundred ways would open of saving her from the shameful fate they planned. So we rode until the afternoon had come, and then that happened which, though I thought little of it at the time, meant much to me.

Ambling between the birch thickets, the broad river glinting far away in the vale below, two fellows overtook us, and falling into the rear, sent word they would speak with the princess and her brother. Little recking of their conclave, I went carolling on alone till, half-anhour later, those two came up again; and now the boy's brow was black as thunder, while Iyvinda had two angry spots upon her cheeks, and all her lightness was gone.

'No ill news, dear lady?' I asked gaily.

'News,' she answered, 'of a false friend whom we liked and trusted; but news in time.'

'Great Jove be thanked for that!' I cried innocently; whereon the proud woman looked at me, and her expressive lip curled disdain-

fully, though she said nothing more.

But now a blight hung over our cavalcade which I tried in vain to lighten. The brother rode, grim and watchful, on my left; the men behind whispered together, scowling whenever my face turned towards them. As for the princess, wrath and hesitation seemed at war within her. So we rode on a mile or two; then suddenly turning, she asked, 'What would you do, Roman, were I a prisoner in your camp?'

Without waiting to think, I blurted out the first thing my lover-heart prompted to my tongue: 'Do, lady! Why, sell my life a hundred times ere yours should harm.' That answer, now I know all, it seems to me, saved

my life.

'Is that truth?' asked the girl a little more softly.

'Ay; by all the holy gods I swear it!'

Whereon Iyvinda came closer in, and brightened a little, though still seeming perplexed in mind at times.

Across the flat shadows we rode, into the twilight of the northern evening, and so at last to our camp by the menhir.

A gloomy glen, dense with stunted pines, littered with fallen rock and ferns, it was the very place for an ambush; and there on the greensward in the ghostly shadow of the old altar-stone, a dim little trickle of water on one hand, and the firs almost meeting overhead, we bivouacked for the night.

All helped in the frugal preparations. While I with some others gathered firewood, others again built a turf-table by way of daïs after their habit, covering it with a wide saddle-cloth where the three of us were to sit at meat. Down came darkness, and up got the moon, bringing the shadow of that ancient menhir right athwart our supping-place. Fires flickered, and in the ruddy glow all presently lay about to

eat; I by the princess at the table, and her brother at her feet.

Think how my heart beat now that the time was come! Think how I peered secretly into the black wall of darkness all about, seeing a glint of Roman armour in every wandering strand of moonlight, hearing a Roman footfall every time a deer moved on the corrie or a mountain-fox set a stone rolling from above. How had my messenger fared? Was Aulus there? For aught I knew he might be at arm'slength even while we ate, and any moment plunge that strange banquet-hall into the bloody arena that would mean life or death to me. Yet minute by minute slipped by and nothing showed.

At last, to end it—for the suspense was growing intolerable—when the meal was over I unslung a little bugle-horn I carried and asked the princess whether she would care to hear some of our hunting-calls and military notes; and she, half in angry pity and half-sardonic, as she had been all the evening, nodded her assent.

So first I played them a gentle flourish, and then such notes as we call our legionaries to muster with. Still nothing moved. Next I sounded the 'make ready,' whereat an owl laughed hideously somewhere back in the shadows of that haunted valley. Jove! what a sluggard Aulus was! Would he never show? Then in desperation I set the bugle to my lips once more, and blew a charge—a wild, tumultuous war-note that every Roman from here to hot Sycice could understand; then waited with bated breath till, one by one, those fateful echoes dropped listlessly away into the distant

'A stirring sound!' said the daughter of Galgacus icily; 'but it seems to me it lacks a meet response. Try again, centurion.'

So again I tried, and again naught but echoes. 'There is no answer!' said the princess.

'No, madam. Sometimes there is, but none,

it seems, to-night.'
'No!' she cried in a voice that filled all the glen like the cry of an angry banshee, and bounding at the same time to her feet-'no! And will you learn why there is none? Look, ambassador! Look, peaceful messenger! Look, supplicant for our courtesy and hospitality! And, snatching off the saddle-cloth that had covered the turf-table, there in a hollow right at my knees, in touch all the time I had eaten, was a blackened, grinning head, staring and horrible, with something white set crossways in the foamy teeth!

Another look, and I knew it. It was the head of my messenger; and that bloody wisp of parchment between its lips, the letter I had written to Aulus! Then I understood. They had watched my pedlar ride away from last night's camp, and sent after him. They had killed him, then found his message. It was his 1903.]

slayers who had joined our train that afternoon, with their grim trophy hidden beneath a cloak; and this was Iyvinda's answer.

5

I scowled for a minute at that bloody thing glaring at me in such accursed fashion; and then, knowing the game was up, and disdaining to ask for favour, drew sword, flung scabbard to earth, set back against the old gray stone, and shouted:

'Come on! come on, you jackals, you skulkers in woods and forests! If all your trees were men, and every leaf a sword, I would not ask for mercy.'

And at me they came without more to-do: Iyvinda's brother first; but he, tripping on a root, fell harmless at my feet. Then next a hairy savage, who got the Roman steel between neck and shoulder, and went screaming down. Then another, bounding across his body, had my fist sheer in his face, and sprawling back, fell through the nearest fire, which roared about him and rose in a monstrous column of sparks treehigh. He whom they called Ugnar, he who had killed the pedlar, next lay kicked and howling athwart the litter of the table, grappling in his agony the senseless head of the very man he had killed that morning. Another and another went down. But what was one man against so many? For a time I kept those howling wolves at bay, and then one lean villain got behind me. I dimly remember something heavy and chill dropping, it seemed, from the starlit heaven itself upon my head. Pines reeled, fires blazed and danced to sky, ten thousand swords glittered before my reeling eyes, and then I in turn went headlong down.

CHAPTER II.



STRANGE feeling of unreality lay on me when I awoke after the events set down in the last chapter. Was I in the abodes of the blessed? As the first dim recollections of the fight

and its ending came to my mind, that seemed the most reasonable conclusion; yet somehow I had an instinctive feeling I still lived.

Then, as consciousness slowly broadened and my eyes opened to the realities about me, the materialness of my surroundings became more and more certain. I was lying on a couch in a roomy chamber, with peaked roof overhead and walls of roughly squared logs on both sides, while by a fire on a stone hearth in the centre an old crone sat, humming to herself while cook-Presently ing something in an earthen pot. entered another person whose arrival filled me with delight even before I recognised her.

'How fares our guest?' asked the new-comer. 'Still asleep?'

'Ay,' answered the crone; 'but mending fast,

and wakes to-night, I think.' Whereon she shuffled out of the room on some errand.

Then Iyvinda—for of course it was she—came over to where I lay, apparently still deep in a state of trance, and looked down at me steadfastly for a moment. Assuring herself no one was watching, she bent and kissed me on the forehead.

It was a gracious kiss; and, as if at the touch of a magician's wand, all my senses sprang into life on the instant. Turning delightedly, I opened my eyes. Thereon the Pictish girl started back, flushing redly to her hair, and stared at me half in shame and half in anger.

'It seems, stranger,' she said haughtily, 'the gods have appointed you ever to set ambushes for me. How long have you been awake?'

'But this moment, lady, and would sleep ten

thousand times to be so roused again.'

'Enough,' she cried, waving her hand impatiently, though the tell-tale flush still showed on her cheeks; 'it was a mistake, the foolishness of a moment, already repented of. How fares your wound?'

'Oh, mending rapidly, as far as brief consciousness permits me to judge; and that calls to mind a tussle I had last night, in which your ladyship was mixed. I could have sworn I had the worst of it, and looked just now to wake in Elysium; the which I did, though not exactly as I had planned.'

'It was not last night, Flavius,' said the princess, seating herself at the foot of my couch. 'That fight was many nights ago.' Forthwith she proceeded to tell how, at the nick of time, she had saved me in the forest brawl, had brought me on here to her father's city by the river Tay, and nursed and tended me back into consciousness. It was a gracious deed; and I thanked her meetly before she presently went away, and I thanked her again when she came the next morning; and, what between gratitude and that gentle lady's presence, I mended so fast that in a day or two I was near myself again.

Many long talks I had with the princess in the porch of my chamber, the passers-by of the busy Pictish town eying us not too friendly the while. Of her I learnt more than was known in all our empire of this weird Caledonia of hers; and she of me of Tiber, and temples, and a thousand marvels that made those keen, blue northern eyes open wide with wonder. So the days were spent, forgetting time and place in the deepening delight of each other's company, until one evening she came in haste to where I sat looking out on the wide marsh-lands about the beautiful island-city of Inchtuthill, and taking my hand, as was her friendly habit, said:

'Great news, and bad for us, my Roman! Firstly, your all-devouring legions two days since stormed our town of Bertha; and our routed clansmen, pouring hither, clamour to appease the gods by making a sacrifice of you.

Secondly, our chiefs are sending me and my brother in hot haste to ask help from the friendly Catti across the sea. I dare not refuse to go, and dare not leave you here alone. There is but one thing for it. You can ride, I think?'

'I have been in the saddle since I first got

from my mother's knee.'

'Good! There is a horse new come into camp that must be your ransom; a glorious beast, taken from your friends in a foray yesterday. They sell him, saddle and all, in the market-place in half-an-hour. Bid for him yourself. Pay no heed to black looks; ask leave to ride round the market-square. Once in saddle, Flavius, may the Great Unknown who rules our comings and goings be your helper!'—this with a strange little break in her voice. 'The near wicket-gate in the ramparts will be wide open, and the road beyond clear to the river and your comrades. 'Tis the best I can do.'

'And you, lady ?' I said, taking her hand.

'Oh, I shall watch that huckstering, and be at hand if the worst should betide you, as I was once before.'

'Ay; but I meant afterwards. I would rather stay and face all your friends than think that

here we part for ever.'

'Not for ever, perhaps, my Roman,' she answered. 'Not unless you wish it so. But go now you must, and we will trust the future to kind chance. Oh, may fortune be with you, and the white-winged flame of heaven in your horse's feet!' Wrenching herself from me before I could protest, she went swiftly from the room, and disappeared amongst the sullen

townspeople without.

In full war-gear, I was in the market-square of the fort in half-an-hour to see that horse A beautiful steed indeed, full of courage and fire, though all ungroomed; and when he saw me the poor beast recognised my trappings, and angrily shaking himself free of his Pictish groom, came bounding over, with a whinny of pleasure, thrusting his velvet muzzle into my hand, and asking with great, soft eyes to be taken from the strangers back to his master. Alas, poor beast! there was dry, black manblood caked upon his mane, and a gash of spurrowel all across the Roman saddle, such as an armed heel would make in falling, and well I guessed what those things meant. They hardened my heart; and turning to him who had the selling of the animal, I asked:

'Will you give me this horse, Mr Huckster,

out of friendliness?'

'No,' answered the man sulkily.

'Will you sell him, hoof and harness, at your own price?'

'No,' again said the fellow, looking round for

support to the scowling faces about him.

'Then,' said I, putting toe in stirrup and jumping into the saddle, 'by the Temple of Vesta and the pool where the Twin Brethren

washed their steeds, I will borrow him, good fellow, till we meet again.'

Giving the reins a shake, I swung the great war-horse round towards the gateway in the ramparts which Iyvinda had said should be open, and charged right through the screaming crowd. The die was now cast, and horse and rider knew it. Down the cobbled market-place we flashed; green grass whirled away under foot, and high rose the ramparts. The wicket loomed ahead, and when we came to it—all the town buzzing behind like a nest of angry hornets, and mounted men galloping down on every side—it was barred and silent! Some one had played Iyvinda false; but there was no time to think of that now. There was nothing for it but to ride the ramparts themselves, and the gallant beast seemed to know as well as I did what was needed. He scrambled with me up the green grass slope to the gangway, and thence again with a leap to the narrow top. Beyond was a drop of eight feet, and then a little sandy cliff of as much again, ending in a gravel-shoot leading steep down into the coppices and valley below. Up reared the horse, a fine sight against the clear light for all Pict-folk to see; and turning in the saddle, I shook my fist against the yelling mob behind, then clapped heels to flanks, and rode the willing charger right out into the sunshine!

Twas less heroic than it looked. We lit safely, in a whirlwind of dust, and then galloped down to the marsh-road, arrows and sling-stones singing through the bushes as we fled. The Picts chased us across the moor, but as well might jackdaws chevy a homing peregrine; and when the river was reached we swam it into safety in face of the tribesmen reined up in a

sullen line on the northern bank.

'Ay, a good fellow he was in his way,' Aulus Atticus was saying as he toyed with his goblet at supper that night; 'conceited, arrogant, vain of his handsome person as the worst fop amongst us, yet bold in danger, quick in decision, resolute and brave, fearing neither men nor devils. Our master could have spared many a good soldier more conveniently than poor Flavius.'

'Is there no hope he has escaped?' asked

another in the tent.

'None,' said the Master of the Horse. 'Tis said he was roasted alive by the menhir in the country of the Horestii two nights after he left us.'

'By Castor and Pollux! I would not have been his cooks, unless he was taken sleeping,' quoth another. 'All his things are to be sold to-morrow for the benefit of his soldiers.'

'And if prices are good,' laughed a centurion lounging a little way off, 'the sum will suffice the company to get its beards trimmed next feast-day: one linen shirt much rent, a cooking-pot without a handle, a mouse-trap, a bundle of love-letters, and sundry pomatum-jars, mostly empty. Surely our jolly comrade's fortune lodged in his scabbard.'

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'And where else,' I said, striding in from the night outside—'where else should a soldier's fortune dwell?' For a minute they stared incredulously; then, as my personality dawned upon them, down went beakers and up rose a joyous shout of greeting, and those good fellows, rushing round, welcomed me back to safety in royal fashion.

Thereafter succeeded a period of quiet. Our great legate Agricola was too far from rescue, if aught went wrong, to take any risks; so he moved slowly, consolidating each step of conquest before he made another. But about the end of the first week orders came from him that I was to take a hundred horsemen at once, to cross the river by the ferry, and thence, riding eastward along the coast for a day or two, glean tidings if possible of that help which we knew was coming to the Caledonians from overseas. Above all was I to obtain news of 'the dangerous princess, the firebrand of the border,' for whose body, alive or dead, Agricola again offered a splendid reward.

The weather was bad just then; but joyfully I welcomed the chance to be in saddle once more; and as for that sweet firebrand, I could but pray the gods might send her across my path again. Very strangely they answered my

prayer.

CHAPTER IIL

AY after day we floundered along on the errand set us in the last chapter between the heather and the slob, straining our eyes seaward for the expected foemen, our tempers getting

sourer and more sour. All day my scanty hundred rode their reeking beasts over hills covered in mist and down into valleys where the streams chattered dismally between the rocks, the gray sea for ever on our right, the salt air coating our brass with green mildew, our swords rusting in their scabbards, and our plumes

sagging like our spirits.

No man crossed our path in that forsaken region, and naught happened until one night, when the weather had somewhat mended, we were sitting round a fire we had built up with pine-bark, our horses tethered amongst the birchtrees, the men all drawn in close to the main blaze, and young Caius Lycius stood up to sing The most comely boy I think he was on this side of Propontis, and little did he know as he strutted out into the blaze of the fate which was lurking for him in the shadow of the birches! First he sang us a lampoon made by himself in saddle yesterday on the General's wife back in our camp. It was witty, and, Heaven knows, indecorous enough in part; but it made those gruff legionaries about me roll with laughter, and though rank treason in my

presence, yet perforce I forgave it for their sakes. Then that stripling, after a caper or two, changed his mood, and throwing down his forehead-band that his curls might hang the looser, cast about his shoulders a blue robe he had stolen the day before from a deserted village, and masqueraded as an injured damsel pleading with her soldier-lover. We knew that piece. It was done by a great poet in drunken mood, and, as far as I know, perished for ever that night with Caius. But never to this day can I think of those passionate lines, that liquid stream of glowing love bursting from the woman in the narrative and melting even the adamant of the false soldier, without a thrill. In the end the poet has made the soldier waver, half-relent, and then, in a moment of returning fury, strike the girl senseless to his feet. And there was Caius, a born actor, as beautiful as Lysbie herself, his long hair adrift, his eyes aflash, his cheeks now hot, now cold, as the love-verse rose or sank, pouring out that fervid epic against the black curtain of the night, the while the rain-drops hissed into the fire, and the distant British wolves howled the white stars down, one by one, to bed.

There was not a man amongst us that night who did not look back into his soul with reproach, and Caius worked upon us until at last, as the end came, we were strung to the highest pitch. Then a strange thing happened. The actor had just made a last impassioned appeal, and was standing, hands clasped and raised in supplication, a vivid cameo in his blue gown against the black setting of the night, when something flitted across our little arena, and the boy, exactly as his part prescribed, threw up his arms, and with a bitter cry fell headlong to the ground. With a roar of delighted applause the Roman soldiers acclaimed the consummate actor. Again and again they cheered and laughed; yet, his part done, he still lay face down upon the turf. How still he lay, and unmindful of our praise! We rushed and turned him over. He was as limp as a dead flower; and his face! Oh, horrible! all the beauty of a minute before was now crushed into a shapeless mass of blood and brains and hair, deep amongst which was embedded a Pictish sling-stone of half a pound in weight.

Poor Caius! a hundred swords leaped from their scabbards to avenge you; a hundred eager men sprang into the gloom of the birches; but of what avail? As well might one have chased the shadows thrown by the fire itself as the lurking enemy who had cast that cruel shot. One vowed he had seen a black form slip from tree to tree, and another had heard an elfin laugh on the rising ground beyond the stream;

but the swords came bloodless home.

All night we sat, chins on knees, around the singer, hearing the echo of his song in the sighing of the wind and the wailing of the moun-

tain streams; and in the gray morning we buried him where he had sung, and went on our way more silently than we had done for many marches.

We passed at noon round a deep sandy bay with a creek at the bottom, and a knoll we had marked as our northern turning-point; and seeing nothing from there but an interminable coast beyond and Germanic brine creeping ever away eastward into the shadow of the fog-banks, we set our faces southward once more with the

heartiest goodwill.

By nightfall we were back round the bay anew to a point near to where Caius fell, but closer to the sea; and there we set camp again amongst the sand-dunes, with a stream of brackish water at our feet to help our scanty supper, and the crying of curlews by way of orchestra to send the meal down merrily.

We had been set there for about a couple of hours, when, as I came back from a bath in the stream, my brass helmet full of little crabs caught for the cooking-pot, judge of my amazement to see sitting by my fire, and solemnly turning the embers with his spear-point, a Pict in his wolf-skins! Down went helmet and out jumped sword in a second. Surely we were betrayed, and the enemy amongst us. But no, that hide-bound gentleman was all alone; he had passed through my sentinels in the ghostly way these hill-folk have, and now, rising to his feet, drew the back of his hand across his mouth; by which sign I knew him at once to be one of our Pictish spies, one of those mean rogues who were ever ready to sell their kinsmen's cause for a miserable handful of silver.

That same night the fleet from overseas was coming, and we had chanced upon its very landing-place. Think, after all that weary tramping to and fro, how my heart beat at the thought of onset and blows! The news spread like wildfire amongst the men; our very chargers forgot their weariness. My plans were soon made. While two legionaries on the best horses went back to tell our distant comrades and the General, six others by my orders hastily set the dry heather in piles about a square of several acres, so that when they were fired it might seem in the night as though a Roman host lay there encamped. Lastly, with the rest I went down near to the creek in the bay, meaning more to watch than with any real hope of keeping the foreign aids from landing. Little did I guess what the night had in store for me.

We had lain out there between the heather and the sea for an hour or two, the night had darkened, and a silver moon got up, against the shine of which our Pictish spy was squatting on the summit of a mound like a toad-stone, when presently that keen-eyed rascal beckoned me to him and pointed out to seaward. There across the white moon-path, and away into the black fields on both sides of it, were many ships

coming inshore. Closer and closer they drew till all were in the bay and apparently heading for the creek. In face of such a force I began to think it was time to go.

Yet I was loath to turn, for my Tuscans were more hungry for knocks than ever they had Against all that fleet been for meat or meal. we could do nothing, yet surely the gods would send us a waifling from the host, just some little for our hunger from all that many; and as I stood there knee-deep amongst the grass, all my eager fellows crouching silent behind me, I lifted my bare hands wide to the silver-chequered sky and vowed from my heart an altar of stone to the war-god if he would befriend us.

I prayed and I looked, and lo! the armada was stayed, and one ship alone came swiftly in toward us. Never was prayer more promptly answered, and a grim sigh of pleasure rippled

through the ranks behind me.

The main fleet kept about a mile from shore, as though waiting for some signal from friends on land whom our patrolling had scattered, mayhap. They rode there like dead, black leaves on the path of the moonlight, a red spark glimmering now and again amongst them as we caught a glint of a galley-fire; or ever and anon a flash of steel, whiter even than the night-shine, twinkled down a vessel's side as the light played on ranged bucklers or sheaves of spear-heads.

Meanwhile that single vessel we watched came swiftly on. She put up a clamorous flock of sea-fowl from a bare sandbank; she crept into the creek-mouth, and we distinctly heard the Danish captain call for her brown square sail to be lowered, and then the rattle of ropes in blocks. They made fast where doubtless some had often landed before, and very soon a score or so of men and small mountain-horses had come over the lowered gangway and were making across the grass two hundred yards away for a knoll whence they could see all round the country.

Silently I gave the signal to mount; silently my brave fellows slipped into their saddles; and then, whirling out my sword, 'Rome!' I cried, and all my hundred yelled, 'Rome and Vesta!' and away we went at them. Those gentle voyagers must have deemed we had leaped straight out of the ground, so sudden was the onset; but they had little time for thinking of any kind. In a minute we were on them. Then it was thump, thump, and clash, clash, as the heavy Roman sword lit on bull-hide and brass; the shouting of fighters, and the shrill cry of pain from wounded men or horses. I myself put two barbarians down; then wheeling round, singled out another limber rogue who was making off inland. He was well mounted, and took me farther than I meant, over a hillock into a grassy dell out of sight of the main fight; and then, just where some boggy ground checked him for a moment, I came up with that mid-1903.]

night rider. Down went horse and man under my shock, and down I jumped to slay, with heart on fire. But the ground was bog and slime, and before I could steady myself that mountain-cat had disentangled himself from the stirrups, scrambled to his feet with extraordinary agility, and would have got off had I not gripped him by his wolf-skins. We staggered and plunged in the sloppy mire, reeling and tumbling, until at last we were prone amongst the hummocks, rolling over and over in the deathgrapple. It was fierce but brief. The shallow strength of that fellow—surely he could have been but a boy—was quickly spent, and I was uppermost. For a minute I lay so, front to front with him, hearing his half-stifled sighs, and feeling the panting rise and fall of his breast even through my brass and leather. Then-for we gave no quarter in those good old days—I took sword by a short grip, bared the pulsing white throat under me, and in another minute would have struck.

But in baring his neck I loosed the fur hood he had worn, and thereon, from under it, burst out a loose mass of long hair, red as the blood that was to have run; and from between the hair, as my enemy turned with one convulsive struggle, shone out a face in the moonlight—a sweet white face, with frightened eyes staring into mine! Jove! was I mad? Was it—could it be? Yes, by all the powers! there was but one such face in all the world.

'Iyvinda,' I cried, relaxing my hold; 'you here, and like this!'

'And you, Flavius!' cried that lady as she

struggled from my grip.

Never shall I forget the scene. We twain, panting, besmeared, and spattered; the night wind waving gray grass upon the hillocks, the last shouts of the fight dying away in the distance, the stars twinkling overhead, and red fires of the false camp on the black hillside now blazing up finely.

The lady spoke first, and it was feminine. 'What,' she said fiercely, 'do you mean by

pulling my hair down?'

'As I live, madam, I did not know there was so much to loosen.'

Whereon she frowned, and set to work to braid her locks anew.

Presently she spoke again. 'I suppose I am

a prisoner, Roman?'
'Yes,' I had to answer, though the word stuck in my throat.

Then again she asked in a lower voice, 'Can I buy my freedom? I am rich in many ways.'

It was quiet enough now; the sky was velvet over us; a small, fine scent was coming from the sand-convolvulus, and she was wonderfully beautiful as she sat there, the flush of recent exertion on her face, and the night-fire running down the loose strands of her hair like liquid flame. Gods, what a girl to crucify or send to

Rome! Yet how could I choose? No; she must take her chance, as many a better before her had done. Yet—and yet the infatuation of her presence and the love I already felt rose strong within me; meanwhile duty was ranked upon the other side. So I could but hide my indecision behind an anger I did not feel, and jumping up, slammed sword into scabbard.
'Yes,' I said, 'a prisoner, trapped by night

like a wild-cat, and about as likely to have

ransom.'

Thereat the lady sighed; but whether she would have argued it or no I cannot say, for ere we could speak again the moon twinkled on the arms of a dozen of my fellows, red sword in hand, riding over the hummocks to see what had become of their captain.

Then came quickly over to me the princess

and whispered in my ear:

'This at least may I ask of one who perhaps owes me some little gratitude: that for the time I may be to others that man my clothes bespeak These good fellows of yours, centurion, are apt to be rough travelling-companions for a maid far from her friends.'

That at least I could grant. Indeed, my jealousy had prompted the thought already; so hair was swept back, belt tightened, hood drawn over face again, and by the time the soldiers came on us there was I with my captive chief

as plausible as could be.

Back we went to the fighting-place, to find there the ship already gutted by the men, while my sham camp behind was showing up very prettily on the far hillside; and the Danish fleet, taking for granted the lights ashore and noise of fighting meant a powerful Roman force awaiting them, was putting to sea again in excellent haste. Seeing all had turned out so well, and feeling there was no chance of more usefulness so far from home, I called in all straying men by bugle-blast, and ordered a two hours' rest; after which, as soon as daylight should come, the quickest way with our news to camp. My captive I gave into the charge of a gruff old Thracian veteran who was body-servant to me, bidding him secure the 'boy' near to my fire, and then went out to post some sentries on the hills. I was away an hour or two on that business or watching the Danish fleet safely into the distance, and coming back, found all my tired men asleep by their fires. The eagle was planted in the sand by my own embers—for we had no tents with us-and close by were two lying asleep, who turned out to be the Thracian and the Pict. The veteran, seeing nothing substantial to tie her to in the neighbourhood save ling or cottongrass, had made her ankle fast to his own; and there they slept, the soldier little wotting what a sweet bedfellow he had, and the weary princess, worn with voyage and excitement, in placid dreams beside him. It moved my jealousy, yet I forbore to disturb them, for no better anchorage could have been found for a restive captive than that gaunt old warrior; and going a little way off, I threw myself down and slept in turn.

The great black sea was all on fire with sunrise when I woke again, and the camp already busy, while from the watercourse behind a mound came an uproarious sound of laughter, and voices calling out:

'Take his pelt off.'

'Throw him in just as he stands, Titus.'

'Chuck him to us, old Thracian, and we'll soon rinse the Pict out of him. We'll make him the cleanest savage that ever slept on cowhide.'

In general I left the men to their sports unhindered; but something misgave me at that moment. Where was the princess? What were they doing? I rushed to the top of the rise, and there saw in the brackish pool below a dozen soldiers up to their chests in the water. On the bank was my burly henchman, scolding and expostulating; and, finally, in a burst of virtuous anger, he was about to tear the wolf-skins from a shrinking figure there was no mistaking. Cursing my stupidity, I fled down the slope and rushed between them.

'What's this?' I cried. 'I told you to keep

the prisoner safe, not to duck him.'

'But, sir,' answered the Thracian, 'this beastly Pict of yours won't wash. 'Tis a fine morning, a long march before us, and I told him a dip would do him good, and brought him here squealing and fighting like a rat in a trap; but he clings to his furs as though he had grown to them.'

'Perhaps,' I answered grimly, 'he has some good reason. Let him be, Titus, and get into your green slime-puddle yourself. Come on, Pict; if you cannot wash, maybe you can cook, and breakfast will be much to the point just now.'

A little later we set off southward to join the main force, the men joyous at thought of seeing their comrades, and I happy enough in a soldier's duty done, with maybe a chance of promotion to follow, yet deeply in love, and perplexed as to that sweet captive we bore along with us.

Now that the rush and turmoil was over, that prize of mine loomed overwhelming on my mental vision. For what had I enslaved her? To what fate was she going? I knew only too well those iron-souled men back yonder would have no pity. Their kindest charity would be the flaming stake or that horrible crucifix they were so fond of, and the long, withering pain on some hill-top from dawn to sunset: an example, they would call it, to those who urged resistance to Imperial Rome. And could I be her lauded captor through the camps? Could I endure, with her price in my hands, to stand by and see that white flesh cringe as the tendrils of the fire lapped about it, or those brave eyes dim as they stared in the monotony of that other death

into the shadows of her native hills? That was the kindest they could do. Or, if they elected to send her to Rome, degraded, alone; passing from hand to hand amongst the rough soldiery, and from tent-door to tent-door of dissolute consuls and prætors till the long journey brought her at last to the place where her fate was cer-Could I bear to think of her like that-I, to whom she had been so generous, who had taken blood-money for her? Yet to set her free would be rank treason. By all the infernal deities, it seemed to me I was bound to be a traitor whichever way it happened! All that tirst march my chin hung so low on my chest that presently my fellows began to notice me. A lieutenant in our troop, one Longinus, a Lusitanian, presently rode alongside and asked:

'What is it, Flavius, sits so heavy on you? No secret hurt, I hope, taken in last night's tussle. If it is a splinter under your cuirass or a broken arrow-point that rankles, out with it, sir. There are fellows here who have learnt enough leech-craft in the bloody lecture-halls of

war to mend worse hurts than that.'

'No, no, Longinus. I am sound above and below, and, the gods know, had a lighter bout last night than most of you.

Then maybe it is the crabs this morning. I trust there were no green ones in your

pottinger.

'Again no, Longinus. I tell you I am sane and sound, and only thinking what I will do if the army vote me to the purple for last night's There, ride on again, like a good fellow, and about sundown watch for a safe campingplace: grass, water, a clear view, and room to swing swords if need be. You know how the Roman sleeps as well as I.' And the Lusitanian, shrugging his shoulders at my moodiness, perforce turned and rode away.

There was nothing more of adventure during the day except that, crossing round the breast of a hill near to where the salt sea narrows in to the estuary of the Tay, we came into sight of the whole of our fleet—the white numerals on their sails distinguishing them clearly from all other galleys-bound northward. By their direction we guessed, though too far for signalling, our friends had heard of the fight and were in search of the enemy's ships. They were but black dots on a shimmering golden field; yet somehow, as I reined in my charger on the Pictish heather, a prophetic pride swelled in my heart, and I said to myself that yonder blue plain was the true Road of the Masters. own that road is, and must be, to own the world. Would we had taken to it earlier! Had Rome been founded where Venice stands, and our beloved eagle born web-footed, what might she not have done!

The next morning rose ruddy and golden in the east, and we were early astir, since one march, all knew, should take us into sight of 1903.]

camp; and though it was but a few days we had been away, we already felt like exiles returning, and thirsted desperately for sight of contrades. Consequently there was not one who was not cheerful; none save the prisoner and I, her captor. She ate her bread and water, standing a little aloof from us; and then, when the time came, patiently mounted astride of the hill-pony we had allotted, and suffered the Thracian, who was her tether-peg by night and surly guardian by day, to fasten her ankles lightly together under the beast's belly, so that she could by no means descend without help. But of tears or protests she had none, and just endured.

That somehow made me fret the more; and, while my heart kindled over her with constantly increasing warmth, I could in nowise see a way out of the dilemma into which fate had thrust me, or get help from any expression of hers as

to solving it.

Yet I need not have chafed so much. Though women have been made weak of execution, they have often been fertile of design. There was shrewd conjecture in those glances which I saw, without understanding, the girl shoot at my troubled face now and then as we rode along. Under that wolf-skin hood a nimble brain was at work on an idea the consummation of which even now makes me frown and laugh as remembrance of my own stupidity, or of that dear lady's simple cunning, rises for the moment dominant in my mind.

Therefore you will please imagine us pacing, three abreast, southward through the hot autumn day, a thin line of Roman gray and scarlet: I and Iyvinda and Longinus, with a few others, in the front; behind, the Tungrian cohort; and behind again, a score of dark-clad British mercenaries from the south, hating and hated of their northern countrymen; the sea not far off upon our left, the purple heather under hoof, and the circling pewits overhead; a glint of keen white water in the west, and now and then a snatch of Tuscan love-song or a timely jest rippling down our ranks. But never a sight of home or homestead, kine or keepers, in all that wilderness.

Yet the day was not quite without adventure. We had ridden the sun right round from left to right, and were going a little carelessly down a narrow gully having steep, rocky banks on each side, covered with fern and birches up to the thicker woods atop. There was a brook below, and a green way on one bank, six feet wide, kept as smooth as velvet by rabbits, and along this we were pacing, full only of thoughts of the evening meal and the rejoicing to-morrow, when —and I tell it not more briefly than it happened -a figure started up on top of a pinnacle of rocks above our heads and blew a blast upon a cowhorn trumpet such as the natives use to call to battle. Instantly the whole glen became peopled,

as far down as we could see, with armed Caledonians. They rose all along the sky-line like mushrooms that grow in a night; they cropped up in bunches amongst the rocks; they rose from the dense cover of the ferns like some quaint growth of a disordered dream; they stood amongst the birches in knots; and, as they rose, every man silently lifted a bow and drew a long arrow up to the head against us! There must have been nearly a thousand on foot within the time it has taken you to read this-enough arrows to have transfixed my poor handful at the first discharge; while against me, as the conspicuous leader, sufficient shafts were turned at that moment to have set me thicker, had they been let loose, than ever was porcupine with quills.

I gave a gasp, and rubbed my eyes to make sure it was not some ugly dream. I could almost have laughed, it was all so sudden; but it was no laughing matter! To turn back was not to be thought of; to ride forward was to court a wintry rain of shafts from which not one man in twenty would escape; to charge up either slope was to have the same arrows before and behind, so narrow was the pass. I glanced back over the halting column. The British were huddled together and already tremulous with the throes of disaster; the Roman veterans, though they had been jerked suddenly from their merry choruses into the presence of ugly death, were unmoved. Not a man blanched; all their hands were on their hilts, and all their faces set towards me, while they waited orders as stolidly as though I were but a drill-master teaching them goose-

step in a prætorian barrack-yard.

There was nothing for it, I thought to myself in swift decision, but 'All to foot; Tungrians, cross the stream and charge to right; you, Picus, with your dozen Gauls and as many British as have pluck to follow, storm the nearer slope.' To hesitate was to die as we sat in saddle; and snatching a bugle from the man nearest to me, I prepared to sound the charge. But just as I put the brass to my lips the princess, who had calmly set herself between me and the most threatening of the enemy, laid a quiet hand on mine and said, 'Stop, Roman! I think I can play better music here than you can,' and without more to-do, slipped her hand into her vest and brought out a whistle made of an eagle's wing-bone cunningly inlaid with gold from her native hills. She put it to her lips, just as the figure on the rock raised his to sound an onset, and blew so wild and shrill that the linnets stopped feeding on the brambles. Then she blew again in another key, and a quiver of astonishment seemed to pass over the ranks of the tribesmen. She blew again, and all the taut bow-strings, that had been glistening up and down the glen like dry bents on a hillside in August, were relaxed. With a sound like the wind in the pine-trees came the murmur of her name. Never a word she said, though I saw her blue eyes flash with pride and mastery. She waved her hand, and down they sank: the rocks drank them up; they melted into the greenery of the bracken; they were no longer amongst the birchtrees; the shadows of the pines were vacant. As my princess finished, I glared in amazement up and down a glen that was as silent and unpeopled as though no human feet but ours had trod it since the making of the world.

The rest of the day was all plain marching, and at nightfall Longinus chose us a heathery spur for camping-place, with a torrent on one side and a few pines and birches atop, amidst which my place was made and my charger stalled. Fires we made none that night, for we were in the enemy's country, and being so high, durst not kindle blazes which would attract their attention. We ate our black bread and the remains of what we had saved from the morning in little groups, the moon when it arose filling the place with shadows, and the voices of the forests around stirring our southern imaginations with vague, mysterious terrors.

My princess ate her share of dry soldierfare by my side almost in silence. I had kept her close by me through the march, nominally using my captive as a guide; but in reality I was partly jealous of other companionship for her, and partly fearful lest she should escape. She was by me all day, and by me when the sun went down; and it was so pleasant to be with her that all my soldier duties and ambitions, my fears and hopes, seemed slipping away into a distance of infinite insignificance compared to her sweet presence. They had tethered the princess to a log by one ankle, like a mountain-goat; and when our black bread was done, and the last draught of water in the pitcher drunk out, I went and sat down by the prisoner, yet even then had but little to say.

She eyed me out of the corner of her quick feminine eyes as she had done once or twice before during the day, and her expression was not angry. Then presently she drew closer with a little frightened shudder, and raising a finger, asked:

'Didst hear that, Flavius?'
'Hear it, lady? Why, it would have turned the cold heart of one long dead,' I answered as the echoes of a dismal cry from some evil fowl of those haunted woodlands drifted away.

'And you know what it means?'

'Not I, unless it is a bittern calling to its mate in the swamp below.'

'It was no bittern, Roman. I heard it last night as well. The soul of my fathers was behind that cry, and they call me to come to

How can I express the infinite pathos of those They were plain enough in themselves, yet, coming on all I had thought that day and in the silence of the evening, they fell on my heart like lead.

I rose to my feet and paced to and fro before the downcast girl, more agitated now than ever before, until in a minute or two my resolve was taken; and stopping before her, I took her hands in mine, and lifting her to her feet, exclaimed:

'Iyvinda! we Romans are brief in many things, and briefest of all in emergencies. Now, here is an emergency between us two for certain. If I take you back to-morrow to yonder camp, no influence I have—not even your good deed to us to-day—will save you from a fate which will be certain and horrible. If, again, I set you free of my own will, I am false to my General, false to my comrades, false to my country, whose enemies you inspire. But, Iyvinda, not for comrades or country, not for my life itself, will I sell you into a foul slavery. Do you know why?'

But the fair Pict only sighed softly and answered with a faint turn of her head that shook down the ruddy curls from which she had put back her cape to hear the better.

'Then,' said I, 'I will tell you. It is because you have moved me as no other woman has done before; because I, who thought never to have a home but the camp, and never a mistress but the sword at my side, have been treasuring your image in my heart since I saw you first, thinking of you by day and dreaming of you by night; because, in brief, Iyvinda, I love you.'

The princess was a woman, and very simple was the emotion with which she averted her face for a few seconds; then, turning again, she put one hand in mine, placed the other on my shoulder, and kissed me softly on the cheek. That gentle salutation was genuine, past a doubt. I had not expected it so briefly; and I, who thought myself proof against all woman-arts, in turn hung my head. Whereat the princess turn hung my head. with smile at my discomfiture, and under the discreet shadow of the evening - kissed me again; and it was so pleasant I must needs have another, and another afterwards, to prove the first were true samples of those to come. Then there was no more diffidence; her head was on my shoulder, only the pale stars looking at us through the black screen of the pines, and her face shining up into mine in simple happiness. Presently she demurely released herself, and pointing to her still hobbled foot, said she could be happier with the ropes away. 'In Rome, do you always keep your ladies with one leg tied to pine-logs?' Was it likely I, a brand-new lover, could refuse? Her foot was untied and the bonds thrown aside in a moment. Then, with a sigh of relief, the chieftainess sat herself upon the tree-stem, and made me sit at her knee, leaning against the fallen pine.

It was she who spoke next. 'All this is very pleasant, Flavius, and my heart rebels to break the thread; but the night wears on, and to-morrow comes. Those red flames your good

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comrade Atticus prepares for me will bite quite as sharply after what has just been done as before; or do you mean to claim me as private spoil, in spite of prefects and emperor?

'You must never get so far as the camp, lady. If I hesitated once, I hesitate no longer. For you I will gladly give up everything. I have strong friends and influence, and there are those in the empire who love to harbour such as have broken with imperial tyranny. We will slip aboard ship to morrow, and, once across the narrow seas, start afresh. Jove! but I will wring such splendour for you from the times. You shall have marble villas and baths, and purple and silk, and slaves and unguents; and I shall be so proud of you, you and your ruddy hair; and all men shall admire and envy, and none shall come within a spear-length but for homage.'

'Or why not,' she said when I paused—'since break you must—why not take the nearer road, and come where I can give you more lands than ever your sword can win? Come with me,' she said gently. 'Even from here the watch-fires of a town of my kindred shine in the darkness, and once with them all Rome could not hurt him whom I had chosen. And I could give you more sunny corn-fields, my centurion, than all your legions could harvest; and great woods lapping unnumbered hills with greenery 'tween here and the northern sea; and strong navies sailing oceans no Roman ever yet set eyes onseas that flame in crimson when the sun goes down at nightfall; and henchmen, rough, but loyal as sword-hilt to hand; and damsels—blueeyed, ruddy-haired, nimble as fawns—to sing and dance to you, for I would not be very jealous. All the summer we would lie out in the forests, hunting, seeing our fleets come and go, and taking tribute from feudatories; and all the winter we would laugh and lie abask by the blaze, drinking mead and listening to the Scalds, and plotting new ventures while the storms thundered outside. Surely these things might be pleasant.'

But as to these rival projects, I could only shake my head reflectively. In truth, I was getting very sleepy after a long day in saddle. Seeing this, my charming prisoner bent low over me and whispered, 'Well, never mind, then; to-morrow we will decide. To-night,' she added, stooping so low that her hair made a tent about me, and her eyes were like soft stars overhead, 'is it not enough to know that I love you?' Thereon, stroking my black Roman curls the while with a rhythmic touch, she began softly crooning over me a gently undulating, fancy-haunted Pictish love-song. Enough? Gods! what lover would say that was not more than enough? And, tired, happy, and soothed by those cadenced verses of hers-so strange, so dreamy, that presently I began to fancy the very night-breeze itself was playing orchestra to them in the sighing fir-trees

—soothed by all those things, my tired eyes presently closed, and my soul slipped softly out

into a deep, untroubled region of sleep.

When I awoke again it was still dark, though the dawn was coming, and I stretched my hand out for the hand of Lyvinda; but no answering touch met it. Then I felt for her knee, and it was not there. I started up, now wide awake. Iyvinda was not by me! I felt the bed they had made for her under the log, and the heather was stiff and damp with night-dew. I stared out a few yards to where they had tied by my charger the hill-pony she used, and the empty halter was hanging from the tree! I stared at the log where she had been sitting, and noticed something lying on it. snatched up, and in the first gray light of the dawn saw it was a spray of bog-myrtle, the symbol of love, bound round and round between the glossy foliage with a braid of red hair!

Then vexation and wrath swept in a torrent into my heart, and I knew my princess was free

again.

CHAPTER IV.



HEY gave us a fine welcome when we rode into camp on the Tay somewhat late next day. The news of our exploit had gone before us as we trooped, weather-stained, through the

main gateway. Seeing we had encountered the enemy by land and sea, they laughingly called us the Amphibians; and the Amphibian Cohort

we are to this day.

Agricola was bathing in a bull-hide bath when I arrived, yet sent for me to his tent at once. There I found the great soldier—the bravest, keenest, and most generous of all Rome's marshals—with a towel round his middle and another circling his head, having the news of the day repeated to him, while two negroes kneaded and rnbbed him dry. Between the rubbings the all-powerful legate heard my story piecemeal, and told me I had done well. He heard of my prisoner and his escape with a shrug of his shoulders.

'Set naught by that, Quintillus,' he said. 'Captive Pictish rascals will be as common in our camp in a few days as blackberries on the hedges in September. Something we might have learned from him, it is true; but I have handier means of information than that.—By the way,' said the General to his secretary, who was standing near, 'where is that spy who came in with news from the Island City an hour ago?'

'He is with the guards outside, sir.'

'Bring him in.'

Presently a cringing fellow entered. Think how my heart beat when, at the General's command, he told his tale, relating how the daughter

of Galgacus had arrived unexpectedly at her father's town of Innis-na-tuathail, as the Caledonians call it, that morning, and gone straight to the council board, travel-stained as she was, to find, so the fellow said, all in disorder; that the army which should have been ready was still away harvesting in the Highland glens, and naught but jealousies thriving in the city. Well indeed could I picture the scene, and the fiery wrath of my princess. But to Agricola it was only good news, and gleefully he gave orders to march for the Pictish town on the morrow.

March we did. We pushed slowly forward up the south bank of the river until we came opposite to where that lovely island rose green and fertile out of the plain below, to which Iyvinda had conveyed the wounded. On the southern and eastern side was the big stream, and on the others stretched lagoons: altogether a fine and stately place against the backing of the purple hills beyond. L who rode at his rein, saw the legate's lips tighten and his eyes flash with pride and soldier-covetousness as he stared hard at that natural stronghold. Then he smote his hand upon his thigh as he sat his charger, and, laughing, said, 'Here is another Athens, and I another Sylla! By the holy flame that fell from heaven! I will not touch flesh or wine until I dine in yonder citadel.

The legate broke his wine-vessels that noon, dined on dry biscuit, and thereafter devoted himself with remorseless energy to preparations

for the assault.

A ford was first found in the low river; then light horsemen—many of whom never came back—scoured the flats right up to the slopes of Inchtuthill, looking for the safest passages. While they were away incredible numbers of faggots were made to form causeways over swampy places for the attacking army, all the heavy gear and provender was stored in a roughly-made fort amongst the oak-trees, and every man was told off to his place. Then at last, when the hot day ended and the tired soldiers sank down to rest by their arms, the officers slipped from group to group, whispering in sleepy ears, 'To-morrow at sunrise!'

But fate forestalled us! The dark night had The Pictish citadel stood out like a black island against the low yellow glow in the north, its battlements like fine ebony fretwork against the golden sheen. Then, down by the ford, a wakeful sentinel called out to a comrade. and he to another, until presently a murmur went through the camp that set us all on elbows, sleepily staring northward. The Island City was on fire! By fives, and tens, and twenties, little spirals of smoke went into the black air above, and presently up these wavering columns tendrils of rosy flame began to twine, at first threads in the gray, but soon increasing until they budded and broke into crimson flowers aloft that lit the country round. The town was

all of wood, great solid beams from ancient forests, backed by massive walls of sun-dried turf, and it burnt like a furnace. As we watched, the first few columns of light grew into a hundred; then, down below, red fissures began to gape in the foundations, and rosy filaments like fine roots ran here and there across the dark earth; then distant roars of falling roofs, each accompanied by fountains of embers sending a thousand new constellations into the sky, fell on our ears.

Wider and wider grew the glint. Burning buttresses and battlements began to pour down the slope just as I have once seen the Cumanian hill pour its molten gold into the sea; and overhead, like a fiery canopy that same hill wore, a wide roof of crimson clouds reflecting the glow beneath, till river, lake, and swamp glittered as though the very earth were paved with gold.

We watched that strange sight until at last the light went off our faces as we talked in low tones together, the distant blaze died fitfully down, the stars came back, and we waited in wondering disappointment for the sunrise.

Now there was no need to hurry. We crossed the Tay at sunrise; and in a long, trailing line, with native scouts on either side to prevent surprise, we picked our way through the fen. It was my privilege to be one of the half-dozen who rode ahead with Agricola; and as we turned to the westward, and saw the steep slopes rise above us crowned with the smouldering remains of ramparts, and looked in vain for a road, we recognised the strength of the fine natural fortress which had fallen so easily into our hands. Riding on west and north at a gallop, we presently got between the water and the hill, and, striking a road leading from the mountains, rode up through a cleft, and there on top the master of Britain pulled rein.

'Jove!' he said, turning lightly to us with the flush of exertion on his face, 'what a pleasant place! These Pictish friends of ours chose well when they set their standards here; and, please Heaven, others shall inherit from them who will appreciate no less.—Here, Flavius, I think I will set my villa, with terraces and gardens looking out to yonder hills: eastward we'll make a temple to Mars, who has scattered our enemies; while beyond will come the ramparts of hard white stone circling a camp that shall last for ever. We'll make it as snug an eyrie as ever the Roman eagle built, and lord it over the glens, taking toll of every caravan that goes by fell or flood.—Come on, comrades; let us see what the brave Galgacus has left for us.'

It was little enough! All the town I knew so well was a smoking ruin, with only here and there ragged walls standing above the desolation. In one part a small field of uncut corn had escaped destruction, the wild flowers in it contrasting strangely with the black of the charred eak-logs lying around, and the dazzling white of

peat-ash. There were many dead horses littered about, and the crows were already collecting to feast on their roasted flesh as we picked our way across to the southern rampart. There, between the gaps, we looked down on the long trail of our army coming up after us, and over a fair, wide country of wood and meadow, of broad-bending river, of lagoons and hills innumerable. Truly it was a fine property, and even the weather-beaten cheeks of our General flushed with pleasure as he looked over the splendid land our swords had won, and heard the roar of victorious salutation which came up to him from the flashing stream of brass and steel passing below.

Then back we went, and in mid-plateau found the ruin of the many-chambered palace where Galgacus had held his court. It was better built than the rest; more was standing of it; so across the central hall Agricola had a coloured canopy spread, 'neath which he and we bivouacked amongst the ashes. It was a merry, noisy meal: kites screaming overhead, sun blazing on the ruins outside, swine and deer flesh in captured silver smoking on the half-burnt Pictish tables, and red Rhenish wine flowing like water down our dusty throats.

Meanwhile, you will bear in mind, we did not know whether the enemy had fled for good and all, or whether they but postponed the fight. While we waited several days for news of their intentions, the legate marked out a camp in the north-east corner of Inchtuthill, turning the first sod himself, and working bare-armed amongst us, as was his habit now and then. We built, swept, and shovelled, ten thousand of us, till the Inch must have looked like an ant-hill to the smiling gods above; and, helped by some rain which fell from their hands about that time, in an incredibly short space of time we converted the place into a prosperous Roman camp.

A week had passed with no tidings of the barbarians, when one night a strange thing happened. I slept soundly in the ruins of the very chamber where Iyvinda had nursed me back to life after the fight at the menhir. A little past midnight I took to tossing restlessly, and dreamed of my Pictish maid so vividly that presently I awoke with a start, and saw for a minute, with my wide-open eyes, her face on the far wall, half-veiled in a pale-blue haze, but so true, so certain was it, that with a cry of surprise I rose; whereon the image vanished. Springing up, I lit a second lamp from the one dimly burning in a niche, and looked about, but nothing showed. Going to the door, there outside was the starlit night, and a sentinel walking stolidly to and fro before the main gate: nothing there, either, to note. So out I blew my taper. On turning into the chamber, I suddenly recoiled with a start; for, sitting on my bed, and dressed simply in woman-clothing, was Iyvinda again-herself, her very self, more dear, more beautiful than

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ever before—with little of the princess about her, but much of the woman. For a minute I stared in breathless astonishment, then held out my arms.

'Iyvinda,' I cried, 'my soul, my life! Black have been the days when you were away!'

Rising, she turned on me a gentle, anxious face, and also held out her hands.

I touched them! I felt the cool, soft firmness of those finger-tips as certainly as I have ever felt sword or spear-shaft in battle. I got so near to that yearning face that I could see a tear shine upon it against the blackness of my room; and then the lips moved and my name crossed them, with a sigh as soft as a sleeping infant's. Striding forward, I made to enclose that charming maid, never for a moment doubting she was there in reality; but she was gone. Again I made the same futile search within and without; then I cast myself on my bed, and after an hour of confused thinking, dozed once more. sooner were my eyelids closed than Iyvinda was kneeling at my side, gently holding me down by mental force in sleep.

Yearningly she whispered over me, 'Flavius, my heart is heavy. Come to me, Flavius, while there is yet time and shelter offers. Come to me, my beloved, for that happens which I cannot stay. The clamour of battle is in my ears, and the cry of the dying; and I fear for you. Come to me, my best beloved, for to-morrow it may be too late.' Then, with more which I may not tell, she slowly slipped from my senses.

Between cock-crow and mustering-call next morning a spy came in to report the Caledonians were gathering for battle. In some incredible way his news was known all over the camp as soon as the General knew it; and as he came with set face from his doorway all our ten thousand men burst into one wild cheer of exultation and defiance. Agricola stared out at the Pictish hills as though he had heard nothing in that tumult; but in his heart he knew he had heard the presage of victory.

By noon the next day we were faced with the enemy for battle, and all the sound of preparation had died down to a deadly silence. Near our western cliffs a thousand Roman veterans were in reserve; and farther out, across the grassy plain, was our main battle. Yonder, where the land rose gently up by sloping foothills to pine-covered ridges, the Caledonians were ranged against us to the number of thirty thousand.

Aulus Atticus, his eyes blazing with delight, and the colour coming and going on his cheeks as though it were a feast-day and he a village-girl waiting for the first dance, commanded the cavalry on the right; I at his charger's flank. So still each army lay in the plain for an hour, both hesitating to invoke the dreadful chance of battle, that the plovers settled again on the open ground between us, and now and then we could

hear the Pictish babies, brought to watch their fathers fight, crying amongst the wagons on the hill-top.

At last there was a movement on the hill Grampius. Light horsemen galloped out of the masses of their kindred and taunted us; the Pictish women set up a dreadful wailing, rising and falling like the sound of the sea at night; and, even while we looked, the lowermost tiers of the Picts came slowly surging down towards us like a far-reaching black tide. Then dismay seized our mercenaries in the centre for a moment, and they begged, in face of an enemy so formidable, to have the Roman veterans sent for.

'What!' cried Agricola laughingly; 'spill blue Roman blood when a muddy tide such as fills your veins may suffice to float us to victory! No, no, my whelps; to-day is yours. Six months in camp your busy tongues have asked for such a chance as this; and, now 'tis here, show your teeth like the gallant cubs of the mother-wolf I know you are. See! I will have no vantage of the meanest of you. Thus—thus I throw in my lot with yours;' springing down as he spoke, and with a single stroke of his sword, killing the beautiful white horse he loved. 'Now let me see the coward who durst not follow though all hell were ranked against him when Agricola leads on foot.'

Naught might stand against such argument, and, with a cheer, our battle rose and charged across the plain to meet the foemen. It was a stirring sight, with a kingdom for prize. The dust rose in a fog above the fighting men, the light ran twinkling up and down a wavering tangle of steel, and the roar of twenty thousand men at each others' throats was dreadful to listen to. With ever-increasing strength it was 'Rome! Rome and Vesta!' Ownerless chariots went flying across the plain, and wild-eyed horses dragging bloody corpses by the stirrup-irons galloped heedlessly through the sunburnt meads; wounded men staggered out and lay down to die in shady corners of the war-fog; and standards dipped and fell as to and fro the long line of battle bent and swung. But ever it was 'Rome! Rome or Hades!'

Back at last the barbarians began to go before our invincible wall of shields; and when their kindred on the hills saw that, another tier and another of their host was launched; and back in turn the struggling Latins reeled.

'Curse on them!' cried Aulus, gnawing his helmet-strap with anxiety and impatience. 'All the furies of the nether world be upon them! Are we to sit idle here all day while the fight is lost or won?'

Hardly had he spoken when a horseman galloped up from the centre. 'Word,' he said, 'from Agricola! The barbarians are coming on you from behind the northern slope. Charge them! Then round behind our battle, and

charge again where they threaten on the south. This from Agricola.'

We did not want a second bidding. Some five thousand of the enemy, hoping to outflank us, had come down, as the General saw, on our right; and joyously we went at them as they swept out, horse and footmen, into the meadows. There were three thousand of us, and after months of sword-fast we went at them as though each man were riding to his mistress's arms. fell on with blind fury, and the crash of our meeting was heard right over to the far end of the fight. It was a wild, tumultuous chaos of dust and horsemen, a fierce drive through a tangled thicket of spears and swords, in which those who fell fought each other as they died underfoot, and dying horses kicked and bit, and an indescribable roar of mingled rage and pain went up into the sky. Then we were through, and what was left of the enemy flying for the

'Now to the south, comrades,' cried Aulus, covered with blood and dust, but as handsome as the war-god himself. 'There is still another course to this feast, and I think you are as

hungry as I am.'

To the south we went, wheeled into line, and again charged the tribesmen. Meanwhile our Batavian and Tungrian cohorts, finding the enemy wavering, had linked their shields and, with a rush, borne them headlong backward upon their rear ranks, who became wedged up and confused, and broke! Then it was 'Rome! Rome!' again, and back our gallant mercenaries drove the reeling clans, hacking and stabbing as they trampled down their ranks, while horrible confusion spread up the hill, and the plain behind the victorious Romans darkened with dead.

'Now, once more, friends,' said Aulus—'once more on them, and the land is ours.' And away we went again headlong into the helpless confusion of the Northmen. Bravely they stood against us here and there, even when they saw the day was lost to them; but of what avail was it? They went down like sheaves under a mower's sickle. We cleared the whole of the foot-hills.

Then Aulus, wheeling round to disperse a gathering still holding a knoll in the Pictish centre, sent me with a handful to see how the rout progressed in the north. When the errand was done, to my incredible surprise evening was on us! The whole day had slipped by with magic swiftness in what seemed but an hour of wild excitement. Would that my soul had sunk for ever in the happy oblivion of battle, for there is now to tell that which spoils everything, dimming the shine of victory, and numbing my pen, though many months have passed since the thing happened I write of.

The evening was on us. The tired Romans were camped about the plain, and the far sky-1903.]

line was flecked with red where the flying Caledonians were burning their villages. I had sent my handful to their supper, and was pacing moodily along where the fight had been thickest, when a voice called to me from amid a group of dead men.

'Flavius the centurion!'

I reined up, and, staring hard, saw a living Pict strapped to the wheel of an overturned chariot.

'Flavius,' he said, 'you know me not?'

'Not I, you son of darkness.'

'Yet it was I who felled you by the menhir in Horestia.'

'And now you would have me settle that score by finishing the work some foolish, slave-taking soldier of ours has left undone.'

'Not so. I called to you to say I will buy my freedom, if you will unbind me, with great news.'

iews.

'Beast! keep your gossip to yourself. I would not listen to it to save a thousand such as you from the galleys.'

'What? Not if it concerned the Princess

Iyvinda?'

Out jumped my sword, and in a moment the man's lashings were cut through. 'Speak,' I cried; 'you are free. What of the princess?'

'Go to the knoll,' answered the fellow, edging away into the darkness, 'where we made the last stand against your horsemen. She is there.'

Iyvinda on the hillside in the gathering darkness! Oh, what did that mean? With a cry I could not control, I stirred my charger with the spurs; and away, loose-reined, he flew through the labyrinths of dead or dying men and the black-red puddles on the hillside—away to the hillock where all the bravest Picts had fallen. There, in the hush of the August twilight, I cried aloud, 'Iyvinda;' and from just in front of my horse-hoofs a voice answered gently, 'My Flavius!'

I was down in an instant and kneeling by her, and all my heart turned to water, for I saw she

was wounded and dying.

'I am glad you have come,' she said quietly as I propped her against my knee. 'We made our stand here, but none may hold against the Roman. They came at us like ravening wolves. Oh, how weak I get! Yonder big man who was leading—who is he?' I looked where she pointed, and saw a figure, already stiff in death, staring coldly up at the coming stars, and cried in horrified astonishment, 'Aulus Atticus!'

'What!' cried the princess, a gleam of barbarian pleasure lending her a flash of life for a moment; 'Aulus, who offered the blood-money for me?' Then, as the smile died down, she went on: 'It was he who stabbed me in the mêlée; and my brother, ere he fell dead across me, stabbed him in turn to the heart—my brother—my comrade—he who had no thought

in life but my happiness!

After keeping silent for a time, she asked for water to drink. When I brought some from a rill hard by, she was so weak she could hardly speak, but rallied again as I lifted her gently. 'It is best like this, Flavius. I should have made but a poor slave—even to you—and you but a poor dweller in the woods. Is he still asleep?' she asked, pointing to the brother at her side. 'Oh yes, I remember; he is dead. I kissed him till he died, Flavius, for he loved me with all his heart. Oh, how cold the night-air is!' Then she grew faint for a minute or two, and on reviving, whispered, 'You will put me in Knowe, by the city yonder, my Roman; I was born

there, and loved it.' With a little gasp, she took my hand, and the brave, kind eyes looked into mine for a minute; then the dear ruddy head came down gently upon my shoulder. Her spirit had fled.

We put her in Knowe, as she wished, by her own island town; and generous Legate Agricola, bareheaded, threw the first stone on her mound, crying as he did so, 'To a brave enemy!' They buried her at that place which men thereafter called 'The Woman's Knowe;' and long her name shall be cherished in her country, and as long as breath and life shall continue by him whom she ennobled with her friendship.

A VETERAN'S GHOST-STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE ATTACK ON THE FARM,' 'FOR THE SAKE OF A. KISS,' ETC.



I was a fearful night, as dark as pitch, and outside in the forest it seemed as if the Storm Fiend had let loose all his myrmidons to play their own wild will with everything in their way. The storm that had threatened all the evening had

come at last; and the thunder broke with a bellowing crash just above us, the blue blaze of the lightning showing up the tall, dark pines as they swayed and creaked, and more than one came crashing down. Then for a moment there came a lull, as though these demons were satisfied with the mischief they had done, and nought but the heavy downpour was heard; but it was only momentary, for on they came again with a rush and a swirl, the rain beating against the panes as if savage at being baffled in the attempt to break through them.

Hearing the storm without, as we sat in the snug parlour of 'The Little Black Squirrel,' listening to the thunder as it rumbled away over the mountains, we drew our chairs closer to the blazing fire and thanked our stars we were under cover. It was not surprising on that dark autumnal night our conversation should have turned on ghosts; for if ever there was a time that would suit them to be abroad it was then. So much so did we all feel this that no one seemed inclined to joke about them or attempt to deny their existence.

'Well, I know one thing,' said Pierre Deslin, the landlord; 'I saw what I thought was a ghost once, and, parbleu / I don't want that experience over again—though, as it turned out, it was not a ghost after all; but I should say that a real one must be the very deuce. Ma foi /' he continued, with a grin and a sly twinkle in his eyes, 'you fellows had better be careful

when you go home to-night, and keep together, for I guess if there are any ghosts about, you will all run pretty quick.'

Now, old Deslin was as brave as a lion, and as modest as he was brave; and, what's more, he had a kind heart. He was a veteran of the Grande Armée, and had retired with the rank of a maréchal des logis en chef. If his parents had only had the sense to have made him learn his letters better he would have had a commission, and Heaven knows what he would have been then—something better, I warrant, than the landlord of a little mountain tavern in Alsace. Pierre, with his varied experiences and keen sense of humour, could tell a good story when he liked; and seeing that he was in the mood, we pricked up our ears, and for the time being forgot about the raging storm outside.

'Never you mind about us,' said Boussier the verderer; 'let us hear about the ghost you saw, whother it was a real one or not.'

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'Bon / but fair-play is a jewel. One does not keep this place, my boy, for amusement,' replied the old veteran, who was never above making a little money.

We understood, and accordingly ordered double bocks all round. Then, when we had made up the fire and recharged our pipes, the old soldier began:

'It was on 4th December 1805, two days after the battle of Austerlitz, commonly known as the Battle of the Three Emperors, that I and my comrade Jean Breckner, troopers of the 2nd Chasseurs, received orders to act as escort to Captain Norderman, who, for conspicuous bravery as a lieutenant in Oudinot's Grenadiers, had lately been made aide-de-camp to Prince Murat, for whom he had to carry despatches to General Drouvardel at Lasowitz, near Zwittau, on the Hungarian frontier.

'Now, though I have got the battle of Austerlitz at my finger-ends, I am not going to tell you much about that; but I must tell you a little, so that you may see why it was I was selected to go with the captain. And, besides, it does one good to think how the Russians and Austrians went head over heels into the trap the Emperor had set for them by inducing them to attack us on our right, between Tellnitz and Sokolnitz.

'Half a squadron of us, fifty-eight sabres, had been detached from Murat's brigade of light cavalry, composed of seven regiments on the left, to serve with Friant's division under Legrand on the right, whose command had to bear the whole brunt of the Russian attack at the point I have mentioned. Of course we had to fall back; but we kept our ground so tenaciously that, to oblige us to give way, the allies had to bring up men from their centre at Pratzen, and so weaken it; which was just what the Emperor wanted, for that was such an impregnable position that, if the fools had only stopped there, the Emperor would rather have retreated than have attempted to take it; but they, in their arrogance, little guessing his real aims, played into his hands.

'The heights of Pratzen were taken, and by three o'clock the battle was actually over. It is admitted now that our great chief made one mistake in allowing fifteen thousand Russians to escape by the Monetz defile, for we had to fight these men over again three years later at Eylau and Friedland. It is noteworthy that at Austerlitz Napoleon employed little more than half his men, and consequently there were many who were quite fresh, and some of these might well have annihilated that fifteen thousand, had

they followed them up.

'It will be remembered how the Emperor, with marvellous forethought—diabolical eleverness, his enemies called it—had, towards the close of the battle, as the Russians were retreating over the frozen lakes, ordered the artillery not to fire at the men, but into the ice in front of them. Many of the Russians, in their frantic fear, rushed on; but the bulk of the poor wretches, seeing the fate that awaited them, turned back, only to be shot down by our men on the banks. Some few did reach the land; but these were quickly bayoneted into the icy water again.

'We Chasseurs were spread out behind our men on the banks, in case some might by chance escape those who were awaiting them; so we were silent witnesses of this butchery. I was on the extreme right of the line. Our lieutenant had been wounded that morning, and we at that point were under a maréchal des logis—a regular brute he was, too—named Coussin. It happened that one of the returning fugitives reserved his fire till he was close to the bank, when he shot one of our men and clubbed 1903.]

another; and though he received a wound himself on the head, he got through the cordon and darted off for dear life. I can see the poor wretch now with the blood running down his face. Observing this, the maréchal des logis ordered me to follow him and cut him down. It was a sickening duty, for I thought the poor hunted fellow deserved his freedom.

'It was easy for Coussin to give orders; but there were a lot of willow-stumps just there, and I did not want to lame my horse, and, honestly, it was no easy work to follow him. I could, if I had wished to bring down the quarry, have dismounted and taken a steady shot at him with my carbine; but, as I really wanted him to escape, I let him run across this frozen swamp, and soon he got on the ice, and reached an island with some thick willows on it. There he was perfectly safe. It would have been useless to follow him. However, to keep up appearances, I fired in that direction. Coussin, who had been watching me, was perfectly furious when I came back, for this man was the only one who escaped, though at other parts of the lake some commanding officers allowed the Russians to give themselves up as prisoners. "I will pay you out for that, mon enfant," he said, with an oath; "you see if I don't."

'So I was not surprised that when it came to choosing the two who should go on the somewhat dangerous duty of escorting Captain Norderman, he selected me for one. However, I did not mind; I was glad to get away from him for a little. He was always finding fault with some one, and his wrath would probably be turned on somebody else by the time I returned. A few days before I had been present at Brunn when so many Russian wounded were burnt to death in the hospital; but their cries did not dwell in my memory as did the heart-rending shrieks of those poor unfortunates on the lake as they were forced into their watery graves. That was another reason why I was not really sorry to leave the locality for a little.

'Just as we started on our mission, we met the Emperor surrounded by his état major, among whom I recognised Murat, Junot, Soult, Bernadotte, Duroc, Bessières, Suchet, and many others. The only general of importance who was missing was Lannes, who had gone off in a huff to Paris because he considered—and rightly too, for no one had done more to bring about the victory—that his services had not been sufficiently recognised in the official bulletin. Napoleon was at that very moment on his way from the Château of Nasiedlowitz to take part in the memorable and historical meeting with the Emperor of Austria at the Mill of Poleny.

'It was a sharp, crisp morning, and the sun shone brightly, but not with sufficient force to melt the snow that glistened and sparkled on

the trees.

'I noticed at once that Captain Norderman, splendid soldier as he was, like many infantry officers, had not a good seat on horseback, though I do not think I should have paid much attention to that had it not been for what happened afterwards. We had gone some distance through an interminable pine-forest, when we pulled up at an inn to give our horses a rest. Not very long after we started, as we were going down a steep incline, the captain's horse stumbled on the slippery, frozen ground, and fell heavily with its rider. I feared at first, as he lay motionless and as white as the snow around him, that he had broken his neck; but he regained his senses after I had given him some spirit from his flask. His right arm was broken and his head cut so badly that it was useless for him to attempt to continue his journey.

'Jean Breckner was really my senior; but he was a dull, heavy fellow, and I suppose the captain saw that. "Look here!" he said to me. "Take my sabre-tache. These despatches are important, so hurry on with them; and if everything goes right, it will be a good thing

for you."

'I may state here that the captain was as good as his word, for on my return, through his influence, I was made a brigadier; and having got my foot on the first rung of the ladder, my promotion from that time was as rapid as I had any right to expect.

'Though I was sorry for the captain's mishap, I was naturally elated at the chance of gaining a little distinction, and after I had helped my conrade to lift the wounded officer into his saddle, I started to perform my duty as fast as the dangerous state of the ground would permit.

I was filled with a strange and glorious sense of freedom. For the first time since I had joined the service I felt I was my own master. I had taken part in many foraging expeditions, when we had driven off cattle and taken everything that came in our way; but then I had always been under a sous-officier or maréchal des logis; now I was a free agent, and I could ride fast or slow, just as the fancy took me. But at the same time I was fully aware of the responsibilities and dangers of my position. We French, as conquering invaders, were naturally hated with a deadly hatred by the Austrian peasantry. Many a small escort, as I knew well enough, to say nothing of a solitary estafette, had been killed in cold blood; but I was young and reckless, and the dangers around me only gave a zest to my duty.

'My route was north-west, and I rode with the sun on my left. As I proceeded the sky gradually became more and more overcast, and a keen wind from the north sprang up. It was getting on towards four o'clock, and the winter day was coming to a close, when I came to a little inn, called "The Three Magpies," on the verge of the forest. Before me I saw nothing but a vast bleak plain, with here and there a stunted tree upon it. I did not like the prospect, for the clouds were getting blacker than ever; so I resolved to give my horse rest and get some refreshment myself ere I crossed the desolate waste in front.

'The landlord—a rough, uncouth fellow, with a huge black beard and small, cunning eyes—told me that, apart from some rye-spirit, he had nothing to offer me; adding, with a sneer, that that was too good for a —— Frenchman. It so happened that as he spoke I heard a cock crow. Nettled by his manner, without saying a word, I took my steed round to the stable, where I found several chickens. I had caught and wrung the necks of two, when the man altered his tone and told me that perhaps he could find some goat's-flesh.

'A soldier en campagne never knows when he may get his next meal, so I made a very good one, and what I could not eat I put into my haversack. I also took some of the rye-spirit, and uncommonly strong it was, too. I wished afterwards I had left it alone. The landlord, however, drank this raw, fiery stuff as though it were water; and, apart from making him more talkative, it did not seem to affect him at all. "I don't envy you your ride," he said when I had finished. "You see, it will snow soon. Where are you going?" "To Lasowitz, the headquarters of General Drouvardel," I replied.

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"That's three good leagues," he said.
Then he gave me some directions, as there was a mere track across the plain. "You see that solitary pine? Well, you keep that to the left. When you get level with it you will see a clump of firs on the horizon; you must go to the right of that. From that point you will see a forest right in front of you, and by skirting to the right of it you will come upon the road."

'I thanked him for his information, and went to fetch the horse. I was engaged in tightening the girths, when he told me I owed him

two thalers.

'Never since I crossed the frontier had I paid for anything, and I was quite astonished at being asked to do so. As a matter of fact, I had no money; and I told him he could go to the deuce, and that he ought to be grateful that I had not put a bullet in him for telling me lies and saying he had no food in the place.

'We should probably have come to blows, when, at that moment, the fellow's young wife arrived. She had just come from market, and had a basket on her arm. Young and impressionable, I was perfectly astounded by her extraordinary beauty. From her splendid figure and flashing yet languorous dark eyes, I felt sure she was of Hungarian origin. The Austrian women are pretty, très gentille, très chic; but they have not the irresistible, passionate fire of the Hungarians. Moreover, there was a suspicion of diablerie in her manner, and that added

to her beauty. I had mounted my horse and "Come, my brave lad," she was about to start. said coaxingly, placing her hand on my knee and looking up into my eyes, "surely you will pay for what you have had. We are very poor; the war has nearly ruined us. I have been to market, and I have not been able to sell anything." She spoke, to my surprise, in very good French.

'Every one has a weak point-mine in those days was a pretty face. I had never seen her equal before. Ma foi! the heavens were in her eyes, and her lips were the gates of paradise. was a case of the old fable of the Sun and the Wind. Her brute of a husband would never have got a silber-groschen out of me; but with her I was as clay in the hands of the potter. Doubtless she saw her advantage. "Come," she continued in French, "and have a glass before you go." "And what about a kiss, my beauty?" I said in a low tone and in the same language. "Well, we will see about that," she laughed, with a toss of her head. "Come in."

'Forgetting all about the despatches-in fact, everything—I led my horse into the stable again, and, like a young fool, followed her into the tavern as innocently as a lamb skips into the butcher's yard. I liked the idea of the adventure. I felt sure there was some mystery connected with the girl. I could not imagine one so lovely being married to such a clown. From her voice and manner, she had evidently been well educated, and I wanted to solve this enigma. I had expected the landlord to follow us; but "Parbleu / I for a while he remained outside. am going to have the kiss now," I said, placing my hand on her shoulder. "No, no," she said, with a sharp movement, and the blood mounted up through her warm olive skin. "You sit there."

'So I took a seat at the table, and she sat opposite and poured me out a glass of the ardent spirit; then, clinking our glasses, she drank to my health and I drank to hers. Her husband at this point came into the room. "Listen, mon brave," she said, leaning across the table; "you really must give us something. You soldiers have always plenty of money. Give us a trifle, just for luck, you know."

'It had chanced that at cards on the previous night I had won from a comrade a piece of coral, mounted in gold, and a few precious stones he had taken from a shrine. "I cannot give you money," I answered. "I have not got any myself; but I have got some things here," I continued, foolishly producing the little bag which contained the jewels. "There, ma cherie," I said, "you can wear that on Sundays;" and I presented her with the piece of coral. Her face beamed with delight; and, seeing a guitar in the corner, and quite carried away by her beauty, I was going to ask her to sing me something, when I was struck by the effect 1903.]

which the sight of the stones had on the ruffian standing beside her. As soon as he saw them his eyes were filled with a dangerous, fiendish look of greed and curiosity; so much so that I hastily put them away.

'There hung on the wall opposite a large hunting-knife. I had noticed it before. I saw the man, in an absent-minded sort of way, go and take the knife down, and in an equally leisurely manner walk round the room with it, and he took up a position behind me. I saw this, I say, but still I suspected no danger. At that moment the woman made a hurried, involuntary movement, and her face turned deadly pale. Our eyes met only for one moment; but it was enough, for I read her meaning, and sprang up just as the innkeeper had raised his arm to stab me in the neck. "You cursed scoundrel!" I cried as I sprang back and covered him with my cocked pistol. "Hands up, I say, or you are a dead man." I had got the table between us, and had him completely at my mercy. At least he thought so; but, to tell the truth, my pistol (a beautiful, silver-mounted one I picked up on the battlefield) was not even loaded. With an oath he dropped the murderous weapon. compelled him to go out in front of me to the stable, where I mounted my mare and rode off as fast as I could.

'I had not gone a hundred metres when a bullet whizzed past my ear; and pulling up my horse, I saw the cowardly ruffian with the gun still smoking in his hands. My first resolution was to dash back and chastise him; but I soon saw the utter uselessness of doing that, as he was already reloading his weapon; and from the interior of his dwelling he could easily get another safe shot at me. So I resumed my road with the determination of paying him a little visit when I returned.

'I was convinced from her manner that the landlord's wife had no evil intention when she induced me to enter the inn. I quite acquitted her of all blame; in fact, but for her warning glance my fate must have been sealed. Perhaps. however, her beauty had something to do with this lenient view.

'I was so preoccupied with the thoughts of my providential escape, and the vengeance I meant to take on the first opportunity, that I did not at first notice the increasing darkness, nor even that snow had begun to fall. Had my mare only known the road, neither the darkness nor the snow would have troubled me so much, for horses have a wonderful instinct for finding their way; but, as I still had to go three leagues, I began to get uneasy and look anxiously for the landmarks the man had given me.

'I had passed the solitary tree he had spoken of; but, alas! I could not distinguish in the gloom the clump of firs. There was nothing but a great, bleak, undulating plain in front of me as far as the eye could see. Faster and

faster fell the snow, and as it reached the ground the strong north wind blew it as frozen powder in blinding gusts in my face, freezing me to the very bones as I bent down almost to my horse's crupper before the icy blast. I soon felt convinced that my horse had got off the track, as she stumbled through the ice of some of those salt-marshes that abound in that district. My hands and feet were becoming numbed. I could hardly hold the reins, and I had not the least idea where I was going. I began to fear that I had made my last campaign, and that it was useless to struggle on, when through the snow I saw a small hut about a hundred paces from me. Thanking Providence for my good fortune, I urged my tired horse towards it.

'At all costs I determined to pass the night there; but remembering my late experience, I stopped and loaded my pistol ere I approached the dwelling. My precautions, however, were needless, for I found the place was empty. The unfortunate inhabitants had evidently only recently fled, for the remains of a fire were still warm. The little hovel was divided into two parts, the family using one, while the other was evidently a stable. My first care was to see to my mare; and after I had brushed and groomed her, I gave her a good feed of oats that I had brought from the inn. Then, with a light heart, I made up the fire. As I had not sufficient wood, I was breaking up the manger, when, as good luck would have it, I found therein a child's cap and cape and a small sack of carrots and potatocs, which the peasants must have overlooked in their hurried flight. The carrots I kept for my mare, while I placed the potatoes round the fire, on which my soup was soon simmering in my marmite.

'The storm outside still raged with unabated fury, shaking the little cabin to its foundations; but little I cared for that, for I was warm and snug before a blazing fire, and I listened with complacency, almost with a secret pleasure, to the wind as it blustered and howled down the chimney; and no king in his palace was happier

than I.

'Then, when my meal was over-and I had made a good one, too, for, apart from the goat'sflesh, I had brought away the two chickens-I lighted my pipe, and by the flickering flames began to spell over with some difficulty—for I never was a scholar—the only letter I had ever received from my fluncée, Charlotte Frezbach, who was far away in Alsace, and who, I had no doubt, was also thinking of me. Naturally I could not help comparing her with the lovely Hungarian I had seen at the inn. Now that I was no longer under the immediate influence of the latter's dark, flashing eyes and the effect of the ardent spirit I had imbibed had died away, I might perhaps admit that she was really the more beautiful of the two; still, I felt that, after all, Charlotte, with her true heart and simple nature, would make the better wife. Then my thoughts quickly turned to the jewels I possessed, for was it not with these that I expected to do so much when I returned? With loving care I opened the little bag and gloated over the gems as they sparkled in the firelight. What a price would they not fetch!

'I grew quite sentimental. I thought of how I would go back to my native village covered with honour and glory and riches, and of our happy married life. I thought of how my dear one would amuse herself looking after our pretty cottage, our children, and the cows and chickens; while I, as a veteran, would fight my battles over again, and sit and drink and smoke all day and half the night down at "The Garland of Flowers."

'Oh, parbleu / men try and look into the future; but it's a good thing they cannot do so. Jewels and women are not always what they appear. Within a month I was destined to find, when I tried to sell them, that the stones were only paste; and when I returned to my home three years later, Charlotte had been married long ago. But I did not know that then; so, with these happy thoughts in my head, after I had made the fire up and looked at the mare, I wrapped myself up in my long cloak, and with my saddle as a pillow, I soon fell into a heavenly slumber.

'I must have slept some hours, when I was suddenly awakened by a sharp, shrill, almost human cry from my mare—a cry I had sometimes heard horses make on the battlefield when the poor brutes were wounded. But for a mass of red ashes on the hearth, all was dark. I was about to rise, when, suddenly looking up, what should I see-and the sight froze the very marrow in my bones-but a white face with a pair of enormous gleaming red eyes watching me intently through the bottle-end glass windows! No creature made of flesh and blood could have such eyes. For the moment, often as I had faced death, I was speechless with fright, and the perspiration broke out on my forehead.
Till then I had never believed in ghosts, and had laughed at those who did. The mare also added to my agitation by her frenzied efforts to get loose, for she was kicking and plunging with fear to such an extent that I wonder she did not bring the whole place down.

'Luckily, at that moment my nerveless hand fell on the cocked pistol beside me. The feel of the familiar weapon brought me back in a measure from the supernatural; and, whether it would affect the supposed spirit or not, I raised it mechanically and fired. The face disappeared, and with its disappearance my courage returned. Springing up, I saw by the light of the moon, which had just come out from behind a cloud, that the ghost was nothing but an old gray wolf that was limping off, leaving a trail

of blood behind it on the snow. The brute, however, soon stopped; and after vainly trying to lick the wound, it sank down dead, for my bullet had passed through its neck. My mare was still trembling with fright, and I could only quiet her by bringing her in to the fire, which

I quickly made up again.

Though my courage, I say, had quite returned now that I knew my visitor was of flesh and blood, and that the terrible aspect of the great red eves that had so much alarmed me was only caused by the reflection of the fire through the magnifying power of the little, round, bottle-end panes of the window, still the knowledge that there were wolves in the vicinity was discomforting. We had wolves in Alsace, and I knew that a wolf that has become gray and toothless, like the one I had just seen, is generally driven from the pack, but he keeps near on the chance of getting anything they may leave. I knew, moreover, that with the keen sight and smell of the animals, the carcass outside might attract them, and before morning I might find the little hovel surrounded by

'No wonder, then, as I sat down and counted my bullets and looked to my powder, I wished it had never fallen to my lot to carry the captain's despatches. I wished the maréchal des logis at the deuce for having chosen me to act as escort. I even thought bitterly of the landlord's wife; for if she had not enticed me to follow her into the tavern I might have got across the plain before the snow came on. In fact, I blamed everybody except myself, as we usually do when we make a faux pas. However, it was no good worrying about it. I had been in many a dilemma before, and got out all right; so, after throwing on some more logs, lulled by the flicker of the flames, I soon went off to sleep again.

'The next morning before starting I went out and made a good survey of the surrounding country. The snow had quite ceased, and the red sun was slowly rising through the mist in the east. I was much surprised and delighted to see the clump of fir-trees the innkeeper had spoken of some distance to the rear; and, making all allowance for the blinding storm, I wondered how I could have missed it. was more, I also saw the forest away to the north on the horizon. Not a wolf was in sight except the dead one lying in the snow; and, little guessing what was in store for me, I almost laughed at my fears of the previous night. My natural spirits had returned, and I mounted my horse and trotted gaily over the snow towards the forest, where I knew I ought to find the road. I reckoned I had not much more than a league to go, and I ought soon to be at the General's headquarters.

'I must have been a thousand metres from the forest when I suddenly saw a squadron of 1903.] cavalry marching in double file towards the rising sun, at right angles to me. Why, if they were French, they should be going due east, and why they should keep so closely under the shadows of the trees, I could not make out. Besides, if I could see them, they must have seen me, a solitary horseman on the plain; yet they made no sign. They were hardly likely to be Russians, and they were certainly not 'whitecoats,' as the Austrians were called; but I could not be too careful, for some of their uniforms were uncommonly like ours.

'Seeing a hollow near, I hastily rode in that direction, resolving when I reached it to watch them more closely. As soon as I got to the hollow I dismounted, and lightly holding my horse's rein, I crawled up on hands and knees to observe them. The sun shone brightly on their scabbards and accoutrements, and my fears were soon at rest, for there was no doubt that they were French Hussars. Being convinced of that, I was just going to get up and mount again, and ride forward towards them, when suddenly my mare jerked the reins out of my hand, and with cocked ears stood still for a moment. I tried to catch her; but ere I could do so a sound came over the plain which sent my heart into my mouth, and with a snort of fear, she, free from all burden, flew ventre à terre, with the stirrups flapping against her sides, over the snow-clad plain, straight for the men I had been watching.

'Then—oh, great heavens!—my heart sank within me, for I had heard that sound before; I knew at once it was the baying of a pack of wolves. I took one look. They were still a good distance off; but I knew I had no chance unless the soldiers in front saw and realised my plight, and that right quickly. Just as I had at first wished to be unobserved, now I prayed to Providence that I might be seen. My carbine was on my saddle; I had but my pistol and sword. If the worst came to the worst, I determined at last to turn and face my foes; but still, life at that age is very dear, and I ran and ran as I had never run before.

'To give myself a better chance, I threw off my long cloak. But nearer and nearer came the deep, loud baying. Impeded by my great boots, it was impossible for me to make great progress, and I felt I was fast sinking. All my past life seemed to flash upon me in those terrible moments. But my prayer was answered. My riderless horse had been seen. I heard the trumpet in the distance sound "the trot" and then "the gallop." It was a race for life. It all depended whether my rescuers or the wolves would reach me first. The mere knowledge that help was coming, though I feared it might be too late, to a certain extent drove away my utter despair. On and on I struggled, but getting weaker every moment. I dared not

look round; but something after a little while told me that my crafty pursuers were relaxing their efforts, for the yelping and baying, though continuous, did not appear to be getting any louder. On the other hand, I saw the Hussars racing towards me. Nearer and nearer they came, and soon a clear, sharp voice rang out across the snow: "Courage, mon enfant / Courage /"

'In another moment, just as I fell exhausted on the snow, with a swoop my brave deliverers, jingling and jangling, their horses straining forward on their bits, and their drawn swords glittering in the sun, dashed past me, with a cheer, straight at my pursuing foes, and I knew I was saved! The wolves, in fact, never waited for their onslaught; but I heard the crackle of some carbines, and I learned afterwards a few were hit.

'My heart went out in gratitude to these brave fellows; but it was some time ere I could get my breath to thank them. When I had done so they crowded round me, asking me whether it was true that the Emperor had gained a great battle, for rumours had reached them of a victory; but they had seen no one who could give reliable particulars. Loud and long were the cheers that arose when I gave them particulars of the battle of Austerlitz, and for some time I was eagerly questioned by the officer in command and by his excited troopers.

"Well, my lad," said the captain after I had finished my narrative, "you have had a narrow escape, and I am glad we were able to help you; but it seems to me that, if you belong to Murat's brigade, we must have been on the wrong road." "Of course you were, mon capitaine," I replied. "You were going due east, and you ought to be going south-east." Then I gave him full particulars of his route; nor did I forget to tell him of "The Three Magpies" and the treatment I had received from the landlord.

'He was an uncommonly handsome young fellow this captain, with a reckless, dare-devil look about him. "You say," he exclaimed, with a twinkle in his eye, as he twisted his moustache, "that we shall find plenty to eat and drink, and a pretty woman into the bargain. Parbleu! then it is time we were off." Thereupon, turning to a brigadier, he ordered him and a trooper to act as my guides, and soon we were trotting in opposite directions over the plain.

'That young officer, whose name was Raymondière, and whom I was destined to know well in years to come, had very much taken my fancy, apart from the great debt I owed him for saving my life. He was evidently very popular with his men, and many a story the troopers told me of him as we cantered along. There was no greater Don Juan in the service, according to them. If half the stories these fellows related to me were true—well, I felt sorry for the innkeeper, villain as he was, if this well-known lady-killer should find his pretty wife at home. And, as it happened, he did.

'On delivering the despatches, I was ordered to return at once with the two men who had come with me. On my way back, when I reached the single pine-tree, I naturally expected to see the inn; but there was no appearance of it, and I almost feared I had mistaken the track. Then as we got nearer we saw that it had been burnt to the ground, and only the blackened walls remained. I was very vexed, for I was anxious to see la belle Hongroise again. The more I thought of that beautiful girl the more mystified I became; but the desire to see her did not prevent me from resolving to settle accounts with her husband. To quiet my conscience—and it is very easy to find a way to do that when we want to-I persuaded myself that that ruffian had got the girl into his power by some unfair means; but I was soon to find out that others had paid off this score for me. I had just got up to the building, which was still smouldering, when my mare suddenly swerved aside and came to a sudden halt. Trembling all over, she planted her feet before her, and the breath came sharply through her distended nostrils. Wondering at the cause, I looked up, and saw among the trees quite close to me the body of the innkeeper swaying in the wind. His repulsive face, with its great black beard, looked more repulsive than ever. On his shoulder a carrion crow was perched. One eye had already been pecked out, and the bird was busy pecking at the other.

'A horrible feeling, half-fear, half-disgust, fell on all three of us. "Allons /" said the brigadier, with a ghastly look on his face—"allons /" and he and his comrades went off as though the Evil One were behind them. Digging the spurs into the mare and giving her her head, I forced her past the body and raced after them.

'I had certainly not been sorry the day before to leave the scene of our great victory; but I know I was precious glad when I pulled up my jaded steed once more at Prince Murat's headquarters.'



THE FATE OF SIR AUBREY DRAXELL.

Being an Abridgment of a Manuscript recently Discovered in the Muniment Chest at Ravenscrag in the County of York.

By T. W. SPEIGHT.

PART I.



AVING, through the mercy of Heaven, reached my eighty-sixth birthday, and being convinced, owing to my growing infirmities, that my departure from the stage of this life cannot be much longer delayed, I, John Somers of Ravenscrag, sometime Colonel

of Ravenscrag, sometime Colonel in His Majesty's Dragoons, have determined (after much cogitation), while my intellect is still clear and my memory nearly as fresh as ever it was, to put on record, and in my own handwriting, the particulars of a certain event, now nearly fifty years old, which have never yet been made known to the world, and must otherwise die with me.

The event to which I refer is the disappearance of Sir Aubrey Draxell, whose house of Langrig was just ten miles from my own place of Ravenscrag, both being in the county of York.

Aubrey's father and mine had both hunted behind the same pack of hounds, had both sat on the same bench as county magistrates, and had had many a jolly drinking-bout together.

Draxell and I went up to Cambridge within a few months of each other, and there formed a close bond of friendship which lasted unbroken through the whole of our college course. A little later we saw much of each other in town; and when at length we parted, I to take up my commission in the army, and he to go back home, where his father lay ill of a mortal complaint, it was as brothers part who have never had a wrong word between them; and as we shook hands for the last time and emptied a last bumper to each other's health, the eyes of both were moist, and we walked out at opposite doors of the tavern, each being ashamed to let the other see how unmanned he was.

Ten years went by, at the end of which, after having seen considerable service in the colonies and otherwhere, I was invalided home, with the rank of colonel, an ugly scar, the result of a sabre-slash, across my right cheek, and a confirmed limp of my left leg.

One of the first persons I met after my arrival in town was my second cousin, Onoria Ferrers, whom I had not seen since she was a girl of twelve. She was now a beautiful young woman of twenty-two. She had come up from York-1903.]

shire with her aunt, Lady Hoylake, who always contrived to have a month in London before going on to Bath for the season.

For me to see Onoria was to fall madly in love with her. I had not been ten minutes in her company before I lost my heart to her, never to find it again during all the happy years that were to come. She, on her part, seemed to find something attractive in the war-worn soldier, his scarred cheek and his limp notwithstanding. I was never one to let grass grow under my feet. At the end of a fortnight I asked her to become my wife, and for answer she laid her hand in mine.

When I told Lady Hoylake she said: 'I congratulate you, my dear John. Onoria will make you an excellent wife. I am more than ever pleased that I brought her to town with me, for I was really afraid that, had I left her alone in the country, your old acquaintance, Sir Aubrey Draxell, would have succeeded in winning her in her own despite. He is a man whom I have always disliked, and Onoria never really cared for him; but he seemed to have a strange and quite unaccountable influence over her. He repelled her and yet attracted her, if you can comprehend such a thing; and I verily believe that he would have persuaded her into accepting him had he not been called away in the nick of time on one of those mysterious errands which have taken him from home so often of late years. An hour before he started he sought and found Onoria in the garden, and there and then asked her to give him her promise to wed him on his return, and tried to coerce her into an acceptance of a betrothal-ring he had brought with him. Happily, my dear girl had enough power of will to repulse him and say him nay. But he wholly refused to accept his dismissal. "I will call upon you as soon as I return," he said; "by which time I trust that you will have seen well to change your mind." Then he added, "I love you, Miss Ferrers, and you shall yet be mine. It will be an ill day for any man who dares to come between me and you." With that he turned and left her, and we have neither seen nor heard of him since.'

Here was strange news! And yet I could not wonder at my old friend falling in love with Onoria when the chance of doing so came in his way; the wonder would have been had he failed to do so. For the threat conveyed in his last words to her I cared nothing. It did not cause me a moment's disquietude. From the beginning of our friendship I had been aware that there was a dark, and even a sinister, side to Draxell's character; but how often soever it might have been turned towards others, it had never been turned towards me. I knew, too, that he was a man of iron determination, of tempestuous passions, and volcanic temper; for all that, I believed him at heart to be a gentleman and a man of honour.

Time went on till it wanted but a fortnight of my wedding-day, and still nothing had been seen or heard of Sir Aubrey. Then one afternoon, while walking in the Mall, he and I met face to face. I know not which of us was the more startled or surprised. On the impulse of the moment, and forgetful of everything but our old-time friendship, I frankly proffered my hand, only to withdraw it a moment later. 'Aubrey, my dear old friend'—— I began; and then, as I noted his sudden change of expression at sight of me, I came to an abrupt pause.

'Colonel Somers, there can be no friendship between you and me,' he replied. 'With me the past is a dead letter. In you I behold the man who has treacherously robbed me of the only woman I ever loved or ever can love. I am glad to have met you, since it affords me an opportunity of telling you that I hold you as my deadliest enemy, and that henceforward there will be that between us which can only be wiped out by the blood of one or both.' His heavy brows were drawn together; in his dark eyes there glowed a sombre fire. He spoke in low, envenomed accents, and with a sort of concentrated ferocity which of itself was enough to prove in what deadly earnest he was.

At his first words I had drawn back a step or two. 'Draxell,' I now said, 'you wrong me most grievously in imputing even a shadow of treachery to me. I wooed and won Miss Ferrers as an honourable man should do. Not till after she had promised to become my wife did I learn, and then not from her lips, that you had pressed your suit upon her. Rely upon it, Draxell, that had she cared in the least for you, she would never have accepted me. You won no promise from her—none.'

'You were always an adept, Somers, at quibbles and quirks, and were more fitted to be a lawyer than a soldier,' he broke in, with a savage sneer. 'I have neither time nor inclination to listen further to you; but understand this—that what I have said I maintain, and shall do, in spite of all your plausible disclaimers. I repeat, it was by an act of treachery and falsehood that you won the hand of Onoria Ferrers. I regard you as my bitterest enemy, and I swear to you by all I hold most sacred that one day I will claim my revenge and exact it to the uttermost fraction.'

A slight foam had gathered on his lips while speaking; his eyes had in them that which would have slain me on the spot had their power been equal to their will; but he still spoke in guarded tones, so as not to draw the notice of the saunterers in the Mall.

'One day, Sir Aubrey Draxell!' I said, with a touch of scorn, for his words had not failed to sting me. 'Why wait for an indefinite "one day"? What time could be more convenient than to-morrow morning? At any rate, here is my card; and I wish you clearly to understand that I am at your service whensoever and wheresoever it may suit you to fix the time and place.'

'I only wish to the Lord it was in my power to meet you to-morrow morning,' he replied, without heeding my proffered card. 'That I would gladly do so you need not doubt. Just now, however, my time is not my own. I am engaged in a matter of much moment, and am under pledge to start on a long journey in an hour from now. But I am a patient man, Colonel Somers, and can afford to bide my time. When that time comes, you may rely upon it that I shall know where to find you.' He took off his hat, swept me a ceremonious bow, and passed on his way without another word.

When I called upon Lady Hoylake next day I gave her an account of my interview with Sir Aubrey. She fully agreed with me as to the advisability of saying nothing about it to Onoria. To have done so would have served no useful purpose, and might only have tended to unsettle her and make her fearful for my safety.

Onoria and I were wedded in due course, and before long had settled down at Ravenscrag, which was to be our home—for we were no gadabouts—for at least ten months out of every twelve. Time passed on, and in the course of the following year the Rebellion of 1745 broke out. In the interim I had heard nothing of Sir Aubrey, so far as I was personally concerned. All I knew was—and that only from the common rumour of the country-side—that he had not been seen at Langrig for more than a year; that the house was shut up; and that news had come to hand that its master had at length definitely thrown in his fortunes with the Stuart cause, after having coquetted with it and been more or less mixed up with its intrigues for years.

By-and-by came news of the battle of Culloden and of the flight of Prince Charles; and then before long we heard that Sir Aubrey had deemed it advisable to put the Channel between himself and those myrmidons of the Government whose business it was to hunt down every prominent Jacobite and bring him either to the gallows or the block. After that there came news of him by fits and starts, generally with long intervals between, as being now at St Germains, now at The Hague, and once as far

away as Rome. He was more fortunate than many others of like opinions, for his estate was not attainted; indeed, it was pretty well understood in our part of the country that he was not without powerful friends at Court.

But as time went on instructions came from Sir Aubrey to his bailiff to dispose first of one slice of property and then of another to the highest bidder—the entail had been cut off in his grandfather's time—and remit the proceeds to him abroad. I myself became the purchaser of a couple of farms at a fair valuation.

Thus it came to pass that when about ten years had gone by all that was left to him of the goodly estate which had come down to him from his ancestors was the old fortalized mansion of Langrig and the thirty or forty acres of dwarf woodland in the midst of which it was situated. Then one day Sir Aubrey came back home. The influence of which mention has been made had been brought to bear in his favour, and it had been intimated to him that if he chose to return and keep himself quiet no proceedings would be taken against him.

During all these years my wife and I had been leading the soberly happy life of two persons who, being fairly well endowed with this world's gear, have no ambitions and few cares, and whose desires rarely wander beyond the little space of ground they call their home. A few weeks in London in the course of each year satisfied all our longings in the way of change and genteel dissipation, and served to keep us abreast of the times. But, indeed, the journey from Yorkshire to the Metropolis is such a long one—leaving out of account the frightful state of the roads and the risk of being waylaid and robbed-and involves such a waste of time and patience, and such an outlay of money, that to venture on it oftener than once a year was a thing which neither my wife nor I cared to do.

Although we were now old wedded folk, I verily believe that we were still as much in love as if our honeymoon had lasted all these years. Our friends often twitted us with being so wrapped up in each other, and wanted to know when we were coming to our senses; but we could afford to treat their badinage with the smile of those who have within themselves a fount of happiness the world wots not of.

It was only to be expected that my interview with Sir Aubrey in the Mall should now and then recur to my mind; but as the years went on I thought of it less often, and long before the time when the master of Langrig came back home it had all but died out of my memory. Of his threats I had thought but little from the first, setting them down as the temporary ebullition of an ungovernable temper which would burn and flare itself out in a little while, leaving nothing behind it but a pinch of ashes, and a bitter memory as of one who has tasted of rue and cannot forget it.

everything freshly to my mind, and for a week or two I waited with a sort of half-expectation of hearing from him; but day after day went by and no message reached me. The news we had of him was to the effect that he was living at Langrig in utter solitude, save for the old couple who had acted as care-takers at the Hall during his absence abroad; that he saw absolutely no company; and that not till night had fallen was he ever seen outside the precincts of his own demesne; but that when the stars were out, or the moon had risen, he was often encountered by those who were abroad at such hours, riding along the country roads at a breakneck pace, as if the shadowy horseman who is said to haunt our part of the country—to be overtaken by whom means death within a twelvemonth-were in close pursuit of him. A month or more had gone by, when, one

But Draxell's unexpected return brought

A month or more had gone by, when, one night as I was about to sit down to supper, a letter was brought me which I was told had been given into the charge of one of my servants on his way back from the village by a man muffled from head to foot in a long cloak, of whose features in the dusk of a country road nothing could be discerned. 'To be delivered into the hands of the master of Ravenscrag without delay,' was all the unknown had said before he turned on his heel and was gone.

As the missive was plainly addressed to me, I broke the seal without hesitation, and read as follows:

'The writer of these lines is the bearer of a last message and a souvenir to Colonel Somers from his late nephew, who died of his wounds soon after the fight of Culloden, ten years ago.

'The writer deeply regrets that circumstances should have rendered it impossible for him to deliver the message in question till so long a time after it was entrusted to his keeping. He has been, and is still, under the ban of the law, and it is at the risk of his liberty, if not of life itself, that he has undertaken this journey into the wilds of Yorkshire (where he has trusty friends) in order to fulfil the behest of his dead friend, and so relieve himself of an obligation which has weighed heavily upon him for years.

'If, therefore, Colonel Somers will meet the writer at the hour of eight to-morrow evening at the entrance to the Lady Cavern, he will deliver the message and hand over the souvenir; but it is absolutely essential that Colonel Somers should come to the rendezvous unattended and alone.

'Should he be under any apprehension with regard to his personal safety, he has merely to stay indoors, and allow his nephew's message to remain undelivered; but should he decide to be at the rendezvous at the time specified, let him, on receipt of this, cause two lighted candles to be placed for the space of half-an-hour in the centre window of the five in the second story of the west front of Ravenscrag.'

1903.

After having read this singular missive twice through, I handed it to my wife. The nephew to whom it referred was no blood-relation, but merely the son of my step-sister. Still, I had been fond of the lad, and had done my best to keep him in straight courses, but to little purpose. Having galloped through the fortune left him by his mother, he had joined the Stuart cause in the rising of '45, had been wounded at Culloden, but had escaped to the West Highlands, and was reported to have died there a few weeks later. Still, no authentic tidings of his death had ever come to hand, and I had often wondered whether it were possible that he was still alive. But all doubt on the point was now set at rest.

The Lady Cavern, as it is locally called, of which mention was made in the letter, is merely one, and by no means the most remarkable, of a number of similar caves in the limestone formation with which that part of my native county is honeycombed. As a boy, and in the company of my playmates, I had more than once explored both it and others. It was there that I was to meet the unknown bearer of the message from my dead nephew.

'You will not keep this appointment, John, will you?' said my wife as she gave the note

'Why not, sweetheart?' I asked.

'Because—because there is something about it which I do not like. You may think me fanciful, but I have a presentiment that there is more-much more-in it than meets the eye. I seem to read in it a hidden danger-a menace—a something, I know not what, which frightens me and bids me warn you not to go.'

She spoke with an air of such intense conviction that I could not laugh at her, as I might have done at another time; but it was not likely that I would allow her foolish alarms—for such I set them down as being—to influence my decision either in that or in other matters; rather did they spur me on to take my own course, as it behoves a man to do who is not in the habit of submitting to petticoat government.

'You are indeed fanciful, dearie,' I replied. 'Although, for certain specified reasons, the note is not signed, it seems to me a straightforward document enough. What harm should come to me from keeping the rendezvous? None that I can see. Besides, I am very naturally desirous that poor Dick's last message should reach the person for whom it was intended, and that the souvenir he bequeathed me, how trifling soever it may be, should find its proper resting-place at last.

My wife sighed, and smiled that little wistful smile I knew so well. 'Of course, if you have made up your mind to go-and I can see that you have-nothing I can say will avail to keep you at home. But you know how often in the past my presentiments have proved to be anything rather than idle fancies, and if in the present case '-

I rose, crossed to her chair, bent over her, and stopped her mouth with a kiss. rang the bell and ordered a couple of lighted candles to be brought. These I carried upstairs; and, in accordance with the directions in the note, placed them in the centre window of the five in the second story of the west front, and there left them. At the end of half-an-hour I again went upstairs and extinguished them.

PART II.



FORGET what the month was; but it was that time of the year when the sun sets about half-past seven, so that when I reached the rendezvous it was already dusk. Once again my wife had

entreated me not to keep the appointment. She had been troubled with bad dreams, and certain omens in which she had implicit faith all pointed to some great trouble or danger impending over the head of the house. Or, if I persisted in going, she begged that I would at least let Grimes, my old colour-sergeant, and now my body-servant, keep me company. But I pooh-poohed her womanish fears, with which, indeed, I had scant patience, and pointed out that, by the terms of the note, I was to go unattended, and that to take any one with me would assuredly bring my errand to naught. There were tears in her eyes as I parted from her; but I kissed them away and bade her be of good cheer.

From Ravenscrag to the Lady Cavern is a distance of about two and a half miles. After passing through the village of Withyburn the road is a very wild and lonely one, and from that point I did not meet a creature all the way. There being no perceptible footpath to the cave, and its entrance being shrouded by a growth of brushwood and dwarf shrubs of various kinds, I experienced a little difficulty in finding it;

but there it was at last.

As I emerged from the brushwood into the tiny clearing in front of the entrance I said to myself, 'Ah, ha! my unknown friend is the first here—which is so much the better.' For there, blocking the opening as it were, lounged a man with folded arms, who was smoking a short pipe. At sight of me he pulled himself together, crammed the pipe into one of his pockets, and greeted me with a military salute.

On drawing a step or two nearer, I saw by the fading light that he was not merely a singularly ill-favoured and sinister-looking being, but that he unmistakably belonged to the lower orders. Before, however, I had time to digest my surprise, he said, 'Be you the master of Ravenscrag, sir ?'

'I am,' I replied shortly.

'Then I have a message for your honour. The—the person who wrote to you yesterday is waiting inside the cave, where he trusts that you will join him. He would have waited for you here, as he promised; but, if he did so, he was afraid of being taken, seeing that he has been informed against, and that the countryside is being scoured in search of him; for King George's Government would give a thousand pounds to lay hands on him. Of course, your honour must please yourself about following him into the cave; but if you are afraid to do so, what he has to say to you will remain unsaid for ever.'

'Afraid!' I sternly rejoined. 'You have no right, sirrah! to make use of such a word in my presence.'

'I humbly crave your honour's pardon. It

was a slip of the tongue.

But to me it seemed no slip of the tongue: he had spoken too glibly, and as if what he said had been learned by heart. What to decide upon I knew not. The hunt for fugitive Jacobites was still warm in many parts of the country, and the fellow's tale was plausible enough. On the other hand, my wife's unheeded warnings now took on a force they had not possessed before. I could not resist a feeling of vague uneasiness. Was I about to walk into a trap which had been purposely set for me? But even to imagine such a thing seemed absurd. What had any one to gain by such a proceeding? Then, again, in the word 'afraid' there lurked a sting which urged me on to see the affair through, at whatsoever cost to myself. My mind was made up.

'Lead on with a light, and I will follow,' I said to the man, who was awaiting my decision

with apparent stolidity.

Retiring within the entrance so as to be out of the draught, he drew from a pocket in his wide-skirted coat a tinder-box, together with sundry other articles, and proceeded to obtain a light in the usual way by means of flint and steel and a sulphur-tipped match. With the latter he then lighted a candle, which he stuck in a wooden spatula with a handle to it.

That done, he said, 'I'm at your honour's service,' and thereupon led the way into the cavern, holding the light aloft. I followed close on his heels, for so narrow was the passage that we were compelled to proceed in single file. no place was it more than seven or eight feet in height, and it turned and twisted in the most bewildering fashion, and had several other still narrower openings leading out of it. Both walls and floor were damp and slimy, while every few seconds a single heavy drop of water would fall from the roof.

After proceeding thus for some three or four minutes, although the time seemed much longer, we emerged into a spacious and lofty chamber, 1903.]

which I remembered to have visited when a lad. The name it is known by to this day is the Queen's Parlour. At the opposite end a handrail bars farther progress, a couple of feet beyond which yawns a huge opening in the floor. Out of the unfathomable blackness of this gulf, when one listens intently, there ascends a weird murmur of running water-of an underground river, which, taking its rise in the bowels of the earth, flows no man knows whither and is for ever unseen of mortal eye.

On this occasion the Queen's Parlour was lighted by three large flares, or torches, placed at different angles, which burnt with a clear. steady flame, and illumined every corner of the place. For a moment or two I was overcome with astonishment. To serve what purpose, and by whose orders, had the cavern been thus lighted up? But hardly had I asked myself this question before my eyes were drawn to a cloaked figure, slowly pacing to and fro, who took no apparent notice of the entry of myself and my guide.

'Who is yonder person?' I asked in a low

'The gentleman your honour has come here to see and talk with. He's a bit deaf—more's Ah! now he has seen us, the pity; but if and is waiting for your honour to advance and introduce yourself.

He was right. The cloaked figure had come to a halt in the middle of the floor, and was looking towards me as if inviting me to go forward. I advanced slowly, my left hand resting on the hilt of my sword, like one who knows not from moment to moment what may happen. Then, as I drew nearer, something in the attitude of the man struck me with a sense of half-forgotten familiarity. It was as though a ghost of the dead past had suddenly risen to confront me, and it hardly needed that he should lift his hat and make me a ceremonious bow to assure me that I was in the presence of Sir Aubrey Draxell.

Involuntarily I glanced over my shoulder:

my guide had vanished.

'At length, Colonel Somers, we meet again,' said the baronet in his deep, well-remembered tones.

A bow as stately as his own was my sole response. Indeed, for the moment I found not a word to say. That I had been inveigled to the Lady Cavern by a fictitious message was now evident; but for what purpose was as yet by no means clear to me. Not long, however, was I to be left in doubt.

'It is many years since we last set eyes on each other,' resumed Sir Aubrey; 'and when we did there was a little score—at any rate on my side—left unsettled. It would have been wiped out at the time had I not been called away on business which admitted of no delay. But the score is still there, and at length the day has come for its final settlement.'

'Pardon me, but I fail to apprehend your meaning,' I said coldly, although it was beginning to dawn upon me.

'Then are you duller-witted than you used to

be,' he replied, with a sneer.

'Proceed, sir.'

'On the occasion of our meeting in the Mall, I told you in plain terms my opinion of your conduct. That opinion has in nowise been modified with the passage of time. What I asseverated then I repeat to-day. In you I behold the man who treacherously robbed me of the only woman I ever loved or ever could love. For which reason I hold you as my deadliest enemy; and there is that between us which can only be wiped out by the blood of one or both. Those words, Colonel Somers, are as true now as on the day they were spoken.'

'And I, in my turn, Sir Aubrey Draxell, asseverate that as regards one particular there is not a syllable of truth in them. To state that I won the hand of my wife by treachery, or by any sort of underhand proceeding, is to assert what is absolutely contrary to fact. In

other words, it is an unmitigated lie.'

He started as if my last words had stung him to the quick, and I now saw how changed in some respects he was from my last recollection of him. But he seemed still as active and alert as ever he had been, and the fire of his eyes as undimmed—nay, it even seemed to me that I could discern a gleam of madness in the fierce regard he bent upon me. It was a discovery which had the effect of steadying my pulses as if they had been touched with ice.

"Tis enough, sir, and any further words would be superfluous," he said in chillingly polite accents. 'I perceive that you have not come unarmed; but should you prefer a different arrangement, I have here a couple of matched rapiers, of which you shall have your choice,

and I will take the one that is left.'

'Sir Aubrey Draxell,' I replied, 'if fight you I must—although, Heaven knows, I would willingly sacrifice half my fortune rather than do so—it shall not be here. I will meet you to-morrow at your own time and place, and if'——

He broke into a savage laugh.

'Colonel Somers, only one of us two shall leave the Lady Cavern alive. I have sworn it!'

'I refuse—refuse absolutely—to be a party to

any such scheme of assassination.'

Assassination call you it? It will be nothing of the kind, but an honourable encounter between two gentlemen who, for private reasons, are desirous of dispensing with the presence of seconds. For, look you, sir, should I fall, no one will ever know that it was by your hand, for my man is sworn to secrecy, and I can trust him implicitly; while, should the misfortune be yours, your body will be conveyed to your

friends, together with a statement signed by me, detailing how you came by your end.'

'In such a case you would be arrested as a murderer.'

'Sir, before the steps needful for my arrest could be taken I should be beyond the seas.'

'For all that, I refuse to be a party to any such arrangement.'

'You were not wont to be a coward, Colonel Somers, and it is hard to believe that you are one now.'

'What has that to do with it? I have already stated that I will meet you at any other time and place you may choose to name. So I have now the honour to wish you good-evening.'

With that I lifted my hat and bowed to him; but before I could turn on my heel he strode up

to me, his eyes blazing.

'Coward! will nothing move you?' he exclaimed in tones half-suffocated with passion. 'Then take that!' and before I could fathom his intention he smote me lightly on the cheek with one of his gloves.

I sprang back as if a serpent had bitten me. Every drop of blood in my body seemed to turn to liquid flame. 'Tis enough, Sir Aubrey Draxell: I am at your service.' My voice was strange to me.

'So! I have pricked your laggard courage at last,' he said, with a sneer. 'Twas indeed time.'

Thereupon he went aside, and unfastening his cloak, let it drop to the ground. Then he stripped off his coat and vest, tightened the girth of his small-clothes, and having drawn his rapier from its scabbard and tested it with his thumb and finger, he took up a position in the centre of the cavern, and bowed as an intimation that he was ready.

'Am I to assume, Colonel Somers, that you prefer to fight with your own weapon?' he asked.

'That is what I prefer to do.'

By this time I too was ready, and advancing, I returned his bow.

Having measured swords, we drew back a pace and looked into each other's eyes. What he saw in mine I know not; but I was conscious that I was looking into the eyes of a man whose reason had already touched the thin line which divides sanity from madness, and might overpass it at any moment. Another thing I read there—that he had made up his mind to kill me, and that, should the advantage be his, I need look for no mercy at his hands.

'En garde, monsieur.'

It was Sir Aubrey who spoke, and hardly had the words left his lips before our blades crossed.

When at college we had practised with the foils nearly every forenoon. In those days I had been more than able to hold my own with him. He used to attack with impetuosity, and with an amazing quickness of wrist-play; my plan being to remain on the defensive till he had

to some extent tired himself out, and then to press him home with all the energy of which I was capable: and such were the tactics I proposed to adopt in the present case, whatsoever the result might be for either of us.

Draxell's attack was marked by all his oldtime brio and impetuosity. All I did was to parry each venomous lunge in turn, and act solely on the defensive. Foot by foot I slowly gave way before him, till, stepping backward, I had described a circle and reached the place where our encounter began. Then my opponent drew back a pace and dropped the point of his sword. A brief breathing space was needed by both.

'John Somers, I shall kill you yet,' he said in a tone of profound conviction between his laboured breaths.

'À la bonne heurs, cher monsieur,' I replied cheerfully.

Another minute and our swords crossed for the second time.

In one respect I was at a serious disadvantage. My ankle had not been properly set after my fall when my horse was shot under me in an Indian skirmish, a chronic weakness being the result, which showed itself in a slight permanent limp. Thus it came to pass in this second round, as I was again yielding ground before Draxell's attack—which was, however, becoming wilder and less effective minute by minute—that all at once my ankle gave way under me. I staggered, reeled, vainly tried to recover myself, and came to the ground, snapping the blade of my rapier as I did so.

An instant later Draxell was bending over me, the demon of madness glaring out of his eves.

'At last, O mine enemy!—at last!' he exclaimed. 'Oh, the sweet moment! This pays for everything. I swore to be revenged, and I am. Good-bye, Somers, and bon voyage!'

His sword was lifted, and in another second it would have pierced my heart, when the cavern rang with a loud report. Draxell's sword dropped from his hand; he flung up both arms; his body straightened itself, seeming to stiffen as it did so, spun round twice, and fell without a word or a groan face downward.

My brain was in a whirl. I comprehended nothing. But hardly had I time to raise myself on my elbow before my wife was kneeling beside me. It seemed to me, so dazed was I by the suddenness of what had happened, that she had sprung out of the earth.

'You here, sweet!' I wonderingly cried.
'What does it all mean?'

'Nothing will I tell you till you assure me that you are safe—that you are unburt.'

Her arms were round me; my head was pillowed on her shoulder; she kissed me passionately again and again.

'I have not a scratch on me,' I replied. 'I 1903.]

owe my life to the person who fired that shot.'

'Then see at once, dearest, how it fares with him—with that man.'

Her arms released their hold of me, and I rose limpingly to my feet. Onoria, still crouching on the floor, turned her face aside, shuddering visibly.

Stooping over Sir Aubrey, I partially raised him, and turned him over on his back. 'He is dead—stone dead,' I said half-a-minute later.

At these words my wife stood up. By the light of the flares I could see that her face was nearly as white as freshly fallen snow. A great horror looked out of her eyes.

'Take me away, John,' she said-take me

away at once or I shall faint.

'But whose was the hand that fired the shot?'
I asked as I slid a supporting arm round her waist.

'Mine,' she said in a strangled voice—'mine. But Heaven knows that my intention was not to kill him but to save you.'

'And that you have done. His blood be on his own head. He brought his fate upon himself.'

Slowly we made our way to the opening which led to the outer world. The fresh air blowing through it revived Onoria wonderfully. There, as if to confound me further, stood Grimes.

'Will no one tell me whether I am sleeping or awake?' I asked.

'Listen, dearest,' said my wife. 'You had scarcely left the house when an inner voice which I durst not disobey bade me follow you. I decided to take Grimes with me. By my orders he took a pistol from the stand of arms in the hall and loaded it. (You know how often you and I have practised pistol-shooting at a mark.) You had not been gone more than a quarter of an hour when we set out. With us we also took a dark-lantern, for night was When we reached the cavern, with which Grimes was already acquainted, we found the entrance barred by an evil-looking fellow, whose sullen refusal to answer any questions redoubled my fears about your safety. When I bade him stand aside, he replied by a foul oath and drew his sword. But Grimes had not come unarmed, and the next thing I knew was that they were lunging fiercely at each other. Presently Grimes gave ground a little way-of set purpose, I verily believe—and the other followed him up, thinking to have the better of him. Then, seeing the way clear, I slipped into the entrance, drew back the slide of my lantern, and followed the passage till it brought me here. The rest you know.

'My brave darling! Had you come half-aminute later I should have been a dead man.' Then turning to Grimes, I said, 'But what became of the rascal who barred the way?'

A grim smile overspread the old soldier's rugged features. 'He was a poor-stomached one for fighting, your honour. When he found he was having the worst of it he turned tail and bolted—yes, just bolted.'

'In the cavern lies Sir Aubrey Draxell, dead,' I said. 'What is to be done with him?'

'Don't fash about that, your honour. I'll see to him. It's a job for me. Excuse my speaking o' it, sir; but the mistress is shivering as if an ague fit had hold of her. If you'll take my humble advice, you'll get her home as soon as possible.'

We took his advice; indeed, it was the only thing we could do. Sir Aubrey was dead, and nothing could alter that tragic fact. Whatever consequences might ensue would have to be faced when they should present themselves.

Next morning I sent for Grimes. 'What has become of the body of Sir Aubrey?' I asked.

'There was nobbut one thing to be done with it, your honour, and I did it. I just tumbled it over the edge into the watter that runs through the black gully at the back o' the cavern.'

I stared at him for a little while in horrified silence. Then I said faintly, 'Leave me,' and he went. Nothing could be done: the body was irrecoverable.

Time passed on and, to my great surprise, and,

I must in fairness add, not a little to my relief, no inquiries were set afoot about the missing master of Langrig. He had lived such a secluded life, keeping himself so resolutely aloof from his fellows, and for so many years had been in the habit of going and coming, with long intervals between, without a word to anybody, that one absence the more created no alarm. Not till three years had gone by did the heir-at-law put forward his claim to such property as Sir Aubrey had left behind him; and even then some considerable time elapsed before it was allowed by the courts of law.

On his deathbed, some years after these events, Grimes confessed to me that he had lied in stating that the man on guard at the entrance of the Lady Cavern had turned tail and fled. In reality Grimes had killed him in self-defence, and had disposed of his body in the same way that he had disposed of Sir Aubrey's.

My task is now at an end, and thankful I am that it is. I do not think that I could die comfortably, or with a clear conscience, without having left on record, for the information of those who will come after me, a statement of the facts in connection with the disappearance of Sir Aubrey Draxell; leaving it for them to decide whether what I have here set down shall be made known to the world or shall remain a family secret for all time.

BREAKING THE RULES.

By the Author of 'Matthew Dale.'

CHAPTER I.



AM the wife of one of the partners of Flaxman & Sons, a firm of old-established drapers and haberdashers in a thriving town in the Midlands. We are what may be called well-to-do people, with a fair amount of family wide making us hold

family pride, making us hold our heads perhaps a little higher than we would do if we were taking ourselves at other people's estimate instead of at our own.

At the time of which I write the family consisted of my mother-in-law, the acknowledged head of the firm; the eldest son, George, my husband; the youngest son, William; and an only daughter, Kate. Will—we never thought of him by any other name—was a bright, handsome young fellow, with a certain light-headed thoughtlessness about him strangely at variance with the usual type of Flaxman character. But with the introduction of fresh strains of blood by each succeeding generation, we need not wonder that there should be considerable diver-

gence at times from accepted family traits. They were all in the business—my mother-in-law, her two sons, and her daughter; and I might have been in it too but that I had persistently declined having anything further to do with it than sharing the profits; believing that I was in my proper place looking after my house and my two boys, and keeping all bright, myself included, for my hard-working husband when he came home to his little villa in the evenings.

Of course I patronised the shop, paying it a visit at intervals to select what I wanted for myself and the chicks. On these occasions I used to walk right past my husband's counter and make my way to the back-shop where Will presided. Here the bright, frolicsome lad would receive me with mock gravity, place me a chair, and inquire with affected solicitude what he could have the pleasure of showing me. Then I would reply in the same bantering tone, and thus we would amuse ourselves while I made my purchases.

But of late I had noticed a want of spirit in Will's fun, a too apparent effort that completely spoiled it; while there was a far-away look in his brown eyes, as if my wants and my wishes were the last things he was thinking of.

At length it all came out. One morning I had gone down to the shop early, and as usual I walked through the place, thinking of nothing but the exact shade I wanted for my boys' new blouses. To my surprise, Will was nowhere to be seen; but instead, Kate, whose proper sphere was upstairs among the ribbons and laces, emerged from behind a pile of soft goods, looking thoroughly scared and unhappy.

'Kate!' I cried, in amazement, 'has something happened? Where is Will? And what

is the matter with you?'

'Hush!' she replied in a stage whisper, and with what seemed unnecessary caution; for there was no one within hearing but the young lady-cashier, a quiet-looking girl, who as she sat in her raised desk seemed as if her eyes and her ears might be equally unreceptive.

'Where is Will?' I asked again. 'And what

has become of the mother?'

Still no words came. Kate was too provokingly stupid this morning. But at last, with a wild look at the cashier, she made me understand by a silent gesture that the parties I sought were to be found in what we called 'the sanctum.' This was a business-room adjoining the shop, sacred to the use of the old lady, who there received any customers who required extra civility, and such of her employees as stood in need of attentions of another kind. So I feared it boded no good to Will his being closeted with his mother at this early hour of the day. For she was quite of the old Spartan type, Mrs Flaxman; and if her son had been transgressing against the very strict rules of the establishment, it would not avail him that he was her youngest and best beloved.

As there seemed no hope of enlightenment from my sister-in-law, I made for the door of the private room, and, after a smart tap, I turned the handle and entered. At a glance I saw that mother and son were engaged in mortal combat, only it was with scowling brows and haughty gestures and sharp words they fought; and though it was evident that there had been several rounds already, neither party showed any indication—in prize-ring slang—of 'throwing up the sponge.'

The old lady's usually good complexion had deepened to a bright copper, and Will's handsome face was flushed with passion. They stood facing each other, and though both paused for a moment to accord me a slight greeting, they immediately resumed the battle with renewed

vigour.

'If she were the best in the town'—— cried the mother.

'She is the best!' echoed the son.

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'Much you know about her!' sneered the old lady. 'She may be the veriest'——

'Whist, mother!' shouted the exasperated lad; 'if you but name such a thing, I declare I'll—I'll—— Mother! mother! you are going too far,' he half-sobbed, suddenly breaking off in the middle of his threat, probably uncertain, poor boy! what form it was to take.

I thought it high time to interpose.

'Will,' I said, taking him by the arm, 'it is you who are going too far; remember your duty to your mother. She is thinking of nothing but what is best for you.'

'That may be, Janet,' he replied; 'but you must allow a man should have some say in the

management of his own affairs.'

Will's sudden assumption of manhood was too absurd. Hitherto he had been the baby of the family; and when he came down to our house of an evening he really seemed more of a brother than an uncle to his young nephews. Indeed, not so many nights back my six-year-old boy, in all good faith, had pulled him over to the floor and told him to 'lie there till he learned to do as he was bid.' Now his mother appeared to be making some such demand, and Will was 'kicking against the pricks,' and assigning his newly discovered manhood as the excuse.

'Go back to your counter, my boy,' I said.
'I am certain you are badly wanted there; and your mother and I will talk matters over.'

The young man was evidently only too happy to be released; but I do not know that my mother-in-law quite relished my interference, for she looked sulky, and did not attempt to speak. But, upheld by a sense of conscious rectitude, I opened the ball by asking what it was all about.

CHAPTER II.



HAT was my surprise to learn that the calm, impassive-looking girl in the cashier's desk was 'the little fire' that had 'kindled so great a matter,' and that my young a-law's heart was just then under-

brother-in-law's heart was just then undergoing a process of combustion, not altogether spontaneous. Added to the fact of Will's being rather too young for such things at all was the further transgression of violating one of Flaxman & Sons' most stringent rules. think that a son-nay, even a partner in 'the house,' where flirting was not allowed and lovemaking not to be so much as thought of-had laid his heart at the feet of one of the hands, betrayed a want of self-respect that augured ill for the future that lay before him. What made matters more aggravating was that the whole affair had been conducted under the deeply disgusted nose of the head of the establishment, and she had been blind enough never to notice it.

Certainly, judging from appearances, our cashier would have been the last one would have suspected of a clandestine love-affair. With none of the self-confident airs that many of our young people thought proper to put on, and with an apparent entire absorption in her duties, it never occurred to us that Will's proximity to her was a position of danger. But when 'love laughs at locksmiths,' a desk and a counter are of small account as obstacles; and as for sentimental hindrances, they only accentuated the situation. All we knew of Miss St Clair's private history was that she was in reduced circumstances; that her accomplishments entitled her to some higher position; but that, for the sake of being free to spend her evenings with her mother, a confirmed invalid, she sat day by day at her monotonous work, making entries in her ledger and dealing out small change uncheered—till Will crossed her path—by a word of sympathy or friendship. But nothing availed her in the eyes of my commercially-minded mother-in-law. Refusing to see in her anything but a shop-hand, ignoring all but the transgression of which the poor thing had been guilty, the old lady fumed and stormed and would not even listen to me.

'It's no use talking, my dear,' she said. 'The whole thing must be nipped in the bud.' (I had my suspicions that it was beyond the budding stage, and was already a tolerably full-blown affair.) 'It is clear my son and the young woman cannot be here together; and as we have the choice of a month's notice or a month's wage, I shall certainly count the money well spent to get rid of her.'

'And if we turn her off, who will take her on?' I asked. 'Probably loss of employment may simply mean starvation to them; and the mother so delicate!' I added.

'That is their lookout,' she replied coldly. 'If the young woman had kept her place she need not have lost her situation'—nearly stumbling on an involuntary pun. 'As things are,' she continued, 'there is but one alternative, and she has only herself to blame for it.'

'You forget,' I said, 'that in these cases it is usually the man who takes the initiative. Why should you lay all the onus on the girl?'

'I have no doubt she has been laying traps for Will,' she said; 'and he, poor silly moth,

has been too easily caught.'

'Moths fly to the light,' I said; 'they don't walk blindly into traps.' But arguments of that kind had no weight with my mother-in-law; and as, woman-like, we had already run off the rails more than once, I proposed calling George in to help us.

'George, indeed!' she scornfully echoed. 'When my head is lying low it will be time

enough for George to step in.'

'At least let the day pass,' I urged. 'The matter can be calmly discussed in the evening;

and, indeed, it might be all the better for

sleeping on.'

Little guessing, poor unhappy mother! how little she would sleep at all that night, I took my leave of her and re-entered the shop. As I passed the little boxed-up desk I stole a glance at its occupant, half-expecting that, mixed up as she was with our excitement, some of it might have found its way to her. But not a bit of it; and the notion seized me that while we were middle-class folk, with strong and undisciplined passions, she had the air and manner of high-bred repose.

William was not in his place; he was doubtless too much upset to go straight back to business. So Kate and I managed between us to supply my wants; but in the near vicinity of an interested party not a word could we

exchange.

According to custom, my husband would come home to dinner in the evening, and after that we would go down to the old lady's and try to make things smooth for poor Will. But, to my surprise, George arrived an hour before his time, breathless, pale, and anxious.

'Has Will been here?' he asked excitedly. 'No,' he echoed; 'then he has never been near the shop since morning, and no one has seen him. You know how things have been going with him, Janet,' he added. 'My mother is in a bad way, and we should go down as soon as possible.'

The meal was hurried over—a mere pretence it was. Will was all but as dear to us as our own little lads. I saw that George was greatly put about, and, after the fashion of womankind, I began to dread he knew more than he was telling me.

With as little delay as possible we set out for the old, rambling house above the shop, where, with its dark staircases and its spacious rooms, my mother-in-law still clung to the home of her

early married life.

We found her with her face set and rigid, evidently suffering untold woe; while poor Kate, as was natural, was dissolved in tears. We had just one hope that our lost boy might have taken refuge with the St Clairs; and it was arranged that George should make inquiries there. We could not employ a messenger; the wound was still too raw for exposure. It was the first faint breath on the mirror of our fair fame, and we were tender over it with a sensitiveness out of all proportion to its significance.

'The girl is a trump!' were my husband's first words on his return; 'and her mother is as

nearly a saint as can be.'

Mrs Flaxman grunted disapproval of both sentiments; but Kate and I gathered up to George for further particulars.

'They have neither seen nor heard of Will since last Sunday night,' he went on. 'That [Christmas Number.

evening the girl told him she would not have him coming there unless his friends knew of his visits; nor, for the same reason, would she enter into any formal engagement. They are nearly as much distressed as we are, commented George; and Miss St Clair feels Will's going without a word to her very keenly. She will give up or go on just as we wish; but it needed no spectacles to see that giving up meant loss of daily bread to them.'

'And what is that compared with the loss of my boy?' cried the full-fed, prosperous woman, who had never known what it was to want a single meal, or how keen are the pangs of even the first few hours of hunger. 'Send her a month's wages,' she continued, 'and never let me see her face again.

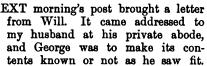
We all stood aghast at the heartless utterance. 'No, mother,' I said; 'Will has not been lost so long that we should despair. Let the cashier have a holiday, if you will; but do not ask her to give up.'

'Janet is right, mother,' said George, emboldened by my little stand; 'let us wait and see how things shape. My brother may either

come home or write.

After some little pressure, Mrs Flaxman at last gave in so far that George was authorised, on behalf of the firm, to offer Miss St Clair a short holiday, 'the house' to provide a substitute. At my suggestion, he also enclosed a week's salary; but that was declined with thanks. Yes! evidently they were very proud.

CHAPTER III.



tents known or not as he saw fit. William had 'cut the concern,' he said, as his mother had told him that he and the girl he loved could not be both there, and he knew what the loss of her situation would mean to Emily. She would accept nothing from him -not even himself-without his mother's consent, and that the mater had explicitly refused. What could he do but go? asked the young Don Quixote, who, much as we thought of him, was no hero. Had he consulted his brother, or perhaps his brother's wife, some better way out of his difficulties might have been found for him: but not a word about his plans; nor did he give any address.

It was a miserable production to take to the mother, who, for all her hardness, was thoroughly wrapped up in him. In a wonderfully short time she drooped from a hale, vigorous woman to a querulous, desponding old dame; and my husband, dreading the effect of Miss St Clair's

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presence on her, very unwillingly brought the young lady's engagement to an end. This was a fresh trouble to us, for it seemed like wrong done to two friendless women, and it was difficult to know how to help them.

With George's approval—indeed, at his instigation—I went and made the acquaintance of Mrs St Clair and her daughter; and sweeter, braver women I never came across. The mother told me her late husband had been a doctor in a northern city, cut down in the prime of life, and called away from a flourishing practice; and now they were evidently hiding their troubles far from the associates of happier days, whose sympathy might have degenerated into pity. Out of a large family Emily was the sole survivor, and how eagerly the mother would have saved this one ewe-lamb from suffering or sorrow was not difficult to imagine. But her own health had failed, and then the daughter, nursed in the lap of luxury, had taken up the burden and become not only the comforter, but the breadwinner of the family.

Meanwhile they dragged on somehow. mother's smile, though wan, was still patient; the daughter's head went higher every day; but the drooping eyelid and the pallid cheek told a tale that all her honest pride could not conceal. And there was no way that I could discover of rendering them any solid assistance. Little sickbed delicacies I could, indeed, convey to the mother, though even that had to be done with caution; but how could I say to that proud girl, 'You are starving, half-naked; here are food and raiment'? Yet that was what it was fast coming to.

Three months passed, and we had heard nothing of Will; neither had any employment turned up for Miss St Clair. It was much against her having been paid off by the highly respectable firm of Flaxman & Sons, and no assignable cause being forthcoming made it all the harder for the friendless girl. I would have given her my boys to teach; but that looked so much like flying in their grandmother's face that out of decency I forbore. Neither could I recommend to others what I did not do myself, and all the time I felt we were deeply responsible, and the shame of it lay heavy on my heart and would

I felt I must make another attempt to save I would go down to the cottage, and out of the full heart I always brought away with me I would lay the case once more before my mother-in-law, and make it plain to her that she was laying herself open—if not legally, at least morally—to the charge of murder. Yes! I would use strong language, for I was getting desperate; or perhaps I should say I was getting fanatic enough to hope to carry my attack at the point of the sword.

It was a fine spring morning I chose for making my visit; and from the brightness around me I drew the happiest auguries. My own spirits were greatly lightened, and so, to my surprise, were those of my poor friends. In some confusion of mind I asked myself, could Will have turned up, or what? For certainly I was not to be the beneficent fairy! Some other had forestalled me, and visible evidence was not awanting to show that my good offices were no longer needed.

'How we have longed to see you, my dear!' cried Mrs St Clair, eagerly holding out her hand, and retaining mine. 'You have often been our comforter in our sore need, and we felt our relief would be incomplete till you knew of it. I wanted Emily to write or go to you; but she is a sad, wilful girl'—smiling sweetly on her daughter—'and she persisted the good news would keep till chance brought about a meeting.'

When I heard the story—told between smiles and tears that were not of sorrow—I understood Miss St Clair's reticence. For it appeared a brother of her father, whom they had long looked on as dead, had written from Australia to say he had only heard that day of his brother's death and the change it had made in their circumstances; enclosing a cheque for present needs till he could come home to look after them.

'So our money troubles are over,' remarked Emily, with a sigh; and I knew by the girl's tone that though the stress of poverty was removed, another cause of anxiety still remained.

And still no word of Will, and our hopes grew fainter every day as one scheme after another was tried without result, and one or two startling rumours investigated only to leave us thankful they did not concern us.

CHAPTER IV.

PRING grew into summer, and as I had always a great belief in sea-bathing for youngsters, I persuaded George to take lodgings at Saltburn for a month. Thither we betook ourselves, having

also prevailed on the old lady to come down for a change, which seemed to cheer and brighten her.

Being thus thrown together, of course we had many opportunities of discussing the St Clairs, and if I did indulge in some 'tall talk' about the rising fortunes of my friends, and if she felt inclined 'to eat her fingers,' I thought it was only her deserts, and I hoped it would do her good. As far as remorse went, I believe I had my wish; but whether repentance followed is quite 'another pair of shoes.'

But it was all nothing to what she must have felt, and what we all felt, when George came over at the week-end with the astounding intelligence that Miss St Clair's uncle had died suddenly, leaving a fabulous fortune, to which his niece was sole heiress. I could not help looking at the old lady when this startling bit of news was unfolded. If she did not rave and tear her hair, it was only that there were too many witnesses; for later in the day I saw her, when she did not see me, carrying on a silent but energetic conflict with some invisible foe—striking out right and left, 'fighting as one that beateth the air,' though, to be sure, there was no 'uncertainty' in the way she was doing it. It was a painful sight—a woman well on in years wrestling with the demon of her fate when she should have been meekly bowing to the rod she had had so much hand in pickling.

Immediately on getting home I went to see the St Clairs. They were still at their little cottage, and seemed half-dazed and altogether unable to realise the turn their fortunes had taken. They were more pleased than ever to see me, for they had known few friends in their adversity, and the worshippers of the golden calf had not had time to gather round them. From the mother I learned that Emily's attachment to my brother-in-law remained unaltered, and on reading the communication from her uncle's solicitors advising her of her heirship, her first exclamation had been, 'Oh, Will! Will!'

After this our intimacy grew apace. I took Kate down to the cottage; and the two girls, so lately employer and employée, were soon bosom-friends. Now that Miss St Clair was relieved of the sordid cares that overshadowed her young life, it was difficult to remember her as the staid occupant of the cashier's desk. I could not wonder that our poor Will had lost his heart to her; rather my wonder was how he could go and leave her! He had, indeed, explained the why and the wherefore, probably with some misty idea that his self-denial had been little less than heroic. Poor youth! what chance had he but to be the 'low man' 'whose hundred is soon hit,' rather than the 'high man' who, aiming at a million, 'dies ere he knows it'?

The St Clairs still stayed on at the cottage. Emily would not leave it, her mother said; but comforts grew around them, and every fine day Mrs St Clair had an airing. It was while waiting their return from one of these excursions that I chanced to lift an Australian newspaper, and among the advertisements—I have a trick of reading advertisements, often finding in them no end of useful information—I saw the following:

'If this should meet the eye of W. F., he is requested to communicate at once with Messrs Stager & Holden, solicitors, Melbourne.—E. S.'

I saw it all in a moment: W. F., William Flaxman; E. S., Emily St Clair; and, to make assurance doubly sure, the names of the St Clairs' men of business. I looked at the date of the paper; already it was two months old. By this time he for whom the notice was intended might have seen and acted on it.

Naturally I told my husband. But matterof-fact George shook his head. Kate, I found, was in the secret, and pluming herself no little on the share she had in it.

'Well, you see, Janet,' she said, 'Emily and I made out that only Will could have told the old gentleman about them, and given him the particulars. Don't you think it was rather smart of us?'

I could not deny the notion some credit. What was to come of it remained to be seen.

Even now Mrs Flaxman and the St Clairs had never met. As the old lady had overestimated her social status at first, her great respect for realised capital had landed her in the same dilemma reversed. But it was clearly her part to make the amende; and I considered Miss St Clair showed a proper self-respect in declining to return Kate's visits. So Miss Flaxman had to put her pride in her pocket; and, indeed, she was actually spending a week at the cottage, helping her friend to look out for news, which, when it came, turned our nameless dread into a dire calamity that left no room for hope. It reached us in a telegram to George:

'Cooke Brothers to Flaxman & Sons.— Australian mail steamer in collision in the Channel. Great loss of life. Name of William Flaxman, of Flaxman & Sons, on passenger-list,

but not among the saved.'

This was what my poor husband, who had already had to break the sad news to his mother, handed to me, and I saw he could not trust himself to speak. The cab in which he had returned was in waiting, so I knew my first duty was to get him ready to bring home—if such consolation was left to us—the lifeless clay of the bright young brother who was so dear to us all.

After seeing my husband off on his melancholy errand I went straight to Mrs Flaxman's, and found the stricken woman in a state of mind bordering on distraction. Kate had not returned, but had been sent for, and in the meantime I did not know how to comfort the unhappy mother, whose agonies of remorse were pitiful to witness. At last, to my relief, Kate returned; and with her came Emily, to rush across the room and throw herself at the old lady's feet. I do not think she saw me at all, but clasping her arms round the mother of her lost lover, she laid her fair young head in Mrs Flaxman's lap. It was a touching scene, and when the elder woman stroked the auburn tresses, saying softly amid her heaving sobs, 'Poor child! poor child!' I thought how a common sorrow can make the world akin. Meantime Kate and I were weeping in each other's arms, and for some time only the voice of mourning was heard in the room.

Emily was the first to speak. 'I did it for the best! I did it for the best!' she sobbed, in 1903.]

a voice choked by emotion; 'and now—and now!' and, unable to proceed, her head drooped again to its strange resting-place. Poor, unhappy girl! how I pitied her, and how I loved her for her devotion to all that was left of our lost one—a sacred memory!

It would be hours before we could hear from George—probably not till morning; and what a weary time of waiting it seemed to us! After a while I bethought myself of that feminine comfort, a cup of tea; and, rising to ring for it, I was suddenly arrested by the sound of heavy footsteps on the stairs. One gets confused at such times; but my first connected thought was, would it be my husband with his sad burden? 'Hush!' I said, holding up a warning finger, and with bated breath we waited and listened.

We were not kept in suspense. The door was thrown open, and on the threshold, quietly surveying us, stood the cause of all our anxiety. It might well have appeared to our bewildered vision to be some 'glad ghost' but that William, big, burly, and embrowned by his two sea-voyages, could not well have personated anything pale or ghostly. But his consternation at the scene before him was at once ludicrous and pathetic: for Emily was still sitting with her head in the mother's lap convulsed with weeping; the old lady herself was in agonies of grief; while Kate and I were in that tear-stained state which, however it may add to the attractions of heroines in novels, is certainly very trying to people in real life.

'Mother! Emily!' he cried, 'what is it! What has happened!' For William, in his haste to get home, and by what he profanely called 'luck,' had left the ill-fated steamer at Portsmouth, and had never heard of the disaster.

It was somewhat difficult to adapt ourselves to the altered circumstances. With deeply thankful hearts we welcomed our truant home; but the mind is a complex machine, and can decline on occasions to be made the football of Fate. However, we fell back on my notion of the 'cheering cup,' and under its influence we began to realise our happiness.

Then Miss St Clair bethought herself of her mother, and left for home, her lover, of course, accompanying her—giving the young couple a chance of discussing their affairs, and affording

us an opportunity of discussing them.

The marriage took place in due time, and in the arrangements connected therewith my husband became the head of Flaxman & Sons; the old lady retaining a life-interest in the business, and undertaking to provide for her daughter. But the daughter she likes to hold her hands round is Mrs William Flaxman of Granby Hall, a lovely old place three miles out of town, where, for Will's sake, if not for their own, all Will's friends receive a hearty welcome from its fair young mistress.

HIS BEST FRIEND.

BY WALTER JEFFERY,

AUTHOR OF 'A CENTURY OF OUR SEA STORY,' 'THE KING'S YARD,' ETC.

CHAPTER I.

H.M.S. 'HOTSPUR' AND HER CREW.



S MAJESTY'S sloop-of-war Hotspur was on her way to the West Indies with despatches and stores for the squadron under Sir Samuel Hood. The service was one not at all to the liking of Captain Brooks, who thereby saw his smart sloop

cut off from any chance of distinguishing herself, and converted into a mere despatch-vessel and store-ship; so he began the voyage in such a bad temper that even the fair wind down Channel did not restore his good humour. The irritability of the captain soon had its effect upon the officers, and they in turn made it felt upon the lower deck. Then the ship's company were slack in their work and sulky in their demeanour, so that before the English coast was lost sight of more than one man was down on the first lieutenant's black-list for punishment. And what a crew it was!

Stephen Barton's youth in the forecastle of a little Portsmouth merchantman had been spent among rough men and the coarsest fare and meanest lodging, then as now considered by England good enough for her seamen; yet the men with whom Barton had sailed were for the most part sailors, having wives and families in Portsmouth or Gosport, and accounted respectable. But among the two hundred and odd fellows who slung their hammocks on the lower deck of the *Hotspur* not more than half of them had been to sea before, and the half who were landsmen were the sweepings of the streets, most of them capable of any crime, from picking pockets to manslaughter.

In all the years that Barton had followed the sea he had never since his first voyage felt as he felt on this night of the sailing of the Hotspur. He had never looked upon the fast-receding cliffs of the Isle of Wight through tear-dimmed eyes, as he was doing now, since the first time he stood upon a ship's deck—more than five-and-twenty years before—holding his small bundle, his mother's Bible the heaviest article in it.

After years of honest striving he had risen to be mate of a brig trading between Portsmouth and the Mediterranean. Her owner had promised to give him the first chance of a command in one of his vessels, and had looked kindly upon the love-making between Barton and his only daughter. At sunset one evening Barton landed on the beach at Point after a three months' voyage in the brig, and but for Fate, with a warrant of impressment as its instrument, ten minutes later would have held his sweetheart in his arms. The Hotspur's sailing orders were imperative: men were scarce and she was shorthanded. A press-gang from the sloop met Barton on the beach as he landed, and he and half-a-dozen other human items in a ship's equipment were gathered in and carried off to sea before their relations so much as missed their regular home-coming.

Barton, leaning over the ship's rail, thought bitterly upon his ill-luck. The press-gang was a British institution, a bulwark of liberty, and all the rest of it; yet Barton was conscious that it might be managed a little less harshly. But he was not given much time to brood.

'Now then, my lad, tail on to them foretopsail-sheets! Don't go to sleep!' shouted the boatswain to him.

'Ay, ay, sir,' replied the ex-mate of the brig, and cheerily put his weight on the rope, the sharp word of command acting upon him like a tonic.

Till well on in the night all hands were kept going smartly. Then the watches were set, the men divided into messes, and their hammocks served out. Barton was supplied with a blanket and clothing from the ship's store of slops to the value, as the purser told him, of a month's pay; and the recipient smiled sadly as he thought of his sea-chest in the little cabin of the brig.

When the watches were picked, the first lieutenant chose Barton first; and before a second twenty-four hours had gone by the man discovered that he was the only practical sailor in his mess of a dozen men, mostly rascals gathered from the banks of the Thames and despatched to Portsmouth from the Tower tender.

'I shall rate you as an able seaman, Barton,' said the lieutenant to him; 'and if you show yourself to be a good man I'll soon make a petty officer of you. You ought to shape better than those water-rats from London.'

'I'll do my best, sir; and'-

'Don't argue, my man. I'll take devilish

good care you do.'

The watch was mustering, and Barton had been the first to fall in, anxious to show himself willing and capable, but the stern lieutenant's check jarred on his nerves. 'I have made a fool of myself,' he thought, 'talking like a sealawyer. This comes of having been too long in merchant-ships.' And he fell into the rear-rank of the lines of men.

The officer saw him slink back. 'That fellow sulks,' he thought. 'Presently I'll take all that

kind of thing out of him.'

During the first week at sea Barton tried very hard to please his many masters. He who had lately walked his vessel's deck as absolute in his small charge as was the lieutenant in the sloop had now to fly hither and thither at a motion of the hand or a word from the lips of the youngest mate or midshipman. But this was no grievance with Barton, as he had learnt to obey long before, and he was too good a seaman to find obedience a hardship. His working-hours, he saw, would be his least difficult time, and there was precious little leisure on board the sloop. Such time as was to be spent in the watch below would be hours of misery. The brig's little cabin, with her cupboard on either side the companion, was a paradise compared with the lower deck of the Hotspur. In the brig 'Mr Barton' went below when he listed, and had his proper seat at the little cabin-table, where, besides his skipper, there sometimes sat at meals passengers who preferred to travel in this way rather than by the lumbering old stage wagons When the mate turned in, it is and coaches. true, his berth was small and the standing bedplace left no room for other furniture; but these things, such as they were, he was absolute master of. But Stephen Barton, able seaman, was now a number in a mess and of a gun's crew, his hammock one of scores, slung between that of a ruffian from the purlieus of the Tower on his right and a notorious Southampton jail-bird on his left; his miserable food was swallowed in company with wretches who had never before earned a meal honestly, and to whom the life they were now leading, except the work of it, was a luxury. Just distinguishable at night in the dim light of half-a-dozen tallow candles in horn lanterns hung at intervals, the hammocks were slung in rows so close together and hung so low that a man walking along the deck was forced to bend double and to shoulder the sleepers aside to make way between them. To Barton the unwholesome air in the low 'tween-decks, with all the horrors of sea-sickness and the dirt and foulness of the men, made the watch below a horror almost unendurable.

Naturally there was much hard work in licking such a crew into shape, and the boatswain and his mates plied their rattans freely and cursed from daylight till dark and from dark 1903.]

to daylight again. Every day, at first, one or more of the crew turned upon the officers and answered back insolently, or point-blank refused to obey some order. Then they would be reported to the captain, who, finding the minor punishments were of little avail, much as he objected to flogging, soon fell in with the views of the first lieutenant and the customs of the service; so that, by the time the ship had been a fortnight at sea, gratings were rigged nearly every day and some fellow was brought to reason by a strong-armed boatswain's mate with the cat as his argument.

When Barton saw these things going on about him, and contrasted his present with his past life, he had a hard battle with himself to keep up his courage; but he thought of the girl he had left behind him, and pictured her joyful face and cry of delight when he should once more land on the beach and clasp her in his arms.

With such reflections Barton tried to comfort himself and to settle down in his new surroundings. But Ward, the first lieutenant, was continually fault-finding. Barton at first thought, and justly, that with such a crew a discriminating captain would very soon make a petty officer of him, when his lot would be a little less hard; but the rough old first lieutenant's attitude soon undeceived him. That officer had taken a dislike to him for his slowness and his clumsy ways, and he felt that there was no help for it.

CHAPTER II.

INSUBORDINATION.

HE Hotspur, after having duly met the flagship, discharged her stores, and delivered her despatches, was sent by the Admiral to cruise off the Virgin Islands until she fell in with the

Rattlesnake, for whose commander Captain Brooks was entrusted with important orders from the Commander-in-Chief. Having delivered these, the ship was to proceed to England. In among the islands the Hotspur was frequently becalmed or battling with light head-winds, making it tedious work to keep her to her station, all hands heartily cursing the Rattlesnake when day after day passed by without the lookout man reporting her in sight. The water on board was running short, and more than once they had been compelled to renew the stock from one or other of the islands; and, as it was an unusually dry season, the water they obtained soon became almost undrinkable when it had been kept a little while in the ship's slimy casks. This, with the poor salt-food—the beef so hard that the men carved tobacco-boxes from their allowance; the pork, evil-smelling and rancid lumps of fat, which seemed only put to its proper

use when melted into oil for the ship's lanterns -was not improving the temper of the crew. The sweltering tropic heat, the monotonous life, each day so like the other in the round of washing decks, bracing yards, and furling and setting sail, kept officers and men in a dangerously Offences against discipline were irritable state. alarmingly on the increase and punishments proportionately more frequent.

The spectacle almost daily of men being flogged alarmed Barton, and he kept a constant guard upon himself lest some hasty word or sullen look might lead to the cat. He could hardly form the word in his mind, the horror of it so affected him; but even at this time, in his most wretched moments, he tried to persuade himself that he should be cheerful, for the end of the

cruise must come in a few weeks.

The men's allowance of drinking-water was kept in a scuttle-butt at the fife-rail round the To obtain a drink from this watercask it was necessary to use a cylindrical tin dipper, the diameter of which exactly fitted the bung-hole on top of the butt. By an ingenious device to save the water, often practised in the days when condensers were unknown, this dipper was kept hanging at the main-royal-masthead, and a marine stood sentry at the cask. man wanted a drink he was compelled to go aloft to the royal-masthead to fetch the dipper, and then return and replace the tin after he had taken his drink. The sentry was there not only to compel this, but he had also to see that one man did not aid another; each man wanting · a drink must make the two trips aloft. By this rule a man had to be very thirsty before he would trouble the scuttle-butt. One day near noon, when the boatswain had just piped for dinner, a thirsty seaman descended from the foretop, where he had been tarring the rigging, dry and crackling in the tropic heat that on this day was not tempered by even so much wind as would idly flap the sails. At the moment when the sailor swung himself off the bulwarks to the deck abreast of the fore-rigging, Barton descended from the main with the dipper in his hand to take the one drink a day that he had taught himself to exist upon.

The marine-sentry was watching the officers on the poop taking the sun, and longing for eight bells and his relief. Pacing the deck for two hours in full regimentals, the pitch boiling out of the seams beneath his feet, had put him in a bitter humour. The man from the main-rigging made a mute signal of distress to the man from the main-royal-masthead. Barton, who noticed the appeal, looked hastily at the sentry and saw that his back was turned, so he stepped across the deck and gave the man the dipper. The thirsty wretch seized the dipper and put it to

his mouth.

Then the sentry suddenly turned. 'You, Peters, what are you doing with that dipper !--

I saw you, Barton, coming down the rigging with it a moment ago,' he said.

Peters, insensible to everything but the delight of his drink, kept his head back, his cracked lips glued to the tin, and the gurgle of the cooling stream in his parched throat was all his answer to the marine's challenge.

Barton, conscious that the spirit of the ship's law had not been broken, answered promptly,

'Yes, I gave him my drink.'

'I am not a fool. You thought you'd do me; but you are not clever enough, retorted the sentry.

'I tell you that I handed the man my drink,' replied Barton.

'It won't do. What about your own?' persisted the sentry.

Peters turned the dipper upside down and pointed expressively to his throat. 'He is speaking the truth. His drink is here.'

This game has been tried before; but I am too old a hand to be caught. You've had two drinks for the one climb, answered the sentry.

'I am going aloft with the dipper. You can believe me or not as you like,' said Barton.

'You've always put on airs, you Barton; but you won't bounce me. I shall report the both

of you,' the sentry answered.

'If you report that I have done anything else but give my drink to Peters you're a liar,' said Barton as he stepped back to the butt to take the dipper and carry it aloft; but Peters held it from him and laughed.

'Look here, Barton,' he said, 'this damned villain means to get us flogged, so you take your You may as well have it, as we shall be

flogged anyhow.'

Peters was a young Portsmouth waterman who had been the support of his widowed mother. The press-gang had seized him on the same evening as they had taken Barton, and he had a grievance. He knew his mother was starving, or begging, or at the best had gone upon the parish, for without him she was helpless, and the need of the king's service did not seem to him a sufficient answer to that fact.

'Come, come, Peters! there's no harm done if

you give me the dipper,' said Barton.

'I'll not. I'll take another drink if you won't,' answered Peters.

Then eight bells struck, and the sentry saw

his relief coming.

'Here comes the corporal,' he said. 'Now, you put that dipper down or it'll be the worse for you; and, anyhow, you shall pay for calling me a damned villain.'

'Put it down, Peters, for God's sake! Remember the consequences,' Barton pleaded. my duty to carry it aloft again, and I will.'

The sentry made a step towards Peters; then the sailor flew at him. 'I called you a damned villain, and you are one, so are all your officers. Take that! I would kill you with it if I could.'

Then he dashed the dipper full in the sentry's face, clenched as it was in his fist. The man fell to the deck, and the tin by the force of the blow was beaten flat.

Barton sprang forward to defend the sentry, and the corporal with the relief ran up as their comrade dropped. The metal was too light to injure the marine, who called out at the top of his voice, 'Mutiny! Seize the pair of them, corporal.'

Every one heard and most could see the squabble, and soon half the ship's company, including the officers, ran to the spot and

surrounded Barton and Peters.

'Iron the pair of them and carry them below to the cells,' ordered the first lieutenant.

'Won't you hear what we have to say first, sir? The sentry brought it on himself,' said Barton.

'No, I won't. One of you struck the sentry, and I saw you myself make a rush at him. I will hear nothing,' replied the lieutenant.

'It was my fault in the first place,' answered Barton. 'I gave the water-dipper to Peters.'

'And I struck the sentry, and Barton tried to stop me; but I'd strike him again if I could,' said Peters.

'I don't doubt the villainy of the pair of you.

—Take them below, master-at-arms. Why do you stand there allowing them to argue?' ordered the lieutenant.

'What is the meaning of it all, Mr Ward?' asked the captain when the lieutenant went on

to the poop.

'That fellow Barton, sir, with another of the same sort named Peters, tried to trick the sentry at the scuttle-butt; and when the marine caught them they attacked him,' replied the lieutenant.

'Bring the pair of them on the quarter-deck after dinner, Mr Ward, and I'll take that spirit out of them,' said the captain.

Half-an-hour later the two men were brought on the quarter-deck, and Captain Brooks, with the first lieutenant and the marine-sentry who had been the cause of the trouble standing beside him, proceeded to judgment.

Ward was a just man according to his lights; and meanwhile, having made careful inquiry, he had come at a pretty fair estimate of the rights

of the case.

'Captain Brooks,' he said as the prisoners were brought on the quarter-deck, 'I have gone into this affair, and I don't believe Barton either intended to strike the sentry or even to play a trick on him. I think he is more fool than knave, and that he is a sulky fellow; but I don't think he is a rascal.'

'Very well, Mr Ward; but, all the same, I shall have to make an example of the pair of them, and I'll hear for myself what they have to say.'

'I don't think it would do Barton much harm | 1903.]

if you did take him in hand, sir. He wants waking up badly.'

Then the captain turned to the prisoners. 'Now, my fine fellows, what have you to say for yourselves? You shall each have a double allowance of the cat unless you tell the truth and clear up this affair.'

Barton's big, burly frame trembled; but he stood erect as he replied, 'Neither of us is guilty, sir. I have already told Mr Ward the truth; but he has never seen any good point in me from the day I came on board.'

'Well, Barton, I am sorry for you. The first lieutenant tells me you are either very lazy or very slow; but he is just, and says this is your only fault.—Come, you, Peters, what have you to say? Do you deny striking the sentry?'

'No, sir. I have told the truth. Barton is innocent. We were both innocent until the sentry aggravated me; then I struck him, and

I am sorry I didn't kill him.'

'All right, my fine fellow; I'll attend to you presently,' said the captain.—'Mr Ward, what do you think of the other man? I don't believe he is a liar. Shall we let him off with a caution?'

All this bother annoyed Ward. He had been too long at sea and too long a first lieutenant to understand why there should be so much talk about a mere sailor. To him men only differed in their ability to hand, reef, and steer. For a man to do these things well and quickly was for him to be smart and industrious; if he was a bad workman he was a useless land-lubber; if he was a good seaman but slow in his movements, then he was lazy and the cat was needed to liven him.

'Well, sir,' he said, 'I think Barton's better than many of them; but he's big and lazy. However, I don't think he is lying about this affair. I don't want him flogged.'

At this answer of the lieutenant's Barton trembled still more and his face turned livid, for it was only with the greatest effort he could keep himself from taking Ward by the throat and shaking him like a dog. The contemptuous bearing of Ward exasperated him far more than the bullying of the boatswain and his mates. Another word from the lieutenant and Barton would have lost control of himself.

Ward put the man's appearance down to fear and turned away disgusted. He would like then to have changed his mind and flogged Barton for his cowardice. That Barton's excited appearance should be owing to anything but fear never entered Ward's mind any more than he would have supposed that the soul of one man before the mast differed from the soul of another, or that the figurehead of the sloop was not as fine a piece of carving as the work on the stalls of Westminster Abbey.

Captain Brooks was more clear-sighted. 'You can go, Barton, and try and liven up a bit. I am

getting tired of hearing complaints about you.

—As to that fellow Peters, seize him and give him six dozen for striking the marine; and remember this is the last time I shall prescribe such a moderate dose. I only make it light now because I think perhaps the sentry was a little hasty. Turn the hands up to witness the punishment.'

Barton made a movement to remonstrate, but

was hurried away by the escort.

Peters laughed. 'You may do your worst, captain,' he called out as they dragged him off. 'I've been a good man hitherto; but, by the Lord! you'll only make a devil of me.'

'Very well.—Mr Ward, give him an extra six dozen for his insolence,' said the captain

quietly.

An hour later Peters was carried below by two of his messmates, and laid upon his side on a blanket stretched on the deck, his back raw and bleeding. It was Barton's watch below, and he was sitting on the deck too abjectly miserable to sleep when Peters was brought down and laid beside him. There was nothing unusual in the affair, and no one took the trouble to ask the man how he did. The cat of those days on a well-regulated ship was always of the same hardness, and its size and the knots upon it never varied much, the arms of the boatswain's mates never failed, and so the effect on most men was alike, and sailors got used to it.

The lower deck was very quiet, for the watch below had turned in by this time, and Barton and Peters were the only men not in their hammocks.

'How do you feel, Peters?' asked Barton.

'Can I do anything for you?'

'You are a man, Barton. You have got into trouble once through me; but—but—for God's sake, get me a drink! I shall die if I don't get a drink!'

'You shall have one,' said the other. 'Wait

a moment.'

Barton ran on deck, flew up the rigging at a speed he had never gone before to get the dipper, brought it down, dropped it into the cask by the lanyard, and was rewarded with a hollow rattle for his pains. The cask was empty.

The sentry laughed. 'Take that dipper aloft again,' he said. 'You got into a row this forenoon with my comrade over the cask. Don't

get foul of the marines again.'

Barton painfully climbed to the masthead and replaced the dipper. The man below waited for his drink, and whined under his breath at Barton's slowness. He rolled from side to side groaning. The heat was horrible, the wounds on his back smarted fearfully, his lips cracked, and he breathed curses. Then Barton came back and heard his reproaches.

'Listen,' he said. 'The scuttle-butt is empty.

I will go aft and beg a drink for you.'

'No, don't. They will only tell you to go to the devil, and laugh at me.'

'But I can't see you lie there like that and '---

'If you want to help me really, and you are not frightened, you can get a drink.'

'Where? Tell me where.'

'Right aft—outside the gun-room door. No one can see you. There is a cask of spruce-beer

belonging to the gun-room mess.'

In a moment Barton snatched a pannikin from the mess traps, rushed aft, and found the cask. The spigot had been taken out to prevent the possibility of thieving; but Barton turned the cask over and filled the pannikin with beer out of the bung-hole. Then he turned to go aft, and ran into the arms of the boatswain.

'By the Lord, thieving! Come here. Caught in the act.' The shrill pipe of a whistle, a word from the boatswain, then two marines and a pair of handcuffs. Barton heard, saw, and felt these things, and in a dreamy way wondered what would be the next act, as he sat ironed to the deck in the defaulters' cell, a sentry outside the barred door. This was how the worst-behaved and most serious class of prisoners were kept.

Meanwhile Peters, rolling from side to side upon his blanket, cursed Barton for a humbug who had promised to get him a drink, but who had turned into his hammock and gone to sleep instead.

CHAPTER III.

A MERCIFUL CAPTAIN.



ARTON spent that night in the ship's cell in the hold. This was below the water-line, and the tropic heat seemed to burn through the decks above. The ship was lying be-

calmed; but the sweltering prisoner could hear the lapping of the sea against the sides—a musical sound suggestive of cool running water, but a tantalising torture to the man as he lay in his leg-irons through the dark night gasping for the few mouthfuls of the air that found its way into his prison through the hatch-gratings.

The irons just gave play enough to walk backwards and forwards the breadth of the cell; but Barton was too tall to stand upright in it. He had been given a gill of water and a biscuit at night, and a similar ration in the morning. He had been warned by the ship's corporal, who gave him this prison ration, that the skipper would be sending for him shortly, when he would be made an example of that would not soon be forgotten. However, that did not trouble him, for from the moment he had been left in the cell he had fully understood that the crisis was come that he had dreaded, and a means of escape he had been thinking out for [Christmas Number.]

a long time now seemed quite clearly to be the only way. His plans were formed. He knew well the procedure. At nine o'clock in the morning he would be brought before Captain Brooks and charged with stealing the officers' spruce-beer. It would be useless to deny the charge or try to justify it, so he determined to acknowledge the crime frankly. Then would come the sentence—one hundred, two hundred, or any number of lashes. The number was a matter of indifference to Barton, because he had made up his mind that he would not submit

The escort would lead him on to the quarterdeck ironed, where he would receive the sentence. His irons would be removed as soon as the grating was rigged; then, as a couple of marines stepped towards him to lash him up, he would strike out with both fists, make a spring for the bulwarks, and be over the side before the others had time to recover from their astonishment. They might lower boats and fire shots at him; but he would throw up his hands the moment he touched water, and then there would

At nine in the morning they came for him, and when he arrived on the quarter-deck he saw the loom of a small island on the port He thought, as he saw it, it was curious that he should be given a last sight of land now, for they had seen no land for days, and so far as he knew were not expecting

Captain Brooks was standing with a little group of officers waiting for the prisoner, and of course the boatswain and any number of witnesses were there to testify to the crime. But there was no need for them, he thought. Then his eyes, looking aft, caught sight of the ensign only half-hoisted at the peak.

Turning to the corporal, he asked, 'What is the flag half-mast for? They are not going to

hang me, are they?'

'Hush! Peters cut his throat last night, and his last words were a curse on you for not

getting him that drink.'

Barton could not answer, for they were right aft by now; and the captain, stepping from the group about him, said, 'Keep that man handy. I'll attend to him presently.' Then he turned away, and beckoning the first lieutenant to him, walked apart from the others.

'Look here, Ward, I'll not flog that man. I see a way out of it that I think will satisfy

you.'

'I know of only one punishment for a thief, unless you hang him, sir.

'Well, I'll get rid of him for you, Ward.'

The first lieutenant was keeping pace with Brooks in his short walk at the break of the poop; but he stopped and looked curiously at the captain. 'By the Lord, sir, don't hang the fellow! Think of the consequences; and the 1903.]

man's not so bad as all that, even if you could hang him.'

I don't propose to hang him.'

'Then give him a hundred lashes and be done with it. You'll excuse my saying so, sir, but there's really no reason why we should talk this man's case over any more than any other man's.'

'You're wrong there, Ward. You don't realise what this life is to Barton. You forget that he has been an officer of a merchant-vessel, and that not six months ago that man walked the deck of his brig just as free and of just as much importance to his fellow-man as any of us; and what is he now?'

'Whatever he was, he must be as others here.' 'Yes; and that is why, knowing the stuff he

is made of, I feel for him.

'Are you going to let him off, sir?'

'No. I am about to tell the second lieutenant to clear away a boat; then I shall put him in her with some food and water, a musket and ammunition, and have him landed on Sorbas.'

'Good God, you cannot mean it! The island Why, you surely wouldn't is a desolate rock. maroon a seaman of a British man-o'-war!'

'That is exactly what I intend to do, Mr Ward.'

'Then you will pardon me, sir, if I beg that you will note my solemn protest against the

proceeding.

'Mr Ward, I will enter your protest in the ship's log; but I can't for the life of me see The hide-bound traditions of this service have taught you to look on unmoved at a man being flogged round the fleet, and dying of the punishment, yet you are indignant—for you are -I can see it in your face—at this proposal of mine.

'Most respectfully, sir, I am bound to point out to you that the punishment is illegal; and,

forgive me, sir, it is inhuman.'

'Well, well! we shall see what the prisoner has to say to it. Unless I am much mistaken, he will thank me for letting him off so lightly; and to please you, if he protests and claims a flogging instead, he can have it.'

The man's a sailor, sir; he is not so mad as

to submit quietly to being marooned.'

'Very well, we shall see.'

The captain came forward again to where Barton was standing, curiously wondering to himself what all the delay was about, and ultimately deciding in his mind that Ward wanted to give him more lashes than the captain would agree to.

'Barton, do you admit that what the boatswain says is true—that you were caught in the act of stealing beer from the gun-room mess?'

'Yes, sir.'

'You are aware that for the crime of theft I can give you no consideration—that I must punish you with the utmost severity.'

'I ask for none, Captain Brooks. If the man who was driven to death last night by this ship's treatment of him could know that I did the best I could for him I should be content.'

'What do you mean?'

'I mean that I stole the beer to give it to him to drink, and that I am told he died cursing me because I failed of my promise. And I tell you this: I would steal anything in the ship for the same reason, if I were free and I saw any other man as Peters was when you had done with him.'

'Yes, I know you are incorrigible, and for that reason I will keep you no longer in the ship.—Mr Hales, clear away the second cutter. -You, Barton, do you see that island?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Well, instead of flogging you, I intend to land you on it.'

'Is that to be my punishment? No flogging?' 'Yes, that is your punishment. I repeat,

I shall not flog you.'

Then Barton answered—and there was a general ring of feeling in his voice that none could mistake the meaning of - 'Captain Brooks, I thank you. This is an act of kindness for which I will remember you with my last breath.'

Hales, who had been forward seeing to the clearing of the boat, when he heard why it was being got in readiness, turned away and walked aft filled with righteous indignation. He heard Barton's reply, and thought he was mad.

The second lieutenant walked straight up to the captain. 'Do you know what you are doing, sir?' He spoke quietly so that the crew could not hear him; but he was choking with anger.

'What the devil do you mean, Mr Hales?'

'I ask you, sir, whether you realise that you have ordered me to lower a boat and convey that man to a desolate rock. In fact, I am ordered to take part in marooning a British seaman.'

'And I reply, sir, that I repeat the order, and ask you whether it is becoming on your part to discuss your duty with me.'

'Will you, sir, allow some other officer to perform the duty?'

'No, sir, I will not.' Captain Brooks thundered out the words; then he said quietly, 'What do you mean by this, Hales? You are not serving the prisoner.'

Barton, between two marines, was close enough to hear much and understand all that was going forward, and he now stepped away from his guard, and said, 'Lieutenant Hales, I beg your pardon, but for heaven's sake don't argue with the captain! Can't you see that this is the kindest turn he could possibly do me?'

'That man's mad, sir, and he does not know what this means. I beg of you, Captain Brooks, to reconsider this.'

'Will you do your duty, sir, or shall I put you under arrest?'

Hales gave in. 'Sir,' he said, 'I will carry out your orders, and I beg that you will enter the respectful protest I have made when you enter this business in the ship's log.'

'There will be more entries in the ship's log than some of you bargain for presently if officers do not preserve better discipline than has been

the case this morning.

Half-an-hour later the ship was hove-to and the boat lowered. As the men shoved off, Barton, sitting upon a tub of beef and the rest of his few stores, sank back with a sigh of relief as each stroke of the oars increased the distance from the hell he had spent the last few months in.

'Are you mad that you should have thanked Captain Brooks for this?' the second lieutenant asked when the boat was clear of the ship, and leaning forward to Barton's ear that the crew might not catch what he said.

Very far from it, Mr Hales. I was mad, but this change has made me sane. Do you

understand what my life has been ?'

'But you don't realise that this place is a barren rock, and you'll starve to death."

'Better that than be flogged to death.'

'When I get back to England I'll see justice

'Pooh! you don't mean what you're saying, Mr Hales. The captain has acted with the best intention in the world. He knew very well I couldn't stand flogging, and he has given me this means of escape.

'But you can't escape. No vessels ever come near the place. There is nothing to eat upon it except perhaps turtle and some shellfish; there is no water. The breaker in the boat contains nine gallons. When you have drunk that and eaten the biscuits and beef, you have nothing but the rain and shellfish to keep you alive.'

And what more does any man want?'

'He-or rather most men-would want to see his home again.

'I don't, if I am to return with a scarred back.'

'Have you no mother or father or sisters or sweetheart?'

'I was left an orphan when I was ten years old, and have been to sea ever since. What can such a man have in the world?'

'And no sweetheart?'

'A man scarred with the cat would not be a fit mate for the girl I love.'

But by this time they were so near to the little islet that Hales had to turn his attention to the steering of the boat to find a suitable landing-spot. The place was so small that it would have taken little time to row round it; but there was no need for this. The clear water showed the rocks, and the boat was easily steered in between them until they came to one close to the little beach that stood high enough for the passenger to step upon it.

'Now, men,' said Hales, 'make a collection for Barton. God knows he will need all we can give him.—Here, Barton, is my knife and a couple of pounds of tobacco by way of a start.—Come, my lads, a handkerchief, a hat—anything will be useful.'

'Ay, ay, sir,' was the response; and, in spite of Barton's protests, the men half-stripped themselves of their clothing. Soon, what with the stores and the good nature of the boat's crew, quite a little heap was made upon the beach.

Then said the lieutenant, 'Now I must shove off; it won't do for me to remain a moment longer, as I am in for a devil of a time with the skipper already. But keep your spirits up, for if there is justice to be got in England I'll have a ship sent for you before many weeks have passed.'

'You are very good, sir, and I thank you and

all my old shipmates.'

'Come, give me your hand,' replied Hales; 'don't stand there touching your hat in that fashion. Good-bye, good-bye.—Out oars; shove off; give way, men.—Once more, good-bye.—Give him a cheer, boys.'

The four men and the little midshipman raised a feeble cheer. Barton smiled sadly and waved them a farewell. Then the oars bent to the strong arms of the rowers, and Hales, looking over his shoulder at the little white patch of beach, saw only the broad back of Barton, for he had already turned away and was pushing his water-breaker up the slope, as if the *Hotspur's* boat and her people had ceased to have the slightest interest for him.

CHAPTER IV.

ISLAND AND QUARTER-DECK.

HEN the boat's head was turned from the island, leaving Barton picking his way over the slippery rocks, the man's spirits rose as the sound of the oars grew fainter and

his disseverance from the sloop more complete. After a walk of a few yards he stopped and turned round to make certain that he was to be left; that no afterthought of Brooks might lead to the boat being sent back for him. He shuddered at the thought, and fingered his sailor's knife, thinking that even would be better than a return to the ship. Then he remembered that they had given him a musket, and resolved that if the boat should come back he would put himself out of their power with that weapon before she touched the shore.

But there was no danger. He looked over the water and saw the boat, a tiny speck by this time, reach the ship's side; saw her hoisted up, the sails of the sloop trimmed; and watched

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the vessel until she was hull-down upon her course. Then Barton made for the centre of his domain, that he might survey it and arrange a plan to live.

It was not difficult to examine, for it was only three-quarters of a mile long by about a hundred and fifty yards broad. The whole surface was flat, and seemed to be composed of rock whose rugged edges, even when close to the island, could not be distinguished from the water surrounding it. Just close to where Barton stood was a little oasis in this desert This was a patch of soil on which grew some poor grass and weeds, the last a kind of samphire. How this patch came there was plain enough, for multitudes of sea-fowl rose shricking in the air as the man neared the spot, and in among the rocks all round the wave-washed shore the birds were perched in hundreds, their deposits tipping the points of the rock with white, making them appear like the crests of sea-waves.

Barton was free, and in the joy of freedom he forgot all else, taking no thought of how he was to make a shelter for himself or find security for the few poor stores that lay on the rocks below almost awash. But when the royal-mastheads of the sloop disappeared below the horizon, and the afternoon sun began to decline, he woke up to the necessity of finding a shelter, if not for himself, for his few possessions. With freedom came the desire to live; and how to preserve life upon this rock was a problem that it was now becoming plain would be very difficult of solution.

Escape from the island he dismissed from his mind. He never wished to see his fellow-man again, and the impossibility of rescue from the place troubled him not at all. He thought of it only with satisfaction.

The decision to land him on the island had been so suddenly arrived at, and his mind had been so filled with the horrors of the preceding few days, that the whereabouts of the place, its remoteness from other islands or from the mainland, never once occurred to him; but now he began to realise that he was face to face with starvation, and the dread of such an ending began to take hold of him. He quickly retraced his steps to the rocky point where his goods had been left; and wearily—for it was very hard work even for a strong man—he carried them the three or four hundred yards from where they lay to the little green spot in the centre of the island.

After surveying his tiny heap of stores, he realised how small was his stock of water, and recollected that the rainy season had gone by. Then he collapsed in despair at the prospect. He was in a worse plight than the man in the only story-book he had read. Robinson Crusoe, he remembered, was able to do all sorts of things because he had the wreck of a ship to

pick and choose from. Then he thought of the girl at home.

He got up and shook himself, determined not to give way, and ashamed that before the first day of his new life was ended he should have caught himself regretting it. He lit his pipe and began to arrange for the night.

First he unrolled the bolt of canvas and spread it on the grass, rolling his goods upon it and covering them with what remained of the canvas; then, below the lee of the casks of water and beef, he lay down under his two blankets, determined to go to sleep and wake early to work in the morning. Fortunately he was too tired to lie awake thinking, and soon was sleeping much more soundly and peacefully than he had ever done in his hammock slung on the close lower-deck of the *Hotspur*.

Early in the morning he awoke refreshed and cheerful, and determined that before the end of the day he would solve the two problems, how to make a shelter for himself and how to find fuel for cooking. He went for a walk right round the island, narrowly searching between the rocks for pieces of drift-wood or material of any sort that he could collect for fuel. This expedition occupied him for perhaps half-an-hour, and the shortness of the time was a forcible reminder to him of the smallness of his prison; but the journey was a profitable one. No timber of any sort was to be seen; but there was plenty of seaweed, and he returned to his green patch, which he was already beginning to name to himself 'Home,' with an armful of weed. This he spread out to dry in the hot sun, and determined to spend most of the day in collecting the stuff. 'Now,' he thought, 'if I light this once a day and cook enough food to last me for two or three, I shall be able to make the supply last a lifetime; but I shall have to wait three or four days to dry it thoroughly; and meantime I will breakfast on biscuits and water.'

He ate this frugal meal, carried more seaweed until midday, then began to put into operation his plan for a shelter.

At the edge of his green patch there rose a rock some feet above the surface. The top of this was crumbled away by time and weather until it was smooth by comparison with the jagged points about it. Over this rock Barton spread his canvas doubled, standing upon the edges of it his two casks, the only heavy weights he possessed. Then all round he piled heaps of weed to keep out the cold night-breezes and to add weight to the canvas. Inside this tent he stored the remainder of his goods, and made for himself a bed of the weed covered with the coats and other garments that had been given him.

'Since I have nothing else,' he said to himself, speaking aloud—a habit he had soon fallen into, as men do when no other human voice can be heard by them—'this will serve for my house, and perhaps as time goes on and the seaweed accumulates I shall be able to build up a regular barricade of it; and, who knows, perhaps one day some wreck breaking in pieces will drift my way, and from it I shall be able to build myself a regular hut.'

For a week his life went on thus, every day alike, most of the time spent carrying seaweed and spreading it to dry, or turning about his beef and biscuits to preserve them as long as possible. He had lit a fire once, and managed to boil a piece of beef in his kettle. But the weed was not dry enough, and most of the fuel expended itself in smoke, and he wasted so much powder in igniting it that he determined not to light another fire until his fuel was well dried. The sun was very hot during the day, and he now thought that if he could catch a bird or two he would make another attempt at cooking. with this idea he cast about in his mind for a way to catch the birds. Then he thought of the fishing-lines and hooks; that reminded him of bait, and then of the possibility of catching fish instead of birds. He baited his hooks with a piece of meat, and going to the water's edge, sat upon a rock and cast his lines. Almost as soon as they were down he was rewarded, and in a few moments had landed several fine mullet. It was the eighth morning since he had landed, and as he sat on the rock playing his lines and deep in thought he became conscious that, after all, life was worth living, and that this was not life; that he would give up even the girl to be once more within touch of the world; and that since this longing had come upon him at the end of the week, before many months had gone by in this living death he would be a raving lunatic.

Lost thus in thought, he forgot to pull up his lines, forgot everything about him, and saw not the black clouds rising over the edge of the horizon, felt not the fitful gusts of wind coming from all quarters, and saw nothing of the sea rising at his feet and gradually growing more and more angry until it lashed itself into boiling white foam against the black rocks below him.

No thought of the weather had troubled him from the moment of his landing. Each morning had seen the tropical heat and sultry stillness of the West India day; each evening the cool breeze had fanned him into refreshing sleep beneath his poor canvas shelter. His ignorance of the place where he was, of the climatic disturbances of these seas, had left him in blissful unconsciousness that these peaceful days and nights were not to last for ever.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon, and Barton presently started from his sleep to find that darkness had come upon him unawares. Then, before he had time to wonder at the meaning of it, there came a terrific clap of thunder, forked lightning danced in the sky, and with an ear-splitting roar the hurricane struck the island. Barton just managed to creep into a hollow between two rocks a few feet above the water,

and there in an agony of fear he crouched for hours, the wind, the rain, the thunder, and the lightning making a storm such as in all his years at sea he had never before seen equalled. Hidden between the two rocks, he dared not move from the poor shelter of his hole lest he should be blown into the sea. Frightened nearly out of his senses, cramped, and wet to the skin, he remained wedged thus until daylight, when the storm died out as suddenly as it had come.

Then Barton, thanking God for his escape, came forth and stretched himself; then he made for the green patch to see what damage had been done to his stores, and in a minute or two he had reached the spot. Standing there dazed, he looked about him to make sure that in the horrors of the preceding few hours he had not wandered away from it. No; the place was too small for him to have made such an error. There was no doubt he was not mistaken; equally there was no doubt that no vestige of anything remained, not even the broken stave of a cask. Then the full meaning of it burst in its awfulness upon him. The hurricane had swept every movable article from the barren rock into the sea; and the man stood there a castaway indeed, possessing not a particle of any one thing needful to preserve such feeble life-spark as the terrors of the night had left in him.

The Hotspur had fallen in with the hurricane, and the ship was badly damaged by it. For some days she was compelled to stand on and off the island; but in a week from the day that the final catastrophe befell Barton the ship was near enough to lower a boat, and the captain himself landed to bring back the man he had marooned. For four hours he and those with him searched the island. The man was not there, nor was any vestige of him discovered; the rocky ground left no footprints, the hurricane had swept away all traces, and the island, for all that Captain Brooks could find upon it, might never have been visited by any human being before he landed there. There was no more to be done, and so the Hotspur's course, in accorddance with the Admiral's orders, was set for England, and Barton's disappearance duly entered in the log-book.

A few months after the arrival of the Hotspur all England was crying out indignantly for justice to be done on Captain Brooks for his inhuman treatment of a British seaman. It was no use for the captain to protest that it was kinder to get rid of a man like Barton in such fashion than it was to flog him. It was no use for Brooks to bring evidence to show that the island was frequently visited by American turtlegathering schooners; that he and the master of the Hotspur, knowing this, had selected the island for his purpose, and in such circum-1903.]

stances that the landing of Barton could not be described as marooning. The British public would listen to no excuses, and the House of Commons demanded a severe punishment. So Captain Brooks was cashiered.

Meantime, in spite of many inquiries, nothing reliable could be heard of Barton; but in a year or two there were rumours that he had been seen serving in American ships. These rumours even reached as far as Portsmouth, and to the ears of the sweetheart from whose arms Barton had been almost torn when the press-gang took him. But the story was heard with indifference by the girl. She, a month after the Hotspur returned from the West Indies, had married a well-to-do local tradesman, and the name of Barton was to her merely a reminder of a lucky escape from an idle flirtation.

The war of 1812 broke out, and in the Government of the day there was a friend of Captain Brooks, who reinstated him in the service, gave him once more a command, and sent him to fight the Americans. His ship was an eighteen-gun brig, the Swallow, and his first orders after his appointment were to convoy a small fleet of West Indiamen. The passage was half-completed when, in a heavy gale, the Swallow was partially dismasted and separated from her charges. Night fell with an increasing wind and a heavy sea. Then a sail hove in sight, which was soon discovered to be the American sloop-of-war Adder.

Brooks felt his position keenly. His ship was partially a wreck; his convoy were scattered, but within easy distance for capture by the American should she come off victorious in the impending engagement; and in the state of his ship the English captain felt that this was only too likely. The ships closed to within half-acable length, then exchanged a broadside, the muzzles of their guns frequently dipping under water as the ships rolled in the heavy sea. The Americans fired their lee guns every time their vessel rolled to leeward, and the crew aimed with the accuracy that has always characterised American gunnery. The Swallow fired as her engaged side rose with her rolling. In fifteen minutes the English vessel had been so seriously hulled as to have become unseaworthy, while aloft she was an utter wreck; but her shot had for the most part passed harmlessly through the Then the American wore ship; Adder's rigging. and, with his opponent entirely at his mercy, he raked her again and again with his carronades.

By way of their ship's bowsprit, which was sticking between the Sicallow's fore and main rigging, the Americans boarded, and after a desperate fight took possession of their opponent. Brooks and his crew had fought bravely, and the fight, which had lasted for an hour, left more than half of the ship's company lying dead or wounded, while the enemy's loss had been little less. The British captain throughout the en-

gagement had chosen the most exposed position on his ship's deck, and in the last bloody quarter of an hour had fought hand-to-hand with his opponents. The American captain, on the contrary, had stood coolly by his helmsman, and from his position right aft had quietly given his orders, sending away his boarding-party under the command of his first lieutenant.

From the moment that Brooks had recognised the American vessel he realised that the crowning misfortune of his life had arrived. The Adder had become famous for the skill and courage of her commander, and had won more honour for the American arms during the few months the war had lasted than any vessel of her size and weight of metal in the United States Navy. To contend against her with his ship a wreck was, as Brooks well knew, hopeless, and all that was left for him was to die leading his men. Yet Fate denied him even this compensation, and he stepped on his enemy's deck to yield his sword without having received a scratch.

The two commanders met. 'You have made a good fight of it, sir,' said the American. 'Keep your sword.'

'I thank you, Captain Stephen,' answered Brooks. 'I have heard of your gallantry, and no man need be ashamed at having to yield to you. But for me this defeat is the end. I shall never be given another chance to use my sword.'

The American bowed his prisoner into his little stern cabin and motioned him to a seat. 'You do not remember me, sir,' he said. 'My

first name is Stephen, and in the United States Navy I have used it also as my surname. But when we met before my name was'——

'Barton! By heaven, I recognise you!' exclaimed Brooks.

The American captain held out his hand. 'Yes, sir,' he said; 'and, believe me, this is the first time I have felt sorry for serving under the new flag.'

Brooks responded heartily. 'How did you get away from the island?' he asked. 'You bear me no ill-will, then?'

'A turtle-schooner took me off; and I regard you as one of the best friends I ever had,' replied the other, smiling sadly.

'You know that all England accused me of

murdering you,' said the Englishman.

'When you go back, answer them from me that I don't want their maudlin sympathy. Let them keep some of it for the men who have fought their battles. Tell them that kidnapping men and then flogging them makes bitter enemies for England.'

'Still, you should remember that you are an Englishman. I have been treated with injustice;

but that does not justify '---

Barton raised his hand with an impatient gesture. 'No,' he said, 'it does not. But among the men who this night served the guns of the Adder were at least a score who fought at Trafalgar, and who were left by their grateful country to starve upon the streets, and they have chosen this service instead. Enough, sir; my cabin is at your disposal. I will find quarters elsewhere.'

THE SLEEPERS ON THE VELDT.

Beneath the mountain's dominance
The blustering night-wind raves,
Where pointed shadows of the thorn
Strike slant across our graves.

Calmly we wait the wakening hour, Beneath the eternal stars; Sleeping as friends, who died as foes In half-forgotten wars.

For us, the blistering sun at noon Wakes memories in our breast, The secrets of the moonlit nights Enrich our ailent rest.

But, 'neath these alien stars, the foe Sighs in uneasy sleep For shifting clouds on heather hills Where peat-brown waters leap.

The silent spaces of the veldt
Say nothing to his soul;
His heart is held by high white cliffs
Where tumbling sea-waves roll.

The silence solaces our heart And charms this interlude; Our wives were won, our children born, Within its solitude.

His boyhood calls from shady lanes, And deep pellucid streams; Soft cloudy skies and deep-set tarns Haunt his uneasy dreams.

Our women's broken-hearted tears, Drunk by the thirsty land, Can never reach our shallow graves Scooped in the sunburnt sand.

But at the sound the foeman stirs, Moved by sad, lingering fears; His women will not find his grave In all their lonely years.

But one still dawn the Judge's voice Shall reach the hearts of all; Heavy with sleep, confused with dreams, We shall obey the call,

From well-fought fields where thousands aleep,
From lonely, star-watched graves,
Scattered about the solemn veldt,
O'er which the night-wind raves.

And, side by side, we all shall march With slow, reluctant feet, To stand before that Judgment Bar Where every foe shall meet.

Then when that tardy dawn shall break,
And waiting hours be done,
The foes who died will rise as friends
To greet the morning sun.
AUTHOR OF 'MISS MOLLY.'



